Mrs. Lovelock's Trunk.

A GOOD WOMAN'S TRYING EXPERIENCE WITH A SOULLESS CORPORATION.

The claim agent of the Brass Bound Railroad Company sat in his office, his desk piled high with correspondence. He had disposed of sixteen claims for cows killed, thirteen sheep claims and several personal injuries—about the usual daily average of accidents—when the office-door opened, and a tall, angular woman entered.

"Be you the claim agent?" she demanded, with a voice which sounded like a cross between a buzz-saw and a steam whistle.

"I be," responded that official, briefly.

"I come up here to git pay for the trunk I lost in the Coon Creek collision."

There had been a bad smash-up on the road a few weeks before, an' this was one of the claims growing out of it which remained unadjusted.

"What is your name?" asked the agent.

"Mrs. Lovelock, of Geneva," she replied.

"Ah, yes," said the claim-agent, "I remember now. How much do you think your trunk was worth, Mrs. Lovelock"

"Well, I dunno exactly, but sh'd think abaout two hundred dollars would be nigh the value of it, and I wouldn't want you should pay any more'n it was worth."

"That's pretty steep," mused the claim-agent, looking at his note-book. "Let's see how you make it. What was the trunk itself worth, for instance?"

"Well, it was a fine large, new trunk, an' I had jest paid fifteen dollars for it before I started."

The claim-agent made a note of the fifteen dollars. "Well, what was in the trunk?" he asked.

"Lemme see—there was my best Sunday dress—a black silk—the material in it cost twenty-five dollars, an' the makin' ten—that makes thirty-five. Then there was an alpaca dress, worth about fifteen dollars, an' a new bunnit I had just paid fifteen dollars for."

The claim-agent kept track of the items. "That makes seventy-eight dollars, now what else?"

"Well," she said, "there was consid'able other clothin'."

"What was that worth?"

"I dunno exactly, but I guess about fifty dollars."

"Well, what else now?"

Her memory seemed to fail her at this point, but after a moment she continued: "There was about seventy-five dollars worth o' jewelry in the trunk."

"That makes something over two hundred dollars," said the claim-agent.

"Well," she said, magnanimously, "I don't want to be hard on the comp'ny, so we'll call it jest an even two hundred."

"Trunk have any marks on it?" asked the claim-agent, casually.

"It had a kyard with my name on it," she answered.

"Got the check?"

She produced it.

"Seems to me you are a little hard on us," said the claim-agent. "Don't you think you could reduce the amount a little?"

"No, sir," she said, "an' if you don't pay, I'll sue."

"Sorry to go to law with you, ma'am, but we won't pay that claim."

She flounced out of her chair and started for the door.

"Wait a minute," said the claim-agent soothingly. "I guess we can make some arrangement."

She sat down again, and the claim-agent stepped out into the hall. When he came back a porter followed him, bringing under one arm a small, yellow trunk, tied about with a rope, and somewhat the worse for wear. It could have been bought anywhere for a dollar and a half. The claim agent looked at the card and compared the checks. "Is that your trunk?" he asked.

Her face was red as a beet, as she acknowledged, with very bad grace, that it was.

"The trunk hasn't been hurt at all," said the claim-agent, "except by the wetting it got when the baggage-car fell into the creek. If you've got the key here, we'll open it, and see what the damage was."

"I—I've—lost the key," she stammered.

"Oh, well, then, we'll break it open," said the claim agent, cheerfully.

"Oh, no, don't do that," she remonstrated. "It—it—ain't my trunk—I borrered it from my sister, an' she wouldn't like that I should break the lock. I'd rather take less money."

"I guess you *would*," said the claim-agent, with a chuckle. "I ain't been claim-agent on this road for five years without meeting lots of people like you. We'll give you fifteen dollars for what damage the water may have done to your baggage—or I'll open the trunk, and you can bring your lawsuit."

"I'll take the fifteen dollars," she replied, quickly, but snappishly. And when she had got the money and signed a receipt, she relieved her mind by saying, as she left the office:

"I wouldn't a thought a rich comp'ny like this would insult a lady that way. But all men ain't gentlemen, an' corporations ain't got no souls nohow."—*Charles W. Chesnutt, in Tid-Bits.*

In Danger of Tipping Up.

During the war it was the habit for delegations of "prominent citizens" to visit Washington to consult with President Lincoln upon the conduct of the war. Sometime during the darkest days a dozen or more of the leading business men of Wilmington, Delaware called upon the President. They told him that they represented the "solid business men" of Delaware, and that they had come to discuss the situation and the means of ending the struggle. After the chairman of the delegation (who is still in active business in Wilmington) had finished his speech the President asked:

"So you are solid men of Delaware?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"All from New Castle county?"

"Yes, all from New Castle."

"All from Wilmington, too?"

"Yes, all from the same city," replied the gentlemen, in a chorus.

"Well," remarked Mr. Lincoln, as his eyes twinkled, "did it ever occur to you gentlemen that there was danger of your little State tipping up during your absence?"

The delegation returned home wiser, but so full of appreciation of the joke that their friends were not long in hearing of it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

We agree with Bob Burdette in the most truthful saying of his life—"God wasted mud when he made the man who after taking a paper for six months ordered it stopped without paying up arrears."—*Oil City Critic*

You can't convince a young man whose best girl has just said "Yes" that this country is going to wreck and ruin.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Fooled Farmer.

A SNYDER COUNTY MAN'S GREED FOR GAIN GETS HIM INTO A TRAP.

The following is the story of the swindling of a farmer in Snyder county by three scoundrels. By reading it other farmers may be cautioned against entertaining dreams of quickly acquired wealth.

The victim's name is John Hummel. He had a farm for sale, and had been in correspondence with an alleged C. B. Baxter, M. D., with a view of disposing of the property. A day for a meeting was appointed, but the day previous to the appointment Mr. Hummel received a telegram notifying him not to expect the would-be purchaser, as he had sickness in his family. The next day fixed was Saturday, May 14, and on the morning of that day two strangers, well dressed and with dashing manners, applied to Bartholomew's livery stable, Sunbury, for a horse and buggy for the day, which they paid for in advance. They drove to Mr. Hummel's farm, where they met that gentleman, and Baxter introduced W. H. Morton, his lawyer. The party looked over the farm and began negotiating for the sale. While near the barn another well-dressed stranger drove up, with a horse from Bassler's livery, Sunbury, and introduced himself to the party. His business was that of painting advertisements on barns and fences. After a great deal of talk the last man produced a satchel in which were rows of envelopes that he said contained prizes. The price of drawing was $5 and Morton said he would take a chance at the prizes, which according to the fakir, ranged from $5 to $6,000. Morton lost, his first draw being a blank. This did not discourage him in the least, but he asked Hummel for a small loan to continue the game. Hummel handed him $30 and he commenced over again. Morton's luck changed, for after that he won. First five, then ten, and soon fifty, with only an occasional loss. Then Hummel drew and he won $5. The next time he lost, but he soon won, till at length, guided by his friend Morton, he drew an envelope containing a card with the mystic figures, $6,000 "conditionally." The conditions were that Hummel had to pay over the sum of $3,000 in cash, for which he was to receive $6,000, and he was to have two hours to do it in. He hadn't the money, but his friends suggested that he go to Sunbury and draw that amount from the bank. This he agreed to do, while the remainder of the party awaited his return. Mr. Hummel went to Sunbury and to the bank and drew $3,000 in bills, and in return placed upon the counter his check for that amount. He then returned to his farm above Northumberland, holding in his hand the card on which appeared a dollar mark, the figure six, and three ciphers. The advertising man was seated in his buggy by the barn and Hummel paid him the $3,000. As soon as he received it he shut up his satchel, hit the horse a cut and drove for Milton. Morton and Baxter condoled with Hummel for an hour, said they also had been stuck and could not purchase the farm at that time, but would return. They also made him promise not to mention the loss, and left after bidding him an affectionate adieu. Arrived at Milton they left their horses and hiring others of Malady they drove to Muncy, where they spent the night. They dropped a letter to the Sunbury liveryman, inclosing a ten dollar bill and telling him to go to Milton for his horses. On Sunday they drove to Williamsport and spent the night there, and on Monday took the Erie mail and went straight through to that city. Monday Hummel got out his warrant before 'Squire Weaver, and his son, in company with J. W. Bartholomew, of Sunbury, went in pursuit. They worked hard and Monday night they arrived in Williamsport only a day behind. They left for Erie Tuesday, the conductor on Monday's train having told them how three men had picked up an acquaintance over a game of cards on his train the day previous. They had separated in Williamsport, each stopping at different hotels, and one was ticketed to Erie, another to Corry, while the third held a pasteboard good to Warren, but the two paid fare into Erie. At this place the trail was lost. Bartholomew and young Hummel went on to Cleveland, but heard nothing of their men. All trace of them disappeared at the Erie station with their arrival there Monday evening. Thursday Bartholomew and his companion returned from their fruitless search and all efforts to capture the thieves has been abandoned. The utmost secrecy has been maintained by every one who was in any way connected with the affair and the most strenuous efforts were made to keep it out of the newspapers, the story of "How they did it," only being told under a pledge of secrecy.

A Mean Trick.

Gus de Smith is one of those fellows who fairly revel in historical reminiscences. Anything that relates to early history gets away with him entirely. Tuesday Gilhooley introduced Gus to a venerable old gentleman, whom he represented as one of the framers of the Texas Constitution.

Of course Gus was nearly tickled to death. He squeezed the old man's hand, asking him a thousand questions about Sam Houston and San Jacinto. The old man's answers were rather confused, and, as he hobbled on, Gilhooly said:

"What in the world did you mean, Gus, by asking that old man such foolish questions?"

"He is an old veteran, ain't he? He framed that Texas Constitution."

"Well, suppose he did frame the Constitution of Texas. He is a carpenter, and that is his trade to make frames, and the like. The man who hired him to frame the Constitution paid him for the glass and the frame and his work. Why do you go raking up past grievances and throwing it up to the old man that he is a carpenter? He has only been in Texas about a year."—*Siftings.*

A Rude Awakening.

They were on their way to the theatre, and she was tremulously happy. She felt the words she so longed to hear would be spoken that night, and the idea made her almost dizzy with delight.

"Mr. Sampson," said she softly, "why do you wear that bit of string about your finger?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Sampson, taking it off, "that was to remind me of my engagement with you to-night."

It wasn't much, but it was enough to take away the delightful dizziness.—*New York Sun.*

In some strange way the power to accumulate money seems to dwarf the power to elevate the soul.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

THE BAR-ROOM.

Home of the heartless, where misery reigns,
Fount of pollution, that virtue disdains;
Thou cradle of sickness, the nurse of the vile,
Whose faces are never uplit with a smile;
Where he whispers of tender affection are lost
In the hoarse imprecation and bacchanal's toast;
Where the friends of foul passion and fury deface
The glory of women, and manhood disgrace!
Reeking up from the floor where men-demons have trod,
Comes a voice that declares thee "Forsaken of God!"
—*Frederic Wright.*

An Arkansas Legislator.

Member from Sandstone Knob—"Mr. Speaker, I hope, sir, that you will let me have a few minutes' time in which to place myself square on the record. Yesterday evening Mr. Buckley Brown, from Gum Bottoms, said that I had accepted the present of a new hat from a railroad superintendent and hinted, in a way inclined to sting a sensitive man, that I had practically sold myself. I should like to know if there is anything in our constitution arises and says that I shan't take everything that is given to me, then will I say, 'Mr. Constitution, attend to your affairs.' Mr. Speaker, I am a present taker, and as an encouragement to those who may contemplate giving me something, let me say that my capacity for taking presents, although well developed, has not been over tasked. I may also say that the man who won't take a hat and thereby save himself the expense of buying one is composed of a mixture of fool, liar and thief. I'd be afraid to meet such a man away out in the woods. I would feel sure that he would knock me down and rob me. I know of an affair in my county that strongly illustrates the dishonesty of men who are afraid to accept presents. A red bearded fellow named Watson went to work for old man Clark, who, well knowing how to appreciate merit, said to him:

"Watson, I never had a man that I think more of than I do of you."

"Much obleeged to you," replied Watson.

"And I have decided," Clark continued, "to give you my daughter, Lorena."

"Much obleeged to you," said Watson, "but I ain't acceptin' any presents."

"Well, Mr. Speaker, that man was so honest that he would not accept the daughter as a present, but the next day he ran away with Clark's wife. Since then I have been extremely suspicious of men who are too high toned to accept presents, and to keep other fairminded men from suspecting me, I have determined to refuse nothing."

The New Ballot-Box.

The Trenton *True American* gives the following interesting information about the new ballot-box just adopted by the state of New Jersey for all future elections: It has four clear glass sides and a wooden top and bottom. It is secured by four locks. There are two combination locks, the keys to which are held by the judge of election and the clerk, and two Yale locks, the keys to which are to be in the custody of the inspectors. A box after being once locked cannot, therefore, be surreptitiously opened unless the person shall by connivance, conspiracy or theft come in possession of all four combinations and keys. By an ingenious arrangement each ticket as it goes into the box is pierced and stamped. This is done by a crank arrangement, which is turned by the judge. The ballot slip is not only pierced by needles, which is conclusive evidence that it has been voted, but it is stamped with the number of the ward and of the precinct, or name of the county and township. Even if two or three ballots should be put into the box at once, rolled together, the stamp would make its imprint only upon the outside ballot, and that only would be counted. There is also an automatic arrangement, by which, as each ballot falls into the box, after having been pierced and stamped, a little gong rings. This can be heard for some distance away, and gives notice that a vote has been cast. The voter can see the ballot fall into the box, and thus make certain that it has not been dropped upon the floor or slipped up the sleeve of a dishonest election officer. As a mechanical arrangement, the new box is certainly a most excellent one, and will go far toward making impossible the substituting of false ballots, or the miscounting of the honest ones.

Michigan Hermits.

The following comes from Marquette, Michigan: Twenty years ago John Flynn, then thirty-five years old, withdrew from society and shut himself up at home with a sister, Mrs. Donohue, for twelve or fourteen years. He was seen occasionally in the yard, but always at night. Finally he disappeared altogether, and after a few months public interest died out, and he was forgotten. Nine years ago young Lawrence Donohue suddenly disappeared. This revived the interest in Flynn's disappearance. Mrs. Donohue lives in a hovel south of the city. No one remembers having seen the curtains raised in fifteen years. For several days there have been rumors of a great mystery at the hovel. Persons claimed they saw a man's face, wild-eyed, pale and haggard, at an upper window. The City Marshal determined to investigate, and, accompanied by two detectives, forced his way in. Filth was everywhere. In an isolated room he found a man whose hair hung below his shoulders; his beard was long and unkempt. It proved to be John Flynn, who dropped out of existence twenty years ago. When taken in charge he fought like a wild beast. It was also discovered that Lawrence Donohue was confined in the same house, but the most diligent search failed to find him, he having some secret hiding place which the woman would not disclose. She claims that the old man had not been outside before in twenty years and that Lawrence had not stepped outside for nine years. No reason is known for this strange action.

The Engineer's Cat.

An engineer on the Wabash railway, whose run is between Danville and Springfield, has a cat which he would not part with for love or money. It belonged to his wife, who is now dead, and for a year past it has been his constant companion in the cab. The cat loves its life on the rail and has grown sleek and fat sniffing the prairie winds. Ordinarily it sits perched up at the cab window before its master, but occasionally it strolls out to the pilot, where it will ride for miles at a stretch, winking knowingly at the dogs which bark at the train as it thunders by the cross-roads. Sometimes when the train is approaching a station the adventurous animal climbs to the top of the sand-box and calmly roosts there, undeterred by the shriek of the whistle or the clang of the bell. The engine has had good luck ever since the animal became an occupant of the cab, and the trainmen look on it as a mascot against disaster.

Another Victim.

AN INNOCENT LIFE SACRIFICED TO THE MOLOCH OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

No matter how strong may be every link in a chain of circumstantial evidence there is always a doubt, a lack of certainty, that should weaken it and cause us to distrust it. I remember a story my grandfather used to tell of a case in which an innocent life was sacrificed for a guilty person. A boy on a farm, for some misdemeanor, was sentenced by his father, a stern man, with an eye to saving a half-price ticket, to be deprived of his annual circus privilege, and, in addition, he was to hoe so many rows of corn while the rest of the family took in the lady's pad act, the horseback riding of Jack Robison, the club that killed Captain Cook and other attractions of the great moral show. The boy watched the wagon drive away, with tears in his eyes, and then he went at his corn rows with a determination to make a short crop, if it could be worked without detection. But he grew hungry after awhile and went into the house and investigated the pantry. There were seven pies—it was an American household—seven blackberry pies, baked for Sunday. The boy, who was not feeling very well himself, soon placed his person anterior to six of the pies, but paused thoughtfully, and with keen regret midway on the seventh. One-half of that he left. He then caught the family cat, thrust her nose and feet into the remains of the pie, and dropped her on the clean, white sanded floor of the pantry that she might track around on it. Then he went back to his corn rows. Evening brought the family home. The boy saw them climb joyously out of the big wagon. He noted how the overripe apples fell from the trees when his sister jumped over the side and lighted flat-footed on the ground. He saw his father let himself down over the double trees and get himself kicked twice by the roan colt. He saw his mother waiting patiently until somebody had time and inclination to take the baby. He saw his grandmother perch herself on the hub of the hind wheel on one foot, while she made vague, circumferential, wandering excursions for the wide, wide world with the other. He saw his brothers let themselves down over the tail gate and sneak away to avoid doing any work. At last the wagon was empty, and there were visible signs of excitement about the house. "The raid is discovered," said the boy, cutting the roots of a healthy stock of corn and carefully hilling up a vigorous lance weed. Presently he saw his father come out of the house with the gun over his shoulder and the cat under his arm. "The culprit is arrested," calmly remarked the young robber, as he leaned thoughtfully upon his hoe, and watched his father disappear behind the barn. The sharp report of a gun rang out upon the quiet of the sunset hour. "There," said the boy, with the confident expression of one who knows what he is talking about, "there goes another victim to circumstantial evidence."—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

It Did Him Good.

Side by side in the waiting room of the Third street passenger station yesterday sat a nervous little woman and a tall melancholy man. The woman had a boy seven years of age, who seemed to be possessed of an evil spirit. He wouldn't sit or stand still. He didn't want apples or candy. He couldn't be coaxed or bribed to behave himself, and his kicking and whining seemed to wear the little woman out. The melancholy man stood it for awhile, but finally felt called upon to observe:

"Madam, I know what that child is aching for."

"Yes so do I," she promptly answered; "but I've a boil on my right arm."

"I'll take the job off your hands if you say so. It's suthin' I've been in the habit of doing almost every day of my life, for I've had three wives and three sets of children."

The boy set up an extra howl and began kicking her shins just then, and she looked around in a helpless way and said:

"Well, you may try. Not too vigorous, but just vigorous enough."

He reached over and picked the child up and laid him across his knee, and the spanking machine started off at about forty revolutions a minute and worked like a charm.

"There—you set there!" said the old man as he straightened the boy up and sat him down. "That's better than all the candy and peanuts in the country, and you'll behave yourself for the next three days."

The boy blubbered softly and sat still, and when the mother bowed her gratitude the old man replied:

"Oh, don't mention it. It's the best medicine in the world. Besides, I was a bit lonesome to-day, and it has sort o' cheered me up."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Queer Coin.

MADE OF A BULLET THAT SHATTERED A SOLDIER'S JAW.

"There is a counterfeit ten cent piece with a history," said a Chicago man as he fondled a greasy looking coin dangling from his watch chain. "When the Federal troops were before Fredericksburg a New York volunteer got out of his trench one morning, and after attracting the attention of a Johnny, who could be seen inside the fortifications, raised a flask of whisky to his lips, which were puckered for a long 'pull.'

"The volunteer had taken, perhaps, three swallows of the liquor when we saw a puff of smoke and a flash from the fortifications, followed a second later by the collapse of the whisky flask and the fall of the volunteer. The bottle which had already been struck by the minnie ball was shivered, and the man who had held it, lay bleeding at our feet. His upper jaw had been shattered by the bullet, which had also taken away seven of his front teeth and buried itself high up in right cheek. It was one of the prettiest shots I saw during the whole war, and the volunteer, although seriously wounded, seemed to think it the nicest piece of work it had been his pleasure to witness.

"The bullet was cut out by a surgeon and as soon as the patient recovered from the shock which he experienced we melted the piece of lead and cast four of these dimes. The volunteer kept one, another went to his brother, the surgeon kept one, and I was so fortunate as to become the possessor of the other. So you see this little piece of rebel lead broke a whisky bottle and a human jaw, knocked out seven teeth and traveled over 600 yards to bathe itself in liquor and gore. Six months after this incident we learned that the bullet was fired by a cross-eyed man in a South Carolina regiment."—*Ex.*

Hoarded Wealth of India.

HOW THE EAST INDIAN TURNS EVERYTHING HE POSSESSES INTO JEWELRY.

Never during its existence has India been so rich in jewelry as now. The people are always adding to their stock. Savings from nearly all sources are disposed of in this way, and these savings are being constantly made—often at the expense of clothing, sometimes at the expense of greater necessaries of life.

The making and the storing away of wealth in this form is the national peculiarity of this country. It is indulged in by all classes of natives. Jewelry is regarded as the most staple kind of wealth, and fortunes are never counted without estimating the value of the stock of jewelry. It can always be pledged or disposed of. The market for its sale is never closed and never depressed.

The most ignorant native who wishes to sell a piece of jewelry knows its market value quite well. He can scarcely be cheated. Jewelry forms the greatest factor in matrimony. The most lowly bride has her stridhan, which is often equal in value to five years' income of the bridegroom. There is often a scarcity of clothing, sometimes a scarcity of cooking pots, generally not a particle of furniture, but nearly always a stock of jewely.

The wife that has no jewelry possesses nothing else, she cannot be robbed. The family that does not possess jewelry is absolutely indigent. One of the greatest boasts of the jewelry owners is that his hoards cannot be taxed. A man may own jewelry valued at a lakh of rupees and pay no income tax. This is a source of greater satisfaction. Jewelry yields no recurring income, but it is prized more than government paper. "If it never increases it never diminishes," is a national saying, common among men and women alike.

No native marriage, except among the most impoverished, takes place without a transfer of jewelry, and very frequently of new jewelry. So great in value is the new jewelry that is introduced into new families by marriage, that we dare not estimate it, the amount would be so fabulous. Truly the investment of wealth in jewelry in India is the greatest and most remarkable institution in the country. Every other investment sinks into insignificance beside it.

Under no native prince or rajah of former times has jewelry accumulated as it has accumulated under the British government in British India. For a century past the sacking of towns has been unknown; the plunder of individuals has been greatly restrained, and wealth in the form of jewelry has accumulated.

One-half of the people of India are jewelry owners. It is only when the day of taking stock of the family jewelry comes round, such as the occasion of a wedding or a great gala day, that a stranger can form the slightest conception of the amount of wealth in the family in the form of jewelry. Amazement at once strikes him as he for the first time is permitted to see the amount of accumulated wealth.

The inventory day is, par excellence, the women's day. Gathered round the iron safes, the cash boxes, the metallic boxes, the neatly carved wooden boxes, the delight of the women is observed in their eyes as each pair of golden bracelets studded with pearls; each pair of diamond, or emerald, or sapphire earrings, each nose ring with large pearls, massive gold chains and a large number of rings; expensively and even extravagantly gemmed, are handed round the family circle for admiration. And great is the family delight.

A Word to the Boys.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! of course you don't.

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting in practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way: You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Eh, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" or will you take the glass with your own common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go on with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—*Dr. Holland.*

"Why Men Hate Women," "Why Women are Tired of Men," were the titles of two articles recently sent to an editor for approval. He returned them with the brief legends, "They don't." "They aren't"—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Making an Experiment.

Let us make an experiment. Here is a boy ten years old who has never used tobacco.

"Charley, will you help us to make an experiment?"

"I will, sir."

"Here is a piece of plug tobacco as large as a pea. Put it in your mouth; chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat, but spit every drop of juice into that spittoon. Keep on chewing, spitting, chewing, spitting."

Before he is done with that little piece of tobacco, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallowing a drop, he will lie here on the platform in a cold, death like perspiration. Put your finger upon his wrist. There is no pulse. He will seem for two or three hours to be dying.

Again, steep a plug of tobacco in a quart of water, and bathe the neck and back of a calf troubled with vermin, and if not very careful, you will kill the calf, too. These experiments show that tobacco, in its ordinary state, is an extremely powerful poison.

Go to the drug store; begin with the upper shelves and take down every bottle. Then open every drawer; you cannot find a single poison (except some very rare ones) which taken into the mouth of that ten-year-old-boy, and not swallowed, will produce such deadly effects.—*Dio Lewis.*

Mark Twain's Little Joke.

Mark Twain relates that when he set sail for the Sandwich Islands he alone of all his fellow-passengers found no one at the wharf to bid him farewell and wish him a safe return. Mark felt lonely, sad and insignificant, solitary in the midst of a crowd, as he watched the handshakings, the takings of leave and last drinks by his fellow-passengers and their hosts of friends. But, worse than all, the thought wormed its bitter way through his bosom, what would all the other passengers think of the man who set sail on a voyage to the Cannibal Islands unwept, unliquored, unfarewelled. He noticed that all those in whose company he intended to dare the dangers of the deep were titled personages—Captains, Majors, Judges or Honorables—and all their friends, in turn, were Honorables Judges, Majors or Captains. There was not a single General, strange to say, in the whole party. A thought struck him. Waiting until the ship had started, he jumped upon the taffrail, waving his hat, and shouted:

"Good-bye, General!"

Instantly every hat in the crowd was waved in the air and a mighty shout went up—

"Good-bye, General!"

Mark stepped down from that taffrail the most admired, thereafter to be the most courted, and oftenest invited to take something of any one of all that ship's company.

The man who has the reputation of always saying just what he thinks is either an exceedingly good actor or a fool.

Poverty is the want of much, but avarice of everything.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda
Almost as Palatable as Milk.
The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.
AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.
Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Oct-28-1y

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
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