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We will not use above terms be dealers who don't consult their interest in advance must not expect the same feeling as those who promptly and liberally understand their business.
Look at your paper as you stop it, if stop we always leave it otherwise.—Life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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A new Home every 10 days in the last 6 years. Our village, only 32 months old, has 5 stores, 2 hotels, 2 churches, school, newspaper, factory, foundry, 4 mechanics, 2 coal yards and 2 mills daily. Land rapidly advancing. Send, send, send **by all means**, send for circulars with 4 maps, 36 Photographic cuts of houses, all about the wonderful growth of our colony, its climate, markets, business opportunities, health, prices, terms, and 96 other distinct subjects. Farms, $5 to $10 an acre, on monthly installments to those having simpler means, without leaving their situation. Address J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Surry Co., Va.

POSITIVE PROOFS.

In other advertisements we have said that the *Kearsarge Pneumonine* cure was a specific for Rheumatism, and all its attendant aches and pains. These are simply **Plain Facts.** We now present some **Positive Proofs:**

Could one ask anything more to the point than this from MR. H. EMANUEL, a prominent merchant of Brookfield, Mo., who writes Feb. 26, '86:

"When I came two years ago, I tried hard to buy the receipt of this very remedy. I also told Col. Theobold to get it for me at almost any price, but neither of us succeeded. I, myself, suffered with Rheumatism for years and spent hundreds of dollars trying to get rid of it, but could not until I tried this. Since then, over two years now, I have not suffered the least. I know it is a good thing. It will take like wildfire. Now I want the agency for five States."

Here is another from nearer home. MR. J. D. WHITE is a leading business man of Bloomsburg, Pa. His grandfather, over 80 years old, has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. Nov. 24, 1885, MR. WHITE writes us:

"Have read your circular. The country is so full of patent nostrums it is hard to make people believe any remedy has merit until it is tried. My grandfather is such a sufferer that he would gladly give *for a single day's relief*, ten times your price for a cure. He will try it anyway, because he don't think your house would keep anything without merit."

Dec. 21, he says: "My grandfather pronounces the Russian Rheumatism Cure a first-class success. He is not relieved one day only, but *altogether*."

If you doubt either of these statements, write the parties; they'll gladly answer any inquiry, our space does not permit further testimony. We have plenty of it, however. It makes quite a little book. We send it *free* to all who ask.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the price, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Price $2.50. If mailed 10c. additional. If registered 10c. more.
ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.

SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED Baugh's $25 PHOSPHATE

Ever since its introduction.

Its sales during the past year have exceeded all previous years, and we look forward to an unprecedented demand this year for this and our other brands of RAW BONE MANURES.

If your dealer has none of our goods on hand, send your orders direct to us.

Send your orders in early and you will not be disappointed to wait when the season for delivery comes upon us.

For our Localities Guide and other circulars and information, address

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DR. SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP
OVER 1,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS, THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. PRICE 25 CTS.

DON'T FORGET THAT DR. HOSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
IS A SPECIFIC FOR PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, SCROFULA AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
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A preparation of merit for dressing and beautifying the hair. Restoring color when prematurely gray. Prevents baldness. Cures the scalp, stops the falling and leaves it free to please. 50 cts. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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A Cure you can use, for Consumption, Debility and Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Bowels, Stone in the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Diseases of the Stomach.

PERU-NA
Prepared wholly of native roots, each one having been used in the practice of the inventor for all the diseases for which it is recommended. Sold by druggists generally. Send for a pamphlet containing testimonials of cures and recommendations of medical men, to the PERU-NA MANUFACTURING CO., Peru, Ind.

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Hunt's Corn Salve. Sure and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Hinders their further growth. Stops the trouble. Makes the tender feet comfortable. Makes the cures when everything else fails. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail for 25 cents. Address HUNT'S CORN SALVE CO., N. Y.

PATENTS
"The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continued for 40 years under the management of the undersigned, is still the most vigorous and efficient advocate of the interests of inventors. Every patent is examined and issued or reissued, and every decision of the Patent Office is published in its weekly issue. Hundreds of new patents are issued every week, and the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the best paper in the world for the information of patentees and those who are interested in the patent business and in the progress of mechanics and science. Terms, $3.20 a year. Specimen copies, and a pamphlet containing the Patent Law and Decisions of the Courts, and the Patent Office Rules and Forms, and how to obtain patents, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., PATENT SOLICITORS, 37 Park Row, New York.

THE LITTLE QUAKER LAUGH.

There's a maiden in our village,
With hair of sunny hue,
And eyes of woodland loveliness,
Like violets and dew.

Her face is sweet with roses
That blush against the gray
Of her little Quaker bonnet,
Suggesting March and May.

She talks with quaint decision,
Which is music, I'll allow,
When she greets me, as she meets me,
With an earnest, "How art thou?"

Though in manner she is charming,
There is nothing that is half
So perplexing and bewitching
As her pretty Quaker laugh.

Defying rules of discipline,
Its mirth is full and free
Whene'er I greet her in return,
"Friend, is it well with thee?"

She knows I am not of the fold,
Mayhap, she likes to chaff,
But it is certain that I love her
For her little Quaker laugh.

—[Philadelphia News.

WHITE HOUSE EXPENSES.

What It Costs To Care For and Maintain the President's Home.

Nearly every good housewife "cleans house" once or twice a year, and the mansion of the nation's Chief-Executive does not escape the annual rejuvenation which is characteristic of American home life.

Unlike most private houses, however, the White House undergoes its overhauling in the summer time while its occupants are off on their annual outing. The work furnishes employment for a small army of servants for a score of days or more.

Notwithstanding the fact that the mansion is kept in good order at all times, the annual housecleaning never fails to disclose plenty of work to be done, and sweepers, scrubbers and dusters hold high carnival during the continuance of their reign.

The upper as well as the lower floor undergoes the process of rejuvenation. The musty old books in the library, many of them dating back to the days of Dolly Madison and Susan Monroe, are all taken out and dusted. The two pianos in the house are tuned up, and when the doors are finally opened to the public the house is in the most exquisite order and ready for another year's siege of dinners and receptions.

As may be well imagined, it costs a very pretty penny to keep the establishment in order. The $16,000 for keeping the house in order for the next year, which became available on July 1st, is not by any means all that has been spent upon the mansion since President Cleveland took possession.

Mr. Arthur left a large cash balance unexpended of the last appropriation during his term, according to a time-honored custom that the outgoing President shall leave a lump sum for the incoming President to make any changes he may desire.

Nothing new has been bought in the house since Mr. Arthur left it in such complete and beautiful order. It undoubtedly, though, requires a large sum to keep it in condition.

The cleaning of the huge crystal chandeliers is a considerable item of expense. The whole lower floor is lighted by these enormous crystals, each one with thousands of pendants. There are more than three dozen of these chandeliers in the East Room, the Blue, Red, and Green rooms, the two dining-rooms and the corridors, and once a year each one has to be taken to pieces and every part carefully cleaned and put back in its place.

The care of the carpets and curtains also requires the spending of money. The handsome lace drapes at the nearly every reception, and these have to be carefully repaired, to say nothing of the taking down two or three times a year to be washed and darned.

Some people wonder how the President can pay out of his salary the numerous expenses attached to his office.

There are separate appropriations. Besides his salary of $50,000, this session congress to Congress, a session asks for $36,064 additional, to pay the salaries of his subordinates and clerks.

His private secretary is paid $3,250, his assistant private secretary $2,250, his messenger $1,800, five messengers (colored) $1,200, a steward $1,800, two doorkeepers at each get $1,200, four other clerks at good salaries, one telegraph operator, two ushers, getting $1,200 and $1,400, and an usher, getting $1,200, a watchman who gets $900, an engineer to take care of fires, who receives $864 a year.

In addition to this there is set down $8,000 for incidental expenses, such as stationery, carpets, and the care of the President's stables.

And further on, under another heading, there is a demand for nearly $40,000 more. Of this, $12,500 is for repairs and furnishing the White House, $2,500 for fuel, $3,000 for the greenhouse, and $15,000 for gas and the care of the stables.

The White House, all told, costs the country, in connection with the President, considerably over $125,000 a year, and at that rate it is cheaper, relatively to the work done, than the service of Congress.—[Washington Letter.

Bridging the Chasm.

While we were tramping over the battlefields around Marietta, Ga., the young man from Connecticut grew sweet on the pretty brunette of the party with whom we boarded. It was love at first sight, and in a week or so, for aught I knew, he had proposed and been accepted. Our guide had been an old Reb soldier, and when he saw how things were going he marched the girl to a seat on the wash-bench behind the house and said:

"Now, Lucy, this 'ere critter stop."

"What 'ere?"

"In love with that feller."

"Hain't I a right?"

"No gal. Me's your old father served in the ranks together. We fit agin them Yanks together, and together we cum home kaikerlatin' to hate 'em as long as we lived. Twouldn't be right for you to go back on your dad that way."

"Jim Sluce," she replied as she stood up to wave her arm, "mebbe ye never heard nuthin' 'bout bridgin' the bloody chasm and shakin' hands across the last ditch.

"I know pap was a fighter but after he'd been home a year or two, long came a Yank one day looking for lard. He had a bottle o' whiskey, and he and pap sat down on this very bench and fit them old fights over until both got drunk and fell in a heap.

"When they woke up they began to shake and bridge, and they kept it up till the Yank hurrahed for General Lee, and pap hollered for General Grant.

"Now, you shut! If you don't want to bridge, you can stub around with your nose stuck up and your knees out to the weather, but don't you go to interferin' with me.

"Dad bridged, mam's bridged, and I'm going to climb out of the last ditch and hustle for a Yankee husband!"

They were engaged before we left.—[Detroit Free Press.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.

How Spurious Money is Made in N. Y. City.

Counterfeiting United States coins and bills is said to be carried on now as much as formerly, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, but there have been many changes in its methods and the manner of getting rid of the "queer" when made.

The days of the hidden nook in the mountain, where, in a hut the expert maker of base coins carried on his nefarious trade with door carefully barricaded and rifles and revolvers lying about within easy reach, are over. Now the coin is made mostly in cities, and that too in crowded neighborhoods.

In the making of bad coins in this city the Italians have a monopoly, and it is against the Italian workmen that Chief Drummond, of the Secret Service Bureau in this city, is kept busy, procuring evidence and bringing them to court. Almost without exception, every Italian counterfeiter arrested in this city during the last three years—and there have been many of them captured—has said that he came from Sicily.

They are, as a rule, dull-looking, ignorant fellows, notwithstanding their skill in furnishing and manufacturing the coins. Most frequently they have a little knowledge of the jewelry trade, and apparently they take as naturally to counterfeiting as fish to water. A number of Italians in this city who are not makers of bad coins are always ready to pass those made by others, and the skilled devi er of illegitimate money is to them a hero.

HOW THE COINS ARE MADE.

The workman hires a flat in a tenement, into which he moves his family, reserving one room as a workshop.

He lays in a stock of antimony, plaster of paris, moulds, a lathe, and other appliances, and is ready for business. Rarely do his neighbors suspect that anything is wrong. He takes a good coin for a pattern, and soon has the room filled with the coins in various stages of construction.

Never does the maker attempt to pass the money himself. He either sells it to the passer, or, more frequently, to a middle man. For this reason it is difficult to get at the makers, and the Secret Service detectives are always happy when they find a workshop with a kit of tools and good supply of stock. The middle men sell to the man who does the passing.

Bad coin can be bought at the rate of $4 for ten bad dollars, though higher prices are usually charged at first. When the passer gets the coin he usually frequents the side streets, where in small cigar stores and confectionery shops he passes off his spurious dollars, etc., in payment for small articles, thus receiving good money in change.

The counterfeiter on a hour after hour dragged tediously away we sat in the car. We could see each other and kept up a conversation, but we could not tell what time it was except by passing our fingers over the hands of our watches. You know it would have been dangerous to strike a match.

"Pretty soon a new feature among the sounds of the waters struck our ears. We wondered what caused the peculiar noise, and finally concluded it was the breakers. After passing over them all sounds ceased, and we then knew we were on the briny deep. As it did not seem to be policy to pursue the course we were in, we brought the balloon down slightly and slowly some twenty or thirty miles from where we had heard the surf, and deposited our drag-rope upon the water. This rope is an appendage to the balloon about 350 feet long, and acts as a ballast when it rests upon the water.

"We kept constant watch, and in the course of an hour we saw in front of us a black line, which was apparently within a few feet of us, and we prepared to grasp it, but it proved an illusion, and as we watched the object it gradually widened, and soon after our drag-rope was caught among the tree tops. We then found that we had run ashore over a forest, presuming it at the time to be an island, but as it turned out the balloon had met with a counter current of air on the water, which carried it back to the mainland. We again rested behind a hill, where we lay till the break of day, when we threw out the balance of our ballast and rose up in the

After a while we discerned a road, and succeeded in landing within a mile and a half of it. We made for the nearest place—Sayebec, which is about 250 miles below Quebec—and learned that the water we had gone out on was the Gulf of St. Lawrence. If we had continued across it we would have reached the coast of Labrador, 150 miles further on. As it was we travelled 550 miles in thirteen hours.—[Richmond Dispatch.

A Round Peg in a Square Hole.

Another great mistake of parents is made a little further on when the education the child is to receive and the work he is to do in life begin to be considered.

Most parents have preconceived ideas of what their children shall do in the world, and it is somtimes very hard to modify or change them in accordance with the child's natural tastes. They are like the parents of a boy with whom I had acquaintance, who had determined, I think even before the boy's birth, that he might be a lawyer.

The boy proved to have no taste whatever for the law or for a student's life, but seemed possessed of real mechanical genius. From a child he could do anything with tools requiring delicate manipulation, was always contriving and inventing new machines to work with—in short, was a decided genius of the inventive order. But he was laboriously drilled in Latin, wept unavailing tears over it, was sent to college at great sacrifice on the part of his friends, graduated, was made to study law, did study it, was admitted to practice, and tried his best to do what he was unfitted for.

Having now come to man's estate, he took the matter into his own hands, turned his law office into a machine shop, and began successfully the work he should have been encouraged to undertake in the first place.

Why Women Make Dress Classes.

There is one subject in which, so it is said, woman, every woman, will never feel competent to advise. She can never be an authority on it, for the reason that she is not able to keep a secret. A physician, a regular practitioner, looks into the ears of the dozens of women who are passed weighty secrets which they would never dare to utter in the presence of the gaping, gossip friends.

In the regular course of his business, the dispensing druggist knows all about people's public afflictions and weaknesses, and he is never annoyed with the questions of that kind which the less skilled are wont to ask, not having a druggist in their

The lawyer knows what points, who poisons, what people who uses hair dyes, what people who uses patent medicines, or arsenic to whitten their skin, which is obtained for use inside, powder at home, and various things of that kind which would be too great a temptation for a talkative woman to give away.—[Boston Herald.

Heat-Producing Foods.

They have some bright pupils in the Tyngsborough schools. At the examination the other day a boy was asked:

"What are the warmth-producing foods?"

His reply was:

"Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger."

THIRTEEN HOURS IN A BALLOON.

Over Land and Sea—The Exciting Experiences of an Aeronaut.

"Tell me something about the most perilous voyage you ever made!" was demanded of Professor King, the aeronaut.

"Well, let me see. The most perilous voyage, I think, was over the Maine and Canada wilderness from New Hampshire down the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"We ascended from Plymouth and rose into the clouds. A slight rain was falling. Our course was northwest, and soon we found ourselves over one of the White Mountains, and we had to throw out ballast to keep from striking it.

"After passing over Mount Jefferson and Mount Adams, of the White Mountains, we plunged into the wilderness, or at least passed over it. About nightfall, as we were crossing Lake Umbagog, we saw a light on one of the shores and hailed. We seemed to attract attention, but no response was made.

"A canoe was put down in the water, and we could see it dodging around in the water as if they were looking for something. They thought the cry probably came from somebody on the water. We soon left the light behind, and, nearing the mountain shortly afterward, we dropped behind it in shelter and rested for about half an hour.

"While we were discussing, by the by, I had Luther L. Holden, of the Boston Journal, with me, who had been on some twenty-five voyages before, what course it would be best to pursue, being in the wilderness and poorly provided with provisions, we finally decided to start the balloon afloat and see if we could cross the wilderness to some inhabited region in Canada.

"Our balloon was only of 20,000 feet capacity, and not calculated, except under such a stress of circumstances, to remain afloat so long as we would require to cross the wilderness. We had still, however, a bag and a half of ballast left, which we were economically using.

"Just here there was a natural law to be discovered, which was of itself sufficient to carry us through without the use of ballast. It appears that at night when a balloon reaches the ordinary cloud heights it becomes poised, and neither rises nor falls without any expenditure of sand or ballast, and so will float for hours, provided the balloon is free from leakage.

"Well, we floated on in the clouds, which were occasionally over our heads, and once or twice during the night we saw the moon through the rifts, and frequently they would break from beneath us, so that we would look into an inky abyss below. The only sounds that came to our ears were the occasional cries of a loon and the sound of falling waters. From our isolated position we could constantly hear the latter.

"Thus the night dragged tediously away we sat in the car. We could see each other and kept up a conversation, but we could not tell what time it was except by passing our fingers over the hands of our watches. You know it would have been dangerous to strike a match.

"Pretty soon a new feature among the sounds of the waters struck our ears. We wondered what caused the peculiar noise, and finally concluded it was the breakers. After passing over them all sounds ceased, and we then knew we were on the briny deep. As it did not seem to be policy to pursue the course we were in, we brought the balloon down slightly and slowly some twenty or thirty miles from where we had heard the surf, and deposited our drag-rope upon the water. This rope is an appendage to the balloon about 350 feet long, and acts as a ballast when it rests upon the water.

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The Burglar.

One night a lady, on going to her bedroom, long after the rest of the household had retired for the night, saw to her dismay a man's foot protruding from the drapery of the toilet table. What was she to do? Here was evidently a burglar, the house was a large, rambling old place, and her room, at the very top, so far distant from those of the rest of the household that should she call for help no one could possibly hear her.

Like lightning the thought flashed through her brain. If she could only get at the gong in the hall so as to alarm the household. But then there was the fear of his following her.

Walking quietly out of the room, she closed the door, and, finding the key outside, turned it hastily in the lock, ran down stairs, and sounded such a furious tattoo on the gong as speedily brought the members of the household round her.

The gentlemen of the party, thinking it rather a good joke, ascended to secure the would-be burglar, and caught him in the act of emerging from the lady's room, he having succeeded in picking the lock. After a short scuffle he was secured ere he could reach the open window on the ground floor, by which he had effected an entrance.

A spice of humor is often exhibited in the way some people rise to the occasion.

When, at a large public dinner in London some years ago, a gentleman saw a rather suspicious-looking man sitting opposite him at table quietly pocket a silver spoon and fork, he at once seized his spoon and stuck the handle ostentatiously into his button-hole.

On being asked to explain his extraordinary conduct he answered naively: "Ah, I saw that gentleman over there pocket his spoon and fork, so I concluded we were all to take ours home with us too."

The pockets of the designated gentleman (?) were searched, and on the articles in question being discovered there he was handed over to the police, feeling, we have no doubt, rather caught.—[London Queen.

Not a Speaking Acquaintance.

Mamma: "Do you know the Ten Commandments, my dear?"

Little Bess: "Yes, mamma."

"Well, repeat them."

"I can't, mamma. I don't know them by heart. I only know them when I see them."—[Philadelphia Call.

AN IMPRESSIVE FAREWELL.

Henry Clay's Address to the Senate in 1842—A Historic Scene.

Henry Clay rose in the Senate on the 31st of March, 1842, to make his farewell speech in a chamber which he had entered forty-two years previously, although he had not been in continuous service since then.

The Senate chamber presented a magnificent spectacle, perhaps, upon the whole, a more brilliant one than had ever before been exhibited there. Every seat was filled, and every avenue approaching the chamber blocked up.

Two hours before Mr. Clay began to speak, an exit or an entrance were equally impossible to those within or without.

The gentlemen filled the straight gallery, which was better known as "the Calcutta black hole," to its utmost capacity. The railings of the seats, and the seats themselves were all crowded, and the people seemed to be literally piled one upon another. The ladies' gallery was filled almost entirely with ladies, and the circle there presented as much of grace, elegance and dignity as ever adorned any public assembly. It was a scene which might well have called forth the admiration of the sterner and the coarser sex below and around. The chamber, before Mr. Clay rose, was literally wreathed in smiles and beauty, and it was a scene beautiful to look upon, until the event which had called so many together took place, in the earnest, sweet-spoken final farewell, which came from the lips of the orator and reached every heart.

Along the central entrance to the chamber the crowd was equally dense, and upon either side here, though far out of sight, and out of hearing, too, ladies were seated, all anxious to catch a tone of a voice which for so many years had always told like the sweetest notes of the lark in the ears of the whole female sex. Senators of all parties gave the most respectful attention, while the representatives flocked in from the House and occupied the privileged seats round about the chamber.

Then came the address—for it was more of an address than a speech—the published report of which is only the body of a beautiful oration without the soul. The spirit which kindled, the fire which burned are not there. Words are as cold as marble without the divine afflatus which could almost give life and action to the dead.

The picture presented in such a congregation of people was not only fair enough and perfect enough in all its proportions to charm the eye, but it was a scene which might have given, either in the sympathy created or in the pride excited, a feeling but little less than one inspired. The ladies, who were all hope and buoyancy a moment before, were now, "like Niobe, all tears."

Mr. Clay, in speaking of himself, of his friends, of the noble State of Kentucky, where he had been received as a son forty-five years since, was himself quite unmanned. Others were much more affected, and many of the old statesmen were in tears many times while Mr. Clay was speaking. Mr. Clay left the storm and turmoil of public life, as he thought forever, with an enviable reputation for statesmanship, for patriotism and for eloquence, and his last act was to present the petition in favor of Mr. Crittenden as his successor, and to speak of him in the most excellent terms.

Seven years later Mr. Clay returned to the Senate and served until he died.

Peculiar Diamond Forms.

Peculiarities in the form of gold taken from mining districts often gave a name to the locality. Chunk Canyon, Slug Gulch and Specimen Ravine are examples.

A canyon in El Dorado county is called String Canyon. This is said to be on account of the very singular form of the gold dust found in that region. Much of it resembles pieces of wire, one and two inches in length, and some of it is as fine as thread.

Observations of the form of their dust often led miners to make very valuable discoveries. All gold, as is well known, originally came from quartz. In its natural state in the quartz it is very irregular in form. Every gulch, ravine and canyon had a gold-bearing quartz vein, whose wearing away by the elements had loosened the precious metal, to be washed down by the water among the gravel and sand.

When gold has been washed far from its source the attrition causes it to become fine and smooth. As the miner approaches the feeding quartz vein the gold becomes coarser and more scraggy till suddenly the pay gives out entirely. Then it is certain that a rich quartz ledge is in the vicinity, and in this manner veins have been struck that have yielded many thousands of dollars in a few weeks.

Gold dust buying in the mining towns was a very profitable business in the early days of California. What was called black sand composed principally of iron, was always mingled to a greater or less degree with the dust when it was brought to the buyer. This had to be blown out, and often the finest particles of gold were blown out with it.

Thus in an office where a large quantity of dust was bought much of the fine gold would be scattered around the room. The dustings of a buyer's counter and sweepings of his floor were often worth hundreds of dollars a month. Sometimes the buyers were suspected of cheating in a more illegitimate manner by slyly appropriating some of the gold while they were shaking it around and examining it in the blow-pans.—[San Francisco Post.

Pay of Congressmen.

When a member dies his pay ceases on the day of his death. The salary of the successor commences the day after the decease of the former member, though the election may not occur for several months. The new member, in other words, draws pay for the time he never served.

A member is allowed twenty cents mileage each way, or forty cents a mile one way, and he can check for the full amount of both trips when he takes his seat. He is allowed $125 a year for stationery. The most of this sum is pocketed.

The members draw their money in different ways. There are probably twenty of the present House who let their salaries run into nest eggs.

There are a couple of dozen of members who always overdraw, or, rather, borrow from the head of the bank. They borrow or get in advance sums ranging from $10 to $300, and at the end of the month they have nothing. The great majority of the members draw all that is coming to them at the end of each month, particularly those who have their families with them. Some of them never see an outside bank, but let their monthly salaries remain and draw it out in small sums. Others take out their salaries and place them in other banks. But this is not done as much as formerly. A number of them got caught in the Middleton Bank that broke some time ago.

Most of the members do all their financial business over the counter of the Congressional bank, and some of them pile checks up as high as $60,000 in a single session.—[Washington Hatchet.

The Grim Monarch.

There is a guest that I detest,
Forever at my side;
He clings to me more fondly
Than a bridegroom to his bride.

I hate him and berate him,
But when I cross his will
He glares at me sardonically
And clasps me closer still.

He's a beggar and a ranger,
He was present—not a stranger—
At the birth of the Messiah
In the cold Judean manger.

He strolls along the path
Of the tempest in its wrath;
He's found among the ruins
Of the moulder's aftermath.

He's a prince of empty pockets,
Out at elbow and at knee;
He's the King of countless millions,
And his name is Poverty.

—[James Connor Roach.

KEROSENE LAMPS.

General Misunderstanding About Their Care and Use.

Of all misunderstood things in daily life the use of the kerosene lamp probably stands at the head.

First, a lamp is bought and fitted for use, and then filled day after day, and after a longer or shorter period does not give as good a light as it did; then come complaints to the oilman or grocer about the quality of the oil, when a little reason and judgment used would remedy the fault and remove the cause of complaint.

If persons using a lamp would remember that the lamp is a machine combining the furnace and pump, and endeavor to learn the principle of using oil, much trouble would be saved; for while no one expects to use a large machine without learning how to work it, any one can use a lamp.

Now, the wick is the pump to bring oil from the fount to the blaze, and, as there is always more or less dust and dirt in the oil, the wick soon becomes clogged up, and can not pump oil fast enough for a good light; so a complaint is made, when a new wick would remove the cause.

Then as we burn oil out, the highest part burns, leaving the heavy oil; and, as the lamp is filled day by day, the oil gets so heavy that the draught is not strong enough to pump it up when the oil should be all taken out of the lamp and it refilled with fresh oil.

And then the burner, after a time, gets gummed up, and the even flow of the oil is disturbed, and causes a smoky, uneven light which is vexatious. I have often had burners brought into my store condemned, and a new one wanted, when by two minutes' work they were as good as new. When the wick needs cutting, some scrape it off; others cut it so uneven that it makes a pointing blaze which so provokes one that he wants to put down it.

If a little reason and thought were used in everyday life, we would soon find that lots of our discomforts would be very easily overcome and banished; but the go-go in a slipshod manner, year after year, with no attempt to improvement.

But to resume, the burner is furnished with a good number of small holes to provide air to the wick that perfect combustion may take place, and not to collect dust and dirt until they are clogged up, and a smoky, bad-smelling light is the result.

Now, if in using kerosene we fill the lamp up with white oil every day, and once a week empty back the oil which is in the lamp, and use a new wick, cut even and true, every week or other in two weeks, and are sure to have the lamp burner clean, and a clean, nicely polished chimney used, we will find that the kerosene lamp is a cheap and great luxury, and not, as is often the case, a necessary nuisance, which has to be used for lack of anything better.

A little care daily in using the lamp makes all the difference between luxury and nuisance.—[The Analyst.

A Story With a Moral.

"I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men who were sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield street saloon last Friday night.

"Yes," responded the other rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said:

"It's rather a funny story.

"Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home and three as pretty children as ever played out doors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over 9, and all about the same size.

"Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week, and found his wife out shopping or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the back yard, and there, under an apple tree, were the little fellows playing.

"They had a bench and some bottles, and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free.

"Smith quietly lifted over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered.

"A neighbor's boy, a couple of years older, lay a deep behind the tree.

"'My God, boys, you must not drink that,' he said as he lifted the 6-year-old from behind the bench.

"'We's playin' saloon, papa, and I was a sellin' it just like you,' said the little fellow.

"Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys in and put them to bed.

"When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came down town that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor.

"His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

Good Horse and Mule Stories.

Our Methodist friend, the Rev. Mr. B., told us the other day of a preacher he knew who owned a horse that he had been driving for eighteen years.

The preacher told our friend that he had so often driven the horse to church and left him standing near by that the horse had learned the Doxology, and whenever it is sung he begins to neigh, knowing that he is either going home soon or going to a neighbor's to dinner.

This reminds us of one of our friends in Dooly County who owns a mule about twenty years old.

The old mule knows when it is 12 o'clock by the sound of the dinner horn, and whenever he hears the horn, if it is a mile away, he begins to bray, and increases his speed with the plow till he reaches the end of the row, and then he stops and refuses to move until the harness is taken off.—[Hawkinsville (Ga.) News.

ETIQUETTE IN ELEVATORS.

"I say, don't you know enough to take off your hat in the presence of ladies?" said an elderly man with a slouch hat in his hand as he tapped on the shoulder of a business-looking young man wearing a silk hat.

The young man had entered as quickly as possible into a crowded public elevator in a building devoted to stores and offices, finding just room enough to enter, facing the door as the elevator, with a sudden start, pushed down through the remaining floors.

"My friend, who made you the judge of courtesy on the subject of wearing headgear in a public place—" answered the young man as he caught his breath, but before he had finished his sentence the elevator had bumped on the shaft, and the baker's dozen of men and women in it had hurried off, making room for another crowd waiting to enter the elevator to be carried for business purposes to the offices rented on the eight immense floors of the building.

"The question of elevator etiquette," said a man who was in the elevator at the time of the above incident, "is a matter to some extent at least of personal taste, but in regard to certain classes of elevators the rule has become settled by general custom. Thus there are a certain class of private and semi-private elevators in entering which, should a lady be present or enter, a gentleman would always remove his hat. These include, of course, the private elevators in the large flats, those semi-private in hotels, and in dry goods, notion, or other stores where the patronage almost exclusively consists of ladies. In such cases no question arises of the requirements of elevator etiquette."

"A class of elevators in which general custom has established that not to remove the hat is not a breach of good taste comprises elevators in public buildings, such as the Government, county, and city buildings, and the large office buildings, in which there are generally two to four elevators side by side, and a constant stream of humanity entering and leaving the same on matters of business.

"It is a fair estimate that those crowds that use elevators in the business portion of the city outnumber those who ride on street cars—over 4,000 persons, by actual count, riding on one elevator in a notion store on State street in one day.

"All of these elevators are crowded with men and women who are on business intent and eager to transact it, and the few seconds spent in the elevator are as much a part of their travel to their destination and as public as the street, sidewalks, or cars by which they have reached the building."—[Chicago News.

Florida Cooks.

The highest amb