TOM BOLIVAR'S W

Somebody knocked at the door. And such a night as it was!—the snow and the wind making it dreadful to think of while you sat beside a roaring fire, let alone being out on the dismal flat where the little house braved the fury of the element war. It was quiet inside, the loudest sound being the moan of the wind and the hiss of the feathery snow flakes falling down the wide-mouthed chimney to the flaring logs below.

A woman was sitting beside those flaring logs, mending a little child's frock. The six little shoes, in various worn stages, placed before the fire, told a story that oftentimes louder noises than the moan of the wind and the hiss of the lost snowflakes on the fire disturbed the room. Sitting there, sewing, and with a woman's mind far away from what she was busy at, and yet tied all the stronger here by reason of her wandering thoughts, the woman started—somebody knocked at the door.

She arose hurriedly, suppressing a cry, and unlocked and flung the door open. A man's voice in the snowy darkness said, harshly:

"Where do Tom Bollivar's wife live at—here?

"Yes," she answered, her hand upon her heart, her eyes peering out in the night, "I am Tom Bollivar's wife; what do you want of me?"

"Lass, will you ask me in? I've news of Tom."

"You have! Come in sailor, and tell me what you know."

Into the light and warmth stepped a rough, brawny fellow, dressed in the shipshod manner of a sailor upon shore. He shook the snow from his shaggy coat and his beard. Slapping his slouch hat upon his knee, and looking fiercely down into the little woman's face all the time, as though to intimidate her. She returned the look with an odd expression—not frightened, but startled, bewildered—the look that had come in her face when she opened the door and peered out at the man; then from the bewildered look another came, one of understanding, comprehension, and she said to him, calmly:

"Sit by the fire; you must be chilled through this gruesome night."

The startled look seemed to have flown her face to his, but he said, more harshly:

"I am chilled through, Tom Bollivar's wife, and that ain't no lie, 'cordin to Scripter. Are ye all alone here, woman?" and he glanced about him.

"No," she said, pointing to the six worn little shoes. The man looked at them, and then turned his face away from her for an instant.

"Now, sailor," she said, "what's this news o' yours?"

"Ain't ye afeared o' me, ye a lone 'oman?"

"Bosh!" Tell me the news!"

"Tom Bollivar's wife, ye flustrate me. But it's right ye a'int afeared o' me—why should ye be? i—I kinder thought you might be, though. But—I'm a rough sailor, and—"

"Oh, pshaw! hurry up with the news."

"I—I don't know how to commence the yarn, wi' you a settin' there so unskeered."

"Oh, its a yarn, eh? Well, wait, sailor, till I put some wood on the fire—then fire away."

She put the wood on, sat down on the stool in the red light of the blaze and took up the little frock again.

"Now," she said, "I'm ready."

The man had his mouth open. Despite his bronzed skin and the fire from the logs, something else sent that flush over his face that now suffused it.

"Be'n't ye a little narvous, anyways?" he asked.

"Oh, my, no; not at all! I'm steady enough to count the threads while I stitch this band of our Susy's frock. Nervous! Me? Oh, dear!"

"Tom Bollivar's wife, I've that to tell as'll not make ye brag o' being steady. Tom Bollivar's been gone three years and over, eh?"

"If you know it, sailor, why do you ask me? Don't you suppose I can count the months that make three years?"

"When did you hear from Tom last?" He gulped, and his eyes were wrathy.

"Six months ago," she said, easily; "he was sailing for Madagascar, and hadn't time to say much."

"Tom Bollivar's wife," said the man, solemnly, suppressing his strange anger, "y'll not be likely to hear from him agin in a hurry; he won't write soon."

"I expect not. There ain't much use o' him writing, anyway, seeing I can't answer, not knowing if I'd send my letters to sea that they'd find him."

"Lass, he'll never write agin no more. Tom won't. There, now!"

"That's a pity for Tom," she said, biting off her thread, "for he always likes to write a bit about the children. Oh, dear!"

The man looked at her in blank amazement.

"Tom Bollivar's wife, I think I'll commence that there yarn I promised."

"Lor', sailor; you don't mean to say you ain't begun yet? What a tedious one you can be, to be sure! Bless my heart!"

Again the man gulped and gritted his teeth. He went on, madly:

"Ye know, six months ago, Tom he sailed around Madagascar, don't ye? Well, I was along wi' Tom I was. Me an' him we was chums; whatsomever he done, that there done I; wheresomever he went, theresomer went I; whensomever he writ to ye, I seen that there letter, true as Gospel. When he was a-thinken' o' ye, I knowed it. But there's storms at sea, lass—oh, sich storms! Why, this here storm outside is a baby squall compared wi' them there at sea, wi' creakin' an' groanin' an cussin' an' orderin' an'—these's storms as makes you think o' home an' your wife an' babies, an' to look up in the face o' the angry sky an try to speer out the pityin' face o' Jesus Christ as walked on the waters an' told them waves to be still; storms as makes ye look up at the sky that seems to be a fightin' wi' the mad sea that rises up to clinch wi' it, an' falls back all shattered an' broke; there's storms as makes a sailor's heart cry for the help o' God for them as he loves, even if the help don't save his own life. Who knowed more about storms nor me an' Tom Bollivar? We'd follered the sea nigh on to twenty years, an' never separated. I can't tell ye, for ye'll feel that bad."

"No, I won't sailor; upon my word I won't, I like it—I like to hear you talk; it sounds old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned?"

"Yes; Tom used to sit where you sit, and I sitting in this blessed identical spot, sewing as I do now, and he'd tell his awful yarns and try to make me believe them. You see, I don't swallow all I hear."

"Ye don't think I'm a-deceivin' ye, do ye?"

"I don't think much about it, so you needn't have that in your noddle. Go on, do; for mercy's sake what ails the man?"

Such a look as he gave her.

"Well, there comes a storm one day, an' the skipper he comes to us an' says, says he: 'It's all up wi' us, as ye see. Try and save yourselves.' The ship had sprung a-leak, the whole side was stove in on a rock, an' the pumps was no use, an' we was a-goin' down, an'—oh, Tom Bollivar's wife, how kin I say it?—your husband he wouldn't desart that there ship as he'd knowed, man an' boy, since him an' the ship was both young."

"That's right in him," she said, shaking her head and settling herself on the stool, a light in her eyes; "that's right in him. I wouldn't own Tom Bollivar if he'd forsook his work because it got troublesome."

"Yes—but, lass, Tom he was aboard till the last two timbers hung together. He wouldn't go. He got the others off an' helped wi' the cargo; but there he stayed, alookin' out in the direction o' his home, an' a-thinkin' o' ye an' the babies."

"True for you, sailor," she said, her voice tremulous and almost glad, "and good for Tom Bollivar."

"But why don't ye get flustrated? Didn't ye keer nothin' 'bout Tom? Why don't you get into a reg'lar terrer?"

"Oh, I'll get that way after a bit."

"Then ye didn't keer nothin' for Tom?"

"Now, look here, sailor," she said, "you knew Tom powerful well, you say. Didn't Tom ever know of the time and time again when I've sat here all alone through the night, after I've tucked the children up in bed, and staid at the window looking out at the raving storm, thinking of my husband? Didn't he ever know at such times that my heart went away over the cruel sea hunting for him—went further than the sea, up to heaven to Him that holds the sea and the storm in the hollow of His hand? Didn't he know how I treasured up every hope, every dream of him, every word he'ed ever said—that I searched the children's faces day after day, seeing his likeness there, so that I'd never forget his look and should know him always, no matter when or how I met him? And didn't he know how, when I was timider for him than usual, and wanted him more than usual, I'd go to the children and cry, 'Babies, babies, wake with mammy and pray for daddy on the wild, wild seas?'—and how I'd fix their hands, and how we four would kneel down and say, 'Our Father,' and feel sure that the Lord knew what we were asking for and would answer our prayer? Didn't Tom ever know how I must have counted days, then weeks, then months and at last years, wanting him, waiting, watching for him, ever true in word and thought? Couldn't he tell you that he guessed I loved all sailors for his sake, and that I pitied lonely ones that came to port here, and who made friends with me? For I've gone to them and I've said, 'Cheer up, my lads! I'm Tom Bollivar's wife, and he's on the briny deep. Let me help you all I can; if you're sick, or lonesome, or want little jobs of woman's work done for you, why, come to me. I'm Tom Bollivar's wife, and he's on the briny deep!' And how often and often this room has been crowded with sailor men! Add how often they've kissed the children, and in case they'd pass Tom's ship, they said, and would seem to take the kisses to him; or they'd kiss 'em because they had had little ones of their own far away who must be looking out to sea and thinking of their daddies. And I've helped 'em all I could—indeed, indeed I have; and me and the children, why, we've gone down to see their ships off, and I've made the children wave their hands and say 'Good bye!' right loud, and the men have called, 'Three cheers and a tiger for Tom Bollivar's wife,' and 'God care for the babies!' And I've done all this for love o' Tom! And you don't say that he ever thought of that, only that I don't care for him. If he didn't know me without words, then he didn't love me as I always thought he did."

And she wiped out her eyes on the frock she was mending. The man looked at her for a moment, seemed to hold back something he was about to say, and put his hands nervously on his pocket and went on:

"Well, lass, yes, he knowed it. He thought he knowed it for a truth, but—and now comes the all-firdest awful part o' this here Gospel-truth yarn."

"Yes, sailor."

"Well—now don't ye cry out, an' don't ye flop down—but Tom Bollivar he won't never, never come home no more."

She smiled up in his face.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because—he's drownded dead," he replied.

"I don't believe it, sailor."

"But I was wi' him all the time, I orter know."

"Then why wasn't you drowned, too? If you thought so much of him as you say, why didn't you drown trying to save him, if nothing els?"

"I—I—well, I was washed ashore. But poor Tom!—oh, lor'! poor Tom, he's wen't."

"Oh, dear, if that's the case, I might as well make up my mind to be a widow."

"I rather think so. Well—why don't ye get flustrated, Widder Bollivar?" cried the man aghast; "ye promised that, anyways."

"I'll get that way after a while, sailor."

"But I tell ye, Tom Bollivar ain't no more; he was drownded dead, him that was your husband."

"Well, I can't help it can I? I didn't drown him, did I? I'm a widow, ain't I? Now I'll tell you what I think about it. You see, sailor, I can't live alone now, now, can I?"

"What do you mean, Widder Bollivar?"

"That's it—that's right—I'm Widow Bollivar. But I musn't be Widow Bollivar all my life, so I must get married."

"Married! My God! woman, your husband he ain't cold yet."

"I can't wait until I'm cold because you say he ain't quite cold yet, can I?"

"Do you mean to say you don't love him?"

"It would be foolish to love a dead man and yet marry a live one."

"Who—who'll have ye for a wife when they knows all I knows? Widder, I'll tell the whole town, I'll tell the whole world, I'll put ye in the 'log'—I mean the papers."

"Bosh, sailor, that's nonsense. Who'll have me? Why, you will, sailor; I know you will."

"Git out o' my way, Tom Bollivar's wife. Me have you? Lord! I thought I'd find you crazy mad at the idee o' him bein' dead an' layin' rollin' around wi' the sharks an' sich in Davy Jone's locker. An' now to hear ye! Oh, woman, woman, ye don't know what ye've done! I'll go back to my ship; I'll hate all women for your sake; I'll never tell who I—"

"Sailor you shall have me now."

"Let me out o' this here blasted house."

"Sailor, I'll lock the door. You shall not leave this house till you say you'll have me for your lawful wedded wife."

"Let me out! I'll never say sich words to you. Woman, you're a bad lot, that's what ye are—a bad, ungodly, wicious creetur. Ye've lied to me about lovin' your husband so ye'd get me to marry ye; ye've saw so many sailors, an' think we're all green alike. I don't believe ye ever thought o' your husband; I don't believe even the babies thought o' their poor deceived father—"

"Not of their deceived father, sailor," she said, coming towards him, the tears rain down her cheeks, her lips smiling; "but their father, who must always believe me true and loving—their father I saw this blessed night."

"Who—who—their father—this night? Where is he?—where is the——?"

She threw herself upon his breast; her arms clasped wildly about him. "Here, here," she cried rapturously, "here is their father—my Tom, my dear old boy." And then cried aloud, "Babies, children, wake up! Come to mammy, for daddy's come home, daddy's come home from the cruel, cruel seas, and he's tried to make mammy believe he was somebody else, and that daddy was drowned. Oh, Tom! I knew you when I opened the door; I never could be mistaken in you, never, never, never!" And the patter of the children's feet, the crying of the children's voices, drowned Tom Bollivar's voice deeper than any sea had ever drowned Tom Bollivar.

American and Italian Sumac.

It has been demonstrated, and we some years ago published the proofs of the fact, that the American sumac, properly prepared, was decidedly more valuable than that of Italian, and yet the latter sold in our market at double the price obtained for the former, the American variety bringing fifty dollars per ton. The statistics show that not more than eight thousand tons are yearly bought into the market in the United States, but, if properly managed the amount may be very largely augmented. The *Scientific American* says that the difference against the American sumac is caused by the mode now pursued in its preparation, which renders it unsuitable for making the finer white leather used for gloves and fancy shoes, owing to its giving a disagreeable yellow or dirty color. It has recently been shown, however, that the leaves of native sumac gathered in June and July are equal to the best foreign leave. The importance of this discovery may be seen by the fact that the cultivation of the plant may be carried on most profitably in this country as soon as manufacturers and leaders recognize the improvement thus obtained in the domestic article, and by classifying it according to its percentage of tannic acid and its relative freedom from coloring matter, advance the price of that which is early picked and carefully treated.

In Italy the sumac is planted in shoots in the spring in rows, and is cultivated in the same way and to about the same extent as acorn. It gives a crop the second year after the setting out, and regularly thereafter. The sumac gathered in this country is taken mostly from wild plants growing on waste land, but there is no reason why it should not be utilized and cultivated on land not valuable for other crops.

The Dark Side.

Some people will persist in taking a gloomy view of everything. There is a man of that kind in No. 1. A neighbor happened to drop in to see him the other day and found everybody lively except the head of the family.

"How are you all coming on today?"

"We are all tolerable except Bob. He is laughing and joking because he is going fishing. I just know he is going to come home drowned, or howling with a fish hook sticking in him somewhere."

"Well the rest seem to be cheerful."

"Yes, sorter. Jimmy is jumping and skipping about because he is going to a candy pulling, but I know something will happen him. I read of a girl in Philadelphia only last year who was coming home from a candy pulling, when a drunken man threw his wife out of a third story window and killed her."

'Killed who?'

'Jimmy?'

'Why, no; there he is.'

'Well, it might have been if he had been on the pavement below when the woman fell.'

'Well, you are looking healthy.'

'Yes; I feel just like the man did who dropped dead in New York last week from heart disease. He was in high spirits and had a good appetite, and thems my symptoms.'

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Argus.*

The British War Office authorities have now detailed a whole company of Royal engineers for instruction in the art of military ballooning. A very small detachment had, until this change was made, been engaged in balloon experiments.

Write to MRS. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her VEGETABLE COMPOUND, in all female complaints.

The Christain world is taking an increasing interest in the religions and civil affairs of India.

He Gets Drunk.

'He's the smartest young man in our class.'

'Yes, but he get's drunk.'

'Oh, but he's so fine-looking, so noble and so talented withal! His composition yesterday was the very best in our division. He writes splendidly! They say he's writing for a magazine, no older than he is, and not out of school yet!—won't he be a great man, though, some day!'

'No, I don't think he will.'

'Why not?'

'He gets drunk.'

'Oh, that's nothing; a good many smart men get drunk. Every young man has his wild oats to sow; and because a fellow gets a little boozy once in a while I wouldn't condemn forever; quite likely he'll outgrow it when he gets older and sees the folly of it.'

'More likely that will outgrow him, and, as to his getting a little boozy, I'm afraid he was a good deal so when the boys found him beside the walk, the other night, and had to carry him to his room, dodging around street corners and skulking through by-ways so that none of the professors would see him. I tell you a person who drinks at all is not to be depended on. The only young men that I have any confidence in are those who let intoxicating liquors entirely alone.'

'Well, I don't care; he's good and smart, anyhow, and I like him.'

'I don't he gets drunk!'

So the conversation ran on between two schoolmates, who were walking just ahead of me. Ah, how those words, 'He gets drunk!' kept ringing in my ears! Possessed of a noble manhood and glorious intellect; blessed with the greatest and best of God's gifts; having the love and approbation of teachers; admired and looked up to by associates, the pride and hope of a fond father, intertwined in the heart and life of a doting mother, united in close and tender bonds with brothers and sisters; holding in his hand the honor and good name of the institution with which he is connected, of the society in which he mingles, and yet—gets drunk!

As a natural consequence that young man who drinks will generally blight the manhood that is within him, change to curses the blessings that are upon him; bring to dust whatever highborn aspirations, whatever longings for greatness, glory and immortality may be his; blast the fondest hopes of parents, put out the brightness of their future in the darkness of disappointment, pain and sorrow; bring shame and reproach upon brothers and sisters; trample upon the love and confidence of his fellows; shut himself out from all goodness, purity, usefulness and happiness; blot out the image of God that is stamped upon him, and drag himself down lower than the brutes. Ay, so surely does he shut himself out from heaven as 'he gets drunk!'—*Geraldine Germain.*

Sayings of George Elliot.

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.

Trouble's easily born when everybody gives it a lift for you.

Genius at first is nothing more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

There is no sorrow greater than to love what is great and try to reach it, and yet to fail.

There's a sort of human paste that when it comes near the fire of enthusiasm is only baked into harder shape.

No story is the same to us after the lapse of time, or rather, we who read it are no longer the interpreters.

Every man's work pursued steadily tends to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life.

It's easy finding reasons why other people should be patient.

College mostly makes people like bladders, just good for nothing but to hold the stuff that is poured in them.

It's an uncommon fine thing when you can let a man know what you think of him without paying for it.

It is very difficult to be learned; it seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired.

When the commonplace "we must all die" transforms itself suddenly into the acute consciousness, "I must die"—and soon, then, death grapples us and his fingers are cruel; afteward he may come to fold us in his arms as our mother did and our last moment of dim earthly discerning may be like the first.

Medical Uses of Eggs.

For burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and, being always at hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than "sweet oil and cotton," which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air that gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accsdents of this kind, and anything which excludes air and prevents inflamation is the thing to be at once applied. The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beating up slightly with or without sugar and swallowed, it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflamation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on the organs, to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at most three eggs per day, would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

How it was Done.

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy and good natured all the time?"

"I a'ways have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus easily keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured." Read about it in another column. f. 16.

A Monitor Indian, who was recently convicted of murder, expressed his opinion of the lawyer who defended him with delicious frankness: 'Lawyer too much talk! Heap fool!'

A writer on dogs says that every one given to sedentary pursuits ought to keep a dog, as the necessity of giving exercise to the dog will give exercise to the man.

The Youth Of Our Land.

There really ought to be some law against the sale of dime novels to young boys. Instances occur almost daily where the minds of young boys have become so distorted by reading trash that they are ready to slaughter their fellow beings in large quantities. A boy who reads about some avenger of the prairie who chops and splits his cord and a half of Indian regularly every day, or some pirate whose seuppers run off enough blood every day to make a hundred dollars worth of blood sausage, gets into an abnormal condition of mind, and is wholly unfit for the solid work and low wages of real, every-day life. He begins to accumulate pistols, daggers and other junk, and longs to run a poniard into some false Spaniard, and twist it around, while he hisses through his set teeth some drivel that he has read in a novel. Such a boy will not hoe corn. Near Peru, in Illinois, the other day, a sheriff found a cave where a number of these boys, whose minds had become inflated, had established a sort of pirate's glen. The pirates were not at home, being away probably on an expedition to capture, dark-eyed Spanish beauty, or a bantam or shanghai beauty, and the sheriff entered and took an account of stock. All around were sinister-looking weapons of death and the treasures and spoils of war, and among them were twelve bottles of lemon beer. This in itself ought to teach boys that there is no such thing as realizing what novels tell about. There never was a novel yet that told about the duke pacing back and forth with a clouded brow, in the elegant drawing-room of his castle, and then going to the sideberd and draining a flagon of lemon beer. Not any. The duke always drains a flagon of old Reinish wine, seven hundred years old before he set out to mutilate a couple of townships of people. A boy ought to see by this that if he is going to follow the dukes example he will have to use Reinish wine istead of lemon beer. And where would be the fun of slaughtering those two townships full of people with a skin full of lemon beer or pop? It would be insipid; and not only that, but ridiculous. Suppose the duke should draw his rapier to run a person through the body, and just as he was about to say, "Die, villian," the gas from the beer should come up in his nose. He would feel like a fool. A boy who reads a novel, and becomes all wrought up and excited by a novel, never thinks of the author of the novel in a New York garret, who has starved himself half to death for money to buy whiskey, and who changes his quarters every month to save rent—he would be ashamed to be seen reading such stuff. The poor, broken-down scribbler who writes about the brilliant diamond of inestimable value that flashed upon the bosom of the countess is probably wearing a sheet of writing-paper for a shirtfront.—*Peck' Sun.*

She Washed on Sunday.

He only whispered it to a lady friend who sat beside him in church, but it cost considerable trouble.

"There comes Mr. Proud's wife. Do you know she washes on Sunday? I've seen her do it," is what he said.

"Heavens! Can it be possible?" ejaculated the lady.

"Yes, but please don't say anything about it.

"She didn't.

In exactly seven days by the clock everybody in church knew it. It came to the ears of Mr. Proud, and he set about tracing the story to its origine. Mrs. Proud was being snubbed by nearly everybody in the congregation. Even the minister forgot to take off his hat when he passed her on the street.

There was some talk of dropping Mrs. Proud's name from the roll of church membership.

Mr. Proud became furious. He went around town with a pistol in his pocket.

He finally found the lady who had started the report, and asked her who her informant was. She referred him to the gentleman who had mentioned it to her in church. Mr. Proud jammed his hat over his eyes and sought the miscreant.

"Did you say that my wife washed on Sunday?" asked Mr. Proud, with murder in his eye.

"Certainly," responded the man, without budging a muscle.

"I want you to take it back."

"I can't. It's a fact, and I don't see anything to get mad about. I wouldn't let a wife of mine come to church without washing. Would you?

Tableau.

An Affectionate Son.

A dog rushed out of a yard on Galveston avenue and bit an elderly lady. She was taken home in a hack, and in about ten minutes her son, a big, stout, sixfooter, put in an appearance and wanted to see the owner of the dog, who expected that killing would be the least that would happen to him. "Your brute of a dog has bit my poor, aged mother, who is weak and feeble. She is ninety years old," and the son's eyes filled with tears. "I am very sorry," said the owner of the dog, feeling very uncomfortable. "If you are sorry, how do you supose I feel?" and he buried his face in his hands. "If she dies, who have I got left in this cold, cold world to saw and split that cord of oak firewood I bought yesterday—and oak is so hard to split with a dull axe;" and the strong man shook all over with surpressed emotion.—*Galveston News.*

English Coffee Houses.

The English temperance people have long been fighting hot liquor with hot coffee. They very sensibly rely on this more than on lectures for the prevention of drunkenness. A cup of good coffee is furnished for two cents and a hot roll for one cent. This forms a formidable competitor to a glass of hot whisky at a little more than half its price. The coffee houses are furnished with plenty of papers, and the man who sups his coffee may stay as long as he likes to read or talk. The independent laborer who is fed at these coffee houses has the knowledge that he is no recipient of charity, for these coffee houses are among the best paying investments in Britain. Most of the English companies pay a dividend of ten per cent. on the money invested, and many of them more, while all are self-supporting.

A lady writer points out the fact as worthy of notice that, "while the men who commit suicide are almost always unmarried, the women are married or widowed.' This leads to the inference that, while men cannot live without women, women find life unbearable with men.

Raising Calves.

James Fisher, jr., of Harrison Co., Ohio, gives his way of "making six months calves equal to yearlings." In the first place, after the calf is a day old, I take it from the cow, and I have no trouble in learning it to drink milk. I feed for one week on new milk, and then change to sweet skimmed milk, the milk having stood twenty-four hours. I feed sweet milk for the first three months, and then commence adding a little much or bran.

If calves are kept growing all the time for six months, you have no idea how large they will be. As a general thing calves are turned out on grass after two or three month's care. Then they become thin and potgutted, and when winter comes they are but very little bigger than when you quit feeding them. It is but very little more trouble to keep feeding a calf six months; then look how large it will be.

If any kind of the young stock get stunted it takes a great amount of extra feed to bring it up to where it ought to be at six months or a year old. Now let every farmer's wife or farmer's daughter try and see what she can make out of her calves. It is as easy to have steers ready for market at two years old, by giving them the proper attention, as it is to let them run and be half kept and not marketed until three or four years old.

What stock you keep, make it your aim to keep them in the best manner. Keep no more than you can keep growing all the time. There is never any trouble in fat stock always finding a buyer. Make it a rule to feed high and feed plenty. It should be your constant aim to see how soon you can bring your cattle into market. And, in carrying out this plan, always give your calves a good start, and keep them growing right along. Mush and milk is a first rate feed for calves after they are three months old.

Startling Scene.

A lion-tamer, a colored man named Alicamousa, came very near being torn to pieces by an infuriated lion during a performance in a menagerie at Birmingham, England, a short time ago. The animal is a vicious one, and a few days previous had shockingly mangled one of the attendants, whom Alicamousa rescued. The lion afterward showed symptoms of resentment at the severe punishment the trainer was obliged to inflict upon him at that time and several times afterward. One Saturday afternoon there was a great attendance, and the lion tamer gave two performances. The first was concluded in safety, but as Alicamousa made his second entry into the den the large lion sprang at him and had to be beaten back. While proceeding across the cage the lion-tamer unfortunately lifted his eyes from those of the lion which was upon him immediately, amid the shrieks of the immense crowd of spectators. Alicamousa was clawed on both sides of the face, struck to the ground, and bitten in the arm. The red-hot irons were at once thrust between the bars and the man wriggled like an eel from beneath the lion, the blood streaming down his face and shoulders. He discharged his revolver three times in the lion's mouth, and gaining his feet, placed his back against the side of the cage and attacked the animal with his loaded whip, hitting it repeatedly between the eyes until it was almost stunned. The encounter had been watched with breathless anxiety, but as the lion-tamer left the den the crowd gave vent to their excited feelings by enthusiastically cheering him. He was not seriously injured.

'Here they are. Pretty as life Never cry. Never wake up nights Never have the colic. Handsome babies here!'

A fat, red-faced man with a jolly countenance was standing on Broadway near City Hall Park, holding a tray of pink, rubber babies on one arm and talking very volubly and in a happy manner to the passers by.

'Perfectly sound,' said he, as he tossed one high in the air and caught it as it came down.

'Sound and healthy.'

'Never wake you up night.'

'Never have the measles.'

'Never run off from school.'

'Never hang on the front gate.'

'Either sex.'

'Here they are.'

'A galvanized rubber-baby; only ten cents for a galvanized rubber baby.'

'Boy or girl?' said the toy salesman, as a man came up with a smile on his face, to invest.

'I guess I'll take a boy,' said the man. 'Girls are so hard to raise and, besides they take so much clothing.'

'If a galvanized baby was to have the colic, what form would it take?' asked the buyer, 'and how would you treat it?'

'Treat it, why sir, treat it with an electric battery to be sure.'

Brightening Tinware.

One of the best things ever tried for keeping tins bright is water lime. This is a soft brown substance that polishes metals without scratching the surface, and is very cheap. Also rub your tins with a damp cloth, then take dry flour and rub it on with your hands and afterward take an old newspaper and rub the flour off, and the tin will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent in rubbing them with brick dust or powder.

Another good thing to brighten tinware is common soda. Dampen a cloth and dip in soda and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry, and it will look equal to new. To prevent the rusting of tin, rub fresh lard over every part of the dish, and then put in a hot oven and heat it thoroughly. Thus treated, any tinware may be used in water constantly and yet remain bright and free from rust.

The richest mine in New Mexico, now worth three million dollars, was originally sold for three dollars in silver, a little gold dust, and an old revolver. But they don't all turn out so well.

"Put on my tombstone," said the dying man, "an epitaph stating that I was a scoundrel, thief and brute. Then people will think I was a good man. Epitaphs always lie so.

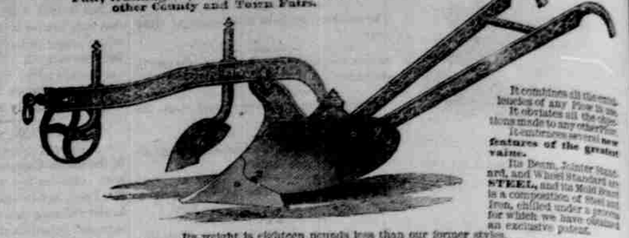
Jennie Robertson, who died lately at Nashville, was known as Soldier Charley, because she had served several years in male attire in the army.

Eggs are so dear that Jersey people will not buy them unless they have double yolks.

SYRACUSE CHILLED STEEL PLOW

OF SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

First Premium at Pennsylvania State Fair, 1880; First Premium at New York State Fair, 1880; First Premium at National Fair, Washington, D. C., and at Sixty-Three other County and Town Fairs.



It combines all the essential features of any Plow in use. It operates all the operations made to any other Plow. It embraces several **new features of the greatest value.**

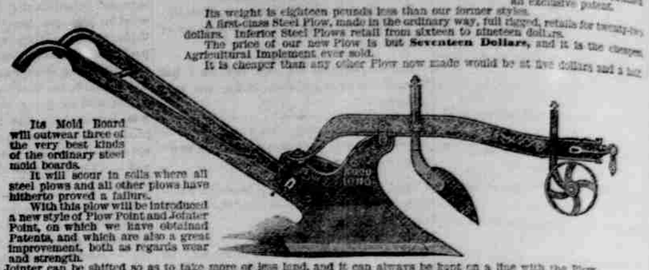
Its Beam, Jointer Mould-board, and Wheel Standard are **STEEL,** and the Mold Board is a composition of steel and iron, chilled under a process for which we have obtained an exclusive patent.

Its weight is eighteen pounds less than our former styles.

A first-class Steel Plow, made in the ordinary way, full rigged, retails for twenty-two dollars. Inferior Steel Plows retail from sixteen to nineteen dollars.

The price of our new Plow is but **Seventeen Dollars,** and it is the cheapest Agricultural Implement ever sold.

It is cheaper than any other Plow now made would be at five dollars and a half.



Its Mold Board will outwear three of the very best kinds of the ordinary steel mold boards.

It will scour in soils where all steel plows and all other plows have hitherto proved a failure.

With this plow will be introduced a new style of Plow Point and Jointer Point, on which we have obtained Patents, and which are also a great improvement, both as regards wear and strength.

The Jointer can be shifted so as to take more or less land, and it can always be kept on a line with the Plow.
The wheel will run under the beam or one side of it as desired, and always keep in line.
The beam is adjustable for Spring or Fall Plowing, and also for two or three horses.
The handles can be adjusted to accommodate a man or boy on the same Plow.
It is the Lightest Draft Plow ever made.
Wooden beams are going out of use because they shrink, swell, and warp, and never run two seasons alike. Iron beams are to be
Malleable beams become demoralized and bend, which is worse than to break.
A Steel beam is the necessity of the day. It is three times as strong and very much lighter than any other style.
When we say a Mold Board is chilled, the Farmers know it is so.
We do not palm off on them a composition of various metals and call it chilled metal.
We want agents for this new Plow in every town in this state.
We can give but a very small discount to them, but we will pay the Railroad Freight.
We propose to place this Plow in the hands of the Farmers as near the cost of manufacture as possible.
It is the best Agricultural Implement ever sold. It is the cheapest.
Persons, therefore, who are not willing to act as agents on the principle that "a nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling" need not apply for an agency.
No Plows on commission. All sales absolute.
We make Right and Left Hand Plows of all sizes. Also Side Hill Plows.
☞ This is the only Steel Chilled Plow in the World.
Steel costs several times more than iron. But this Plow, full rigged, by giving small discounts, can be sold for Seventeen Dollars. Compare this price with that of any Iron Plow ever made.
Where there are no agents, we will, on receipt of Seventeen Dollars, send a Plow to any Railroad Station in the state, and prepay freight. Address

SYRACUSE CHILLED PLOW COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

J. F. BLYMYER, Agent,

Feb. 16 SOMERSET, PENN'A.,

Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alterative available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced a remedy so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures **Scrofula** and all **scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.**

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derangement and decay. It stimulates the vital functions, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial.

It is folly to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures, without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unpalatified confidence of millions whom it has benefited.

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Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

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Profitable Reading for Everybody

Business men and women, teachers, mechanics, farmers, ministers, mothers, and all who are tired out by the constant toil and worry of your work don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or with Bowel, Kidney, Liver or Urinary complaints, you can be cured by using

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

If you are wasting away with Consumption, female weakness or any sickness; if you have a painful cough or bad cold, you will find sure relief in

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

If you are enfeebled by disease, old age or dissipation, and your system needs invigorating, or if you have pimples and blotches, and your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known it is **the Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used,** and is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates and combines the best curative properties of all.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a 50c. bottle of your druggist, and to avoid counterfeits be sure our signature is on the outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

Parker's Hair Balsam, Elegantly Perfumed, Strongly Nourishing.

The Best & Most Economical Hair Dressing

Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, the BALSAM will be found far more satisfactory than any other preparation.

It Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the original youthful color and is warranted to remove dandruff, prevent baldness and stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cents.*

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