KATE.

Yes, that's her picture!
She was—say forty.
We met under the shadow of a palace.
Pretty? More than pretty, and all woman.
Eyes? Yes, as black as Cleopatra's.
She said the fire would never die,
That black eyes meant lasting love.
Humph! Poke the fire, old man.
Manner and form?
She was just splendid—
Willowy and graceful as a fawn.
It was a dream,
Such as agents always have.
Yes, we met again in our own land.
Was it a quarrel? No.
Loving more than ever, she said,
Under great oaks
That grew among the fragrance of rare flowers,
In the twilight we parted for a time.
As I went down the dusty road,
She sung, "Good-bye, Sweetheart."
The song was balm to me.
I thought it told her love—but she meant it.
Go, some one else has her love.
Will we meet again? Perhaps.
In the Persian, Kate means wayward.
And in this she was a true Persian.
Do I love her? What a question!
Good night, old boy—
I say, Bob!
Do we say tender things of those we hate?

—United Irishman.

"ONLY A NEWS BOY."

"Here's your *News*!"

Over the head of the little one whose sweet, sad, tremulous tones uttered that sentence, scarce ten years had passed; yet, brief as they were, fearful were the traces left of their presence.

Upon the low, expansive, swelling forehead, darkened by burning sun rays, heavy wind and rain, and shaded by tresses of the deepest imaginable hue, which fell in reckless gracefulness over the frail shoulders, were evidence of want, anxiety, and suffering sufficient for three score years. The purely, delicately-curved lips wore lines—deep lines—cut by the unmistakable hand of sorrow, and the eyes, like southern purple seas, when wrapped in the wondrous grandeur of the moonlight, held a look of hopeless longing that would have been pitiable even in age.

Many months had this fragile boy trodden the crowded thoroughfare, the poor little unclad feet blistered, bleeding from the scorching sun of summer or biting cold of winter; trodden it from the early morning, with weary throbbing heard and aching limbs, till not one purchaser could be found.

Bravely, without a murmur, had he borne the jeers, taunts, blows of the low and vulgar, and the scorn, reproaches, and the bitter unkindness of the lofty. Often his only sustenance had been "a cup of cold water" and a morsel of bread; yet it was not delivered in the name of the Nazarene.

Uncomplainingly the heroic spirit battled with the clouds of despair which threatened to enfold him—battled, while, oh, how feebly, burned in his life's horizon hope's star. Sometimes adown his cheek, grown thin and wan from disappointment, trial, anguish, would course tears so wild and bitter, he wondered that their crystal hue was not crimsoned by his heart's blood; but, with a mighty will, worthy of manhood, they were suddenly dashed aside. She should not behold them—she, his beautiful, angle-like, invalid whose idol, next to her God, he was.

Through her veins ran the fatal poison of the destroyer, and with fiendish joy he watched the ruin he knew would be inevitable. The large, soft eyes, natvrally radient, at times glanced with splendor almost unearthly; the lovely roses blossomed upon the oval patrician face, till the child believed health had returned to his loved one; but deceiving and valueless were they, as the beautiful fruit of the still, still sea and that form which had glided through halls of wealth and fame, cynosure of all eyes, had lost its exquisite roundness, until it resembled nearly as much an inhabitant of the "city of the dead" as the living.

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things!"

Dwelling upon the halcyon past when joy, deep as mortals know, was hers; when father, mother, husband and children clustered about her fondly, her soul, in its most unendurable grief, had often exclaimed:

"My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

That husband, on a far and gory field of Tennessee, after the desperately fought, victorious battle, in all honor exchanged the beloved gray for the white uniform of the home who said: "We will cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

Both parents a loving daughter soon after left for the "land of the hereafter," and only one stay was left her. A stay in its fullest meaning was that noble, self-forgetting boy.

By war and injustice this delicate woman had seen her elegant home and large possessions torn from her, all powerless to resist. Sometimes the monster granted her a respite from severe suffering, and at such periods the dim light of her miserable tenement room was extinguished only as morning's brightness crept through the dreary window.

The slender, wiry fingers, which were wont to execute with brilliancy the ravishing music of Mosart and Beethoven, and nestle among the fabrics of Persia, now washed and ironed filthy linen for common laborers.

How could she have prevented it? Could she have sewed for a livelihood? Had she done so, the remainder of her existence would not have lengthened into months.

Where are the warm, influential hearts, ready, anxious to assist her in turning that rare genius for music to advantage? Alas! many who at her board had "fared sumptuously every day," and received from her rich, lavish benefits, passed her with a distant or no recognition.

During the terrible revolution numbers had passed into the silent land, who, had they lived, would have been unchangeable; some true ones were yet on earth, but so scattered that she knew not where to find them.

Pride would not listen to her asking charity, and she suffered on in sickness.

Her health growing more feeble daily, starvation seemed almost at her threshold.

Her child had often besought her to permit him to go as a newsboy, but the thought of his doing so was cruelly piercing.

Oh, the humiliation! Her beautiful, gifted, sensitive darling compelled to traverse the street to earn a sustenance. Reason triumphed over feeling; the "wolf" was almost entering.

Into the world's battle, with unflinching heart, rushed the youthful soldier, his banner emblazoned with "For Mother's Sake."

"For Mother's Sake" did he answer civilly, coarse and brutal questions, allow the pangs of hunger to pierce him, rather than use for himself his earnings, and strive to persuade himself he was not weary when overtaxed nature, in clarion voice, was proclaiming her injured right.

This, to him, had been a more than usually miserable day. His mother had become far worse recently, and he had scarce closed his eyes in sleep for several nights.

The exacting physician declared that were he not paid something for his services they should be discontinued. The thought that his mother would be without medical aid was maddening to the boy. Oh, how wildly he longed that the proceeds of to-day's paper might be sufficient to satisfy the physician and prevent his neglecting his mother.

The August sun had reached its meridian, the great globe was pouring down almost streams of fire, and only too papers had been disposed of. How white and exhausted he looked. Even the lips were forsaken by every vestige of color.

"What're you putting on all those airs for, you deceitful puppy? Trying to make believe you're sick, I suppose—needy, too. I'll bet you're as well as I am, and have got plenty of money. What have you done with all you made from papers?—been selling them a long time. You're tryin' to beg, ain't? Don't beg of me. I shan't help to s'port you in your laziness. I've got no patience with low-down newsboys. Hold your head up, or I'll shake you."

The elegant did not shake him—probably he feared soiling his dainty gloves—but he took the tip of his ruby set walking cane and rapped heavily the head, with its glory of ebony hair; the head where, in years gone by, had rested in pride, love and blessing, the hands of many of earth's greatest and noblest. What cared he, the banker's son, for caning a newsboy? He might have repeated the act, and the eyes of the policeman would accidently have been in another direction. A feeling of suffocation came over the child; wierd shapes and shadows danced before his eyes, and he knew no more. The gentleman (?) walked away, twirling, in apparent satisfaction, his artifical dark and colored moustache.

"Git up'm here! What ye doin'—playin' possum? Think somebody will come 'long and fall in love with that picter-lookin' beauty of yourn, an' take an' feed you, and raise you and raise you to do nothin'? How dare you take up the crossin', and you nothing but a ragged newsboy? Gie up, I say, or shore's my name's Dave Brown, I'll take you to the lockup!"

The man was executing his threat—half carrying, half dragging along the tortured little being—when consciousness returned. With wild and passionate eloquence he sued for release—told of his feeble, lonely mother, suffering for even the comforts of life, and his own unfeigned illness. With a horrible oath the man released him from his iron grasp, saying: "If he ever cotched him 'tendin' 'ter be sick again (he knowed he was jis'tendin'), he'd wish he'd a never seed Davy Brown."

Did the boy weep? His heart was too near breaking. Mechanically his swollen feet paced the hard, hot street, keeping time to the despair march his soul was playing.

A handsomely-dressed lady, accompanied by a youth, were nearing him. Nonchalantly the latter, lifting the boy's tattered cap, and staring boldly mockingly into the fearful white face, said: "Umph! you'd make a capital comic valentine; I've a mind to sketch you."

The lady, flushed with shame and anger, exclaimed: "How could you act so contemptuously, so cowardly, Harry? I shall punish you severely for this!" Turning to the boy, she kindly apologizee for her son's behavior, and delicately insisted on his taking some change she held in her hand.

"But, mother," returned Young America, "it does not matter much; he is only a newsboy."

Tears, the first in many days, coursed down the pallid face. Save his mother's, these were the only kind words addressed the child in oh, so long!

"Hope spring eternal in the human breast;" he forgot his mental and physical suffering in the hope of alleviating his mother's.

"Such nuisances should not be tolerated to disgrace our city cars? Raise your dress, Julia, or he might soil it—hateful, ragged little newsboy!" The red lips of two superbly dressed belles curled disdainfully, and they drew themselves as far away as possible from the cause of their remark, lest he should contaminate them.

"Do you not see you are bothering those ladies, you chap? Get out there with the driver, and here's a nickle for you."

The boy's eyes, like artificial suns literally consumed the insignificant wretch, who, astounded at seeing such scorn and pride in a newsboy, sat like one stupified, holding the rejected nickle.

The persecuted little one went out with the driver; the place was crowded, and an evil-looking, soiled stripling insisted he was taking up too much room. In vain he protested he was using as little room as possible. The ruffian called him a "lying dog."

There was a dull heavy sound, as if an object had fallen; a sudden stopping of the car, and out on the quiet air went a wail in which was concentrated a whole spirit's agony—a wail in which was but one word, "Mother!"

Upon the stony street, his heaven-like beauty annihilated by the horses' feet, his wild, floating locks wearing "redder stains than the poppies knew," lay the bright young being."

"Right bad, this," said one of the passengers.

"Yes, rather," was the rejoinder; "but, to tell the truth, there are so many trifling, impudent shavers of his class, I'd like to see a number put out of the way."

"Look here!" exclaimed a person to a friend who sat near him. "I saw that large boy push the other over."

"Did you?" was the reply; "well, don't mention it; he was only a newsboy, and our valuable time might be broken into. Of course the others think he fell over."

Two men took the mangled corpse to his mother. She spoke not, only sank low upon the bare floor, and remained motionless. The men touched her wondering at her illness.

Mother and son were together in the land where they did not hunger or thirst; they had "come out of great tribulation; had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" so white that the habiliments of those who once feared contact with him, compared with them, would be as night unto morning; it was the home of Him, "with whom there is no respect of persons;" the home where, dinned in his ear, would be no more "Only a newsboy."

Shall We Join the Ladies.

Brave would be the man of position who would dare to return to the grand old days of simplicity and sincerity—days of plain roast and boiled without a dozen wines to disorganize the stomach, or 20 dishes to distract the attention; days when men an women met to interchange ideas, as at Holland House, as well as to eat, and did not always sigh with relief when the carriage came. Then, again what is more lugubrious than the present fashion of immdiately joining the ladies after dinner? In the first place I scarcely see the necessity for the ladies leaving the dinner-table so early. It is a relic of a barbarous three-bottle age, when men could not touch wine without getting, as Curran says, "at first communicative, next argumentative, next altogethery, and then drunk." But now the case is altered; and if the ladies must press the fingers of their gloves after the first round of the decanters and withdraw why must the gentlemen at once rush after them? Depend upon it, they do not want us. They are busy about their neighbors, or may be quizzing the coat tails they have left behind. After dinner "sit a while," but now, the very moment conversation begins or the subject becomes interesting the host is impatient until he can cut in with, "Shall we join the ladies?" What follows? As the good wine which needed no bush, is immediately drenched with coffee grounds, so the genial atmosphere which surrounds the dinner-table is diluted with the refrigeratory of the drawing room. Gentlemen who have been all animation the previous moment, become shiningly cold, like the crystal chandelier; others, who have "set the table in a roar," collapse "to dumb forgetfulness a prey." Somebody is asked to sing. Ah! the misery of songs in the drawing-room after dinner—the lady who always has a cold and yet will try; the lady who never sings in English except when abroad; the lady who knows she will break down—and does it. The gentleman whose deep diapason will not accord with the piano; the gentleman whose pathos borders upon comedy—ah, the pressing necessary to extract melancholy music from a reedy pipe after dinner. The other evening I was dining out, and at the most interesting point in the conversation I noticed the usual sentence wreathing around the mouth of the host, "Shall we join the ladies?" I whispered, "Do not clap the extinguisher on us yet." It was of no use. A few minutes afterwards I observed my genial companions in the drawing room dissolved into starch. One was leaning against the mantlepiece sedately talking "soft sawder;" another was trying in vain to look interested over a book of views, another was turning over the music for a lady at the piano with one hand, and concealing a yawn with the other. Truly has it been said, "We take our pleasures sadly"—*Temple Bar.*

The Tree-Planters Opportunity.

It is the season for making out a list and selecting trees to be set in Spring. Those who will trust a wandering and wholly irresponsible agent with this important work choose to incur risks, and almost always find that they have met them.

The wiser way is to go to the grower who has a character and a business at stake, and is pretty sure to raise the varieties that give most satisfaction in the particular locality, while making trial of new sorts of promise. The purchaser can then see whole rows of the kinds he determines to plant, and can mark with colored string or otherwise the trees he prefers. An inexperienced person is very apt to select a neat, clean-stemmed, straight specimen, grown like a weed, such as one sees where trees come up thickly in each other's shade, and on rich clean soil. But such trees, with their thin, delicate bark unshaded by leaves, are least fit to endure exposure to sun and wind, and unsheltered, unmulched soil. The knowing planter prefers a stout stem, short rather than long and full of buds and spurs from which leaves can issue to shade the stem and help the ascent of sap; which will also yield early first samples of the fruit. If shoots issue from these lower down than he would have the head, he stops the extension by a timely pinch with thumb and finger as growth goes on. If the stem is not erect, that is a minor and temporary drawback, easily remedied by a stake and a string rightly applied. It is important that the roots of a tree be fresh, undried by wind, and unbitten by frost. If a scrape with a finger nail shows a white, bright, moist surface under the outer film of brown, the roots are sound. As to the top, the ripe tree shoots of last year indicate health and vigor. These shoots should be shortened in (except the one or three to form the head). Thus we examine the three constituents of the tree—the roots that supply, the stem and its bark and the leaf-bearing buds that digests.

A Guiteau Sympathizer Punished.

DETROIT, Jan. 26.—Quite an excitement was stirred up in the Opera House last night, where Mr. Lemmon, a magician, was exhibiting. Between performances the result of Guiteau's trial was announced, when the audience at once broke into loud applause, in the midst of which the noise of a hiss from the gallery was heard. As soon as the signs of approbation subsided a little the hiss became more audible and there were cries of condemnation. A special officer instanly discovered the man who was hissing, and stepping down the aisle advised him to desist. This attracted attention to him, and before the officer could get him out of the theatre a crowd of men and boys near by pitched upon the offender. The fellow was badly cut and bruised by his patriotic assailants, and was removed with great difficulty. He managed to help himself as soon as put out side of the building.

If the mother is feeble it is impossible that her children should be strong. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a perfect cure in all chronic diseases of the sexual system of women. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Scientific Miscellany.

Considerable interest is now felt in ballooning, and the lovers of aeronautics are evidently determined that something shall be done to increase the usefulness of this department of science. The balloon society formed in England some months ago is now followed by a similar association in Berlin which intends to hold an aeronautical exhibition some time during 1882. Among the plans proposed to the British balloon society, is that of a balloon to be kept under control by means of compressed gas. The gas would be stored in a suitable tank under pressure, and the balloon would be reduced in size or enlarged at pleasure by admitting or withdrawing gas—which might be effected by simply turning a crank. The balloon would of course fall when reduced in size and rise as it became expanded, so that ballast and waste of gas would be rendered unnecessary. Improvement in another direction is still sought by aeronauts who are striving to travel considerable distances in pre-de-termined courses. Little success has attended these efforts. The most important ballooning scheme now before the public is Commander Cheyne's project for reaching the north pole. He proposes to travel by sea as far as practicable and to complete the distance to the pole in immense balloons. He is very sanguine of success. It is to be sincerely hoped that the thought and money now being devoted to air navigation may lead to useful results. Progress thus far has been very slow, and it must be confessed that little material advance has been made since the time of Montgolfier.

Dr. Born, of Breslau, has found that when young tadpoles are fed exclusively upon certain articles of diet an astonishing preponderance of females are developed. The proportion in the case of 1430 tadpoles thus reared reached 95 per cent.

The experiments of M. Young also show that special food has a remarkable effect upon the development of sex in tadpoles.

How greatly would human knowledge be narrowed had the microscope never existed? This wonderful instrument has not only revealed the magnitude and importance of the unseen world about us, and shown us many hidden marvels, but it has furnished us with means of studying disease which will never cease to be an inestimable boon. It shows that the animal life is preyed upon by a variety of organisms, producing disease whose cause would never have been suspected without its aid. The knowledge thus gained has in several instances led to the discovery of methods of rendering the attacks of these minute parasites comparitively harmless, thus conquering certain dreaded maladies. Observations of this kind are only of very recent date, but the progress made has been very remarkable. All epidemic or contagious diseases are now believed to be due to microscopic organisms in the blood, and it appears quite probable that M. Posteur's plan of vaccination may ere long be successfully applied to all ailments of this kind with the result of greatly reducing their ravages. It is hoped that these new ideas concerning disease may soon lead to a lessening of the death-rate from such widespread disorders as scarlet and typhus fevers and diphtheria. Truly great is the work of the microscope.

In 1885 a prize of twenty-five thousand francs, offered by the king of the Belgians, is to be awarded for the best work on means and measure for making the study of Geography general and furthering that science in educational institutions.

In a new work Paul Du Chaillu describes a curious scene, encountered by him in Lapland, illustrative of the habits of the most generally known of Arctic animals. On entering a forest he suddenly found himself in the midst of a great number of reindeer which were digging through the snow for the moss of which they are so fond. All except the younger ones were working busily, evidently very hungry. They dug first with one fore-foot, then with the other, the holes gradually becoming larger and larger, and the bodies of the animals becoming more hidden. The snow was about four feet in depth, and some of the holes had been dug so far that nothing save their swaying tails could be seen of some of the reindeer. In every direction these busy creatures were to be seen toiling with the sole object of reaching the moss covered by snow.

Late measurements of the carbonic acid existing at considerable heights above the earth's surface appear to show that the gas is pretty evenly distributed throughout our atmosphere.

Hen Lice and Kerosene.

I wish to tell your readers not to be afraid of using kerosene in poultry houses. It has killed all the lice and bed-bugs in my hen houses, and did not injure the fowls in the least. I was in Europe in 1879, and both these vermin got into my poultry-houses in some way, and last year there was tens of thousands of red and grey lice and the common bed-bug. Every crevice and nest was literally alive with the filthy creatures, and my poultry looked to be (and were) in a sorry plight. I could not go into my houses for months without getting covered with the small grey lice. I really dreaded to go near my poultry or to touch them. I tried all the remedies and failed. My own mind suggested common kerosene, and I tried it, quite cautiously at first. I found it certain death to the bugs and lice. I feared it would injure the hens also. The results, were, however, that in a few weeks (not one or two dressings) I utterly destroyed the foe, and now there is not a louse in the nests, or on the roosts or fowls. I use the kerosene quite fearlessly, as I have not found the least indications of injury to my fowls, old or young. I pay ten cents a gallon for the common kerosene; keep a two-gallon can in my hen house, and every time I clean it out (twice a week), I sprinkle the liquid on the perches and over the floor, through a small hole in the cork of the can. I have proved by actual test that kerosene will kill lice etc., but will not hurt the fowls.—*Country Gentleman.*

Beaver's County for Him.

BELLEFONTE, PA., Jan. 31.—At a meeting of the Republican Executive Committee to-day, Colonel James P. Coburn and Hon. James Millikin were elected Representative delegates, and Hon. John Blair Linn Senatorial delegate to the State Convention. They were unanimously instructed to support General Beaver for Governor.

Ingersoll's Tribute to the Peaceful Rest of the Grave.

Mr. and Mrs. George O. Miller buried a babe in the Washington Congressional Cemetery a few days ago, and before the little white coffin was lowered into the grave, Robert G. Ingersoll delivered the following address:

MY FRIENDS:—I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know which is the greatest blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Wither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above its dead, can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with tears and pain. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common fate treads from out our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I had rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who know us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this grave need have no fear. The larger and nobler faith in all that is and is to be tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen every day until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy. There is for them this consolation. The dead do not suffer. If they live again their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this: Help for the living, hope for the dead.

Sandwich Islanders in Swimming.

Our guide had arranged for an exhibition of the swimming powers of the natives, and upon our arrival we found several men on the side of the fall where we took our stand, while upon the other bank stood six or seven dusky maidens. The water tumbles over a series of natural bridges commencing high up in the mountain range. The main fall is a sheet about twenty yards wide, and with other smaller streams falls into a circular basin beneath at a depth of at least 100 feet. A series of rude declivities have been cut by the natives to a depth of sixty or seventy feet, to enable visitors to witness their watery gambols. Our party were perfectly astonished at the way in which these Kankas disported themselves in the water. Divested of all clothing, both men and women would dive into the basin or pool to a depth of thirty or forty feet. A coin thrown into the water would be brought up with the greatest rapidity. Some of the girls took up a position on a rock which, to judge by eye measurement, was at least sixty feet high, and jumped into the basin with their bodies in a rigid position. Others again ascended to the top of the fall and came down with the water in its descent. No small wonder, indeed that the Kanakas are able to conquer the sharks, which they do by getting under their belly and ripping it open.

The Hog Crop.

It is the opinion of many that we will have a large hog crop this year. In these days, when half of the hogs raised are marketed at or under one year of age, it does not take long to make a good shortage. It is true that a shortage of corn will very soon make itself apparent in the weight and general development of stock, but it does not necessarily interfere with the increase in numbers, and though the spring of 1881 was generally very unfavorable, for pigs, everything since has been in favor of the breeder. The feeder, however, has been compelled to work on a more economical basis, than usual, and many a lot of hogs that should have been kept gaining by full feeding, has been allowed, or rather compelled, to "root hog or die" sure enough. At the present time we are getting liberal runs of good hogs, from 30,000 to 50,000 per day at this point, and the indications do not point very strongly to any very serious falling off in the crop of marketable hogs for the spring and summer. A fact to be borne in mind, however, is that prices have recently advanced to tempting figures—as high as $7 for extra heavy hogs—well calculated to draw strongly on the available hog crop.—*Drover's Journal.*

Barnum's Little Baby Elephant.

The following announcement from the veteran showman was received at the *Record* office last night:

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., February 2.—My elephant "Queen" gave birth to a baby elephant, (female) at eight o'clock to-night. Weight 45 pounds. The other baby elephant weighed 126 pounds at birth. The mother and baby are doing well.

P. T. BARNUM.

One voice all over the land goes up from mothers, that says: "My daughters are so feeble and sad, with no strength, all out of breath and life at the last exertion. What can we do for them?" The answer is simple and full of hope. One to four weeks use of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, rosy, sprightly, and cheerful.

Always ready to take a hand in conversation.—Deaf-and-dumb people.

Sharp Eight, Good Day.

A Detroiter who was on a visit to a bright little town in Missouri last Fall was invited to attend a select party, and he was hesitating whether to go when one of the committee on invitations urged him:

"Why, of course, you must come. Let's see. Shall I introduce you as Gen. ——?"

"Oh, no. I am no general."

"How'll Judge —— do?"

"But I'm no Judge."

"Um. Well, we can get over that by calling you the Hon. Mr. ——, of Michigan."

"But I have no business with the prefix."

"Haven't you written a popular poem?"

"Never."

"But you are the author of a book?"

"No."

"Um. Let's see! Would you object to 'Professor' before your name?"

"Well, I have no right to it."

"Let's see? Then you are only plain Mr. ——?"

"That's all, and at home I'm a grocer."

"Y-e-s—plain——Keep a grocery—y-e-s. Have you ever failed?"

"Yes I went down during the panic."

"Good enough—just the idea! Come right along to the party. I'm to introduce you as a Detroit merchant who has failed and is keeping shy for a compromise of ten cents on the dollar! We've struck it solid, and I'll warrant you a good time! Sharp 8—good day."

Who Are Your Friends.

If you want to find out how many friends you have, just get a good long spell of serious illness—not an accurate disease that rouses a transient sympathy, but a spell of weeks or months in bed, when you have nothing to say to amuse people, and need rather to absorb vitality than to give it. That is the time when your friends are all overwhelmed with affairs of their own. While you are well and strong, can entertain and make your home pleasant, your friends all think so much of you that they can't stay away, but when you are sick, it is wonderful how their engagements increase. They really have not an hour they can call their own, if that hour is to be devoted to diversifying the tedium of a sick room. Occasionally, however, some unselfish soul will remember that it is hard, when sickness lays you low, to feel those to whose pleasure you have ministered while in health have totally forgotten you, and makes an effort to write a note of sympathy, or leave a card. Even this is better than nothing, and here and there one may be found who will remember past pleasant associations, and endeavor by present kindness and friendly attention to keep that memory warm.

Fatally Stabbed.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ill., Feb. 3.—Lewis R. Phipps, residing near Fieldon, had some trouble with a lot of school children on the highway this morning, and followed them to the school house near Rosedale, where a son of Tuck Metford, aged 15 years, whipped out a knife and stabbed Phipps to death. The boy is now in jail. Phipps was a man of 30 and was married.

In the city of Albany, N. Y., where a nervous cow was milked by a passionate man, who whipped and otherwise ill-treated her at milking, the milk was given to a child who had been healhty, but, after using the milk became ill and suffered from intestinal irritation, followed by a fever which seemed to affect the brain and nervous system. This illness was traced directly to the milk of this ill-treated cow.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

A Single Check for $6,767,766.75.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 1.—Probably the largest check issued in Pennsylvania was drawn to-day by Drexel & Co., and sent to the state treasury to pay for state bonds recently bid for by that firm. The amount of the check was $6,767,766.75.

Flour Mills Burned.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Feb. 4.—The flour mills of Thronton & Chester, Arnold & Little and Oliver Gibson were burned last night. The loss is $125,000. One was the old Spaulding mill, ten stories high. Assistant Chief Engineer George Woods was cut off by the fire and as a last resort jumped from the sixth story and was almost instantly killed.

Malignant Small-pox in Virginia.

PETERSBURG, VA., February 1.—Small-pox of a malignant type has broken out in Brunswick county. In several instances the disease has proved fatal. Churches and schoolhouses have been closed. A county hospital has been established. When first discovered the disease was thought to be chicken-pox.

No Benefit.

An Indiana newspaper thus writes: Mr. George F. Helderle, of Peru, Ind., said he had suffered very much from rheumatism and used many remedies without benefit. He found the desired relief in St. Jacobs Oil.—*Atchison Champion.*

A new remedy proposed for baldness is skin-grafting, the skin for transplanting being bits of healthy scalp from the heads of young persons.

"What makes you look so deathly sick, Tommy?" "Well, the fac' 'f the matter is, I've been taking my first chew, ond I am only an amachewer."

"How are you to-day?"

"Not very well"

"Go for a bottle of Peruna and be well."

It is the inseparable fault and constant ill of ambition never to look behind it.

The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secrets but himself.

Experience wounded is the school where man learns wisdom out of pain.

It is a good rule to find out whether it is bread or stone before you bite it.

The champion nine of the country—feminine.

The loafer is the idle of the people.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
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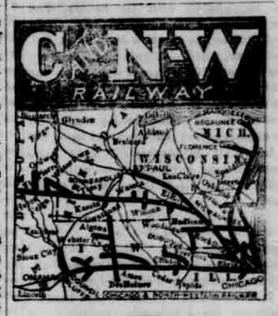

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Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Columbus, and all Points in the Territories, and the west. Also, for Milwaukee, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Watertown, Houghton, Neenah, Menasha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Volga, Fargo, Bismarck, Winona, LaCrosse, Owatonna, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northwest.
At Council Bluffs the Trains of the Chicago & North-Western and the U. P. R'ys depart from, arrive at and use the same joint Union Depot.
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KIDNEY-WORT
DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?
Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.
SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:
Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.
Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was after wards cured by Kidney-Wort.
M. M. R. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.
Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.
John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "Secrets of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.
Michael Cote of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him well as ever."
KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.
It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes a quart of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot easily prepare it.
It acts with equal efficiency in either form.
GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. Price $1.25.
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THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
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RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

SOMERSET & CAMBRIA RAILROAD.

SOUTHWARD

	Johnstown Depart.	Somerset Arrive	Somerset Depart.	Rockwood Arrive.
Mail	9:10 a. m.	10:00 a. m.	10:05 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
Local		7:00 p. m.	7:05 p. m.	8:00 p. m.

NORTHWARD

	Arrive.	Depart.	Somerset Arrive.	Depart.
Mail	8:50 p. m.	8:55 p. m.	9:45 p. m.	9:50 p. m.
Local		6:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.	8:00 a. m.

The Mail, north and south, runs daily; the Local Train daily except Sunday.

On the Pittsburgh Division, P. & C. Railroad through passenger trains, east bound, will leave Rockwood at 1:41 p. m. and 11:56 p. m., arriving respectively at Washington at 4:25 p. m. and 1:50 a. m., next day, and at 7:40 next morning, and 6:30 next morning, and at Baltimore at 10:50 p. m., same day, and at 7:40 next morning.

Westward-bound through trains leave Baltimore at 9:30 a. m., and 8 p. m., and Washington at 12:45 a. m., and 9:15 p. m., arriving respectively at Rockwood at 6:44 p. m., and 4:22 a. m.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Leave.	275 Mi es to Pitts.	Arrive.
Johnstown Ex. §	5:45 a. m.	depart	8:20 p. m.
Pacific Ex. §	6:27