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No subscriptions received for a shorter period
than three months.
Correspondence solicited from all parts of
the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous
communications.

The loss of life by the recent floods in
the Chinese provinces is placed at 100,000.

In South America one sees great fields
thickly covered with oats, which have
not been sown, but growing spontane-
ously.

A professional swindler who was sent
recently to Blackwell's Island, New York
city, boasts of having been arrested fifty-
five times during the last nineteen years.

Now that Brazil is a republic, perhaps
her coffee will have a finer flavor. Rio
coffee, an exchange allegor, made in
North America is not as good as it might
be.

During 1889 slightly over a hundred
million dollars' worth of gold has been
dug from the earth on the four conti-
nents; the largest quantity came from
Australia, California and South Africa.

The striking bakers in London have
succeeded in reducing their working day
to ten hours and, as a result of this, the
master bakers intend to add a half-penny
to the price of the fourpenny loaf.

Here are a few dates just now of pecu-
liar interest:

- 1776—The United States of America.
- 1824—The United States of Mexico.
- 1861—The United States of Columbia.
- 1864—The United States of Venezuela.
- 1889—The United States of Brazil.

European powers are casting lots for
Africa, and Africa is not allowed a chance
in the game. Civilization preceded by
appropriation may be a gain to the rest
of humanity, but, in the opinion of the
Detroit Free Press, it is a little tough on
the Africans.

George Kennan, the well-known writer
on Russia, in a lecture in New York city,
as an instance of the severity of the climate,
told his hearers how he froze
mercury in a bullet mold, and then put-
ting the bullet in a rifle, fired it through
an inch pine board.

Some Italian observers have been re-
cently testing the senses of criminals,
and they find these duller than in the
average of people. Signor Ottolenghi,
in Turin, found last year a less acute
sense of smell in criminals, and he now
affirms the same for taste, which he tested
by applying bitter and sweet substances
(strychnine and saccharine) in dilute so-
lution to the tongue. He finds also the
taste of the habitual criminal less acute
than that of the casual offender.

News has reached San Francisco of the
attempted murder of Count Okuma, Min-
ister of Foreign Affairs for Japan. The
Minister had returned from a cabinet
meeting and was about to enter the gate
of his residence when a political enemy
of his named Kudishma Tsueki, threw a
bomb at him. The missile struck the
top of the carriage and exploded. The
Count was severely wounded in the right
leg and slightly in the hand and face.
It was found necessary to amputate the
leg. The would-be assassin killed him-
self.

It is safe to predict, says *Detroit Free
Press*, that more blood will be shed in
Africa within the next ten years than
anywhere else in the civilized world. As
the natives begin to appreciate the scope
of the plans of England, Germany, Bel-
gium and other powers, the hostility now
shown is certain to increase and the col-
lisions to grow more frequent. Of course
the blacks have no chance of ultimate
success, but their great numbers, their
inherited disregard for human life and
the remoteness of the invaders—for such
they must be called—from supplies or
reinforcements, will serve to make the
contest more nearly equal than at first
blush seems possible. This latter carrying
of the war into Africa will have a terri-
ble issue.

In the deliberations of the international
maritime conference at Washington, one
resolution was insisted upon, the require-
ment, namely, that in a fog, mist, or
falling snow, vessels shall go at a moder-
ate rate of speed. Positive legal require-
ments in this direction, according to the
New York Observer, are badly needed;
for the recklessness of steam vessels at
such times is continually on the increase.
The argument of the ocean steamer that
there will always be a possibility of a col-
lision in a fog, and that on the whole the
steamer running the fastest will have the
best chance of escape, entirely ignores
the chances of the second vessel. If it
is a fishing smack or coasting ship, such
as are most frequently met in the fog
banks, the probability that it will escape
entire destruction is very small, and di-
minishes in proportion to the speed of
the colliding vessel. Still another point
often overlooked is the fact that when a
small ship is wrecked by the larger ves-
sel, there is no chance that it can be
stopped in time to rescue the survivors.
A law restraining the speed of vessels in
fog is a law in the interests of humanity
and common sense.

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WHAT WOULD YOU?
What would you?
Ye who weep through all the years;
What would ye, saddened hearts,
Who see no shining stars
Pierce the gray gloom, who will not see for
tears?
What would you?
Just for you on all the hills
The sun is golden, and the golden air,
Filled with rare sweetenings, yields
The perfume of the fields
To you that wait—you loved beyond compare.
What would you?
For you weeping there is sent
To you, unsatisfied,
A joy to none denied—
The summer joy. Can ye not find content?
O bounteous earth! a blessing is let fall
Upon your children from the tender sky;
A blessing that is never,
And bids their longing cease,
For theirs is light and love to satisfy.
—Helen G. Smith, in *Helford's Magazine*.

TWO PLUCKY WOMEN.

I. THE CAPTAIN'S WIDOW.

In the month of July, 1857, I ran away
from a British ship which entered the
port of Madras. I was a boy of fourteen,
runaway to sea, and Captain and mates
had done their very best to take the ro-
mance out of me. They had succeeded
so well that I shipped ashore, determined
to die of starvation before I would re-
turn to a life on the deep. No effort
was put forth to capture me, and two
weeks later, when I sat in the shade of a
willow tree, hungry and penniless and
ready to give up, an English woman
halted before me and began to question me.
She was a small, slim woman, about forty
years of age, quick of speech and move-
ment, and I got the idea at once that she
was a sea captain's wife. I was not far
out, as she proved to be a sea captain's
widow, and was in command of a brig
trading with the east coast of Africa.
She happened to be in want of an other
hand, and, after being told what I could
do, she made a proposition that I gladly
accepted.

I found the brig to be called the
Orient. She was small, but almost new,
and a rapid sailer. The crew consisted
of an English mate, two Norwegians, a
French boy who had run from his ship,
and myself. Mrs. Sweet, the Captain,
stood her watch, and this gave the mate
himself, a man, and a boy in his watch,
while she had a man and a boy only,
though the cook had to turn out in her
watch if required. The latter was a
negro, big and powerful, and sailor
enough to steer or go aloft. Mrs. Sweet,
as all agreed, was a thorough sailor and
a perfect lady, being able to navigate the
brig anywhere, and being thoroughly
posted in every detail of ship work.

I saw on the brig's deck, almost
as soon as I set foot aboard, a nine-pounder
mounted on a carriage, and later on I
ascertained that she carried a supply of
small arms; but I saw the matter little
thought and asked no questions. We
got away next day after I joined, and we
had a fine run down the coast to Cape
Karikal, from which point we laid our
course to the southeast. We had crossed
the Gulf of Manar, which separates the
island of Ceylon from the southern end
of Hindostan, when the wind fell to a
calm one evening at eight o'clock, and
all night long we rolled about without
making the least progress. Next morn-
ing there was a heavy mist on the water
until after sunrise, and it gradually
burned away without bringing the breeze
we hoped for. When the horizon was
clear we saw a bark-rigged craft of three
masted vessels lying about three miles to
the north of us. She had come down on
the last of the wind, probably headed
through the straits, and the currents had
set her to the eastward during the night.
Those were suspicious days, but the bark
looked to be an honest Englishman, and
we gave her no attention until about mid-
forenoon. Then the French boy, who
was aloft, reported that she had lowered
two boats. The glass was sent up to
him, and he soon made out that the boats
were being manned by armed men, and
dark-skinned fellows at that. This
looked as if the bark had fallen into
piratical hands, and no honest trader
could have any honest purpose in arming
his boats.

They took their time about it, and
then headed in our direction. Had
there been any wind, they would doubt-
less tried to lay the boat. As soon as
it was seen that the boats were headed
for us Mrs. Sweet called us all aft and
announced that the stranger was a pirate
who meant our capture and destruction.
She was a little paler than usual, but
spoke in a low and even voice, and did
not seem to be a bit frightened. She
said it was a case where we must fight
for our lives. They would cut our throats
if we surrendered, and could do no more
if we fought to the last. She seemed to
accept it as a matter of course that we would
fight, and she was the first to lend a hand
to clear away the gun. The two boys of
us brought up the muskets and loaded
them, distributed the pikes along the
deck, and then passed up shot and shell
cartridges for the big gun. Every-
thing had been made ready for just such
an emergency. There were thirty solid
nine-pound shot and twenty-two loaded
shell in the magazine, as well as about
thirty cartridges containing the proper
quantity of powder. As I afterward
learned, all had been purchased at the
Government arsenal in Madras.

We were as ready as we could be
before the boats had pulled a mile from
the bark. The mate loaded the gun with a
shell, and placed two others and several
stands of grace near at hand. Our brig
lay broadside to the north, headed to the
east. The boats mist, therefore, pulled
down to us until close at hand, even if
the plan was to separate and board from
different points. This gave us a big ad-
vantage, as we could all lay along the
port rail. The gun was wheeled over,
the decks cleared of every obstruction,
and then we were ready. Mrs. Sweet had
a double-barreled English fowling piece
loaded with buck shot. She was nearest
the stern. The rest of us had Govern-

ment muskets. I was pretty nervous,
knowing what was at stake, and she
noticed this, and kindly chided me, say-
ing that I must take good aim, keep cool,
and that we should surely beat them off.
She called the French boy over and told
him the same, but there was no need of
spraying to the others. They were as
cool as if it was an every-day matter, and
I heard the mate say to the cook that he
was afraid the fellows would back out.

The boats came on to within half a
mile of us and then stopped. Some sort
of signal had been run up on the bark—
probably a notification that we were
ready for a stout resistance. They could
have seen us preparing by aid of the glass.
There was a consultation of about
five minutes, and then came a cheer as
the boats moved forward. Mrs. Sweet
looked over at the mate, and he nodded
his head, sighted his gun, and after a
long moment applied the port fire. There
might have been some luck about it,
though he was an old gunner, but his
shell struck the easternmost boat plumb
on the bows, exploded with a loud re-
port, and she was wiped out so comple-
tely that we could not even see the frag-
ments. I believe that every man in that
boat was killed. This ought to have dis-
couraged the other, but it did not. She
was pulled for us as fast as possible, and
the stand of grape fired at her went two
hundred. After that discharge we began to
blaze away with the muskets, and I hit
one of the rowers and almost stopped the
boat for a moment. While the mate and
negro worked to load the big gun, the
other five of us banged away, and we hit
somebody at almost every shot. The
boat came on, however, the wounded
cursing and the unharmed cheering, and
she was within 150 feet of our side when
the nine-pounder roared again. She had
fired a shell plumb into the boat. It had
acted as a solid shot and gone right
through her, killing and wounding and
smashing, and when the smoke blew
away only three men were swimming
about on the surface. These we ordered
aboard and made secure at once. The
bark dropped another boat, but after
coming half way it returned. About
noon she got a rifle of wind which did
not reach us, and made off to the west
for the straits, to be seen no more.

When we came to question the pris-
oners, who were lusty-looking outcasts,
we found that they belonged to the Mal-
dive Islands, around in the Indian Ocean.
They made no bones about admitting
that they meant to capture us, and were
scurry and defiant over their repulse.
They would not give us the name of the
bark, and even after she was out of sight
they boasted that she would soon return
to release them. At sundown we got the
breeze and stood away on our course.
That night, during the mate's watch, the
pirates disappeared. All knew where
they went, but no one asked any ques-
tions. The two boats contained fully two
dozens of them, and their loss must have
saddly crippled the bark and completely
changed her plans.

II. THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

About three years later than the date
given at the opening of this sketch I
shipped aboard of a British ship called
the Swallow, to make a voyage from
Bombay to the Persian Gulf and back. She
was an old craft and a poor sailer, and
her crew of twelve men was made up
of four or five nationalities. I remem-
ber there were two Kanakas or Sand-
wich Islanders, one Larac, a negro or
two, and the others were American, Eng-
lish, and Dutch. We had scarcely left
Bombay when the Captain was taken
sick with fever. His name was Aldrich,
and his wife, who was a woman of thirty,
always sailed with him. She now took
command in a general way, and this to
the satisfaction of the mates, though both
were thorough sailors. I heard one of
them say that she could take an observa-
tion or work a dead reckoning, and I saw
from the orders she gave that she knew
all about a ship.

We had good weather and made good
progress until after we were above
Muscat, in the Bay of Ormuz. Then,
one forenoon, we got a squall, which did
not last ten minutes, but which brought
down our fore and main to gallant masts
and carried away a sail or two. There
was only a light breeze after the squall
had passed, and we were lying to and
hard at work, when an Arabian dhow of
about 200 tons burden came stealing
down the coast. We were within four
miles of the rocky and mountainous
shore, but she was two miles inside of
us. She was no sooner made out than
the first mate became very anxious, and
Mrs. Aldrich was sent for to come on
deck. She took a good look at the
stranger through the glass, and as she
turned away she queried of the mate:

"Can we depend upon the crew to
fight?"
"I hope so, ma'am," he replied.
"All moved aft," I can remember
through all the long years just how she
looked and every word she said. She
had a worried, anxious look, and no
wonder, and there was a trembling in
her voice as she said:
"Men, you know that our Captain is
very sick. Younder comes a pirate if
there ever was one. If he captures us
those who live through the fight will go
into the interior as slaves and worse. If
we are all agreed we can beat him off.
What do you say?"
"We'll fight to the last!" shouted one,
and the cry was taken up by all.
"Thank God!" she fervently ex-
claimed. "Give him a brave fight, and
no one can be blamed if we are defeated.
Sooner than fall into his hands I will
blow the old ship sky high and all of us
with her."
We had no cannon, but we had fifteen
muskets, a lot of cavalry sabres, and the
Captain had not dodged about those
waters with his eyes shut. He had,
two or three years before, purchased a
dozen hand grenades such as are used by
the Chinese. These were brought up
with the rest and found to be fused and
in good condition. They weighed about
two pounds apiece, and each was enclosed
in a net, so that it could be tossed quite
a distance. We loaded our muskets,
took our stations, and were as ready as

we could be. The Captain's wife alternated
between the deck and the cabin. He
was out of his head, which was the
better for him, and she had his revolver
for use.

The dhow sneaked along until nearly
opposite us. All work had been suspend-
ed aloft, and she must have known
by this that we were ready for her; but
she came on just the same. And no
wonder. One of the men went aloft
with the glass, and he made out two
guns on her deck and a perfect swarm of
men. She was going to do a bold
thing—run us aboard in broad daylight.
She would not use her guns, fearing they
would be heard and bring us assistance;
but if that mob ever gained our decks
we were gone. We lay with our lead
to the northwest, so she would pass our
port quarter first. Here two of the
strongest men were placed with the
grenades, and two of us with muskets
were between them. The others were
placed to fire over the stern.

Down came the dhow, foot by foot,
with never a cheer from the crowd of
cutthroats on her decks. There was a
silence in their silence, but it had no
effect upon us. We were determined to
fight, and to fight till the last. I got
the first shot, and knocked over a man
on her fore-castle, and then all began to
blaze away. She did not fire in return,
but forged up on our quarter, and I
could see fifty Arabs, each armed
with a brace, crowding against the rail
to be ready to board.

"Now, heaven!" yelled one of the
sailors with the bombs, and both lighted
the fuses and heaved away.
Before we could tell what damage had
been done the dhow was alongside. She
threw her grapnels, but they did not
catch, and she rubbed our whole length
and went ahead. As we saw her failure
we blazed away again with the muskets,
and every ball found a man. She sailed
like a witch, and before she could be
checked was a cable's length ahead. She
had just put her helm over when there
was an explosion, followed by a great
sheet of flame, and we saw that she was
hard hit. Confusion reigned from stem
to stern in a moment, and we added to
it by peppering away at fair range. All
ablaze within five minutes, she fell off,
headed for shore, and was run on a reef
about a mile away. We saw some save
themselves by boards and rafts, being
except in to the shore by the tide, but it
was afterward learned that upward of
forty-five men were killed or drowned,
and that the loss of the dhow broke up a
bad gang of pirates. Mrs. Aldrich was
on deck through it all, emptying the re-
volver into the crowd as the dhow passed
us, and when all was over she went down
to her husband with face only a little
whiter and mouth more firmly set. She
did not betray her womanly weakness
until she came to thank us. Then she
broke down and cried like a well, just
like a woman. —*New York Sun*.

Well Paid for a Whipping.

John James Mago, a quiet, middle-
aged man, has had a career as romantic
as that of Monte Cristo. Mago is now a
Guatemalan millionaire, who lives nine
months of the year in Paris. Fifteen
years ago he was a poor English collector
of insects in Guatemala, and also acted
as British Vice-Consul at San Jose.

One day Commandante Gonzalez or-
dered Mago to appear before him. Mago
went and he would come in a short time.
This incensed the Commandante, who
was ugly with drink, and he sent a file
of soldiers after Mago, and when the bug
collector appeared, ordered seventy-five
lashes laid on his bare back.

This was done thoroughly and when
finished Gonzalez shouted: "Give him
twenty-five more for luck." When Mago
recovered, which was only after careful
nursing, as his back was badly cut up,
he made formal complaint to the British
Government. The result was that Guate-
mala was ordered to punish Gonzalez
to the value of \$500 for every lash he
received. In default of the English
cruisers would shell San Jose and other
coast cities.

Guatemala readily punished Gonzalez,
but tried hard to evade paying \$50,000
to Mago. The British, however, were
inexorable, and the poor bug collector
was made a comparatively rich man in
one day. As he had more coin than any
one in the country then, President Bar-
rios went into partnership with him.

Mago became one of the largest coffee
planters, and also secured the exclusive
franchise for building docks in the ports.
No one can land or leave out of these
docks without paying \$2 toll to Mago,
he also levies a tax on all freight.
He also owns valuable mines and tracts
of timber. His fortune is estimated at
\$5,000,000, all due to 100 lashes on his
back.

A Vegetarian Diet.

Dr. B. W. Richardson sounds the
patriotic of a vegetarian diet which he as-
sumes in his lecture on "Ideal Food,"
that what is commonly called happiness
—lightness of heart, rapidity of thought,
and all else that springs from a happy
life—is connected with what we take as
food. That happiness is best sustained
by those foods which minister quickest
and with least trouble to the digestion,
and therefore to the wants of the body.
Sir James Huxham had been struck when
he changed from animal food to a nearly
vegetarian system, by the state of health
which he experienced, compared with
what he had felt before. The speaker
had also felt this in his own life, and
most when he was most nearly a vegetar-
ian.

Druggists' Colored Lights.

The origin of colored lights in drug-
gists' windows is as follows: Originally,
the barber or leech, exposed in his win-
dow the medicines he had for sale. In
time, when the business of selling was
separated from that of prescribing drugs,
the physician simply hung up a colored
light, leaving the druggists to expose
the medicines or the colored water that
took the place of the medicines. Now-
adays only the colored bottles remain, the
physicians' lamps being long and far be-
tween.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

PRETTY DISH OF EGGS.

Boil twelve eggs hard, take off the shells,
cut four in halves and four in quarters;
have ready half a pint of sweet cream and
a large spoonful of butter stirred to-
gether over the fire till thick and smooth;
grate in a little nutmeg. Lay one whole
egg in the middle of a dish, place the
others all around, pour the sauce over and
garnish with the yolks of the other three
cut in two.

MINCED BEEFSTEAK ON TOAST.

A favorite, and without doubt the best,
way to use cold beefsteak is to mince it
finely and to put it to stewing for fifteen
minutes with quite a little water. If the
beef has not been all dried up by pound-
ing and over-cooking the first day, add
to the gravy a good sized lump of butter,
a small onion and a teaspoonful of vine-
gar or catsup, and serve it smoking hot
on nicely-browned toast.

TO MAKE GOOD PORRIDGE.

Let the water come to the boiling point
before the meal is put in. Pour the meal
in from the left hand in a continuous
stream, stirring all the time till it comes
to the boil. In this consists the chief art
of porridge-making, and on its being well
done depends the smoothness. Allow it
to boil ten minutes and then add the
salt. Salt has a tendency to harden, and
would prevent the meal from swelling.
Boil for ten minutes after the salt has
been added. Dish and take with milk.

GOOD CHEESE.

Enough rennet is added to the morn-
ing's milk, set in a jar at a temperature
of seventy degrees, to coagulate in two
or three hours, and then left for twenty
to twenty-four hours. Instead of
any special mold, a common hair sieve
may be used. After pouring out the
whey gathered on top of the curd, cut
it with a skimmer in slices and lay it on
a sieve to drain; when this is done,
cream in quantity to suit (but not more
than that from an equal quantity of milk
as was coagulated) is then added and
mixed by mashing with a wooden pestle,
and a potato masher, until it is a uni-
form paste. This is then placed in
wicker molds, as a rule, heart-shaped,
and is ready for use. It must be kept
in an icebox if wanted to keep several
days.

CHICKEN PIE.

Cut two chickens in pieces as for tri-
casse, and boil them until tender.
Chickens a year old need to be cooked
for one and a half hours. Let them cool
in the water they were boiled in, then
remove the skin and arrange the pieces
in a deep dish holding about three
quarts, sprinkle each layer with a season-
ing of salt and pepper, using about two
teaspoonfuls of salt in all. Put four
tablespoonfuls of butter into a sauce-pan,
and heat it until soft; add four table-
spoonfuls of flour, and beat to a cream;
then add a chopped onion, two slices of
carrot, a sprig of parsley, a little mace,
and three pints of water in which the
chicken was boiled. Heat the mixture
slowly to the boiling point, and strain
the sauce over the meat. Make a light
pie-paste, or puff-paste, roll it out and
cut an opening in the center for the
steam to escape, and cover the chicken,
turning the edge of the crust inside the
dish. Bake in a moderate oven for one
and a quarter hours.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

- Does everybody know that the best
covering for a poultice or mustard pie
is tissue paper.
- Use a silver spoon when cooking mush-
rooms. The silver will be blackened if
any injurious quality is present.
- Air the house thoroughly every day,
even though the rain comes down in tor-
rents, or the snow beats in in drifts.
- Be ashamed to iron a flannel shirt! Men
do not so much care for a polished
shirt front as they do for a stiff one.
- That hands may be kept smooth in
cold weather by avoiding the use of warm
water. Wash them with cold water and
soap.
- That the best and most convenient
cover for a jelly tumbler is thin paper
fastened over the top of the glass by a
rubber band.
- It is a good idea for a tall woman to
have her kitchen table and ironing-board
a little higher than the ordinary. It will
save many a backache.
- Use great care in serving food for the
table, as the smallest splatter of grease or
gravy changes the appearance and spoils
an otherwise pretty dish.
- That the best way to clear out and
straighten the fringe of towels, doilies,
etc., before ironing, is to comb it, while
damp, with an inch length of coarsest
toilet comb.
- Glasses and dishes wipe to perfection
when washed in very hot water. Use a
dish-soup, soap-shaker and iron dish-
washer. These also expedite the labor,
as very hot water can be used.
- A few years ago a fashionable table was
so piled with high dishes that it was im-
possible to see one's vis-a-vis without
peeping under the heavily laden silver
and glassware. Now a table is con-
sidered vulgar when not laid in a low,
simple manner.
- To keep iron rust out of white goods:
Pour a teaspoonful of boiling water;
stretch the goods tightly across the top
of it; then pour on a little of the solu-
tion of oxalic acid dissolved in water,
and rub it with the edge of a teaspoon
or anything. If it does not come out at
once, dip it down into the hot water and
rub it again.
- To tie a shoe so it will stay: Tie a
simple knot. Then start to tie a bow
knot, but before drawing down right,
take the last part of the bow made, put
it over, then under the knot, and pull
down tight, as you would finish a bow-
knot. This will untie as easily as a
regular bow-knot, but of itself will not
come untied.
- Over 1000 cattle were recently shipped
to England on one boat.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

A REGULAR DISEASE REQUIRING PROPER TREATMENT.

The Skin and the Hair—Wholesome Diet Will Effect a Cure.

"It's true enough that the average
young man undergoes a period of afflic-
tion from pimples about the time
the beard is developing," said a
well-known physician, "but to say that
nothing can be done to mitigate the
trouble, or even to cure it, is absurd. I
was troubled with it thirty years ago and
I remember very well how it made me
suffer; I used to be ashamed to go into
the society of ladies, or to appear on the
street, owing to my disfigurement. But
any dermatologist ought to have been
able to tell me how the disease could be
successfully treated."
"So it is a regular disease, then," said
a Washington *Star* reporter.
"Decidedly so. It is simply 'acne,'
and the easiest way to explain it is by
telling you something about the structure
of the skin. You have never seen a
piece of human skin tanned and made
into leather, I suppose? Well, it is as
thick as pigskin and as tough—so like
pigskin, indeed, that a tanner can hardly
tell the difference. I dare say that you
have always imagined your skin to be
very thin because it peels so off, but
what peels off is only the 'scarf skin,'
which serves as an outer covering for the
thick, true skin beneath. Now the hairs,
which are termed the appendages to the
skin, grow from little sacs, each hair hav-
ing a sac of its own to sprout from with
a root of its own like any other vegeta-
ble in the shape of a microscopic bulb.
The hair is a tube, so that the sap that
nourishes it may run through it; if the
tube is round the hair is straight and
without wave; if the tube is flattened the
hair is curly in proportion to the flat-
ness. Furthermore, the hair, growing
from the little sacs—the latter from one-
sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch in
depth—is kept oiled, since otherwise it
would dry up and fall out, by a small
oil gland opening into its sac. Each
hair has an oil gland for itself attached to
its own sac engaged in the secretion of
oil for its special use. Thus it grows
and under ordinary circumstances the
operation is carried on so satisfactory
that the incidental processes excite no at-
tention.

In the case of a young man who has
arrived at an age when the beard is be-
ginning to develop, there is always a
stimulated action of the oil glands, and
the flow of oil into the hair sacs is in-
creased. Then, particularly in the in-
stance of a person who is not in first-rate
condition physically, nature finds diffi-
culty in disposing of the extra supply of
oil, and the latter forms a little clot in
the hair sac. That such a clot has
formed you may often discover from a
small elevation at a point on the surface
of the skin, with sometimes a black point
in the middle. The black point is merely
a particle of dirt gathered upon the clot
at the opening of the hair sac; you could
see it was so if you could bring a micro-
scope to bear. When you observe such
a thing, take a needle, insert the point
where the black dot is, or in the center
of the small elevation, and permit the
needle to enter the sac. Thrust it
gently down to the bottom of the sac—
it may be an eighth of an inch deep—and
move it around a little, taking care not
to wound the skin or the inside of the
sac. The performance is painless and
readily done with a little practice. Next
remove the needle and pinch the skin
between the thumb and forefinger at the
point treated. In nine cases out of ten
the clot will be squeezed out and the
trouble in that spot will be done with.
If the clot is permitted to remain, inas-
much as it is a foreign body, nature will
try to get rid of it by exciting an inflam-
mation. In this way is created what you
call a pimple, which is very apt to
appear without giving such perceptible
warning to advance as that I have been
talking about."

"But girls who have no beards have
pimples sometimes, too."
"Most certainly. The whole body of
every human being, male or female, is
covered with hairs, though downy and
almost invisible to the naked eye, and in
the sac from which any one of these hairs
grows a pimple-producing oil clot may
be formed. When a pimple comes on
to the edge of the eyelid it is called a sty.
Young women at a certain age, from
causes other than those which affect the
male, are apt to be troubled with pimples.
In most cases the annoyance can be
readily cured by proper means. It is a
pity that this fact should not be realized
and that the necessary treatment, so
easily employed, should not be applied.
The same treatment will be found not
less efficacious in your own case and in
those of other young men where the
affliction is not constitutional."

"Pray, tell me, doctor, what the treat-
ment is?"
"It is simple enough. The first thing
is hot water. Apply it with sopped
cloths to the face as hot as it can be
borne three or four times a day—the
often the better. This has a tendency
to soften the skin and carry off the
superfluous oil. Take, internally, a
tablespoonful of cod liver oil three times
a day, before meals. Cod liver oil is not
only a health-giving medicine; it has also
a specific action upon the skin of the
most beneficial character. Finally, be
most careful of your diet; eat boiled
chops and steaks, but no pork, and for-
swear everything fried, as well as pastry
and puddings. In a word, make your
fare as plain and digestible as you can.
Take plenty of exercise, so that your
general health may be as good as pos-
sible, drink nothing but water, and you
will soon find your pimples going
away and leaving your complexion clear."

A young man in Boston went to a mer-
chant's office to ask for the hand of his
daughter. While waiting for the old
man to appear he tore up and nibbled at
an old blotting pad, and although he got
the girl he has had to lose half of his
tongue to save the remainder.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One Square, one inch, one insertion.....\$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month..... 3.00
One Square, one inch, three months..... 8.00
One Square, one inch, one year..... 18.00
Two Squares, one year..... 35.00
Quarter Column, one year..... 30.00
Half Column, one year..... 100.00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-
sertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-
terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in
advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

SMALL TALK WITH A SMALL FLOWER.

"Art thou crazy,
Little daisy,
Blooming out so late?
Dost thou know
That the snow
Soon will seal thy fate?"
"I am not crazy,"
Said the daisy,
"Blooming out so late,
Well I know
That the snow
Soon will seal my fate."
"But I care not,
And I fear not,
For I've tried to do
All my duty
Well and truly
With my end in view
He who gave me
Youth and beauty
Would not have me