LOVE'S WILL.

BY H. H. STODDARD.

Love always looks for love again;
If ever single, it is twain.
And till it finds its counterpart
It bears about an aching heart.
Glory is with itself content;
Wisdom, with what the gods have sent;
But Love, whom they look down upon,
Fond fool! will have all things or none.

Who dare deny his high demands.
Let them beware, for he hath hands;
Strong hands hath Love, and swift to slay,
And feet that know themselves the way
To where his parted self may be.
"Go, find, and fetch her unto me,"
He cries, and straightway they are twain.
Love always will have love again.

Eels in Trout-Streams.

Plentiful are the eels—those troublesome visitors who are hatched in salt-water, and seek the fresh ponds for food and recreation, and take trout-food as readily as any other. They are "slippery customers," and have an indirection of motion which is discreditable to what is really so good a fish, although unfortunately it does eat trout. They are "monstrous sly," too, and do a deal of thinking—they are altogether more uncertain than "white man" in his most uncertain moods. What is to be said of an eel which gets into the pipe of the hydraulic ram and stops the water supply of the house, nearly causing the boiler of the range to blow up, and the laundry-maid to have an attack of sporadic insanity; and then, when the pipes have all been dug up, and the joints uncoupled, and a "plumber and helper" have run up a fabulous bill for soldering and holding candles, wriggles away triumphantly when his place of retreat is at last invaded? Or how are we to treat a creature that goes up the perpendicular side of a water-gate five feet high, and thus, scaleless as he is, scales his way into a pond where he is not wanted, and where his room is regarded as far more valuable than his company? Eels are too much for me. I have given up contending with them, and just let them work their own sweet will. In May they appear from the Great South Bay in countless millions, making the pure water inky with their diminutive, squirming bodies; they infest every portion of the stream, and fill every little rivulet that feeds it. Nothing deters them, no flood injures them, and no drought annoys them. There they grow beneath my eyes. Some thousands climb my flood-gates into the pond, other thousands watch a chance to squirm into the ram, other thousands explore incidental water-courses, and other thousands remain below the gates, and appropriate whatever comes their way; while a few hundred enthusiasts select a damp night and creep directly over the dam itself—at least I think so, for I believe them capable of any enormity. I submit to them as one does to fate and fleas, and all that sort of thing—not without a struggle, but a vain one, and accompanied with the expenditure of much useless rage. I have used alternately nets and spears and eel-pots. I appreciate eels *en matelote* for a table-dish, and hate to be outwitted and defied by any wriggling thing; still I have been defeated, and the gratification of my stomach has not made up for the mortification of my heart. The eels have squirmed all around me, and were I to stand upon my rights and die in their defense, the eels would complacently devour my dead body! With such creatures moderation is the better part of valor. I eat all of them I can possibly catch and take good care they do not eat me.

One day when using the net in our mortal conflict, I caught a fellow of different species, and, as it was a rare visitor placed it in a floating car for study. It had a queer mouth, with exuberance of lip, and holes behind the head along its neck. If any one took hold of its body, it instantly attached its lips with more than a lover's kiss to the bottom of the car, from which the hardest pull would not disengage it. It wriggled and twisted, but held on. Released, it swam at once about the box unconcernedly, ready, however, if again grasped, to renew its attachment. The conduct of this strange creature suggested a new metaphor. We have heard of "kissing close," of lovers clinging to their mistresses' lips and of kisses which seemed to suck away life itself. These are rather strong expressions and exemplify passion's intensity but, after all, they are mild in comparison with the expression "kissing as close as a lamprey-eel." It was a lamprey; rather a rare production of Long Island waters; worthless anywhere, but curious as exhibiting the freaks to which Nature occasionally resorts—not a good, honest eel which, although erratic, is useful; nor a fish, although provided with the breathing-apparatus used by certain members of the finny tribe; more like a snake, and yet not openly that low, crawling enemy of mankind. Its appearance would suggest that possibly it was a lamprey-eel, and no mere serpent, which beguiled Mother Eve, and by its wonderful osculatory capacities touched the weakness of her resolution, and induced her to surrender all that was most worth having in life for a bite out of an apple. Surely a woman who will go so far for so little ought at least to have been well kissed for it.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Heroism of Montenegrin Women.

Montenegrin women have the same passionate attachment with the men to family and country, and display much of the same valor. Goptchevitch supplies two most remarkable examples. A sister and four brothers, the four of course all armed, are making a pilgrimage or excursion to a church. The state of war with the Turk being normal, we need not wonder when we learn that they are attacked unawares on their way, in a pass where they proceed in single file, by seven armed Turks, who announce themselves by shooting dead the first of the brothers and dangerously wounding the second. The odds are fearful, but the fight proceeds. The wounded man leans against the rock, and though he receives another fatal shot, kills two of the Turks before he dies. The sister presses forward, and grasps his rifle and his dagger. At last all are killed on both sides, excepting herself and a single Turk. She asks for mercy; and he promises it, but names her maidenly honor as the price. Indignant, and perceiving that now he is off his guard, she stabs him with the dagger. He tears it from her hand, they close, and she dashes the wretch over the precipice into the yawning depth below. The second anecdote is not less singular. Tidings reach a Montenegrin wife that her husband had just been slain by a party under the command of a certain Aga. Knowing the road by which they are travelling, she seizes a rifle, chooses her position, and shoots the Aga dead. The rest of the party take to flight. The wife of the dead Aga sends her an epistle. "Thou hast robbed me of both mine eyes. Thou art a genuine daughter of Tsernagora. Come to-morrow alone to the border-line, and we will prove by trial which of us was the better wife." The Tsernagorine appeared, equipped with the arms of the dead Aga, and alone, as she was invited. But the Turkish woman had thought prudence the better part of valor, and brought an armed champion with her, who charged her on horseback. She shot him dead as he advanced, and, seizing her faithless antagonist, bound her and took her home, kept her as a nurse-maid for fourteen years, and then let her go back to her place and people.—*Nineteenth Century.*

—A recent census of Nashville, Tenn., gives that city a population of 17,503 whites and 9,582 colored persons.

AGRICULTURAL.

TREE PLANTING.—In some portions of the State there exists a desire that our Legislature should do something to encourage the planting and protection of timber. This is mainly urged upon four causes, viz.: shade, shelter, profit and influence on rainfall. The items of shade and shelter refer mainly to planting along our public roads. That of profit only means a plain and practical demonstration to reach the pockets of the land owner. If it can be demonstrated that planting trees for timber only pay them but little, legislation will be needed. The question of influence upon rainfall is as yet by no means settled. Many accept without argument the theory that a rapid clearing off of the forest is followed by a decrease in the amount of annual rainfall; but will the facts warrant this conclusion? After fair examination we fail to find that there has been any material decrease on the annual rainfall in any portion of our country, although in some parts the removal of the timber has been steady and rapid. On the other hand we may point to clear cases in which the annual rainfall has increased nearly fifty per cent. in spite of the removal of trees. The records of the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, prove that the annual rainfall of the Salt Lake Valley has increased until it is now nearly one half greater than it fifteen years ago. The level of Salt Lake, which has no outlet but by evaporation, has steadily raised at an average rate of fourteen inches per year, and has already flooded thousands of acres of land. The Mormons have destroyed many more trees than they ever planted and yet, contrary to the usually accepted theory, we have an increase in annual rainfall. In many places along the line of the Union and Central Pacific railroads there has been a gradual increase of rainfall in spite of a decrease of standing timber. In Nebraska springs have shown themselves along the bluffs which line the Missouri river, where springs were never known before, and Professor Aughey, who has traveled over all parts of the State during the last ten years, tells us that the streams extend further up the valleys than they did ten years ago and that the streams are more regular in size and volume, not being subject to such sudden or violent floods. In view of these and other facts which might be urged, we doubt very much whether the time has yet come for any legislation in this direction.

CONVENIENCES.—The successful farmer is he who provides conveniences for the care of his property and the performance of his work; he counts time as an important item in the yearly calculation, and care of all his various effects as a factor in the annual returns. When he puts the horse in the stable there is a place for the harness where it will be safe from the weather or any other damage; his wagons and tools are provided with coverings to preserve them; about his premises will be found a little shop or room where he keeps saws, hammers, vices, augers and the various tools that are needed to mend and put in order the different machines he uses. These simple articles prevent days and weeks of delay, besides adding to the length of the time implements will last. It pays to have conveniences, and also to get what you do buy of good quality.

HOW TO USE A GRINDSTONE.—First—Don't waste the stone by running it in water; but if you do, don't allow it to stand in water when not in use, as this will cause a soft place.

Second—Wet the stone by dropping water on it by a pot suspended above the stone, and stop off the water when not in use.

Third—Don't allow the stone to get out of order, but keep it perfectly round by the use of gas pipe or hacker.

Fourth—Clean off all greasy tools before sharpening, as grease or oil destroys the grit.

Fifth—Observe: When you get a stone that suits your purpose, send a sample of the grit to the dealer to select by; a half-ounce sample is enough, and can be sent in a letter by mail.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—We have learned to jest at gapes by making free use of camphor. We give to a chicken in a very bad case a pill the size of a small garden pea. As soon as we see symptoms of gapes we give the birds water to drink, which is strongly impregnated with camphor, thus giving to the chickens that which was a favorite medicine with our great grandmothers, "camphor julep." The treatment seems to explain itself. The gapes or "gaping" is caused by the presence of small, red worms in the windpipe. No medicine can reach them unless it does so by vapor. An hour after the chicken has swallowed the pill it smells of camphor. Camphor is a very strong vermifuge, and the worms die.—*London Cottage Gardener.*

Walking in the Fiery Furnace.

In London, experiments were made in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace with an extraordinary invention, by which results somewhat analogous to those recorded as miraculous in Jewish history were achieved. Mr. Oersberg, a Swedish mechanician, claims to have invented, and Captain Ahlstrom, a compatriot, to have matured and fitted for practical use a dress that will enable the wearer to dash with impunity into the fiercest fire for the purpose of saving life and property. At the end of the Palace, between the circus and the banqueting hall, huge piles of old dried wood were heaped up, intersected by narrow avenues, and the wood was drenched with petroleum. The consequence was that, the moment a light was applied to the pyre, the whole blazed up with a flame so fierce, and sending forth, a heat so intense, that the thousands who had gathered around to witness the scene were forced to retire to a more respectful distance. The sun's rays, which had hitherto been inconveniently felt from above, were quite forgotten in the glow which now flamed up from below, and it really seemed as if there was malice in the tongues of fire that spat out on every current of passing air. Standing forty yards to the windward of this fierce fire, the heat was all but intolerable; and even the firemen of the Palace brigade under the command of Captain Archer, the chief officer, were fain to give a wide berth to the burning centre. Then it was that Captain Ahlstrom, clad in a dress not at all unlike that worn by Captain Boyton when he paddled himself across the Strait of Dover, made his appearance on the scene. His costume consisted, so far as it was possible to ascertain, of an over coat of fustian covering an innergarment of wool and felt. Between the two skins, so to say, is a network of veins, through which are pumped continuous supplies of air and water, the main air tube, before it reaches the body, being enclosed in the larger water tube, and by such means kept perfectly cool.

The escape for the cool air is through orifices in front of the face, and the current so made forces back the flames, and leaves perfect breathing space.

Assurance was given that the clothing itself is in no way chemically prepared, and is simply protected against the action of the flames by the torrents of water that pour over the man from head to foot. With the greatest possible nonchalance Captain Ahlstrom walked into and through the fiery furnace, not only free from discomfort, but apparently with enjoyment.

After spending about ten minutes in about the warmest climate it is possible to imagine, enveloped at times so as to be hidden by flames, he carried out a chair which was on fire, sat cooly down upon it, and, to the amusement and astonishment of a crowd of spectators, smoked a cigar.—*Scientific American.*

—A total eclipse of the sun in 1878 gives another chance to hunt Vulcan.

SCIENTIFIC.

Prevalent Manias.—The blue glass mania has had its day. The bar rooms are removing their signs of "cocktails in blue glass," and the cerulean goblets, wherein those seductive and presumably sun-strengthened beverages were dispensed, may be purchased for small sums from the cheap china vendors on our sidewalks. We notice a diminution in the sheets of blue glass hung in windows of private dwellings, "signs," some one calls them, "to inform the public of the gullibility of the inmates;" and in fact the only evidence at hand which exhibits any vitality of the now rapidly collapsing blue glass mania is the production of a cheap variety of note paper, called the "Pleasonton," because the pasteboard box in which it is contained has a blue lid. The General can doubtless explain the efficacy of the glass in this connection. Blue glass, therefore, has had its run, its inventor has earned his notoriety, and also the thanks of the glass dealers, who have reaped a fine pecuniary harvest.

Two new manias are at hand, to wit, the celery cure and metallo-therapy. "Celery is the greatest food in the world for the nerves," says one of our contemporaries; and the information is traveling the length and breadth of the land. It is fashionable nowadays to call every ailment that flesh is heir to a nervous disease; and where our ancestors would have resorted to such homely remedies as a hot drink and simple cathartics, the present practice demands chloral, and bromides, and quinine, and strychnine, and phosphates, and rare chemicals without number. Of course celery is pleasanter to take than most drugs; and now that it is brought forward as a new nervine, plenty of people will use it. As it can do no harm, and, indeed, may actually work good by checking the too prevalent consumption of 'nervous specifics,' the mania is rather a benefit than otherwise, and should be encouraged. Wild celery or smallage is known to possess some narcotic effect, and is reputed as unhealthy. As regards the medicinal properties of cultivated celery, there are no utilizations of them in the United States Pharmacopœia; but as celery (*apium graveolens*) belongs to the same family as the parsley (*apium petroselinum*), it is probable that it would yield apiin and apiol, as such substances are obtained from the latter. Apiol acts as a tonic, similar in its effects upon the system to quinia.

The other mania, metallo-therapy, to which we have already briefly alluded, is perfectly harmless, and at present is confined to France. *Les Mondes*, of recent date, reports another "astonishing cure"—a child four years old this time, almost dead with meningitis. The metallo-therapy inventor enveloped the infant—there is no Children's Protective Society in France—in plates of iron and copper from head to foot. Half of the body was covered with one metal, half with the other, in order "that both metals might have an equal chance of doing good." In eight hours the child revived; in six days, it was out of danger; in a month, it was well. Manufacturers of iron and copper plate may now consult with blue glass makers as to how to advertise this.

The Digestive Process.—A case somewhat similar to that of the Canadian trapper, Alexis St. Martin,—in whom a permanent opening into the stomach had been accidentally made by a gunshot-wound, revealing to medical observers most that is known of the digestive process—has occurred in Paris. The life of a young man being imperiled by a stricture in the gullet, the operation of gastrotomy was resorted to, and food reduced to a pulp was injected through the opening thus made in the abdominal wall. From observations conducted by M. Richet, and published in *Comptes-Rendus*, it appears that the pulp consisting of meat, starch, and fatty matters, remains in the stomach for three or four hours. Milk disappears in from one and a half to two hours. The chyme remains in an undiminished volume for about three hours, and then, in the course of fifteen minutes, is driven through the pyloric orifice. At the end of four hours the stomach is empty, but hunger is not felt for two hours, and hence cannot be attributed to the empty condition of the viscus.

The mean acidity of the gastric juice is found by M. Richet to be equivalent to about 1.7 gramme of hydrochloric acid *per mille* never falling below .5 nor rising above 3.2 grammes. The quantity of liquid present exerts no influence on its acidity. It is more acid during the process of digestion than in the intervals of rest,—the acidity always increasing as digestion draws to a close.

Foresite.—A new silicious mineral, found at San Cero, in Italy, has received the name of foresite in honor of the mineralogist, Rafael Fores. It occurs in granite, along with tourmaline, felspar, stilbite, and desmin, and crystallizes like the latter. Its composition is as follows: Silica, 49·96 per cent; alumina, 27·40; lime, 5·47; magnesia, 0·40; potash, 0·77; soda, 1·38; water, 17·07.

Incidents of Sleep Walking.

A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again; being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections in it, scratched out lines, and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall notices a miller, who was in the habit of getting up every night, and attending to his avocations at the mill, then returning to bed; on awakening in the morning he recollected nothing of what passed during the night. Martinet speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Prichard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well-authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

Always a Chance.

It is scarcely necessary to remind reasonable men that if they wish to be sad and sour, to grumble and complain there is always a chance. Reasons for being cast down and dejected are as plenty as blackberries in the height of the blackberry harvest. If one thing goes right, you may be sure there is always something else going wrong; and if one thing is in order, something else is out of joint, or at any rate soon will be. The chief difference in the feelings and dispositions of people result in the different way of looking at things. Few nights are so dark that no stars are to be seen; the thing is to look at them out and keep your eyes on them, and make the most of what light you can discover.

Chief Blessing of the Telephone.

One of the great blessing the telephone is destined to confer upon humanity is the equalization of forces. The delicious sense of personal security enjoyed by a man of diminutive stature when he stands off a few thousand miles and tells an enemy, as big as a tree, just what he thinks of him, can only be appreciated by the dog that barks at the man in the moon.

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO CAN STRAWBERRIES.—Fill glass jars of the Mason patent with fresh strawberries, well sprinkled with sugar, and lay the covers lightly on, stand them in a wash boiler filled with water to within an inch of the height of the cans; the water must not be more than milk warm when the cans are placed in it, and when it has boiled for fifteen minutes draw it to the back of the stove, let the steam pass off, roll your hand in a towel and lift out your cans, placing them side by side upon a table. If the berries are well covered with their own juice, take a table spoon and fill up the first can from the second, fill to the very top of the rim, wipe the neck, and rub it dry, and screw the top down as tight as you can *easily* manage. Fill up another from the second can, and so on until finished. When they have stood a half hour screw the tops as tight as possible, and, after an hour more, try them again to see if they are absolutely air tight.

The rubber ring must show an even edge all around, for if it slips back out of sight *that* point will admit air. They can now be set away on a shelf, but in two or three days should be looked at once more before finally storing them in the preserve closet. If the syrup leaks out from the rim at that time, such one should be uncovered, very thoroughly recooked, and be kept to make strawberry and currant jam and jelly from, as they will have lost the perfect delicacy of color and flavor which is desirable in canned fruit. *Pint* cans answer better for this fruit than larger ones.

FORCED EGGS FOR SALAD.—Pound and press through the back of a hair-sieve the flesh of three very fine, or of flour moderate-sized anchovies, freed from the bone and skin. Boil six fresh eggs for twelve minutes, and when they are perfectly cold, halve them lengthwise, take out the yolks, pound them to a paste with a third of their volume of fresh butter, then add the anchovies, a quarter teaspoonful of mace, and as much cayenne as will season the mixture well; beat these together thoroughly, and fill the whites of eggs neatly with them. A morsel of garlic, not larger than a pea, perfectly blended with other ingredients, greatly improves this preparation.

FOR STOPPING the wood pores in barrels, the *Brewer's Gazette* gives the following: Put into an open pan 1 pound fine shreds of leather, 1 ounce oxalic acid, and 2 pounds water. Suspend the vessel containing this mixture in one of larger size containing water, and boil until the contents of the inner vessel are dissolved by the action of the heat imparted by the boiling water (this is the water bath process.) It must then be diluted with 3 pounds of warm water. The mixture, when applied to the surface of the wood, oxydizes and becomes insoluble, completely closing the pores of the wood. It is used for alcohol, and will neither crack nor peel off.

HOW TO EXTINGUISH LAMPS WITH CHIMNEYS.—A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* says: "Turn the flame up to full power, then blow a sharp puff *horizontally* across the top of the tunnel, when the light will not only be extinguished, but there will be no after-smoke—the formerly ignited wick will be extinguished by its own carbonic acid gas. On leaving my office at night I thus turn up the flaming wick, and, with a grateful gladness that the desk labors of the day (and night) are over, give a side wave of the hat past the chimney, which draws up the flame from contact with the wick, and the light is done, and with no after smell."

ASPARAGUS ROLLS.—Boil the asparagus, as usual, in boiling salted water; when tender cut up the tops and all that is eatable and warm over in milk, butter rubbed in flour yolks of raw eggs beaten, a grate of nutmeg and a small pinch of mace—quantities regulated by the amount of asparagus; have some milk rolls with the crumb scooped out; having taken off the top crust, fill the cavity with the boiling asparagus, and place the top crust on at once; must be managed quickly, so as to go to the table very hot.

COLD MEATS.—Cut any sort of cold meat in thin slices and place in a baking-dish; seasoning with salt, pepper, and summer savory or thyme; add a little of the meat gravy and tomatoes to more than cover; thickening with bread or cracker crumb; bake in the oven.

Light-Emitting Flowers.

The power of emitting light has been found to be possessed by several flowers. The daughter of the great Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, was wont to amuse herself in the summer twilight by setting fire to the inflammable atmosphere which surrounds the essential oil glands of the Fraxinella. One sultry summer evening, while sitting in the garden, she was very much suprised to notice the flowers of a group of nasturtiums emitting luminous radiations, and she observed the same thing occur on on several subsequent evenings in June and July, 1762. The same phenomenon has also been observed by several naturalists, but almost exclusively in connection with yellow or orange-colored flowers, such as the sunflower, the marigold, poppies and the orange lily. The following account of interesting observations of some of these luminous flowers is given by Dr. Philpson:—"The Swedish naturalist, Professor Haggern, perceived one evening a flash of light dart repeatedly from a marigold. Surprised at such an uncommon appearance, he resolved to examine it with attention, and to be assured that it was no deception he placed a man near him with orders to make a signal when he observed the light. They both saw it constantly at the same moment. The light was most brilliant upon marigolds of an orange or flame color, but scarcely visible upon the pale ones. The flash was frequently seen on the same flower two or three times in quick succession, but more commonly at intervals of several minutes. When several flowers, in the same place, emitted this light together, it could be seen at a considerable distance. This phenomenon was remarked in July and August at sunset, and for half an hour when the sky was clear; but after a rainy day, or when the air was loaded with vapors, nothing of it was to be seen. On the 18th of June, 1857, about ten o'clock in the evening, M. Fries, the well-known Swedish botanist, while walking along in the Botanic Garden at Upsal, remarked a group of poppies (*Papaver orientale*), in which three or four flowers emitted little flashes of light. Forewarned as he was by a knowledge that such things had been observed by others, he could not help believing that he was suffering from an optical delusion. However, the flashes continued showing themselves, from time to time, during three-quarters of an hour. M. Fries was thus forced to believe that what he saw was real. The next day observing the same phenomenon to recur about the same hour, he conducted to the place a person entirely ignorant that such a manifestation of light had ever been witnessed in the vegetable world, and, without relating anything concerning it, he brought his companion before the group of poppies. The latter observer was soon in raptures of astonishment and admiration. Many other persons were then led to the same spot, some of whom immediately remarked that the 'flowers were throwing out flames.' It is chiefly in the summer months that the emission of light from flowers are seen, and generally during twilight. It is said, however, that flashes have also been noticed in the morning, just before sunrise. The light emitted is always most brilliant before a thunder storm.—*Leisure Hours.*

HUMOROUS.

SHABBY Genteel Proverbs (especially adapted to hard-up people during May weather:)—A new umbrella case covers a multitude of slits. A patch well put on is as good as a new shoe. A paper collar never goes to the wash. Always put off till to-morrow what you cannot pay to-day. In a shower of rain an old hat looks as good as a new one. The man who goes often to the tailor gets the account at last. Half a pair of gloves is better than none at all. It is a short bill that has no renewal. Never leave off a brass chain till you get a gold one. Third class traveling is as good as second when you meet nobody you know. Level boot heels and a light heart always go together.

NO FUN IN THEIR PUNLESS SOULS.—"There is allus one thing that makes me know it's Summer agin," remarked he, as he leaned by her side over the farm yard gate.

"What is it, Jim?" she asked.

"Oh, the bumble bees," replied Jim, solemnly; "when they begin ter come out agin, an' plants theirselves on a feller, an' make him have to pull 'em up by the roots, then I allus reckons it is Summer, for sure."

And they both looked very grave, as she quietly responded:

"Yes, Jim, sh'ud think that 'ere wud be a right smart sure sign of hot weather."

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.—The prevailing taste in female attire render the following incident not quite impertinent: Two young gentlemen, unknown to the writer, were standing at the corner of Eighth and Vine streets at a late hour the other night, engaged in earnest conversation respecting some person who had just passed. Said one:

"I know it was a man."

"No, it wasn't. His pantaloons had only one leg."

That appeared to settle it. At least, the listener heard no further argument.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE genteel old man carefully placed his hat in a secure place, and as he sat down to the restaurant table, halt apologetically remarked to the stranger beside him, "I never like to see people eating with their hats on." "No," replied the stranger, "Neither do I—it ain't polite." And removing his own unprepossessing tile from his head, he carefully placed it on the table before him. And yet, after all, the genteel old gentleman didn't seem to enjoy his dinner any better for the man's hat being off.

A MERCHANT in a provincial town in Scotland had a habit of saying "It might hae been waur" to everything that was told him, however sad the story might be. A neighbor, thinking that he would knock the wind out of him, one morning said: "Man, I had an awful dream last night." "Ay, what did ye dream?" "I dreamed that I was in hell." "It might hae been waur." "How could it hae been waur?" "If it had been a reality."

A STORY is told of a shrewish Scotchwoman who tried to wean her husband from the public-house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and frighten John on his way home. "Wha are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted; "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

A LADY was travelling with a troublesome barking dog in her lap. A gentleman, a fellow passenger, complained of the annoyance. "Dear me, sir!" exclaimed the lady, with an air of astonishment, "I wonder you complain of my dog; everybody admires it; it is a real *Peruvian.*" "I *don't* complain of your Peruvian dog, ma'am," replied he; "but I wish he would give less of his Peruvian *bark.*"

A BUTCHER of some eminence was lately in company with several ladies at a game of whist, when, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies, addressing him, asked: "Pray, sir, what are the stakes now?" "Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than twenty cents a pound."

"WHAT do you get from iodine?" asked the medical professor of one of our popular colleges. "We get—a-ha—usually get idiotic acid," yawned the student. "Have you been taking some?" quietly asked the professor.

IT WAS an old, but a very good, thing said by a French paragrapher lately, to the effect that he hates a girl when she is trying to be a woman, and a woman when she is trying to be a girl.

"IS THE sun a bubble?" asks an exchange. It is quite likely, from the frequency with which it comes out in a "burst of glory," according to the poetasters.

AN OLD BACHELOR seeing the words "families supplied" over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

"THE only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a gallant, "is to shut your eyes."

WHEN do two and two make more than four? When they make 22.

IF A MAN needs exercise, let him try to collect bills.

The First Shirt Button.

Young Charley Overblower married about a month ago, and when he came back from his wedding tour he and his pretty little wife, Emma, took possession of a charming flat up-town. Early one evening, after they were fairly settled, and the last of Emma's sisters had been induced to conclude her visit, Charley proposed to Emma that they should go to the theatre. The little woman assented, and both began to amend their toilets. In a few moments Charley said; "Darling, I am sorry to trouble you; but really I think I shall be obliged to have to ask you to sew a button on this shirt."

"Of course; why not?" said Emma, delighted at a chance to show her skill. She took the garment, seated herself, and said; "I can't remember for the life of me where I put those buttons. Charley, look in that box and see if you can find one."

Charley looked in the box, which was a case of perfume bottles, and not finding the desired article, concluded he would not bother Emma for further information so he pulled a button from another shirt.

"Now, Charley," said Emma, "look in the top bureau drawer and get me a paper of needles and a spool of cotton—be sure to get the white cotton."

Charley found in the top bureau drawer a copy of Tennyson—he remembered it well, and picked it up and looked at the marginal marks and comments, dear affectionate little girl that she was?—and more perfume bottles, and a pattern of a Flor de Fumar overskirt and the beginning of a sofa cushion, and various other things, but no needle or cotton. Then he remembered he had a fancy "housewife" that he had bought from a girl at a fair, and he got needles and cotton out of that.

"Thank you, dear," said Emma, and she began to stitch vigorously, humming a dreamy Italian air. Presently she said: "Oh, Charley, won't you bring me the scissors? I think they're in my writing desk. I had them there to-day cutting a poem out of a paper."

The scissors were not in the writing desk, nor on the mantel, nor in the top bureau drawer, nor in the case of perfume bottles, nor even in the hair receiver, so Charley drew out his "housewife" again. Emma took the scissors, snipped the thread and exclaimed, "There darling! and now make haste, or we shall be late."

Charley wriggled into the garment, and then put up his hands to button the band at the back, but no button was there.

"Why, Em," he cried, "where in thunder did you sew on that button?"

"Oh, Charley, ain't you ashamed!" exclaimed his wife. "Where are your eyes?"

"If they were in the back part of my head," answered Charley, "perhaps I could see that button."

Emma raised herself on her tiptoes and looked at the band.

"Why, that's strange!" said she. "Take it off and let me look at it."

The shirt was inspected thoroughly, and the button was found neatly and deftly sewed on just beneath the tag of the shirt bosom so as to button to that appendage in a most elegant manner.

"Well, by Jove," exclaimed Charley, "if I didn't know any more about sewing on a button than that, I wouldn't get mar—I'd learn how."

"You were going to say you wouldn't have got married," cried his wife putting on her hat hastily and bursting into tears.

"Where are you going?" demanded Charley savagely.

"I'm going home, and I'll get a separation from you and your old shirts; that's where I'm going," blubbered Emma. "I thought you wanted the button there to fasten to your what-you-call-'ems."

It took Charley an hour to persuade Emma that if she went home there would not be strawberries and cream enough to go round, and that she could get all she wanted at Delmonico's, and he'd pay for it.

The Treasures of Islam.

All the pilgrims who visit Mecca cast an offering into the three sepulchres for the defence of Islam. It is calculated that not less than 15,000,000 francs a year are thus contributed, and from one of the sepulchres, which was opened in 1829, immense sums were drawn. Another sepulchre was opened during the Crimean war, and now the Shelkul-Islam has gone to Mecca to draw funds from the third, which has not been opened since the year 1415. Taking the three sepulchres together, it is computed that they must contain about 600,000,000 francs. It is possible that the Prussians may have derived their war-treasure system from this Eastern custom.

—Seals have appeared on the Newfoundland coast this year. One steamer recently carried away a cargo of 42,000, valued at $120,000.

"Making Old Bones."

People who neglect their minor ailments rarely live to make old bones. The secret of hale and vigorous old age, lies not only in taking care of one's health in early life, by the observance of sanitary rules, but also by judicious medication when the premonitory symptoms of bodily disorder manifest themselves. Indigestion, bowel and liver complaints, are fruitful causes of injury to the constitution. These diseases should be, therefore, checked without delay. The best medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This standard preparation disciplines the digestive organs, gives renewed impetus to the bilious secretive function, and exerts a beneficial influence upon the organs of urination. It has no rival as a remedy for and preventive of chills and fever and bilious remittents, infuses vigor into the debilitated frame, and is an excellent appetizer and nervine.

BEFORE buying any Turbine Wheel send for N. F. Burnham's new Pamphlet and Reduced Prices. Address P. O. Box 313, York, Pa.

HOUSES IN WESTERN TEXAS.—The unprecedentedly large crops and the completion of the Galveston, Harrisburgh and San Antonio Railways are attracting a vast immigration into Southwestern Texas. Handsomely illustrated guides, maps, and circulars sent *free* by addressing M. WHELAN 503 Market St., St. Louis.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all Druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

Mothers, Mothers, Mothers.

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

VEGETINE.

REV. J. P. LUDLOW WRITES:

175 BALTIC STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1874.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

Dear Sir—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints which I is claimed to cure.

JAMES P. LUDLOW,
Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church,
Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL.

SOUTH POLAND, Me., Oct. 11, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir,—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well, and relish my food. I can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me. Yours respectfully,

MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above,
MR. GEORGE M. VAUGHAN,
Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE.

GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BOSTON HOME, 14 TYLER STREET, BOSTON, April, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the VEGETINE you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the scrofula.

With respect,
MRS. N. WORMELL, Matron.

VEGETINE.

REV. O. T. WALKER SAYS:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 164 TRANSIT STREET.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic. O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin-square Church, Boston.

VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

SOUTH SALEM, MASS., Nov. 14, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the VEGETINE. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody. Yours truly,

MRS. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,
No. 16 Lagrange street, south Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE.

RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

SOUTH BOSTON.

MR. STEVENS.

Dear Sir,—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and General Debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints. Yours respectfully,

MRS. MUNROE PARKER.

VEGETINE

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

30 EXTRA Mixed Cards, 10c.; 20 *Ladies'* Favorite 10c., any name. SECCOMB & Co., Kinderhook, N. Y.

Thoughts for Young men.

The true man is the happy man.

There will ever be a place for virtue.

Time's chariot wheels make their road in the fairest faces.

In the commerce of speech use only coin of gold or silver.

Love is the ladder on which we climb to the likeness of God.

The greatest truths are the simplest. So are the greatest men.

Born, lived, and died, sum up the great epitome of man.

One must do more when one is old than when one is young.

They who have light in themselves will not revolve around satellites.

Some good, loving, self-sacrificing deed, will transform the homeliest face into beauty and sanctity.

A little management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome.

Pleasure like quicksilver is bright and shy. If we try to grasp it, it still eludes us and still shines.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

POND'S EXTRACT.

POND'S EXTRACT.

The People's Remedy.

The Universal Pain Extractor.

Note: Ask for **Pond's Extract.**

Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. Has been in use over **thirty years**, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN. No family can afford to be without **Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains,** are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains of **Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns,** etc. Arrests inflammation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discoloration and heals rapidly.

LADIES find it their best friend. It assuages the pains to which they are **peculiarly** subject—notably fullness and pressure in the head, nausea, vertigo, &c. It promptly ameliorates and permanently heals all kinds of **inflammations** and **ulcerations.**

HEMORRHOIDS or **PILES** find in this the *only* immediate relief and ultimate cure. No case, however chronic and obstinate can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS. It is the only sure cure.

KIDNEY DISEASES. It has no equal for permanent cure.

BLEEDING from any cause. For