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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

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DOES IN EVERY CASE.

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And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

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H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

NIGHT ON THE TWEED.

Night lingers—but the wind! cold—
The mists along the river slowly creep,
The dull trees heavy with their weight of sleep
Their leaves around them closely fold

Pale falls the night—the thickening shadows grow,
And like a lifeless mass the great earth lies;
No sound is here except the night-bird's cries,
Nor motion, but the river's sluggish flow.

There the black city holds its silent place,
The flitting lights have vanished one by one;
The crowded thousands, with their day's work done,
Are slumbering somewhere in its dark embrace.

The light is gone, and darkness covers all—
The river-mists, the trees, the distant hills,
The sobbing of the tiny mountain rills—
Darkness has fallen o'er them as a pall.

The hours creep on—to! quivering light beams pass
From reed to reed along the river shore;
The birds are whispering that the night is o'er,
The silent river gleams like tinted glass.

The west is glimmering—grays and reds and blues,
Growing to splendor like a thing divine,
And in the east, over the mountain line,
Comes morning, floating on a thousand hues.

Diamonds.

"Oh, you ought to see the new gentleman!" exclaimed Nellie Ford, as she rushed into the boarding-house parlor, where the three eligible ladies of the house were lounging. "Such magnificent diamonds! Just think, he wears a pin as large as a frying-pan and a ring to match, and he's a Californian, and isn't married, and he must be as rich as Crœsus, for he's taken the rosewood rooms all to himself. He is looking for a wife, too; I heard him tell Mrs. Crumpet so myself. Isn't it splendid!" And Nellie clapped her hands and waltzed around the room.

A rich bachelor looking for a wife! The ladies, as if electrified, started from their apathy and eagerly besieged Nell, who had been favored with a look at him, with all sorts of questions concerning him.

"What is he like?" asked Miss Bell, who doted on tall men. "Is he tall or short?"

"Well," said Nell, hesitatingly, "he isn't very tall; in fact, he is rather short and pretty stout too."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Bell in impatience and disgust; "but he must have lots of money, though," she added, "so one can overlook defects. Is he handsome in the face, Nell?"

"Not *very*," said Nell again. "You see, his face is pretty red, and his hair too."

"Ah! weather-beaten from exposure at the mines," said Mrs. Lee, an interesting widow, on a sharp lookout for number two. "Such a delightful, adventurous life! And then these Californians are so chivalrous, and such worshipers of our sex; and so liberal, too, their gifts are often princely." Here Mrs. Lee glanced complacently at her pretty fingers as if in her mind's eye she saw the new gentleman's big ring flashing there.

That evening brought our new guest, whom (not knowing his proper name) we had christened "Diamonds"—a name that stuck to him to the end of the chapter.

After dinner he held a kind of a court in the parlor, at which all the lady-boarders of Mrs. Crumpet's establishment were presented. And never, on any one occasion, had they so vied with each other in splendor of costume.

"Just think," said candid but worldly-minded Nell, "if it wasn't for the man's diamonds, quite likely we never should speak to him, for goodness knows there's nothing in his looks to recommend him."

The others, less candid, would not agree with her. His diamonds and elaborate dress rather enhanced than hid a ruffianly look he had, which they all called his charming piratical air; and he was sweetly and playfully compared to Captain Kidd, Byron's Corsair, and scores of other darlings of romance.

He at once became the lion of the house—yes, indeed, in more ways than one; for, like the *roaring* lion, he went about seeking whom he might devour, but was sensible enough not to roar to scare away his prey. He was consulted on all matters of business by the gentlemen, who would sit absorbed listeners to his accounts of mining, and descriptions of the countries he had traveled through. But no one seemed to notice the fact that he never knew anything about the many persons whose names were mentioned to him, although the life he described as having led must have brought him in close contact with many of them.

It was impossible for an outsider to tell which was Diamond's favorite among the ladies. After breakfast, he would lounge, morning paper in hand, into the parlor, where the widow and Miss Bell were sure to repair.

Both ladies bore this partnership with good nature, as each one managed plenty of undisturbed interviews with him. Diamonds improved these interviews so well that he soon became the affianced husband of the widow, and the ardent and favored suitor of Miss Bell.

So each lady being under the blissful delusion that she was the sole object of his choice, could, in her sweet security, allow him to be gallant to her friend; he was so gentlemanly.

"We will keep our engagement a sweet secret, darling," he said to the widow, "until my birthday, just three weeks hence. It seems a long time to wait, dear one," he said, caressing her, "but it would give me such pleasure to make it known on that day. How astonished they will all be, won't they, pet? Now just set your little head to thinking what pretty things you would like me to get for you. Do not be afraid to tell what you fancy, for whatever money can purchase my wife shall have."

There was no need to make any such request of Mrs. Lee, for her little head had been busy thinking of what she *intended* to have ever since she had met Diamonds. First came his diamond ring and pin—each, as Nellie said, as large as a frying-pan—which she already looked upon as her own property.

"It is in bad taste for a gentleman to make such a display," she said to herself. "I can easily talk him into giving them to me. Won't they all be jealous! There are that absurd Miss Bell and that contemptible little school-girl Nell both tagging after him all the time. I believe they actually imagine he cares for them."

That evening Diamonds being left alone in the parlor with Miss Bell, drew close to her, and bending over her, said tenderly, and almost sadly:

"If you had not said something I heard you say once, I would have the boldness to ask a great favor of you."

"Why, what did I say?" asked she coquettishly.

"You said you would never live out of New York."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, *my* home is in San Francisco," he said, significantly.

Just then, to Miss Bell's great vexation some one entered and interrupted him; but the next day she did a great deal of shopping, and began making her *trousseau* immediately.

The afternoons of Diamonds were devoted to business visits down-town, so he said, and as he liked a walk for a constitutional, he generally managed to pass Nell's school just as it was being dismissed, and had the pleasure of escorting her home. During these walks he so ingratiated himself in her favor, and dazzled her by descriptions of his wealth and his home in California and of the magnificence he intended to lavish on his wife, that she finally consented to elope with him, partly because it was romantic.

"Dear mamma will be sure to forgive me," she thought. And she pictured herself coming with her husband, in her own elegant carriage, to ask her mother's forgiveness and receive her blessing, and of then carrying her off with her to her home in California, which her lover had so glowingly described.

The evening assigned for the elopement arrived. The day following was to be the much-talked-of birthday of Diamonds, on which he was to make known to the household his betrothal to Mrs. Lee, and on which also he had, in a tender, significant tone, requested Miss Bell to grant him a private interview.

The household were all assembled in the parlor as usual, engaged in merry chat. Diamonds, Miss Bell, Nell, and Mrs. Lee formed the liveliest group; and the hearts of the ladies were beating high with their varied emotions. Little the three imagined what was passing in each other's minds.

Poor little Nell trembled like a frightened bird at the dreadful thing she was about to do, and began to repent her rashness.

"In another hour," she thought, growing dizzy as she looked at the clock, "we must start."

She dared not look at her lover; she half thought she hated him, and fervently wished she had some girl friend who could go with her in her flight. She was growing more and more nervous, and had just thought:

"Oh, how I wish something would happen to prevent it!" when there was a sound of strange voices in the hall, and after a slight commotion, a man walked coolly into the parlor, with the exclamation:

"Ah, here he is!"

And walking up to Diamonds, he slapped him familiarly on the back with one hand, and then jingled a pair of handcuffs in the other.

Diamonds turned pale, but made no attempt to escape.

"Was going to bolt to-night, wasn't you?" said the officer, for such he was. "I've been up to your room, and saw all your duds packed."

The excitement was dreadful.

"What is the matter? What does it all mean?" cried everybody, in a breath.

"It means this," said the detective. "After a long chase I have arrested him for shooting a man in Colorado, and absconding with his money, besides leaving a wife and two pretty children into the bargain."

"The *awful wretch!*" exclaimed Mrs. Lee and Miss Bell simultaneously, clasping their hands in horror.

"Oh!" cried Nellie, faintly, dropping into a seat.

Diamonds turned on them with a fiendish grin. Kissing his hand and bowing to them in turn, he delivered himself as follows:

"My sweet Nellie, our elopement will have to be postponed for a while—sorry to disappoint you. In half an hour we would have been off.

"Dear Clara, we will have that little talk one other time.

"My own Helen, good-bye," bowing very low to the widow. "I am sorry our marriage cannot take place quite as soon as we intended."

"The man must be crazy," cried the lady. "What on earth does he mean?"

Nellie buried her face in her mother's lap and sobbed hysterically, but was finally comforted by Fred. Hall, a young gentleman who had long been attached to her, but as he had no diamonds, it is to be supposed that he had been slow to find favor in her eyes.

The door closed on Diamonds for the last time, and he left three wiser, if not better, women behind him.

Public Story-Tellers.

Abraham Lincoln's stories are quite as much a part of his Administration as the Emancipation Proclamation. President Grant told a story eloquently when he was "unbent," but he was not in the habit of telling them promiscuously. President Hayes does not originate stories as Lincoln did, but often quotes them. Charles Sumner never knew what a joke was. Humor was entirely absent from his nature. Morton enjoyed stories, and told them sometimes, but he was always a very busy man, and when he wasn't in bed, suffering torture indiscribable, he was generally at work. Gen. Sherman is an inveterate story-teller, and you can catch him at army headquarters, surrounded by his staff, relating his experiences, of which he seems to have had an unusual amount of an amusing character, or describing some funny sight he has seen, or some funny thing he has heard. He has a very keen sense of the ridiculous, and is graphic in description, and very successful in mimicry. Vice-President Wheeler enjoys a joke as well as any man in Congress, but seldom perpetrates one. Conkling is inimitable when he chooses to be. There is no man in public life who has conversational powers equal to his. He can be interesting on any topic that may enter a conversation, and when he fairly lets himself out, as he did in England a year ago last summer, people stare at him until they are overcome by fascination. Blaine is equally accomplished, but does not display himself as Conkling does on stated occasions. Blaine is more genial as a common thing, but not so pyrotechnic in his displays. Gen. Butler can make himself as interesting as any man, when he chooses, but his humor generally is of a grim kind, and he tries to make people uncomfortable. If Butler should sit down at a dinner table with twelve strangers, before the coffee was reached he would find the tender spots in each man's armor. He has a disagreeable way of finding out the weaknesses of those whom he comes in contact, and a conceited ass or braggart never wants to meet Butler a second time. He puts this faculty of making people uncomfortable to a very good use sometimes; but he isn't always disagreeable, but can be as charming as sweet sixteen when he chooses. Martin J. Townsend, Proctor Knott, Sunset Cox, Charles Foster, and Dr. Stewart were the story-tellers of the last House.

Given Up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you that it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."

One of the Railroads in the U. S.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, not only from the extent and perfect equipment of its main line, but from the number and wide-spread ramifications of its connections, is a work of semi-national importance. It embraces in its operations the most extensive railway system in the world, and represents much more than one-eighth of the entire mileage of the whole country. In its stocks and bonds a large army of investors are deeply interested, as well in this country as in Europe. Any improvement in its financial condition or diminution of its annual revenues, closely reflect the prosperity or the depression of general trade.

Its reports, therefore, as they are published from year to year, are of great significance, and, like those of the weather from Washington, indicate either clear or cloudy weather to the holders of its securities, and to our merchants and financiers. In the annual report for the last fiscal year, just published in pamphlet form, all of these classes may find much to encourage and nothing to excite undue apprehensions for the present or the future. Without giving in detail the long rows of figures, which are full and complete, the result arrived at for 1878 is that after meeting all current obligations, keeping the entire property in good condition, and making a large reduction in the floating debt, a semi-annual dividend of two per cent., has been paid, and another and larger one honestly earned. This, in view of the extremely low rates imposed for a large proportion of railway service during the period of transition from inflation to a specie basis, and the special disasters to which portions of all large railway systems have been subjected by such events as have characterized the past few years, is not only satisfactory, but to all parties interested must prove a very agreeable surprise.

But behind this exhibit of receipts, expenses and profits, there are other points no lessencouraging and instructive. Necessity may be a severe, but it is also a good teacher, and one of the important lessons furnished by the statistics of the report is that the Pennsylvania road can make money even when the industrial exigencies require the adoption of exceptionally low rates on a large portion of its traffic, and that a very slight advance in remuneration would insure as large dividends as could reasonably be desired or expected. This has been effected by rigid economy in the working expenses, combined with the maintenance of a high standard in everything relating to the condition of the track and equipment, and efficiency in the plans of operating.

The condition of the lines west of Pittsburg has also been, to a greater or less extent, a source of apprehension, but in these for 1878 there was a gain over 1877 of $830,648.48, and a profit of $716,520.07, the deficit in 1877 having amounted to $114,128.41. These railroads were, therefore, not merely instrumental in bringing to the main line and its branches an enormous amount of traffic, but were in themselves a source of profit.

Thus it will be seen that the Company, after fully providing for all liabilities incurred, enhancing the value of its equipments, maintaining all its lines in perfect condition without adding a dollar to the capital stock, but, on the contrary, diminishing its bonded indebtedness, the lien due the State, and mortgages and ground rents, has resumed dividends with every prospect of their continuance. Such an exhibit cannot fail to strengthen the faith of the holders of securities and the general public.

A Rocky Mountain Nimrod.

"Eh?" said Uncle Gabe, with a bewildered look.

"Oh, nothing," said I; "go on, don't let me interrupt you."

"When I was down in the San Juan country, 'bout five years ago," continued he, "a prospectin' around in Cuningham's Gulch along of two or three more of the boys, we saw some goats cavortin' around on what appeared to us to be the tip-top of the mountain. We made up our minds that those goats belonged to us an' prepared accordin'. One of us pulled off his boots an' began to climb up to drive the critters down while the rest on us ambushed at the only place where we thought they could come. Pete—that's the feller that clim up—Pete when he got to the top found that he was about a hundred foot above the goats, which was standin' on the edge of a precipice, mor'n 300 foot high. Pete riz up an' hollered an' threw stones at the goats. The critters did not stop a minnit to hold a council on what they should do, but just gin' one jump and over the precipice they went. We thought we had 'em sure—and though we'd a leetle rather shot 'em—yit we didn't hev no special conscientious scuples agin eatin' a goat which had committed suicide. But we didn't eat any of them goats, not by no means. They just came flyin' down that perpendickler rock fer mor'n 300 foot, 'bumpty, bumpty, bump,' touchin' the wall onct in 'bout every sixty foot until they reached the bottom whar they landed all right an' struck out like lightnin' for the timber. I 'spose 'twould a killed 'em if they'd jumped straight down, but ye see they knew a trick worth two of thet, an' by touchin' the rock as they come 'twas 'bout the same thing, ye see, as goin' down stairs. Now, I've heerd folks say the goats jump off of high rocks an' land on their heads, an' bein' kind of accustomed to buttin' it didn't hurt 'em none. Them stories is a little too tough for me, an' I advise ye, stranger, fer to take no stock in anythin' a man tells ye that he can't say he saw himself. Goats is knowin' critters, thar's no doubts about that, but they don't do half the wonderful things which fellers as has no regard for truth let on they do. I did see one thing onct, howsumdeever, which I never saw anything like it afore. 'Twas down among the Sangre de Christo range whar I was lookin' around last fall. I saw an old goat walkin' 'bout half way up a big precipice on a little shelvin' path, which the same I saw petered out 'bout the middle of the cliff. The goat didn't know this, an' came trottin' along as pert an' sassy as you please. Pretty soon along came a kid follerin', an' then I wondered how they was agoin' to git out of that scrape. The path kep' gettin' narer an' narerer till it couldn't a been mor'n six inches wide, an' then it ended altogether. The old goat stopped and seemed kind of surprised like; first he looked down—'twas 'bout 500 feet, I guess—then she looked up, an' then she seemed to be thinkin' the matter over. All at once she riz up on her hind legs an' swingin' one of 'em over the edge turned round on the tother as if on a pivot, an' then drappin' down on all fours give a jump over the kid an' trotted back. The kid didn't stop to go to the end of the path, but just riz up an' copied the old one's motions exactly.

"Things I've seen, stranger, I know, but I don't believe no fish stories 'bout goats, jumping off rocks an' lightin' on their heads." Uncle Gabe calmly knocked the ashes out of his pipe and with a growl of disapproval of the men who were digging up the street for the waterworks, picked up his gun and departed.

Combats Among the Ancients.

The ancients were very fond of testing the valor and dexterity of wrestlers in the arena. The combatants were selected from among the most brave and skilful men, and the judges who held the victorious garlands were persons of the highest rank and integrity. These combats, however, were peculiarly ferocious. The parties fought with their fists, as do our prize fighters; but they frequently introduced balls of iron and stone, with which they often struck fatal blows. They introduced the Cestus which was a heavy glove or gauntlet of thick leather, studded with nails which were equally destructive. Ælian speaks of a Cretan Pancratist who dropped down dead while they were taking him to the judges to receive the garland. Another prize fighter, having received a blow in the mouth which knocked in all his teeth, swallowed them, together with the blood that followed, to conceal from his antagonist an injury which might have induced him to continue the contest. There are many instances in ancient times of ferocious bravery, which at the present day would be discarded with indignation. A brave champion who had been twice crowned at the Olympic games, fought and conquered all who entered the lists against him, except the last one—a man of powerful frame, who rushed upon him, seized him by the throat, tripping up his heels at the same time, and actually strangled him on the spot but ere he expired by a violent effort he broke off the toe of his adversary, which gave him such pain that he died instantly, and the judges ordered his dead body to be crowned with the palm of victory. It was the fashion for the Roman ladies to attend these exhibitions, and now and then they would step into the lists and have a set-to themselves. Tacitus and Juvenal both speak of it; and although the Roman ladies on these occasions were not as thinly clad as our model artistes, yet they were dressed like the Samnites—wearing a shield calculated to protect the breast and shoulders, and growing more narrow at the bottom, in order to be used with greater convenience. It was during the reign of Nero and Domitian that those worthies introduced female gladiators, and Nero exhibited in one show four hundred senators and six hundred equestrians. These may not have been called duels, but savage practices; and if ladies were insulted in those times, they procured no champions to fight their battles, but redressed their wrongs themselves. Nevertheless, trifling wrongs—abusive language, giving the lie, or striking a blow—were not in those times, as they are at this day, considered just grounds of mortal combat by duel. Judicial trials by combat were common in the barbarous ages, particularly among the Burgundians. We all remember the melo-drama of "The Dog of Montargis," but all are not acquainted with its origin. The fight between Macaire and the dog belonging to Aubry took place in 1371, at the Isle of Notre Dame. Charles the Filth was present when the dog convicted Macaire of Aubry's murder by over-powering him in the fight, and for this crime Macaire was hanged. A curious trial by battle took place in 626. Queen Crundhage, consort of the king of Lombardy, a celebrated woman both for beauty and unimpeachable virtue, had some insolent proposals made to her by an impertinent court-fly by the name of Adalulf; but instead of handing him over to the laws for punishment, she mercifully banished him. In a fit of revenge he accused her to the king of having a lover, and that she intended to poison him in order to marry that lover. The king, blinded with rage, immured the queen in a castle. As she was related to Clotaire, king of the Franes, he demanded that she should be tried by a judicial contest. Adalulf was commanded to meet a cousin of the queen, called Pithen, who in the contest got Adalulf down and cut his throat, which established the innocence of the queen. The clergy were also liable to trial by battle; and Louis the Fat, in his charter of the Abbey of St. Maur, admitted that the priests possessed this right. The bishop of Angus ordered certain monks to maintain their rights to tithes by cudgeling each other; but William the Conqueror would not permit clerks of abbeys to fight without the permission of their diocesan. Priests in those times were good fencing-masters, and, as chaplains to the army, had a fair portion of the fight.

Go To!

Judge—"Now, young man, I sentence you to twenty years at hard labor in the State Prison for killing that man with a cart rung. It'll be a warning to other young men who spend their evenings in bar-rooms not to go to such vile places."

Other Young Man—"Please, sir, where shall we go?"

Judge—"Go to church."

Other Young Man—"What, every evening? And they're not open, either."

Judge—"Well, go—go to some respectable theatre."

Other Young Man—"Can't afford it, Judge.

Judge—"Well, go—go—to a dime concert."

Other Young Man—"What shall we do the other five week evenings?"

Judge—"Go—go—to see some respectable young ladies."

Other Young Man—"They want oysters, ice cream and theatre tickets, Judge. Can't afford 'em on seven dollars a week."

Judge—"Well, go—go—go—go to your rooms and study and become a Judge, like me."

Any Other Young Man—"Judge, it's tough work studying after working all day. Did you get to be a Judge by studying?"

Judge—"Why yes, of course."

Other Young Man—"Studying what?"

Judge—"Politics, of course—no—I mean I studied readin', ritin', arithmetic and law."

Any Other Young Man—"Yes, Judge. Where do you spend your evenings, Judge?"

Judge—"Well, I generally dine at the club and then take a run around town, drop in at a theatre and at the Fifth Avenue, or a beer tunnel, and sometimes I take a spin around the corner at ——— or up to ———, stop; what am I saying? Young man, I spend my virtuous evenings in the bosom of my virtuous family, and retire at ten to my spring bedstead."

Other Young Man—"Well, Judge, we can't afford these luxuries until we are elected Judges. Wish you'd tell us where to go evenings."

Judge—"Go—go—go to the devil!"

All the Other Young Men—"Yes, Judge, we're going there."

Paper Napkins.

Paper napkins are in increased demand. A Boston firm have sold some 250,000 of them since they were introduced a year ago. The place of manufacture of paper napkins is not divulged. They are said to be all imported from Japan, but a suspicion prevails that some of them are produced by ingenious Yankee paper makers, who are well content to monopolize their manufacture for the present. The napkins are wholesaled at from $6 to $10 per thousand, and are retailed at a dollar to a dollar and a half a hundred. A party of two or three hundred can be supplied with them at less expense than would be required to wash and iron a similar number of napkins. By their use, also, the host or hostess is relieved of all fear of having his table linen stolen; and if an absent minded guest does happen to put his napkin, in his pocket after he has finished eating, he need not suffer any more remorse than if he had pocketed an apple core or a nut shell.

A Japanese Bedchamber.

Of furniture, in one sense of the word, there is, in a Japanese house, almost none. The casual visitor sees no sofa, chairs, tables, stoves, curtains or hat-rack. In the parlor, or room for receiving guests, are seen in the *tokonoma*, or raised space a handsome sword-rack, flower-vases, bronzes or lacquered ware. In the ladies' chamber will be found bureaus, mirror or toilet stands, needlework-boxes, cabinets, racks for dresses, but all these are Liliputian in size, and it may be seen at a glance that they are to be used when kneeling or sitting on the floor. The fact that everything is done on the floor explains in great part why the Japanese are so courtly and ceremonial in their customs. What is a bedchamber at night, is usually put to some other use during the day. Bedtime come, the sliding-door closets are opened, and the bedclothes brought in. One or two quilts are laid upon the floor. Near the upper one is laid the pillow—a block of wood with a small pad. The paper pillow-case, in a well kept house, is renewed every day. An enormous and thickly padded loose coat, made of silk or cotton, is laid on top, and fits nicely to the body. This is the covering. On this sort of couch all Japanese have slept from time immemorial. Among a few of the richest families the bedding is of silk. With the great mass of people it is of the usual dark blue, quilted cotton cloth. The object of the Japanese pillow is, evidently, so to rest the head as not to disarrange the coiffure. With the woman, this is a matter of importance, since it usually requires an hour or two for the work of arranging the hair. Hence the priest, whose head is shorn, does not use a pillow of the usual kind, but a more luxurious one made round and resembling ours, though much smaller. This is called the *baze-makura* or priest's pillow. In a Japanese hotel I always called for one of the latter pattern. In summer, when the mosquitoes make their appearance (for Japan is equally favored with the rest of the world with these pests,) mosquito-nets are found in every household that can afford them. The netting is good and strong, though rather coarse. It is mostly pink or green. The nets (*kacho*) are made in the form of a cube. They are hung by brass rings in the woodwork on the corners of the room, occupying nearly the entire space of the room. They thoroughly answer their purpose. When a Japanese widow chooses to consider it leap year, and wishes to secure a partner, she simply hints to a favored suitor that the mosquito-net is too large. For the baby's naps a smaller one is provided.

Economy on the Farm.

On the farm, and in all the various details of rural and domestic life, prudence and just economy of time and means are incumbent in an eminent degree. The earth itself is composed of atoms, and the most gigantic fortunes consist of aggregated items, insignificant in themselves, individually considered, but majestic when contemplated in unity and as a whole. In the management of a farm, all needless expenditure should be systematically avoided, and the income made to exceed the outlay as far as possible. Pecuniary embarrassment should always be regarded as a contingency of evil boding, and if contended against with energy and persevering fortitude, it must soon be overcome. Debt, with but little hope of its removal, is a millstone dragging us down, and crushing the life-blood out of us. Be careful therefore in incurring any pecuniary responsibility which does not present a clear deliverance with the advantages which an intelligent action ought always to insure. A farmer who purchases a good farm and can pay down one-third of the price, gives a mortgage for the other two-thirds, and possesses the heart and resolution to work it faithfully and well, enters upon the true path to success. He will labor with the encouraging knowledge that each day's exertions will lessen his indebtedness and bring him nearer to the goal when he shall be disenthralled and becomes a freeholder in its most cheering sense. But without due economy in every department; in the dwelling as well as in the barns and in the fields, this gratifying achievement may not be reached until late in life, or may be indefinitely postponed. A prudent oversight, therefore, over all the operations of a farm, in order that everything may be done that ought to be done and nothing be wasted, will exert a powerful influence in placing a family on the high road to an early independence.

Nothing Mean About Him.

A man stepped into a sample-room down town a day or two ago and happened to meet a friend there.

"Have a beer?" was the first question.

"It's a little too early," replied the invited one.

"Well, take a little whisky; that will warm you up."

"I don't think I care about whisky."

"Try a little rum, then; now what do you say to a good, sharp, seductive hot-spiced rum, eh?"

"Deliver me from rum; I never could drink it without getting sick or catching a beastly cold."

"Won't you try some sherry; that's more poetic, and will make you feel good for the balance of the day?"

"Will you kindly excuse me from taking sherry, sir?"

"Of course; but won't you try a cigar?"

"Not if I know myself."

"What's the matter; you're not offended, are you?"

"Not at all."

"Well, then, won't you take something?"

"To be sure I will; to be sure I will drink with you."

"Well, what will you take?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, sir; I'll take a glassful of water and you give me the ten cents. How will that work, eh?"

"That won't work at all," said the other indignantly, and then he took a drink alone and walked out of the place.

A City of Caves.

Away out on the Texas frontier, and in the eastern margin of that vast desert expanse, the Llano Estacado, sixty miles north of the little town of Graham, there settled about a year ago a colony from Oregon consisting of nine families. The locality was a distances from market, and lumber scarcely to be had. The settlers, therefore, as the cold northers of winter were approaching, determined to build habitations underground. They selected a hill, in whose sides they excavated rooms, halls kitchens and sleeping apartments, not unlike the ancient dwellers in the rock of Judea. A chimney was formed by running a stovepipe up through the hill to the surface. The dwellings are perfectly dry and warm in the coldest and most freezing norther. This little city of caves has been named Oregon City, and will be the capital of Baylor county.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.

A Wonderful Runner.

In the early part of the present century running matches were as popular as at the present time. It was then excited by the wonderful and almost incredible performances of one man. This man was Mensen Ernst, born in Bergen, Norway, on October 19, 1799. He was the son of a sea captaie, and when still a boy entered the English Navy. Although his powers as a runner were displayed even in his boyhood, he made three voyages to the East Indies, and had completed a three-years' cruise on the frigate Caledonian, before he made a public exhibition of them, which he first did by running a race in London, when nineteen years old. Though up to this time he had no training, and had even lacked a pedestrian's ordinary opportunities for muscular developement, he was famed throughout the navy as a runner, and wonderful stories as to his extraordinary powers circulated among all branches of the service. At last a heavy sum of money was wagered by the officers of his ship that Mensen would run from London to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles, in less than ten hours. The feat was attempted and accomplished, the distance being covered by the young sailor in exactly nine hours. Shortly afterwards he ran from London to Liverpool, a distance of 150 miles, in thirty-two hours. Although thus successful as runner, Mensen did not quit the sea until after having distinguished by bravery in the battle of Navarino, fought Oct. 20, 1827. Soon after that date he became a professional runner, and, after winning a number of lesser matches, was induced to undertake the great feet of running from Paris to Moscow. He started from the Place Vendome at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 11, 1831, and entered the Kremlin at ten o'clock A. M., of June 25, having accomplished the distance, 1,760 miles, in thirteen days and eighteen hours. This feat created a decided sensation throughout Europe, and the employment of Mensen as a courier extraordinary by kings and princes became a popular amusement in European courts. He ran from country to country and from court to court, bearing congratulation, condolence, or despatches of greater importance, and whenever matched against the regular mounted couriers easily succeeded in beating them. He always carried with him a map, a compass, and as many bisquits and ounces of raspberry syrup, as there were to be days occupied on his journey. In winter he took with him a pair of long, slender Norwegian snow-shoes, and in traveling he always chose the most direct line, turning out neither for mountains nor rivers, but climbing the one and swimming the other. He never walked, but invariably ran, keeping up a long, swinging lope for hours at a time without rest. His only refreshment one biscuit and one ounce of raspberry syrup per day, and two short rests of ten or fifteen minutes each in twenty-four hours. These rests he took while standing a tree or other object of support. At such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept, and after such a nap he would pursue his way apparently as refreshed as though he had slept for hours. He was very uneasy when compelled to be quiet, and could not sit still for half an hour without feeling a sense of suffocation. He was a very amiable man, a favorite with all who knew him, and was made much of by his royal patrons. In 1833, he started from Munich at 1 P. M., June 6, with dispatches from the King of Bavaria to his son Otto, King of Greece. These dispatches were delivered at Nauplia at 9 A. M., on July 1; or seven days sooner than if they had been sent by the regular post. In 1836, while in the employ of the British East India Company, Mensen was charged with the conveying of dispatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through Central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in fifty-nine days, or in one third of the time made by the swiftest caravan. On this wonderful journey he made his way across terrible deserts, awful salt swamps, where, for hundreds of miles, he saw no living being, and through countries whose inhabitants were savage robbers, and who lived in a state of continual warfare. The man seemed invested with super-natural powers, and his fame spread far and wide. One of the most interesting problems of the age being the discovery of the sources of the Nile, it was suggested that this wonderful man be employed to follow the course of the river to its sources, and thus determine them. Prince Puckler Muskan, who had himself traveled extensively in Egypt, and had made several unsuccessful attempts to penetrate the headwaters of the Nile, offered to defray all expenses and reward Mensen handsomely if he would undertake the trip. The indefatigable runner consented to make the attempt, and on May 11, 1842, set out from Muskan in Silesia, whence he ran to Jerusalem, where he had some business to attend to. Thence he continued his way to Cairo and up the western bank of the Nile, through Lower and Middle and into Upper Egypt. Here, just outside of the village of Syane, he was seen on the morning of Jan. 22, 1843, to stop and rest, leaning against a palm tree, with his face covered by a handkerchief. He rested so long that some persons tried to wake him, but they tried in vain, for he was dead. He was buried at the foot of the tree, and it was years before his friends in Europe knew what fate had befallen him.

Found at his Duty.

It was a winter's night, many years ago; the ground was covered with frozen snow, and black snow clouds hung overhead, while an intense cold was made still keener by the driving wind which scudded along over the country side, carrying in its teeth a storm of icy snow flakes.

The clock in the Parish tower of Gray's chimed the hour of nine, as Talbot, the post-boy, prepared himself and his horse "Beauty" to carry the mail bags, filled with their valuable letters, on to Cheetham, nine miles away, over a rugged road, up hill and down dale; for in those days there were no iron railroads traversed by snorting engines, puffing and shrieking on at the rate of forty or fifty miles in the hour, and distances had to be reached by fast trotting and high mettled horses.

It was a dangerous deed to ride over a lonely country on such a night as this; but no misgiving clouded the lad's brave spirit. He was soon standing before the office door, patting the sleek coat of his favorite, when the door opened and the Postmaster appeared with the bags.

"You'll have a hard time of it to-night, Talbot, my boy," said he. "I am thinking whether you ought to go through all this."

"Go through it!" was the reply. "What would they do at Cheetham in the morning without their letters? We're not afraid of it, are we, Beauty?"

"But this is the worst night I have ever known; you'll be losing your way. Who can tell the difference between road, ditch and field in this snow?"

But Talbot took the bags from the speaker's hand, and slung them on his back.

"Lose our way, indeed! Why, she knows every inch of the road! Don't you, Beauty? It won't be the first time we've cantered along by hundreds." And he laughed lightly, springing to the saddle with a bound; but he added quietly, "It will be a rough ride to-night though, and I shall not be sorry to see the lights of Cheetham. If I get there all right, it will be one to my score, that's all; for they'll know I am not afraid of a bit of weather, and they won't have to say to me that I shirked. Good night, sir."

He buttoned his coat tighly around him, turned the collar up over his ears, pulled his cap down close, gave Beauty the signal and galloped away into the dark.

"Ah, well, you are a brave fellow, and I'll see you don't lose anything by it," said the postmaster, as he closed the door, and sat down by his own fireside.

As Talbot, on his trusty steed, rode deeper into the lonely country the cold became more terrible.

He was covered with snow that froze into a coating of ice over him, and everything tended to send his courage down as low as the temperature itself; but he fought manfully to keep up his spirits, although it was hard work, for such a night as this had not been known for years.

One mile—two miles—three miles of the road got over, and Cheetham still six miles away! Straight onward he urged his way, where all was dark before and on either side, save now and then when, as he rode quickly by, he could, through a cottage window, see a cheerful firelight gleam, when he fancied there a group of happy children around the hearth, with their father and mother, and all else making home bright and happy.

Then, perhaps, he thought of his own home in Grays, of the brothers and sisters there, of his mother, watching and looking anxiously through the lattice, wondering how he could be faring in all this, and praying fervently for her boy, who would be home again on the morrow if all went well.

But enough of this; he must keep all thought for himself now, and fight against this drowsiness creeping slowly over him. There was work to be done; there were mail bags to be preserved and delivered.

That was his work, and he would do it. Six miles of the journey over and still three more to Cheetham. He had lost all sense of feeling by this time, and scarcely knew if the reins were in his hand, while the tears that would come froze upon his cheek. This was a fight with terrible foes, but Cheetham was only two miles away now, and courage must live a little longer. Away and away! Soho, Beauty! Forward! That was the word.

Two men stood out in High street, at Cheetham. One was the Postmaster of that town, and the other an hostler waiting to feed Beauty and bed her down for the night. The clouds were dispersing, the stars shone out here and there, and there was a prospect of moonshine by and by.

"I reckon he won't be here to-night," said one of them, stamping his numbed feet upon the ground.

"Very likely not. How goes his time, is it up yet?"

"Well, he ought to be in very soon, if he's coming at all," was the re