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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

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BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

DISEASES

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

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If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

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By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

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Dyspepsia,
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Aches and Pains,
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Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

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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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2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Height, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes?
8. Have you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

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

SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH DAY.

The merry birds are singing,
And from the fragrant sod
The spirits of a thousand flowers
Go sweetly up to God;
While in his holy temple
We meet to praise and pray
With cheerful voice and grateful lay,
This Summer Sabbath Day!

We thank thee, Lord, for one day
To look heaven in the face!
The poor have only Sunday;
The sweeter is the grace.
'Tis then they make the music
That sings their week away.
Oh, there's a sweetness infinite
In the poor man's Sabbath Day!

'Tis as a burst of sunshine
A tender fall of rain,
That set the barest life a-bloom,
Makes old hearts young again.
The dry and dusty roadside
With smiling flowers is gay:
'Tis open heaven one day in seven,
The poor man's Sabbath Day!

'Tis here the weary pilgrim,
Doth reach his house of ease;
That blessed house, called "beautiful,"
And that soft chamber, "peace"
The River of Life runs through his dream,
And the leaves of heaven are at play!
He sees the golden city gleam,
This shining Sabbath Day!

Take heart, ye faint and fearful,
Your cross with courage bear:
So many a face now tearful
Shall shine in glory there;
Where all the sorrow is banished,
The tears are wiped away;
And all eternity shall be
An endless Sabbath Day!

Ah! there are empty places,
Since last we mingled here;
There will be missing faces
When we meet another year!
But heart to heart, before we part,
Now altogether pray
That we may meet in heaven to spend
The eternal Sabbath Day!

A Family Jar.

Phalemon Hayes and Fanny Ray had been just three weeks married.

They sat at breakfast in their cozy dining room one fine morning in summer, totally infatuated with each other. Never such happiness as theirs before! The felicity of Adam and his lady before they made the acquaintance of the serpent was not to be mentioned in the same breath.

They kissed each other between every cup of coffee, and embraced twice—sometimes thrice—during every meal. Just now they were speaking of disagreements. Some friends of theirs had fallen out, and refused to fall in again.

"We never will disagree, will we, Phil, dear?" asked Mrs. Fanny.

"Disagree! Will the heavens fall?" returned Phil.

"I sincerely hope not. It would be decidedly disagreeable," laughed Fanny; "but, if I thought we should ever quarrel and have harsh thoughts toward each other, I should be tempted to terminate my existence."

"My precious Fanny!" cried Phil, springing up and upsetting the toast plate on the carpet, of which he was perfectly oblivious in his eagerness to get his arms around Fanny—"my foolish little darling! as if we should ever be so absurd (a kiss)! May I be drawn and quartered (another kiss) if I ever speak one word that shall cause a tear to fill the divine eyes of my dearest (a third explosion) Fanny!"

"O, how happy you make me, Phil. I shall try so hard to be just the faithful, loving wife you deserve. Now finish your breakfast, deary. The toast will be growing cold. And O, Phil, did you notice Mrs. Smith's horrid new bonnet last night? I declare it destroyed all my pleasure in the music. I do wish people who wear such distasteful bonnets would stay at home from these delightful concerts!"

"So do I, Fanny. I noticed the ugly thing the moment we entered the hall. Blue flowers and pink ribbons, and she as dark as a Creole!"

"No, my love; the flowers were green. Green and blue look so much alike by gaslight."

"I know they do, but I noticed it so particularly that I could not be deceived. Blue—especially light blue—looks fearfully on a dark-complexioned woman."

"So it does Phil; I quite agree with you dear. But the flowers were not blue, they were green. I saw them at Mrs. Gray's shop before they were purchased."

"My dearest—Fanny, of course you think yourself right, love, but I have a very good eye for color, and noticed these flowers with great attention. Blue anemones with yellow centers."

"Green hibuscus with white centers, my dear Phil. Very pretty for a light-skinned woman, but horrid for a brunette."

"Why, Fanny, how absurd! As if I could not determine a color when I studied it half the evening!"

"But it was by gas light, my love. It would look altogether different by daylight. It was such a pale green."

"It was such a pale blue. I remember I thought of the sky before a storm."

"And I thought of the sea. It was nearly sea-green."

"Why, Fanny—ridiculous! It was sky-blue."

"How you do contradict me, my Philemon. It was a very light green."

"And I insist it was blue."

"Do you mean to tell me I lie?"

"I mean to tell you you are mistaken."

"Which amounts to the same thing."

"You make the application, Mrs Fanny Hayes."

"Mr. Philemon Hayes!"

"Fanny!"

"I say it was green, sir!"

"I say it was blue—so there!"

"You are a wretch, Phil—a real mean, heartless wretch, Phil—a real mean, heartless wretch!" and Fanny pushed back her plate angrily.

"And you are an opinionated, self-willed woman!" and Phil, in his agitation, upset the coffee, scalding the cat's back and himself at the same time.

"The deuce!" cried he, rubbing his red fingers with his handkerchief. "I wish I had never seen a woman!"

"What's that, sir?"

"Confound the women! They're a curse to the world!"

"You brute!" cried Mrs. Hayes, now thoroughly insensed; "take that!" and, seizing the plate of muffins, she took aim at Phil's head; but, being a woman, her aim was not so accurate as it might have been, and the plate went through the window, smashing in the tile of Fitz James Jones, who was passing, and the muffins were scattered in wild confusion about the room.

Phil was indignant. He laid his hand on the poker.

"Oh, strike!" exclaimed Fanny. "It will only be in place with your other conduct. Don't let any notions of honor restrain you, because you never had any."

"Fanny, beware; you try me too far."

"I'll go home to pa, that I will. You inhuman monster you—I'll be divorced from you this very day. So there!" and the platter of ham made a journey after the muffins.

Just at that moment Phil's Uncle John, a shrewd old fellow, appeared on the scene. He surveyed the group with an anxious twinkle of the eye.

"What's the matter, Fanny? Anything gone wrong?" he inquired.

"Gone wrong! Matter enough! Oh Uncle John, he's a wretch, and set out to strike me with a poker."

And she threw a plate of muffins and ham at me.

"He's a monster, Uncle John. I'll be divorced from him this very day. He is worse than a savage."

"So he is," cried Uncle John entering warmly into the spirit of the thing.

"So he is"—stripping off his coat—"and I'll settle the matter at once. You stand back, Fanny; I'll give him such a thrashing as he'll be likely to remember. Striking his wife with a poker, indeed! I'll rectify matters;" and Uncle John grasped the long-handled feather-duster, and flourished it threateningly around the head of his nephew. "There, sir, take that, and that, and that!" exclaimed he, bringing down the feathers on the shoulders of the amazed Phil. "Fanny, my dear, I'll not leave a bone of him whole."

Fanny's round blue eyes had been growing larger and larger—and now her indignation broke.

"John Hayes!" she cried, "you're a heathen, and an old meddling vagabond! Let Phil alone! He's my dear, dear husband, and you've no right to touch him. He's an angel. He never intended to strike me. Stop striking him, or you'll be sorry!" and Fanny seized the broom from behind the door, and prepared to do battle.

"Stand back!" cried Uncle John; "he's a monster, and deserves death. The man who has threatened to strike a woman ought to be hung."

Fanny's eyes blazed. She flew at Uncle John with the spite of a tigress, and the way the trio went round the room was worth witnessing. Uncle John after Phil with the duster, and Fanny after Uncle John with the broom.

Phil made a spring for the window, but there was a whatnot in the way, and getting his leg entangled in that he brought the whole concern to the floor. Ambrotypes, books, vases, rare china and a hundred cherished curiosities, all were involved in a direct ruin.

Phil went down with the other things, Uncle John stumbled over him, and Fanny only saved herself by seizing the bell-rope, which brought her two servants to the spot.

Of course they took Phil and Uncle Joh for housebreakers, and if Fanny's explanations had not been enforced by sundry touches of her broom-stick the consequences might have been serious.

The first moment of calm was seized upon by the young couple to embrace each other.

"My angel Fanny!"

"My precious Phil!"

And then followed an explosion like the bursting of beer bottles.

Uncle John left the house during this interesting performance, still firmly of the opinion that the surest way of reconciling a wife to her husband is to get a third person to help abuse him.

A Strange Monster.

Not long ago Captain Chadwick, of the tug boat Alpha, shot a strange marine monster near Western Bar, on the coast of North Carolina. What is it? Some say turtle, some devil-fish, and the captain himself is of the opinion that it was 'Old Nick' in person, and hereafter sinners may have no fear of punishment in the infernal regions. In fact, everyboby who hears about it has a different theory, and no two persons can agree on what it is and where it belongs. The Smithville pilots say that his Satanic Majesty has been seen off the coast for the last twenty years, and he has never met any one who was bold enough to attack him until the gallant tar of the Alpha hove down on him and put an end to his career. Captain Chadwick sighted the "thing," about eight miles off Western Bar and immediately steered toward it. When within a short distance of it he fired at it with his rifle, the ball passing through its neck and killing it. It required six men with their utmost strength, to pull it over the rail, and it is estimated that it weighed six or seven hundred pounds. The animal was seven feet long by three and a half feet wide. On the back was a hard black shell, like a turtle's, with three ridges running lengthwise. The head was as large as a water bucket, and in the mouth, extending down into the throat, were rows of soft teeth. The tail was not more than eighteen inches long, and projected in three prongs. The fins and feet were like a turtle, with the exception that there were no claws.

The Best Horse and the Best Soldier.

Said Philippovich, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army of occupation in Bosnia, to a smart Sergeant of hussars, "What is the best horse in the squadron, eh?"

"No. 2, General; bay, with four white feet and a blaze."

"Why do you consider him the best?"

"Because he trots and gallops well, carries his head well up, is still young, and has the best of tempers."

"Well, who is the best soldier in the squadron?"

"Nazy d'Anos, General."

"Why is he?"

"Because he takes care of his horse, is honest and serviceable, keeps his equipments in perfect shape, and does his duty up to the handle."

"Where is the horse you have cracked up so?"

"It's my horse, General."

"And who is the paragon of soldiers you have landed thus?"

"I'm the man, General."

"You rascal!" said pleasantly the commander, as he passed his purse over to the trooper.

He Agreed.

A lady who wanted a dozen of eggs fresh from the country was among the farmers' wagons at the market, and the sight of a small bundle of grass in one of the vehicle, at once aroused all the sentiment in her antures. Snuffing at a handful of it she said to the farmer:

"The country must be beautiful these spring mornings."

"Yes, so she is," he slowly replied, "coming in this morning I saw two wagons stuck in a mud-hole, a dead horse and mor'n fifty crows."

"These sunrises must be beautiful out there," she continued.

"Yes, they are. At sunrise this morning me'an Jim were gettin' a hog from under the hen-house. Purtiest sunrise I ever saw, but that hog won't never do no more good in this world."

"I suppose the grass looks very beautiful," she said as the last egg was counted.

"Oh, I s'pose so, but I've bin so rushed getting that big ditch finished that I haven't hardly noticed. Do your folks want to buy any dried pumpkin?"

A Yankee Joker.

On the bank of the Hudson river, in one of the villages that dot its shores, a lot of idlers were standing, seeing which could throw stones the farthest into the stream. A tall, raw-boned, slab-sided Yankee, and no mistake, came up and looked on. For awhile he said nothing, till a fellow in a green jacket, the leader of the party, a conceited broth of a boy, began to try his wit on Jonathan.

"*You can't come that*," said he, as he hurled a stone away out into the river.

"Maybe not," said Jonathan; "but up in our country we've a purty big river considerin', and t'other day I hove a man clear across it, and he came down fair and square on the other side of the river."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his auditors.

"Wal, naow, yeou may laff; but I can deu it again."

"Do what?" said the green jacket; quickly.

"I can take and heave yeou across that river yonder, just like open and shut."

"Bet you ten dollars of it."

"Done," said the Yankee, and, drawing forth an X (upon a broken down-East bank), he covered the bragger's shinplaster.

"Kin you swim, feller?"

"Like a duck," said green jacket; and without farther parley, the Vermonter seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the basement of his pants, jerked him from his foothold, and, with an almost superhuman effort, dashed the bully head over heels from the bank some ten yards into the Hudson.

A terrible shout ran through the crowd as he floundered in the water, and, amid the jeers and screams of his companions, the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

"I'll take that ten spot, if you please," said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stakeholders. "You took us for greenhorns, eh? We'll show you how to do things down here in New York;" and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

"Wal, I reck'n you wunt take no ten spots jis' yit, captin."

"Why, you've lost the bet."

"Not edzactly. I didn't calkilate on deuin it the first time; but I tell yeou I kin deu it;" and, in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he seized him by the scruff and the seat of his overalls, and pitched him three yards farther into the river than upon the first trial.

Again the bully returned amid the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.

"Third time never fails," said the Yankee, stripping off his coat; "I kin deu it, I tell ye."

"Hold on," said the almost petrified victim.

"And I will deu it, if I try till to-morrow mornin'."

"I give it up!" shouted the sufferer between his teeth, which now chattered like a mad badger's; "take the money."

The Vermonter very coolly pocketed the ten spot, and as he turned away, remarked:

"We ain't much acquainted with you smart folks daoun here in York, but we sometimes take the starch aout of 'em up our way; and p'raps yeou won't try it onto strangers agin. I reck'n yeou won't," he continued; and putting on a broad grin of good-humor, he left the company to their reflections.

A Connoisseur.

He was rather a well-dressed man, with long mustache, and he wore eye-glasses. As he approached the cigar-case the proprietor stepped up with a bland smile, to see what was wanted.

"I have always been a great smoker! in fact I have only used the choicest brands, and as it is pretty difficult to get them in this part of the country I thought I would just step in and make an examination of your stock. I suppose you keep the best eh?"

The dealer gave him the following stereotyped answer:

"I keep the very best cigar in the city."

"That's the ticket," said the other; "I'm glad to have met you; I think I'll be a regular customer. I smoke on an average about a dollar's worth of cigars per diem. Just let me take a look at some."

"The dealer laid a handful on the counter, at the same time remarking:

"These are the best three-for-a-quarter in the universe."

"They may be," responded the other, "but they are too cheap for me. I never smoke anything less than a twenty-five center. Now, if you have some of them ——"

"I have, sir," broke in the man behind the counter; and he immediately produced some.

"I hate to buy anything I am not thoroughly acquainted with. This may be the best cigar in the land. I am very much infatuated with its contour and general appearance, but, you know, you should never judge a cigar by its wrapper. Now, if you will just let me try one for a sample, I shall fill my case here every day if it comes up to my standard."

"It isn't customary, but I'll make a deviation in your case."

The man then lighted the cigar, tipped back in a chair, and puffed like a Turk. He seemed as though dwelling in a realm of sunshine and flowers. After a while the dealer smiled very pleasantly, and said:

"Now then, my dear sir, how many shall I put in your case?"

"Not any, thank you."

"Wasn't that a good one?"

"Not more than—— but I never like to disturb a man's equilbrium. I am a very sensitive person myself. Now, if you will kindly furnish me with your address and a three cent stamp, I shall take great pleasure in dropping you a line or two, in which I shall give you my impartial opinion of your cigars; may I have the stamp?"

"Not much! I think you are a fraud;" roared the man behind the case.

"Then I'll get right out; I don't wish to remain in your place any longer. If you call your customers frauds you cannot expect to get along successfully."

"The cigar man was was enwreathed in a frown which seemed to have in its temperament all the furies of the elements. The sampler stepped lightly out, and, when he got around the corner, he lighted a fresh cigar which he had surreptitiously appropriated while talking to the proprietor of the establishment.

Camaron Fishing.

"Camaron" fishing is a pursuit highly thought of in the Island of Mauritius. "Camarons" are a species of cray-fish or fresh-water prawn which are plentiful in every river and stream in the colony. They are of a beautiful blue-black, with claws set at the end of feelers quite out of proportions in length to their bodies, and a number of black legs, which, when spread out at the bottom of a stream, give them something the appearance of great spiders. They measure as much as six inches in length, and a large one will turn the scale at a quarter of a pound. When boiled they turn a dark red, and are almost a universal dish at every Mauritian dinner-party. They are in season during the summer, when the rivers are low, and the *chasse aux camarons* is made an excuse for many a pleasant party in the woods. Ladies are indefatigable fishers, and add a charm to parties by their presence. The mode of proceeding is very curious. Arrived at the riverside, generally a pretty English mannered brook, twisting and turning in the usual vagrant fashion of brooks between high banks, the party are handed over to a score of old *piqueurs*, poachers, and *guardiens*, who have already got ready the fishing-tackle. This consists of rods of thin bamboo six feet long, one end supplied with a slip noose made from the root of the wild indigo, which is stiff enough to remain open in the water, while it is sufficiently pliant to run together with the least pressure. Provided with one of these apiece, the fishermen are taken to the water's edge and planted in all sorts of queer positions over the likely pools, some astride of trees which have partially fallen, others on the shelving bank, supporting themselves by sticking their heels well in the soil here and there, wherever the water gives promise of camarons. The bait is manioc made into a paste and spread at the bottom of the stream. The paste is of the consistence of thin dough, and a portion of it is wrapped in a caladium leaf, lightly folded and dropped dexterously into the water, when it falls to the bottom, carrying the paste with it, which gradually floats out and lies along the gravel. Now comes the period of expectancy. The glare of the sun on the water reflects the shadows on its surface like a looking-glass, and the eyes weary of piercing the clear water, now ruffled by a puff of wind, fill with tears, and see strange things, as if in a dream, under the water. Every stone is magnified into a camaron, the bits of fallen sticks blackened by lying in the stream, assume the shape of the creature's claws, and the moving water adds life to the fancy. At last a camaron makes his appearance, crawling lazily, and begins to pull in the manioc with his claw. The old *piqueur* who is looking after you grows excited, and points and whispers. At the most you can see some black lines zigzagging along the bottom, and to catch the animal you must push the noose gently under his tail till it is over his middle, and then with a smart jerk secure him. Added to the difficulty of seeing him, the camaron is cunning, and has a dislike to his tail being interfered with, and so plants it firmly on the ground and defies you to get the noose under it. An impatient movement and he is off with a rapidity quite astonishing, and each following attempt finds him more "touchy." But patience will at length be rewarded, and with a final jerk the camaron is pulled out struggling violently, and transferred to a pot carried for his reception. So the sport goes on: camaron after camaron is persuaded to lift his tail, and pays the penalty in the pot, till the sun gets too hot and the camaron refuse to leave their cool holes under the bank. Then the *chasseurs* retire to the "hangar" for breakfast, and spend the rest of the day as best they can till the *piqueurs* come to announce that the game is feeding, when the party turn out and catch as many more as they can before night sets in.

"I'll Pay It, Sheriff!"

North Carolina rejoices in a judge who is described as being an eccentric character, "rude of speech, but of sterling honesty and most unquestionable integrity," with a remarkable aversion to whistling or any other noise calculated to disturb the decorum of his court. When holding court at Bakersville, Judge Cloud, the worthy Rhadamanthus in question, became restive under the incessant gabble of a flock of geese that were feeding on the grass plat behind the court-house.

"Sheriff, drive them geese off from here."

"May it please your honor, everybody in town owns geese, and if I drive them off I can't keep them off."

"Then kill them," exclaimed the angry judge, "and charge them to the court."

The judge was stopping with the sheriff, and at the end of the term the officer handed him the bill, one item of which was as follows: "Twelve geese at fifty cents each, $6."

"Look here, McKinny," said the judge, "I haven't tasted a piece of goose since I've been on the circuit."

"True, your honor,, but you ordered me to kill the geese about the court-house, and charge them to the court."

"Look here, sheriff," said the judge, at the same time expectorating his tobacco juice with unusual rapidity, "You certainly wasn't darn fool enough to kill them geese? Look thar now: twelve geese at fifty cents apiece, $6. I'll pay it, sheriff; I'll pay it; but you ought to be removed from office for being a darn fool—darn fool!"

A Disgusted Bride's Advice.

A San Francisco lady, who was recently united in the bonds of matrimony to a distinguished looking but exceedingly mysterious stranger, has discovered that instead of being a Mexican grandee her lord and master loods after a physician's horse and buggy for $20 a month. After deciding that it would be wiser to go home and get her meals regularly than to stay with the coachmen and starve, she sent him the following pointed epistle:

"I am deeply sorry that hunger and other circumstances over which I have no control compel me to write you this note. I find that you are utterly unable to provide for me, and as I am at present unable to provide for you, I will have to leave you, and return to that happy home whence you stole me, and once more fill it with the sunshine of love.

"Had I known that you expected me to live on the morning breezes for breakfast, the trade winds for dinner, and the evening fogs for supper, I would have honestly told you that my constitution would not be equal to it, even where the atmosphere is so odorous and substantial as in this hotel in Tar Flat, and would have declined to become your wife.

"If you shall ever marry another lady I trust you will remember the advice of your first wife, and that the demestic menu will consist of pudding made of plums rather than the north wind, and pies of pumpkins rather than of zephers; in short, that you will provide her with a bill of fare rather than with a bill of air. If you meet me on the street hereafter pass me by as a perfect stranger, for if you do not I will be compelled to give you the cut direct,

Your wife, Mary."

A Berlin Bill of Fare.

Some of the dishes of a Berlin restaurant: Beef tea, with balls of marrow, eggs, and bread crumbs and small pieces. Pike and spinach, covered with moist sugar. Veal, cooked in oil and sprinkled with bread crumbs, surmounted by a sardine; on one side of the dish a pickle, with moist sugar; on the other a lettuce leaf; at one end a piece of lemon and at the other a crawfish's claw, all swimming in a thick, brown gravy. Gollash mit Nickerl is stewed meat in the same gravy—the only one Berlinese cooks produce—flanked by two small sausage-shaped dumplings. Goose, stuffed with pounded chestnuts, prunes, apples, calf's liver, onions, eggs and spice. Eels and carp are served with beer sauce; beer soup is much in request, and beef stewed in beer and strongly flavored is a favorite dish. There are white and red wines, and the waiter carries adhesive labels in his pocket, which he licks and sticks on the bottle, according to the customer's order.

A Widow Outwitted.

Out in that beautiful land where the classic waters of Cherry creek take their rise and ripple through a country as lonely as that which the returning Israelites looked upon as a home of delight, lives a wayward widower, who has been smitten with the charms of a neighboring widow. Both are well advanced in life, and are respectively the head of a numerous family. Fair sons and daughters grow around them. Time has frosted the locks of both with a silver hue, and much of the freshness and vigor of life has passed beyond their reach. But their staid lives and rugged natures have still left some tender sympathies, which Cupid seeing, has let fly an arrow, which rankles in their hearts. Being neighbors, they knew, or thought they knew, each other well. Frequent meetings stirred in their memories some recollections of days of dalliance and youth. Before care and the busy bustling world had seared their hearts, they had known what it was to love, and perhaps sometimes each reverted with moistened eyes and tender sighs to two little hillocks that nestled in the graveyard beyond the hill. Perhaps this feeling drew them closer together. Be that as it may, the widow began to watch eagerly for the old man's coming, and the bloom in the matronly cheek became fresher and the eyes of the lady had a tenderer light when he was near. Of course, there are always persons who note these signs and report them; and gossip soon grew busy with their names. It was told far and wide, that this venerable couple were to be married. With what feelings the grown up sons and daughters heard the announcement, it would be difficult to tell. The youngest daughter of the ancient suitor, however, was not pleased with the arrangement, and determined to break it. She was a shrewd lass, and went about it in a business-like way. Putting on her bonnet, one afternoon, she called upon the widow. She fairly gushed with affection.

"And so I am to have you for a mother!"

The widow blushed.

"Oh, how happy we all are, and I do hope father will treat you well; but—!" and the girl's face grew solemn and her eyes filled with tears.

"Treat me well!" exclaimed the astonished widow, "why, of course he will. What in the world can you mean?" and the widow's tones assumed an anxious inquiry.

"Oh, I can never tell you," wailed the girl.

"But you must tell me, my dear. You must tell me!" importuned the widow.

"You knew my mother?"

"Yes."

"She died suddenly, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know."

"From asthma!"

"Yes, yes."

"Oh, I can never tell the rest," and the girl gave herself up to uncontrollable weeping. But the widow's interest had now become ungovernable, and she pressed eagerly for an explanation.

"Go on, go on, for pity's sake tell me the rest."

"Well—but you'll never tell; you promise me never to tell."

"I swear it," solemnly protested the widow.

"We—but oh, it may have been a mistake—we thought we saw a mark about her neck—oh, what have I told, what have I told!" and the young lady sprang to her feet and rushed across the floor wringing her hands in agony.

The widow sat in speechless amazement. Her lips were pale and her eyes dilated horror. Her trembling voice twice essayed the sentence before she gave it utterance:

"Choked to death!"

"Oh, madam, it may have been all a mistake," cried the sobbing girl.

The widow stooped and kissed her tenderly.

"Go home, my child, I wish to be alone, but God hears me when I promise to keep your secret."

The damsel staid not upon the order of her going, but went at once. Fairly clear of the premises, the solemn little face flung off its sadness and began to ripple with smiles.

"I think I've stopped that wedding," she murmured softly 'and I didn't tell a story either. Mother did choke to death with asthma, and there was a mark—an old scar—on her neck. The idea of father marrying that old woman."

Well, the wedding didn't come off. There was a stormy interview between the widow and her suitor, and more than once it was on the lady's tongue to call him a murderer; but she restrained herself and simply said she had changed her mind."

The old gentleman took a discouraging view of life for several days—railed at women in general, and widows in particular—and then settled down to his ordinary life.

He never knew why the widow went back on him.

How They Salted that Mine.

In the fall of 1873 I was prospecting around in Utah. One day when I was riding along on my animal, looking for a new prospect, I saw an eight-mule team hitched to a load of cement barrels. "What are you doing with cement in this region," said I to the driver. But he was not inclined to be communicative. My curiosity was roused, I am something of an inventor myself, and I thought I would follow the wagon and see what new use they were putting so much cement to in a mining country. I camped after the team for a couple of days until I saw it drive up to a shaft. There was a shed over the shaft and under it a windlass. Near the shaft was stacked up about 150 sacks of ore. I picked up two or three specimens. It was chloride ore. One of the specimens assayed $250. I have the other specimens yet.

"Are you going to build a mill?" I asked the men at the shaft. But they were as uncommunicative as the teamster, and made me know that my absence would be about as pleasant as any advice I could give them. So I went off on my animal and prospected around in the neighborhood. I passed by the hoisting works several times. I saw that they had built a close shed near the shaft. I noticed that the cement and ore had disappeared. Not an ore sack, not a stave, nor a hoop, nor a barrel head was to be seen. But the miners were no more sociable than at first. I was not welcome there, so I wandered about awhile and then went back to Salt Lake.

After I had been in Salt Lake a few weeks, there came to the city an old "capitalist," whom I had known for years in San Francisco. He remained there five or six weeks and I saw him frequently. He looked half tickled and half worried. I knew he had something "big" on his mind. Sure enough. He knew I was a prospector and something of a judge of rock. So one day he asked me if I would go out into the country with him a few days and look at a mine which he thought of buying. "Where is the mine? You have not paid for it?" said I.

"No," said he, "I have given them $2,000 and I am again going out to look at it before signing the papers. They are going to get $250,000."

"Well," said I, "I will go and be of service to you if I can."

Well, we went to the mine. It was the old shaft to which I had seen the cement barrels hauled. The men did not know me. I had my city clothes on and I was shaved clean. They had a square shaft 37 feet deep. We went down it. From the top down to where they struck the ledge, there were little stringers of ore. At 30 feet down a wedge-shaped vein came in. Where they first struck it, it was about six inches wide, but it widened out as they went down, and where it crossed the bottom of the shaft, it was three and a half feet wide. It was a true fissure vein. The walls were smooth and hard country rock. It assayed from $75 to $80 a ton. On the whole it had the appearance of a first-rate ledge.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said the old gentleman. "Do you think this is the same ore as those specimens I showed you? I've had an expert here before and he says it is, and thinks the mine is a big thing."

"Well," said I (we were off to one side when we had this talk), "you've given them $2,000 since we've been here. That makes $4,000. Before you give them any more just get a permit for me to put a few shots into the vein."

He asked the men, and they were glad to do anything to prove the richness of their claim. So I went to work in the bottom. The men wouldn't help me. The old gentleman was too nice and weak; so I had to work with a single hand-drill. I blew out some of the side of the vein and some of the bottom. I found nothing but vein matter. The men were mighty happy, and wanted to know if we were not satisfied. "Wait till I put in a few more shots," said I. "Do you want to spoil the mine," said they. "Spoil the mine," said I; "you have never seen better work than that. I guess I know something about mining." So I blew out a little more of the side and bottom.

When I was ready I called the old man and we "consulted." "Let us get away from this country," I said to him. "Don't you pay a cent for the mine; it's salted."

"Look here," said he, "you're playing me; you want to get some of your friends to buy it."

"Come down with me," I said. We went down together. I pulled out the loose ore from the side and bottom, and showed him the country-rock where the vein ought to be—I had struck it about four feet below the bottom of the shaft. He thought we had better leave, too. But I told him to be careful, and not to let them know what we had found out. "They are regular mountain cut-throats. There's another of them that you haven't seen; he's shut up in that shed. He's the artist of the party; he made the mixture for the vein."

So we pitched the broken ore back into the holes, hitched up our animals, told the men to come into Salt Lake for their money, and started for town. The old gentleman did not pay $250,000 for that mine.

Well, a few days after they came to town for their pay. "Did you have the ore assayed?" they asked me. "No," said I; "but *he* did." "How did it go?" "Oh, it went just what you told him it would." "We're glad of that." "Look here," I said to them, confidentially, "if your game had succeeded you might have been lynched." "What do you mean?" they said. "What became of those cement barrels?" I asked. "Why didn't you pack that cement in sacks?" "Some people know a good deal, don't they?" said they. "Some people do," said I. "Some don't."

Shortly afterwards those men disappeared from Salt Lake.

The old gentleman gave me $3,000, and begged me never to tell anybody. Some twelve months after, when I passed the shaft, I found that all the pay ore had been cleaned out and carried away to some other unknown locality.

A Woman Under Water.

"Don't go out on that log!" screamed the masculine attendant as one of the damsels walked out on the careening limb of an old dead tree, which lay diagonally with the bank.

"Why?" But she kept on going.

"It will turn with you!" shouted the gentleman, warningly.

"How can it?" and the line with a long sweep of the pole descended into the water.

Just then there was a slight oscillation of the log, two dainty feet sweep from under a cloud of skirts, a sylph-like form, bent gracefully to the treacherous flood, and, with a stifled scream, body and feet disappeared from view. But for a moment only. The next instant, like the twin extremities of a pair of scissors, two symmetrically modeled female continuations appeared above the surface, bobbed about for a second, and then sank again. By this time the gentleman was in the water, and by good fortune contrived to get hold of one of the gaiter-clad feet, and was tugging away manfully in the direction of the bank. But the unfortunate lady appeared to be turned wrong side out, and dragged heavily like an inverted umbrella. But a landing was made at last, and the young lady, like a capsized sailing vessel, was put right side up with care. As soon, however, as she had regained her usual balance, she turned furiously upon her rescuer.

"You wretch! Why did you pull me out by the feet?"

"Because I couldn't get hold of any other part of you. You seemed to me to be all legs."

"Sir! How dare you?"

"I beg pardon; but really I did the best I could."

The subject was too delicate to continue, but it was evident the lady and her friends were excessively indignant. No apologies could conciliate them, and it was in a tone of inexpressible sorrow that he said in turning away:

"If you ladies will persist in turning up side down when you get into the water I can't help it."

The Sinking of a Mountain.

On the 20th of April, about two o'clock A. M., there was some very heavy thunder and lightning, and a terrible shaking was plainly felt near Tallulah, Georgia. On the next day it was found that the north-east side of Chattooga Mountain, four miles northeast of Tallulah, Habersham County, Ga., sloping down to the Chattooga River, at an angle of 45 degrees, the top of the mountain being about 1,200 feet above the river, was gradually sinking. A party of men visited the mountain last Sabbath, and found that it was not sliding but sinking. There was a break near the top, and at one place over the top of a sloping ridge was a perpendicular rock, the depth of which was about sixteen feet and the extent thirty or forty acres. The bank was in the shape of a horseshoe, the toe being at the top of the mountain. Trees were standing with their tops downward, and the roots and large stones were seen on the mountain. About three years ago we felt a severe quaking at night. The night was clear, and it was reported that "Devil's Pulpit" was shaken down. An old gentleman living near this mountain informs us that a large crack was discovered about the time of the quaking, but little notice was taken of it until recently. Some fear is manifested by those living near the mountain. It is not uncommon in Florida for large bodies of island to sink, but I don't think it common in a mountain country, as our mountains are nearly all composed of rock.

Cumulative Prosperity.

"Whoa!" and as he dropped the lines over the old mare's back, he sung out, "Hulloa, Spriggins, what ye up to? building a chicken coop, eh?"

"Yes, kinder, sorter puttin' one together. Two hens come off yesterday and I was s' infernal busy that I haven't but just got around to fixin' 'em up a place. I started to build a coop, but I had to leave it off and dispose of a couple of kittens. Don't like to have too many cats 'round to once."

"Chickens and kittens the same day? You must be growing prosperous."

"Well, kinder, sorter prosperous," said Spriggins in an off-hand sort of way. "Want to buy a nice Shepherd pup? Got three lively ones, good blood; mother's full sister took second prize at the bench show."

"No, can't say as I do," was the reply. "Oh! what's ever become of that line back alderney I sold you last year."

"She's all right, I should like to sell ye her calf. He's a rouser, now I tell ye. I'll let him go reasonable; I've got too much young stock on my hands just now."

"Well, I should think you was accumulating a little, according to your own story," and his friend run over the list of poultry, felines, canines, and bovines in his mind.

"Perhaps you take to horses more than to cattle. I'd trade off Nan and the colt if I had a chance."

"I guess not, I must be getting home, I'm not on the trade to-day. Get up!—Whoa! By the way, how's your folks?"

"Well, as well as could be expected, you see it was twins again, and——"

"Spriggins! You don't mean it? you can't be enjoying such cumulative prosperity? It's too much!"

"It is considerable," remarked Spriggins, and he lowered his voice, "another day like yesterday would be more good luck than I could stand."

His friend chirruped up his team and slowly drove off in a most meditative mood.

The Wife of Garibaldi.

The wife of Garibaldi was a heroine in her day, and the event may well be chronicled with the deeds of daring which mark the career of her distinguished partner. In all the biographies of the Italian soldier and patriot she is alone mentioned by her Christian name of Amita. She was a brunette, with black, piercing eyes; of a beautiful figure and a queenly majesty in her deportment; active, daring, high-spirited and in every respect worthy of her husband. Her courage was remarkable. A short time after her marriage, she participated in an engagement at sea with her husband, refusing to go ashore, and during the fight insisted on remaining on deck, where she armed herself and cheered the men. In the heat of the battle she maintained a position near the gunners, flourishing a saber, and inspiring the men to deeds of valor, when she was, at last, hurled to the deck by the wind of a passing shot which killed two men near by. Garibaldi sprang to her, believing that he would find her a corpse, when she arose to her feet, covered with the blood of the men who had fallen at her side, but quite unhurt. Garibaldi begged her to go below and remain until the action was over. "I