The Men on the Tavern Steps.

After supper, and about half an hour before sundown, certain villagers begin to gather on the tavern steps. The wagon-maker, the blacksmith, the sign painter, the horse-doctor, and others can generally be found in the crowd, chairs tilted back and pipes or cigars alight, but the convention does not proceed to business until a certain arrival. This "certain arrival" is a fat, stout man with a fatherly countenance and his clothes average a little better than the others. Every evening in summer he is to be found on the steps, and every evening in winter he has a chair by the big stove inside. He is the man who has traveled. He was the first Justice of the Peace in the county. He gave the first dollar towards the first meeting house thereabouts.

"Why sir," explains the hostler in a careful whisper, "that 'ere man can draw out plans for buildin' barns jist as fast as he kin handle a lump of chalk and he isn't any more afraid of railroad presidents than I am of horses. If I knowed what he knows I wouldn't hang around this tavern for less'n $12 per month.

As soon as the fat man gets settled back in his chair there is a general hitching around so as to face him, and to be ready to agree with his statements. If he says it looks like rain every head nods an affirmative; if he predicts short crops every man on the steps is ready to back him.

"Why, sir," whispers the hostler again, "that 'ere man can quote more Bible than all the preachers I ever heard! We hain't got a man here that would dare tackle him nohow on Missouri one way and as far as Canada the other."

The fat man now gets warmed up to his work a little. Referring to the last Fourth of July oration he tenderly selects a dozen or fifteen bad mistakes made by the orator to prove that oratory is not a trade.

"Oh! if I could only spit out the oratory he can!" sighs the hostler as his eyes lost sight of the big man for a moment. "Why, sir, if I could stand under a shed and tell about 1776 the way he can, I wouldn't take a back seat for even the man who shoots off the fireworks."

The fat man here incidentally refers to the proposed Christopher Columbus monument in America, and rather carries the idea that the town would be expected to subscribe liberally.

"Ah! that's another of his curious traits," whispered the hostler, as he feels for his empty wallet. "That 'ere man wouldn't 'low one of us to subscribe one single dollar for that 'ere mouument. No, sir. He means to pay for the hull darned thing out of his pocket! That's the kind of a fence-picket he is, sir, and why in thunder this 'ere country don't git right down on her marrow bones and beg of him to run her for a couple of terms is more'n I can see through. I don't say nuthin' fur myself, 'cause I expect allers to be a hostler, but I tell ye its awful tuff to see a man like this, where even the man who has a mortgage on the church don't know why it is that a hand-organ knocks all the planers in town for music that melts the soul!"

Physical Prime.

The fact that "Blower" Brown, who won the great six days' match in England by a score of 543 miles, and that Weston, who won it back from him by a score af 550 miles, were both forty years of age seem to show that for some efforts men reach their physical prime later than has been supposed. For athletes of some kinds a man is at his best under thirty, as in wrestling, swift short distance running, boxing, etc. But in long distance matches, which are trials rathar of endurence than of strength and dexterity, the men of over forty have left the young men far behind, and utterly broken down, while they come out fresh at the finish. Something analogous to this is found in trotting horses. Horses that run reach their prime at four or five years; the trotters often do their best work at the age of twelve or fourteen years. The reason may perhaps be in this, youth is more supple and flexible and its movements, therefore, less regular and systematic than those of maturity. The walk of a young man has not the machine-like regularity and precision that characterize the pace of a walker of long practice. There is consequently some loss of power. The suppleness that is necessary to enable the athlete to run at top of speed, is in his way when machine-like precison of pace is the great disideratum. The same remark applies to the trotting horse. The trot is usually an acquired gait, the result of long practice and training. The steadiness of stride that does not "break up" is of the utmost importance. But still the recent result of the pedestrian matches in England which twice gave the victory to men over forty, when the men of twenty-five and thirty were utterly prostrated by fatigue, shows that with good care of ourselves we may keep our physical energies up to a later period of life than is ordinarily supposed. If a man is in his physical prime at forty, he ought not to be far down the hill at fifty.

A Cool Husband.

There was one sensible man in this world. He was a soldier, and was reported to have been killed, but was only a prisoner. He returned home to find that his wife had turned over a new leaf in the marriage service, and that a new man occupied his place in the chimney corner. Did he go to slaughtering his wife and her husband? Not much. He walked in and said:

"Well, old gal, how's things?"

"Purty good, Bill," said the doubly married woman, not taken back greatly.

"Which do you prefer, the old or the new life?"

"I don't like to hurt your feelings, but—"

"Oh, spit it out. Don't mind my feelings nor the other fellow's. I won't be angry if you do come down a little bit rough on my vanity. Count on my being amiable. I won't cut up a bit rusty if you should go back on me."

"I am glad you are so thoughtful, Bill, and I acknowledge that I do like my present husband best, I know of no one else I would sooner join tortures with than you."

"That's the way to talk. I'll now bid you good bye, hoping that no accident will happen to the other fellow, and that he will live long to enjoy your delightful society. Good day."

And the careless husband traveled on with his knapsack on his back, whistling in cheery tones, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"My Darling's Blind."

A lady entered a car on the Oakwood road one day the past week leading a little girl, perhaps four years old. The mother sat down and lifted the little one to the seat beside her. The child was nibbling at a bit of cake of sugar, now and then turning her face, full of childish love up to her mother, and murmuring some almost unintelligible words of affection.

Opposite to mother and child sat an other younger lady, who often smelled a fresh rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention, and the natural kindness of the sympathetic woman heart prompted her to at once offer the fragrant flower to the little budding lilly opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke:

"Baby want the posey?"

But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving car that prevented. Then she spoke a little louder and held the flower forward temptingly:

"Baby may have the posey."

The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady and smiled—and O, such a look of heartfelt gratitude of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive tinge of sorrow as is seldom seen. And still the lady of the rose pressed upon the little one acceptance of the flower.

"Baby, take the rose," holding it almost to the child's hands. And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon her would-be patron, and then in a moment she strangely drew back and turned her eyes appealingly toward her mother's face. The lady with the flower showed her bewilderment in her look, while a pained expression flitted across the face of the mother, who leaned forward and whispered just a word:

"My darling is blind!"

Then the whole sunless, darkened life of the fair little being—fair as the flower which had been offered to her—came up before the mind. All beauty shut out from her forever! For her no foliage-strewn, flower studded scene to follow the bleakness of winter. No looking with awe into the mysterious depths of the night sky, sparkling with glittering, twinkling star gems, for over those blue eyes the Creator, in the mystery of his designs, had hung the impenetrable vail. No expectant gaze toward the mother's face for the gentlest smile that ever soothes a childish trouble; only the blind passage of the little hand over and over those features, for one moment's sight of which that growing little one will often and often offer years of existance. For her the birds will sing, but the loveliness of form and feather are not. For her, while the babbling stream may make mysterious music, its dimpled waves and winding reaches and verdant banks do not exist.

How bitterly vivid all this, as the lady opened the little hand and shut within it the thornless stem of the rose now bearing a tear on its petals!

And there were other swimming eyes in the car.

Australian Vengeance.

One evening on return of the miners to camp there was a terrible outcry from one of the tents. Scores of miners rushed in a body to the place whence the cry issued, and found a miner bending over his mate, who had been sick and not gone out that day. This sick man was dead with a dagger in his heart, and the box on which he lay for a bed showed evidence of having been broken open and rifled of its contents. The body was still warm, showing that the deed had but recently been perpetrated. The miners immediately scattered in pursuit of the murderer or murderers. An hour later a man was brought in—one of the most villainous-looking characters I ever beheld. His pockets were filled with gold, which was identified by the surviving mate as the property of himself and his dead comrade.

There was no mistake about the matter. The bags in which the dust was contained were marked with the joint names of the mates, and the identity of the nuggets the surviving mate swore to. This was sufficient to establish the guilt of the accused. Some were for hanging him on the spot, but the law-abiding portion of the community, being in the majority, insisted upon his having a fair trial. He was remanded for the night and a guard placed over him.

Next morning he was missing. How he had eluded the guards they knew not, but that he had escaped there could be no doubt. What was worse, he had carried off the gold with him, which had been placed in safe-keeping in the prison with him, to be used as testimony against him.

It was deemed idle to pursue him, but a description of the murderer was drawn up and circulated and a reward offered for his capture, dead or alive. A week passed away without any tidings being heard of the fugitive. At the end of that time a native came into camp, and leaving a letter for the presiding magistrate, disappeared as suddenly as he came. The letter was curt, but it was to the point:

"MR. MAGISTRATE: Jen. Bell (the murdered man) was once a matey of mine. He was a good man. You will find Bill Grimes, his murderer, at the head of Dead Horse gully; I have kept the gold for the reward.

"KANGAROO BILL.
"Captain of the Bushrangers."

A party of miners immediately proceeded to the locality described, expecting to find the murderer fastened to a tree or rock. What was their horror on approaching the place to find nothing but a fleshless skeleton, every bone picked clean until it glistened like ivory in the sun. The bush rangers had robbed the murderer, and driving stakes into the ground they had fastened him, back down, to an ant hill. The ants of Victoria are as voracious as death. The murderer had been eaten alive.

A Dog's Ruse.

The other day, I witnessed an amusing instance of canine sagacity worthy of commemoration in print. I was staying with friends who have a varied collection of dogs—a Blenheim spaniel and her five puppies, a fox terrier and two fine deer-hounds. This happy family are allowed to spend part of the day in the drawing room, providing they conform to certain rules as to boundary lines and an amicable agreement among themselves. The hearthrug is the favorite "coin of vantage" with them all. Zuna, the deer-hound, sauntered in one morning and found every approach to the fire blocked by the slumbering forms of her companions. She tried gently to scratch a passage for herself but was repelled by growls. So, apparently suffering extreme lowness of spirits, she retired to a distant corner of the room, but not to sleep. For ten minutes she crouched there, pondering silently, then, suddenly bounding up flew to the window and barked as if an invading army was in sight. Of course, every one, human and canine followed in mad haste. The hearthrug was left unoccupied, and Zuna quietly trotted round, stretched her huge form before the fire, and in an instant was snoring heavily, leaving us all staring out into vacancy, emphatically "sold!"

AGRICULTURE.

MARKETING CATTLE.—Whatever time a lot of cattle may take to go to market, they should never be overdriven. There is great difference of management in this respect among drovers. Some like to proceed upon the road quietly, slowly, but surely, and to reach the market in a placid, cool state. Others, again, drive smartly along for some distance, and then rest to cool awhile, when the beasts will probably get chilled and have a staring coat when they reach their destination; while others like to enter the market with their beasts in an excited state, imagining that they then look gay; but distended nostrils, loose bowels, and reeking bodies are no recommendations to a purchaser. Good judges are shy of purchasing cattle in a heated state, because they do not know how long they may have been in it, and to cover any risk, will give at least five dollars a head below what they would have offered for them in a cool state. Some drovers have a habit of beating the lot with a stick while on the road. This is a censurable practice, as the flesh, where it is thumped, will bear a red mark after the animal has been slaughtered—the mark receiving the appropriate name of blood-burn, and the flesh thus affected will not take on salt, and is apt to putrefy. A touch upon the shank, or any tendonous part, when correction is necessary, is all that is required; but the voice, in most cases will answer as well. The flesh of overdriven cattle, when slaughtered, never becomes properly firm, and their tallow has a soft, melted appearance.

A few large oxen in one lot look best in a market on a position rather above the eye of the spectator. When a large lot is nearly alike in size and appearance, they look best and most level on a flat piece of ground. Very large fat oxen never look better than on the same level with the spectator. An ox, to look well should hold his head on a line with the body, with lively ears, clear eye, dewy nose, a well-licked hide, and should stand firmly on the ground on all his feet. These are all symptoms of high health and good condition. Whenever an ox shifts his standing from one foot to another, he is foot-sore, and has been driven far. Whenever his head hangs down and his eyes water he feels ill at ease inwardly. When his coat stares, he has been overheated some time, and has got a suosequent chill. All these latter symptoms will be much aggrevated in cattle that have been fed in a barn.

FEEDING DAIRY COWS.—A good butter cow ought not to eat less than from six to eight quarts of meal per day, but not clear corn meal. Bran is not worth much to make butter, but when mixed with corn meal gives health and thrift. The meal, fed alone, passes directly into the "third stomach" without remastication. The water the cow drinks may increase the quantity of milk, but it will not produce butter. Meal fed with hay, cut fine and wet down together, gives good returns. Do your cows drink ice water in the winter, and with rainbow backs stand shivering in the cruel blast of a fierce northeaster? They will burn the dollar that might convert failure into success, to keep themselves warm. Do you feed without racks in a muddy barnyard? Then the dollar that might make you successful, is daily trampled into the mud. Do you feed your cows nothing but hay and straw in winter, and keep them on a short pasture in summer? Then you neglect to put a dollar into the expense scale.

HOW TO TELL HORSES' AGE.—On the lower jaw, a colt sheds the two middle teeth within six months after the second year, and within six months after reaching the age of three years sheds one tooth on each side of these two new middle teeth, and at four years will have a full set of new teeth on front lower jaw. At five years there will be shells on the corner teeth; at six the two middle teeth will be smooth, and at eight years all the lower jaw teeth will be smooth. On the upper jaw, at nine years of age, the two middle teeth will be smooth; at ten, one tooth on either side of them will be smooth; at eleven, *all* smooth, above and below. At twelve, the corner teeth project; at thirteen, one tooth next them, and at fourteen all project, above and below. Beyond that all is guesswork.

FEED THE HENS.—Hens are early risers and do not like standing around on one foot waiting for their breakfast. The morning meal with them is the most important one of the day. The hens are cold and hungry, and for that reason give them some kind of warm cooked food. Fowls will eat almost anything, if it is served up right. Boiled potatoes, turnips, carrots, anything in the vegetable line, mixed with cornmeal, or bran and shorts seasoned with pepper and salt, and fed warm, will make any well regulated hen cackle with satisfaction. Feed a few handfuls of wheat screenings at noon, and at night give a liberal feed of whole grain of some kind.

SLACK one peck of lime, and while hot and at the thickness of cream add a pint of linseed oil and a quarter pound of dissolved glue. Let it stand a half day before using. This, for interior walls, is far superior to simple lime and water. It is also first-rate for out-door work, though expensive. For buildings, fences, etc., slake clean, white, fresh lime under water; then add a pound of sulphate of zinc and a pound of salt to every peck of lime.

A few rubbing-posts set up in the pasture will save injury to the fences. Cattle will use these conveniences very often, if provided for them, and it is worth all the trouble to witness the enjoyment of the animals in the use of them.

Relics of "Stuart Cortez."

Among the Mexican relics collected by a Russian geneleman are two pieces of light armor, a breastplate and a helmet, found on that memorable battle-field on the shores of Lake Tezeuco, where, on August 12, 1521, the power of the Aztecs under Guatemozin was finally crushed by Cortez. The breastplate is made in two layers, and chased with a good deal of care. On a central band are armorial bearings, above which are two medallion heads. The rest of the ornamentation consists of birds, swords, clubs, poniards and helmets. The helmet, also chased, has brass rosettes just above the rim, and is pierced by a spear hole. A couple of blunderbuss pistols, ornamented with brass, were found in the same place. They have the cross and the lion and lillies of Castile, inlaid in gold, on the barrels, near the flint locks. Another smaller pistol, dating from the early part of the last century, has been polished and cleaned up. On the handle it is stated in Spanish that it is for the use of Don Francisco de Yrabia. Two old poniards have also been furbished up for use by the natives. The finer of the two is of the style of Charles V. A large and curious pair of old Spanish scissors, over two centuries old, have been cleaned and sharpened for the use of some Mexican housewife. There is a flint-lock brass pistol of the last century from Zacatecas, a long knife with a silver shank, which has a modern handle, and a pair of Spanish stirrups found at Tac ubiaja

When the vitals are considered,
No time should be lost in resorting to a suitable remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most reliable and widely esteemed medicine of its class. It removes the causes of constipation, or of undue relaxation of the intestines, which are usually indigestion or a misdirection of the bile. When it acts as a cathartic, it does not gripe and violently evacuate, but produces gradual and natural effects, very unlike those of a drastic purgative; and its power of assisting digestion nullifies those irritating conditions of the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestinal canal which produce first diarrhœa, and eventually dysentery. The medicine is, moreover, an agreeable one, and eminently pure and wholesome. Appetite and tranquil nightly slumber are both promoted by it.

DOMESTIC.

BROTHS FOR THE SICK.—Pectoral Chicken Broth.—Cut up a young fowl into several pieces, put in a stew-pan with three pints of spring water, set on the stove to boil; skim well and add a little salt; take two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, wash it in several waters, and rdd it to the broth, together with an ounce of marsh mellow roots cut into shreds, for the purpose of better extracting its healing properties. The broth should then boil one hour, and be passed through a napkin into a basin, to be kept ready for use. Here is a recipe for another good broth: Take three pounds of the scrag-end of a fresh neck of mutton, cut it into several pieces, wash them in cold water and put them into a stew-pan with two quarts of cold spring water; place the stew-pan on the fire to boil; sk'm well, and then add a couple of turnips cut into slices, a few branches of parsley, a sprig of green thyme and a little salt. When it has boiled gently by the side of the stove for an hour and a half, skim off the fat from the surface, and then let it be strained through a lawn sleeve into a basin, and kept until needed.

DELICATE CAKE.—Two small cupfuls of white sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, the whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, and three and a half cups of sifted flour. Stir the sugar and butter together, add the milk, dissolve the soda in a little boiling water, beat the whites very stilfly and stir them in with a little of the flour, after mixing the cream tartar with it. Bake in thin cakes, and ice. If desired it can be flavored with grated lemon peel and the juice of a lemon added instead of the cream tartar, or with vanilla or ground mace.

DELICIOUS MILK PUNCH.—Take the thin parings of five or six oranges and lemons, and let them soak in a pint of brandy for three days; add the juice of as many oranges and lemons; then three pints of rum, three pints more of brandy, and six pints of water; grate one nutmeg into two quarts of milk, make it boiling hot, and then pour it into the liquor; keep stirring constantly; add two pounds of loaf sugar; let it stand twelve hours; strain it through a flannel bag two or three times, and pour it in glasses filled with ice.

CHAMOMILE.—A decoction of the leaves of common chamomile will destroy every species of insect, and nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of chamomile plants dispersed through it. No greenhouse or hot house should ever be without it, in a green or dried state; either the stalks or flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that is a plant is drooping and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you plant chamomile near it.

A NICE stool can be made by taking a soap-box, or any small-sized box, from a grocery store; fix a lid by nailing pieces of leather on for hinges; fasten a piece in front to lift it up; then cover it with pieces of carpet tacked on with brass-headed nails; cut some pieces of old quilts to pad the top, then cover with carpet and trim around the lid with any old cast-off fringe. This also makes a convenient piece of furniture, useful for keeping shoes in, out of sight.

ORANGE CAKE.—Mix two cups of sugar with the yolks of two eggs, then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, next add a tablespoonful of butter, then one cup of milk, and flour to make as stiff as cup cake; flavor to taste; bake in jelly pans. Filling: one lemon, two oranges; grate the rinds and add the juice; one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one cup of water; boil all until smooth; cool before putting between the cakes.

BE WISE AND HAPPY.—If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.

SAVORY EGGS.—Six or eight eggs boiled hard, and then cut in two; remove the yolks and grind them in a mortar quite smooth, with about a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce (more, if necessary), a little Cayenne, and a tablespoonful of cream, to make into a paste; pile the mixture roughly in the twelve half whites, which must have a piece the size of a sixpence cut off at the bottom to make them stand in the dish; garnish with parsley.

HAM TOAST.—This makes a delicious relish for breakfast or tea. Chop some ham very fine, then add a little mace, two or three teaspoonfuls of cream; mix all together with a very small proportion of flour, boil it for five minutes, have ready some buttered toast, cut in pieces, on which spread the ham very thickly scatter over it some bread crumbs, brown it before the fire, and serve hot.

PIGEON PIE.—Line the dish with steak, strew over it chopped parsley, and a very small quantity of onion or shallot; stuff the pigeons with parsley, the juice of a lemon, a small bit of the peel, butter, and a little flour; lay them on the steak, and cover them with a thin steak, small pieces of ham, chopped herbs and a couple of hard-boiled eggs in slices.

CHINA CHILO.—Mince a pint basin full of undressed mutton, with a little fat. Cut up very fine two small onions and some lettuce, a pint of green peas, a teaspoonful of salt, some pepper, (to taste), four tablespoonfuls of water, two ounces of butter; put all into a stew-pan, closely covered, and simmer for two hours.

WARM SLAW.—Slice a head of cabbage fine, put it in a stewpan, with a little water and scald well; sprinkle salt, pepper, and sugar over it; then take two-thirds of a teacupful of vinegar, one-third of a teacupful of water, one egg, one-half teasdoonful of flour, well mixed together; pour it over the cabbage, and let it come to a boil, when it is ready for the table.

IF YOU have been drinking too much, which however you should never do, a dose of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills will place you in good condition again.

AT night, in extremely warm weather, a lemon squeezed in tepid water, to sponge off the tired-out little body, will give rest to both the mother and child. Saleratus is good, but the lemon is best. Even washing off the little feet, neck and palms of the hands in tepid, never very cold, water will produce a healthful sleep.

BROWNING FOR SOUP.—Take one pound of the coarsest brown sugar and a pint of cold water. Put the sugar in a saucepan, and stir it well until it browns; then add by degrees the cold water and stir until it boils. It should not be bottled before it cools. It will keep for a year.

ASIATIC CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and all Affections of the Bowels, incident to either children or adults, are cured at once by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It allays the irritation and calms the action of the stomach, and being pleasant to the taste, is an acceptable remedy to the youngest of the family.

HUMOROUS.

HE CAME FROM "AWANGE."—"Judge, I don't t'ink I war more'n an hour in dis city when de ossiter cotched me and fotched me tu de calaboose.

Thomas James Brown seemed very indignant when he addressed Justice Morgan in the Police Court.

"You were drunk last night, and lying down," said His Honor.

"Dat's so; but mogghn't he jes as well toted me down to de ferry and shipped me fo' Jarsey?"

"Do you belong in Jersey?"

"Yes, sah. I came from Awange las' night an' seed some friends, took a drink or two and, tinkin' I war behind de barn at Awange, laid down."

"You found out your mistake this morning?"

"Yes; oh, yes. I'se foun' dat out now."

"What will you do if I let you go?"

"I'se got to get outen dis place quicker'n lightnin' an' get back tu Awange, 'cause de boss don't know I'se gone an' dar's a heap o' work tu be done dar today."

"Well, 'git' for Orange, and don't come back again."

"Er I does I's gwine to keep stan'in' up ef I have tu die fo' it," and shouting a farewell to His Honor he dashed out.

THEY WERE THERE.—There were just nine adults and a little girl on a street car recently, when a man rose up and said:

"I was intending to go off on my summer vacation to-day, but the tailor disappointed me on my clothes. All you gentlemen who were served the same trick will please stand up."

Every one of the other four men got up and gritted their teeth and sat down again.

"Now, then," continued the man, "all you ladies who intended to go today and have been basely deceived by your dressmakers will please raise your right hands."

Every lady raised her right hand on high and clasped her fingers as if she was pulling her dressmaker's hair. No one was left out but the little girl, and as the speaker declared the question unanimously adopted she rose up, made a curtsey and said:

"Please, sir, I was to go to my aunt's in the country, this morning, but pa couldn't borrow the money to pay my fare."

WENT UP ON THE CELLAR DOOR.—A farmer went to town to make a few purchases. It happened that he called at an establishment where an elevator is in use. In order to furnish the articles desired, it was necessary to go into an upper story and the salesman said to his customer: "Just get on; and we will go up." The startled granger looked around and said: "On where?" He was given the desired information, and they started up. The upward flight was evidently something new to the farmer, who attested his appreciation of it by remarking: "This beats all nation, don't it?" The salesman said he rather thought it did. In the meantime a son of the farmer became impatient, and came into the store-room below looking for him. The farmer, seeing his son, stepped to the hatchway and said: "You can't come up here son; I came up on the cellar door, and it's up here yet."

NO GOOD PREACHING.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit, well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.

"THEODORE," observed a solicitous young mother to her husband, "I think I will not let little Georgie attend Sunday school any more. I find the poor boy is quite feverish to-night, and his feet are all blistered." Upon hearing which Georgie inwardly groans, for next Sunday they were to meet for the last time to settle the number of quarter-miles walked, and he knows now that a chance for any share in the twenty-five cents gate-money is gone forever.

A YOUNG lady writes to an exchange. "For my part, I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theatres." Oh, certainly. When a young lady hasn't a beau, nor a new bonnet, nor a new walking costume, she generally prefers to pass the evening at home with a book—which she is too mad to read.

A BURLESQUE writer is credited with the following archæological information given to a learned antiquarian of of the British Museum: "There is a belief, sir, that free orders to the theatre are a modern custom, but I think it must be admitted that it was an ancient one, when we remember that Joseph was put into the pit for nothing by his brethren.

ANY one desiring a recipe how to make soap for a cent a pound, will receive it gratis, by addressing I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, the manufacturers of the justly celebrated Dobbins' Electric Soap.

BOYHOOD is candid, and middle age, though it may think the same things, is reticent. "What part of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore' do you like best?" He was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied: "'Few and short were the prayers we said.'"

MISS MADEUP OLDGAL—"Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many happy hours spent beneath its sheltering shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when——" Young Foodle—"When you planted it?"

LARGE sales indicate the merits of all good articles. Druggists sell more of Dr. Bull's Syrup than of all other remedies for the cure of Baby Disorders.

"GEORGE has had a great many pullbacks in life," said the young wife to her lady friend. And when the friend said "Yes, I saw him with one yesterday," the young wife didn't know what she meant by it.

A RIOT prevailed at Cork, Ireland, recently. They "bate" each other to abate their wrath.

A MAN who has married a rich widow calls her "economy," because she is a source of wealth.

A WARRANT for a man's arrest is like an old coat, because it's sworn-out.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, for there is less of it.

The Forgetfulness of People.

The Oxford Professor who, to avoid the wind when taking snuff, turned around, but forgot to turn back, and walked six miles into the country, was no more forgetful than those who still use the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, forgetting that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, are a positive and reliable cathartic, readily correcting all irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

Can Piles be Cured

is the most important question to-day with suffering millions who, when looking at the long list of useless pile nostrums feel as the afflicted Bible Patriarch, like exclaiming: "I have heard many such things, miserable comforters are ye all, how long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words?" It is not recorded that Job had piles, but he could not have had anything more painful, and the same question might have been asked them as since for three thousand years: *can piles be cured?* We believe that Dr. Sisbee has solved the problem, for nothing is more certain than that his "Anakesis," does *absolutely* and *promptly cure* the worst cases of piles. When half a million of afflicted assert positively that it *has cured them* and in 20 years *no one* has used the doctor's wonderful remedy without instant relief, and by following his simple instructions as to habit and diet were, benefitted and over 95 per cent cured, all argumente and theories of those who havn't used them, go for naught. Anakesis is now prescribed by physicians of all schools and has been pronounced as near infallible as is possible. It is easily applied, perfectly safe instantly relieves pain, and ultimately cures the most inveterate cases. It has grandly solved the problem that Piles *can* be cured. Samples of "Anakesis" are sent free to all sufferers, on application to P. Neustaedter & Co. sole manufacturers of Anakesis, Box 3946 New York. Also sold by druggists everywhere. Price $1 per box.

The Young Widow.

A census-taker, going the rounds stopped at an elegant brick dwelling house, the exact locality of which is no business of ours. He was received by a stiff, well-dressed lady, who could be well recognized as a widow of some years standing. On learning the mission of her visitor the lady invited him to take a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself into a working position he inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age, madam."

"My age, sir," replied the lady with a piercing look. "I conceive it is none of your business what my age might be. You're inquisitive, sir."

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward; it is my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well if the law compels you to ask I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume thut means thirty-five."

"No sir; it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam, (putting down the figures,) just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—ten.

"Minnerva was twelve last week."

"Minnerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen, sir; just eighteen."

"Angelina—favorite name—eighteen."

"My oldest and only married daughter, Anna Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five did you say?"

"Yes, sir. Is there anything remarkable in being of that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say that there is; but is it not remarkable that you should be her mother when you were only eight years of age?"

About that time the census-taker was seen running out of the house—why, we do not know—it was the last time he ever pressed a lady to give her exact age.

A Mysterious Hand.

A curiosity which puzzles scientists is now on exhibition in Gould's cabinet at Mill City, Nev. It is a perfectly formed hand, which apparently belonged to a boy about fourteen years of age. The hand is open, the fingers being slightly bent toward the palm, on which the thumb rests. The back of the hand seems to have been crushed or decomposed before petrified, the palm, thumb and fingers are perfect.

It was found at the sulphur beds near Rabbit Hole by one of the men employed in shoveling crude sulphur into the refining retort, and is supposed to have been imbedded in the sulphur bank for ages. The fingers are comparatively short, a fact which indicates that it did not belong to an Indian, as the red men's fingers are generally longer than those of the whites; but the thumb is rather longer than the average. To what race the owner of the hand belonged, and how and when it was imbedded in the sulphur wi probably ever remain unknown.

IF YOU are Dyspeptic *Hoofland's German Bitters* will cure you.

IF YOU Would Enjoy Good Health, Take *Hoofland's German Bitters.*

A writer in the London Journal asserts that the "fibre," or "silky lustre," exhibited in the fracture of good iron, is only the effect of the light reflected from the inner surfaces of myriads of minute cells exposed by the fracture, the form of which cells, in their normal state, is spherical, or nearly so, but becomes changed in the process of rolling. That the mechanical properties of tenacity, ductility, etc., must greatly depend on the perfection of this cell system, is argued from the fact that a crystalline, malleable iron does not show prisms in fracture, but simply a number of faces or planes crossing the cells at right angles, cutting them off short. The process of rolling iron into plates or sheets does not obliterate these cells, but merely modifies them, as they widen out under pressure; the thin partitions become laminated, and on the regularity of this lamination the quality of the plate very much depends. The cell system of copper is more perfect than that of iron, a result of pouring the copper into the moulds, but the cells are afterwad altered by the pressure in rolling, etc., but never destroyed.

IF YOUR Liver is Disordered *Hoofland's German Bitters* will set it right.

FOR PIMPLES on the Face, use *Hieskell's Tetter Ointment.* It never fails to remove them.

A New Explosive.—The new explosive for military use, recently introduced in Austria, appears to have remarkable properties. It consists of Nobel's explosive gelatine (formed by dissolving gun-cotton in nitro-glycerine), with camphor added in varying proportions (nominally 4 per cent). An interesting account of experiments made at the works of Zamky with this explosive is now appearing in the *Revue d'Artillerie.* From experiments on iron plates it appears that, weight for weight, it is 25 per cent. stronger than the best Kieselguhr dynamite. The freezing of the charge and the priming cartridge does not diminish the inflammability and shattering force. The explosive is not sensibly altered by being under current water forty-eight hours. Fired at, in the soft state, with a rifle at twenty-five metres distance, it resists the shock; but not if frozen and placed against iron (or against wood, if frozen and containing only 1 per cent camphor). Its superiority, for military purposes, to ordinary explosive gelatine and other explosives is very marked. This new explosive is known as blasting gelatine.

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