The Rosy Cross.

The mere mention of the word "Rosicrucian" is still sufficient with many to create a feeling of that awe, uncomfortableness and mystery which our ancestors invariably associated with dealings with the evil one. That mysterious body or order, the Rosicrucian Philosophers, first founded by Christian Rosencreutz, who died in 1484, laid claim to the possession of divers secrets, amongst others the posession of the philosopher's stone. They communicated with each other by means of hieroglyphics and were sworn, to fidelity and secrecy, announcing that the ancient Magi and Egyptian philosophers taught the doctrines they professed. In the second edition of his history of the "Rosecrucians, their Rites and Mysteries," Mr. Hargrave Jennings, so well known for his research in matters of antiquity and folk-lore, says, "It may most truly be asserted that no one can boast of having ever seen or known in any age any supposed or suspected 'member' of the Rosicrucian brotherhood in the flesh." The author claims for his work that it is the first impartially written explanatory history of the alchemical philosophers since the days of James I. and Charles I., but he is careful to guard his readers against identifying him personally with all the opinions, religious or otherwise, which are to be found in the book. He has as he admits, put forward some of the opinions of the Hermetic Brethren with the force and warmth seemingly of his own conviction. He desires to be regarded simply as the historian of the Rosicrucians, or as an essayist upon their belief. As furnishing an example of the style of the work, the old story related by Dr. Plot in the time of Charles II., and reproduced by Mr. Jennings, may be quoted with reference to a singular adventure in Staffordshire. A countryman employed at the close of a certain day in digging a trench came upon an immense stone in the centre of a field, and by great labor succeeded in removing it. By a singular combination of talent in this individual, the old historian tells the reader how a man succeeds, by utilizing local appliances in the shape of trees, in gaining access to the cavern. Without following him through all the dark and mysterious passages he had to traverse in his curiosity, no doubt unwittingly, after Rosicrucian research, we take up the narrative: "Still the light streamed at a distance, but still there was no sound to interpret the meaning of the light or to display the character of this mysterious place in which the countryman found himself entangled hopelessly like a knight of romance in an enchanted world. The discoverer by this time stood still with fear. But at last, summoning courage, and recommending himself devoutedly to God, he determined to complete his discovery. Above, he had been working in no strange place; the field he well knew, the woods were very familiar to him, and his own hamlet and his wife and family were only a few miles distant. He now hastily, more in fear than through courage, noisily with his feet descended the remainder of the stairs, and the light grew brighter and brighter as he approached, until at last, at another turn, he came upon a square chamber, built up of large hewn and ancient stones. He stopped, silent and awestruck. Here was a flagged pavement and somewhat lofty roof, gathering up into a centre in the groins of which was a rose, carved exquisitely in some dark stone or in marble. But what was this poor man's fright when, making another sudden turn, from between the jambs and from under the large archivolt of a Gothic stone portal, light streamed out over him with inexpressible brilliancy, shining over everything, and lighting up the place with brilliant radiance, like an intense golden sunset? He started back. Then his limbs shook and bent under him as he gazed with terror at the figure of a man, whose face was hidden, as he sat in a sullous attitude in a stone chair, reading in a great book, with his elbow resting on a table like a rectangular altar, in the light of a large, ancient iron lamp, suspended by a thick chain to the middle of the roof. A cry of alarm, which he could not suppress, escaped from the scared discoverer, who involuntarily advanced one pace, beside himself with terror. He was now within the illuminated chamber. As his foot fell upon the stone, the figure started bolt upright from his seated position, as if in awful astonishment. He erected his hooded head, and showed himself in anger about to question the intruder. Doubtful if what he saw was reality, or whether he was not in some terrific dream, the countryman advanced, without being aware of what he was doing, another audacious step. The hooded man now thrust out a long arm, as if in warning; and in a moment the discoverer perceived that his hand was armed with an iron baton, and that he pointed it as if tremendously to forbid further approach. Now, however, the poor man, not being in a condition either to reason or to restrain himself, with a cry, and in a passion of fear, took a third fatal step; and as his foot descended on the groaning stone, which seemed to give way for a moment under him, the dreadful man, or image, raised his arm high like a machine, and with his truncheon struck a prodigious blow upon the lamp, shattering it into a thousand pieces, and leaving the place in utter darkness. This was the end of this terrifying adventure. There was a total silence now, far and near. Only a long, low roll of thunder, or a noise similar to thunder, seemed to begin from a distance and then to move with snatches, as if making turns; and it then rumbled sullenly to sleep, as if through unknown, inaccessible passages. What these were—if any passages—nobody ever found out. It was only suspected that this hidden place referred in some way to the Rosicrucians, and that the mysterious people of that famous order had there concealed some of their scientifics secrets. The place in Staffordshire became afterward famed as the sepulchre of one of the brotherhood, whom, for want of a more distinct recognition or name, the people choose to call 'Rosicrucius,' in general reference to his order; and from the circumstance of the lamp, and its sudden extinguishment by the figure that started up, it was supposed that some Rosicrucian had determined to inform posterity that he had penetrated to the secret of the making of the ever burning lamps of the ancients,—though, at the moment that he displayed his knowledge, he took effectual means that no one should reap any advantage from it."

Wanted to Sell His Gimlet.

"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a careworn looking man, as he walked into an office the other day.

"We have no use for one," replied the cashier.

"But you should always look into the misty future," went on the fiend demurely, "next winter you will want to make holes in your boot heels, so you can get your skates on."

"I use club skates—no straps required."

"You may want to screw some boards together some time. The old-fashioned method of driving the screws in with a hammer is pernicious, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the fangs of the screw, as it were."

"Nothing to-day, sir."

"This gimlet also acts as a cork-screw."

"I don't want it."

"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest, and a lunch-box attachment."

"I can't help it; I don't want it."

"I know you don't, you're one of those mean men that won't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant and a trip thro' Europe and an Italian Opera Company attached. You're the kind of a man who would live near an electric light to save a gas bill."

And the peddler walked out with his metal plumage on the perpendicular.

SCIENTIFIC.

A Hint to Sufferers from Neuralgia.—Several evenings since I was attacked with a severe dental neuralgia. After resorting to friction, cold and hot applications, &c., without obtaining any relief, I lay upon my bed trusting that sleep might come and give me respite. Still the excruciating pain continued, and while I was suffering the "tortures of the doubly damned," undecided whether to arouse some tired druggist for a bottle of chloroform or chop my head off (with a decided preference, however, for the chloroform), I suddenly bethought me of what I had read of an anæsthetic which we always carry with us. Thereupon I began to inflate my lungs to their utmost capacity, and then forcibly blew out all the air I could. Immediately the pain began to lessen, and after a few repetitions of the process it had entirely ceased, being displaced by a delightful tickling sensation in the gums, and furthermore I know not, for in less time than it takes to tell it I was sound asleep, awakening next morning delightfully refreshed and without a symptom of my ailment left. Hence, you see, I was not simply temporarily relieved, but entirely well again. I wish other sufferers would try this and report results.

New Process of Nickel-Plating.—Prof. Siatba has devised and made public a process of nickel-plating in the wet way, without the use of the battery, which is said to give good results, and which is now patented. The process is described as follows: To a dilute solution of chloride of zinc (5 to 10 per cent) enough nickel sulphate is to be added to impart a decidedly green color to it, and the solution is then to be heated to boiling in a porcelain vessel. The clouding of the liquid from the separation of a basic zinc salt need not be heeded, as it will not interfere with the effectiveness of the bath. The articles to be nickel-coated—first carefully cleaned of oxide or grease—are to be suspended in the solution from thirty to sixty minutes, the bath being kept at a boiling temperature. When the articles are observed to be uniformly coated, they may be removed, washed in water in which a little chalk is suspended dried and finally polished with chalk or other suitable material. By the substitution of a cobalt salt in the place of the nickel, objects may be similarly coated with cobalt.

Utilizing Cinder.—For years the cinder from puddling and heating furnaces was regarded as valueless, and its its disposition was in many cases a very heavy item of expense. Around every old rolling mill are huge piles of this material, amounting in some cases to thousands of tons that have been regarded as worthless, and in many instances extension of works have been made upon foundations of this cinder. Within a few years, however, it has become very valuable, especially in the West, as a mixture in the blast furnaces with the rich Lake Superior ores. It nearly always contains over 50 per cent. of metallic iron, and is a better material than a great deal of the ore that is used in many blast furnaces. The old cinder banks are being quarried, and have become a mine of wealth. The cinder from the old Woods mill, just below Pittsburgh, was used to fill up Casson street, that runs through the property. It is proposed to ask the city to vacate 500 feet of this street for six months to allow the Woods estate to remove the cinder. Thousands of tons are in the street that would be worth about $1.50 per ton.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, Dr. Francis Dercum gave some interesting information regarding the system of canals in the outer skin of fishes. These canals are filled with a clear gelatinous substance, and they were once thought to be for the purpose of secreting mucus; but Leybig and others found that they were neither excretory nor secretory, and that their function appeared to be that of enabling the fish to perceive mass motions of the water, more particularly those vibrations which could not be detected by the ear. The so-called nerve-buttons of the canals are provided with a nerve fibre and an artery. Dr. Dercum has endeavored to trace a relation between this sensory system of canals in fishes and semi-circular canals in the ears of the higher animals.

Cast Nickel and Cobalt.—Herr Fleitmann has succeeded in obtaining cast nickel in malleable and ductile form. His process consists in adding to the fused metal, through a hole in the lid of the crucibles, ⅛ per cent of metallic magnesium, which possesses a remarkable power of destroying carbonic oxide. Cobalt, prepared in the same manner, possesses such hardness that Herr Fleitmann thinks it could be used for cutting instruments, while in hot state it is both malleable and ductile. Cobalt besides when so prepared, has none of the reddish color attributed to it in the text-books, but excels nickel in whiteness and brilliancy. These two metals have been welded to iron and steel at a white heat, and strips rolled out to the finest number without causing any separation of the metals.

Petroleum For Fuel.

Apart from the local use of petroleum for lighting purposes, and its exportation for a similar use, comes its application to steam navigation. With the old fashioned boilers in use, with a central opening, running longitudinally, no modification is necessary for the application of the new fuel. A reservoir containing some hundred pounds weight of the refuse, (astalki) is furnished with a small tube, bearing an other at its extremity a few inches long and at right angles with the conduit. From this latter it trickles slowly. Close by is the mouth of another tube, connected with the boiler. A pan containing tow or weed, saturated with astalki is first introduced to heat the water, and once the slightest steam pressure is produced a jet of vapor is thrown upon the dropping bituminous fluid, which is thus converted into spray. A light is applied, and then a roaring deluge of fire inundates the central opening of the boiler. It is a kind of self-acting blow-pipe. This volume of fire can be controlled by one man by means of the two stop-cocks as easy as the flame in an ordinary gas jet. This I have repeatedly witnessed on board the Caspian steamers. As regards the expense, I give the following data on the authority of a merchant captain who has used maptha fuel for years. His steamer is of 450 tons, and of 120 horse power. He burns thirty poods per hour of astalki to obtain a speed of thirteen nautical miles in the same time. One pood is about thirty-three pounds, and costs on an average from five to six pence. Thus a twenty hours' voyage at full speed for such a vessel costs about twelve pounds. The fuel is as safe and occupies much less space than the amount of coal necessary to produce a similar effect, not to speak of the enormous difference in price and the saving of manual labor. Two engineers and two stokers suffice for a steamer of a thousand tons burden With the immense supply of natural petroleum, as yet only slightly developed, and its application to the already guaranteed railway from Tiflis to Baku, and to the inevitable future ones beyond the Caspian over the plains of the far East, I think this subject is worthy of every attention.

AGRICULTURE.

Sheep Husbandry.—Colonel Tom. Crutchfield, of Chattanooga, Tenn., in an article written for a work on sheep husbandry, now being prepared by the Commissioner of Agriculture of Tennessee, makes the following suggestions about the cares he devotes to his flock: "Annually, at shearing time, I cull my flock, and take out all ewes and lambs that are less perfect in form and fleece, or in any respect inferior, and place them with the sheep, keeping to breed from none but the best. I give my flock good attention. They have access to an open shed, and salt all the time. I change their grazing ground often, and endeavor to keep them in uniform condition, as that makes uniform wool. Any sudden change from a fat to a poor condition, and vice versa, strengthens or diminishes the fibre of the wool, which detracts greatly from the fibre of the wool, frequently rendering the long wool valueless as combing wool. If the sheep becomes poor when the fleece is about half grown, and then fatted, the wool inevitably tells it, as at that point where the poverty of the sheep is shown, so will it be shown in the wool, being much weaker than the other portions of the fibre grown while the sheep was in good condition; this same cause, as also any other cause from which they may have had fever, will cause them to shed their wool. I have heard it said that the feeding of corn to sheep makes them shed their wool. No doubt it is true—as the corn brought them rapidly from poverty to flesh—the sudden change causing the shedding of wool, which rightfully is attributed to the corn.

Oxen Breaking Down Fences.—I will give you my plan for breaking oxen from breaking down fences. I own a pair of oxen, which, for three years, have been troublesome in going over or pushing down any fence they pleased. Last spring I took a piece of plank sixteen inches broad, twenty inches long and one and a half inches thick. Then I took a cotton tie, and ran one end through a ring. I nailed it as a band down one end under the bottom and up the other end, and then put on another ring and nailed the end of the hoop iron to the plank These rings were for a band to go over the neck, so as to let the plank swing underneath. Next to the throat I hollowed it out so as to fit up well. Then I drove on the lower part forty or fifty eight-penny nails, and let the point turn toward the ox. I put one of these Free-mason aprons on each of them and turned them loose. It was fun to see them try the fence and back out. I let them wear it every night for a month, and now, though they have not had it on since spring, they never try any fence. I think they are under the impression that the fence is filled with nails, and they are afraid of it. As the plank may be heavy, the buckle should not be on the top of the neck, but placed on one side.

Remedy for Distemper.—I had a horse so badly afflicted with distemper that I thought I would certainly lose him. He was so badly swollen that he could scarcely breath. I resorted to the following which proved a success, and I consider it my duty to make it known to your many readers; Take strong apple vinegar, 2½ quarts; red pepper, six or eight pods; pulverize the pepper and boil it in vinegar. After boiling five minutes, thicken to the consistency of thin mush. Apply the poultice warm. After three or five hours the swelling will be reduced.

Turnips.—Harvesting turnips may be done quickly by topping them with a sharp hoe, plowing a furrow away from the roots, and then dragging a harrow across the rows, so far as to tear them out of the ground towards the furrow. A slight bruising will be little damage as compared with the cheapness of the method. They may be rapidly thrown into wagons with manure forks. Turnips may remain in the wagon until there is danger of their being frozen in. Light frosts do not injure them.

Cows and Celery.—A foreign journal states that cows have a great liking for celery, and that "in many districts" the leaves are fed to them either scalded or cut fine and mixed with bran-mash, and that they are preferred to red clover and bring "a far richer and sweeter milk than any other food."

The manure pile and compost heap should be regarded as the best bank stock of the farmer. It is his capital in hand, which if used judiciously, can scarcely fail to pay a good interest on the investment. Hence, the greater the amount of this capital the better, and whether great or small, it should be carefully saved and put to its best use.

Choked Cattle.—One of the best cures for choked cattle is "an ounce of prevention" in the shape of a root-cutter, through which all roots, apples, etc., shall be run before being fed to the animals. The price of such a machine is much less than the value of a single cow. Many farmers have lost several animals from choking during the years which a good root cutter would last.

As the nights grow colder the stock will require more care in feeding and carding. Don't allow the manure to collect in great patches under their hindquarters. It is a careless and thriftless practice that every good farmer is, or ought to be, ashamed of, because it is quite needless; and if you begin with proper care and bedding now, you can prevent it as well as not.

Through to Chicago.

Billy Mead, one of the popular conductors of the Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis road, had a pretty good joke played upon him the other day. On the day in question it seems there were four husky looking criminals on the train, who were being taken to Detroit, in barnacles, and thought to have a little fun by refusing to pay their way.

"Tickets," says Billy.

"We haven't got any ticket," responded the sauciest one in the lot.

"No tickets," retorted the conductor as his brow darkened.

"No sir; no tickets nor money either," replied another.

"Where are you going?"

"To Chicago, and we propose to go on this train," chimed in the quartette.

"You do, eh?" said Billy, as he rose to the magnitude to the occasion. "I tell you, you will get off at the next station, every son of you."

"Very well, boss, just take this jewelry off from our feet and we'll get down and out now," and Mead had no more than taken in the situation when three or four of the passengers who sat near by and understood the joke, sent up a hearty laugh at his expense. Then he saw that he had been sold, but the bilks went through to Chicago.

The Influence of Climate.

The influence of climate upon a constitution subjected to a trying change in atmospheric conditions, in water, and in food, is often marked and disastrous. Disorders of the bowels and of the liver, frequently terminating fatally, are prone to attack the tourist by land or voyager by sea in unaccustomed latitudes—more particularly those near the equator. The best medicinal protection against irregularities of the bowels, stomach and liver, not only from the above, but whatever cause arising, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine in wide and increasing demand in sultry portions of this hemisphere, and also in the tropics. Travelers, emigrants, dwellers, and temporary sojourners in malarious districts use it very extensively as a safeguard.

DOMESTIC.

Store-room and Stores.—A clean, tidy, well-arranged store-room is one sign of a good methodical housekeeper. When stores are put away at hap-hazards and taken out at any time and at any quantity, disorder and extravagance prevail. A store-room ought to be large, airy, cool and dry. Such a room is not always to be had, but even if a closet has to be put up with, it may be kept clean. Shelves should be ranged around the walls, hooks fastened to the edges of the shelves. The driest and coolest parts of the room should be kept for jams, jellies and pickles. All the jars should be distinctly labeled at the front, so that they will not all have to be taken down every time a particular jar in wanted. Biscuits or cakes should be kept in closely-covered tin boxes; lemons should be hung in nets. Soap should be bought in large quantities, and cut up in convenient-sized pieces, so that it may be dry before it is used. Coffee, when roasted, should be kept in small quantities; if unroasted, it will improve with keeping. Stores on no account should be left in the papers in which they were sent from the grocer's but should be put into tin cannisters or earthen jars closely covered, and each jar, like the jam, should be labeled. Stores should be given out regularly, either daily or weekly. In order to check their consumption the housekeeper will do well to keep a memorandum book, with a pencil fastened to it, and in this book she should enter the date on which all stores were brought in or taken out. By means of these memoranda she can compare one week's outgo with another, and immediately discover any extravagance. A hammer, a few nails, a little gum, a ball of string, a few sheets of foolscap, and a pair of scissors should always be kept in the store-room.

The "woman's friend" is what Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills may well be termed, for every woman that has once used them will not be without them.

Rats.—What is called "the Dutch way with rats" is this: A number of rats are left to themselves in a very large trap or cage, with no food whatever. Their craving hunger will cause them to fight, and the weakest will be eaten by the strongest. After a short time the fight is renewed, and the next weakest is the victim, and so it goes on until one strong rat is left. When this one has eaten the last remains of the others it is let loose. The animal has now acquired such a taste for rat flesh that he is a terror to all ratdom, going about seeking what rat he may devour. In an incredibly short time the premises are abandoned by all other rats, who will not come back before the cannibal rat has left or died.

Lillie's Pancakes.—One and a half cups of sour milk, one egg, a spoonful of cream, a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little water; flour to make a stiff batter. Drop into hot lard from the spoon. These will be very light, and are nice to eat with or without maple syrup.

Mouldy Cellars.—Close the doors and windows during the day, and either leave them open all night, or, if this is unsafe, open them very early in the morning and close them before the sun is fairly up. This will keep any good cellar cool and dry. It may also be aired for awhile after sundown, if the early morning hours are not sufficient.

To Prepare Cocoanut for Cake.—One cocoanut grated, one-half cup of sugar, two eggs, and the rind and juice of one lemon. Put the ingredients together and cook till the eggs thicken, stirring all the time. Spread this between any delicate cake that has been baked in jelly cake pans. Save one-fourth of the cocoanut for the top.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Get them as large and as firm as possible; cut a round place in the top of each, and scrape out all the soft parts; mix with state bread crumbs, corn, onions, parsley, butter, pepper and salt: chop very fine, and fill the tomatoes carefully; bake in a moderately hot oven; put a little butter in the pan, and see that they do not burn or become dry.

The fact that Cragin & Co., Philad'a., Pa. (Dobbins' Electric Soap,) confidently base, their claims on the merits of the soap, and only ask a trial, speaks volumes. We know that the soap tells a good story. Try it

Croquettes.—Have some nice pieces of veal or fowl chopped fine, season with nutmeg, pepper and salt to your taste. Boil one-half pint of milk with one small garlic. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour and one tablespoonful of butter. Let it remain until thoroughly done; stir in the meat and then form the croquettes. Roll in bread-crumbs, and fry a nice brown.

To Dress Raw Tomatoes.—Peel and cut in thick slices six large ripe tomatoes which have been kept on ice. Put a layer into a salad bowl, sprinkle with salt, pepper and powdered sugar. Put in another layer, and so on, till all the tomatoes are disposed of. Pour over the top a tea-cup of weak vinegar. Cover the top with ice, and set in the refrigerator ten minutes before serving.

Ham balls.—Mince very fine cold, cooked ham (that which has been boiled is best, although fried ham will answer, if not salt), add an egg for each person; stir in a little flour, and make into balls. Dip into egg, and then into grated bread, and fry until of a nice brown.

Sweet Green Tomato Pickles.—Wash, remove any imperfections, weigh out eight pounds, chop fine, add four pounds of white or light brown sugar; boil slowly for three hours, then add a quart of vinegar and a dessertspoonful each of ground cinnamon and cloves. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes longer, and when cool, put into bottles or jars.

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.

Recipe for Curing Beef.—To one gallon of water take one and one-half pounds salt, one-half pound brown sugar, one-half ounce pearlash, one-half ounce salt peter, mix and heat to a boiling point, skim, cool and turn on the beef.

Do not work butter too much nor too fast. Work slowly, and until all the salt is thoroughly and evenly absorbed, otherwise the butter will not be of uniform color. Working it too fast will destroy the grain.

To keep seeds from the depredations of mice mix pieces of camphor gum in with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury. The mouse objects to the odor, and keeps at a distance.

Tomato Stew.—Scald and skin the desired number and place in a stew-pan without water; let them simmer for half an hour. Add pepper and salt, a good sized piece of butter, and a spoonful or two of white sugar. Grate a few bits of stale bread over all; boil up once, and serve very hot.

To Get Rid of Fever and Ague, Intermitten or Remittent Fever, use Dr. D. Jayne's Ague Mixture, a stanpard remedy, that acts quickly and cures thoroughly. Sold everywhere.

HUMOROUS.

A Sensible Pantaloon.—When an old man was walking past Madison square a day or two ago, a fellow rushed up to him and shouted:

"Cab, mister, cab?"

"Yes, I see it's a cab," responded the old man to satisfy the frantic individual, who was pointing at the vehicle that he believed him.

"Would you like a cab, sir?"

"Indeed I should. If I could afford it, I'd always keep a cab. I believe the cab to be one of the most eminent civilizers of the Nineteenth century."

"I mean, would you like to engage me to drive you anywhere," explained the cabman with a pleasant smile that stretched across his face and hung down on the shoulder of his rubber overcoat.

"I think I should like to go up Fifth avenue and through Central Park to Pelham. I am fond of scenery."

"Then jump right in, and I'll whirl you through the Switzerland of America so fast you'll think you're skimming the diaphanous bosom of Lake Como."

"Then your horse is fast?"

"Yes, sir, he is; when he gets under way once it's pretty hard to stop him. He moves as gracefully as a swan, and as swift as a Mexican tornado. I have had brakes adjusted on my cab, and with them I manage to stop Boiling Volcano. Jump right in sir."

"I don't think I will," replied the old man; "you are altogether too novel for me. Your horse is too fast for a nervous old man with rheumatism and gout. Now, if your horse could go a mile in eight minutes I'd engage you. I'm not going to go to Pelham and back in ten minutes. I want more time when I go to the country. Have you a cow you can hitch up instead of that horse?"

"No, sir."

"Then I shall pass humbly on. The next time you talk to an old man about your horse boast of his pensiveness, his slowness and his gentility and you will be all right. Don't say that he is an equine cannon ball, but assure your prospective customer that your horse is so indolent that frequently, while on the road, he crawls up on the shafts and goes to sleep." Then the old man passed on his way, and the cabman looked after him in blank astonishment.

As he sat upon the steps in Pittsburg last Sunday evening he claimed the right to kiss for every shooting star. She at first demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally yielded. She was even so accommodating as to call his attention to the flying meteors that were about to escape his observation, and then got to "calling" him on lightning-bugs, and at last got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern that a man was swinging at a depot in the distance where trains were switching.

Estranged.—It was a warm afternoon, and young Cummagen did not go in the house, but sat down in the pleasant porch, as was his custom, after ringing the bell. Her little sister came to the door and looked at him with some curiosity. "Does your sister Mabel know I am here, Nellie?" he asked. "Oh, yes," replied the innocent prattler, "I guess she does; she told me to come out and see how shady it made the front yard when you put your feet up on the porch railing." He took them down and sat on them.

Is it possible that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.

"What's orbs, Sallie?" "Orbs? why, as to how, Maggie? Who said so?" "Well, you know that city chap's was sparking me last night, an' he looked me square in the face, and sung out, 'Oh! if I could always bask in the effulgence of those bright orbs.'" "Humph! I guess that must be what they call eyes that squint, but what do you suppose he wanted of a basque."

A little girl about four years old and a little boy about six had been cautioned not to take away the nest-egg, but one morning when they went for the eggs the little girl took it and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying: "Mother, mother, Susie's got the egg the old hen measures by!"

Small girl, very harshly, to her doll in a toy carriage, dolly having tumbled from her seat: "Set right up, you horrid old thing! Don't you dare to do that again, or I'll whip you." Seeing a passer-by, who had approached unobserved, she modified her voice, and continued in dulcet tones: "Now, sit up straight, darling, and be careful not to fall and hurt yourself."

A New Jersey firm is putting up a Hackensack brand of mosquitoes, and palming them off on the public as potted lobsters. No comment is necessary on this assertion, excepting to refer to the fact that it is a *Sunday* paper which prints it.

Can anything equal the complacency of the young man in low-necked shoes and clocked socks when he finds that all the ladies on the opposite side of the car are deeply interested in them, or can aught exceed his utter discomfiture when he discovers casually that they are not mates?

In a restaurant in the Latin quarter: "Waiter, look out there?" "For what, sir?" "For my coat, you rascal! You have covered it with soup!" "Oh, that won't do any harm, sir. After 7 o'clock, sir, it's nothing but water!"

Babies ought to be well taken care of; their system does not allow the slightest neglect. If your Baby Suffers from Colic or Bowel Disorders, procure a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, a simple but always reliable remedy. Only 25 cents.

Florence: "O, grandma, isn't it terrible? there's a live dandelion out in the back yard!" Grandma: "O, gracious? how careless those circus people are. What shall we do?"

"No, sir," said the gentleman from Pittsburg, "I was not in the war, but my brother was, and he was wounded." "Ah, indeed. Seriously wounded?" "Yes, sir; he was shot in the horse."

A poem in a rural paper begins: "'Twere better far that I had died." After perusing the effusion, candor compels us to agree with the writer.

"First come, first surfed," is the bathing-house rule at Coney Island.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a carbuncle.

Truth is Mighty.

As the little leaven hid in the measure of meal, made all leaven, so truth gradually overcomes all doubt and disbelief. When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his Favorite Prescription would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies who had uselessly undergone untold tortures at the hands of different physicians, employed the Favorite Prescription, and were speedily cured. Many physicians now prescribe it in their practice. So sanguine is Dr. Pierce of its power to cure, that he now sells it through druggists under a positive guarantee.

A Monument of Gold

should be erected in memory of the inventor of "Anakesis," the great external Pile Remedy. Mr. James J. Bassett, of Erie, Penna. writes as follows:

Messrs. Neustadter & Co.:

Gentlemen—Enclosed find P. O. order for $1.00, for which send box Anakesis. I have used two boxes and feel it my duty to say to you that by the use of your simple remedy I have been raised from the brink of despair to the joyful hope of soon being able to declare myself entirely cured. One month's trial, at the small expense of the cost of one box of Anakesis has given me more relief than two years doctoring with our best physicians here. Surely a monument of gold should be erected in memory of the inventor of Anakesis. Send at once if possible.

I shall be pleased to reply to any one who inquires as to the merits of your valuable medicine, should you see fit to publish this.

Sincerely your servant,

James J. Bassett, Erie, Pa.

"Anakesis" is sold by all druggists. Price 1 per box. Samples sent free to all sufferers in application to "Anakesis" Depot, Box 3946 ew York

A Bad Pill.

Charles J. Goebel recently appeared at the Central Station, Detroit, in person and solemnly said:

"Please put me in a cell without delay, and to-morrow let his Honor send me up for sixteen years, for I am disgusted with this outside world."

And he went right to sleep and was not heard from again until wanted for trial.

"So you want to be sent up for about sixteen years, do you?" observed his Honor, as he laid down his pen.

"No, sir. I don't! I denounce this case as an outrage, sir, one of the vilest crimes ever covered up under the name of law. I'll have satisfaction if it costs me my fortune!"

"Well, this is rather odd—rather odd," mused the court as he turned to the papers. "Didn't you come here of your own accord and ask to be locked up and sent up?"

"No, sir—never! I was taken out of bed at midnight and brought down here between two officers, and the case can be settled just where it is for the trifling sum of $500."

Six policemen swore to his coming to the station and asking to be locked up. There were several parties in court who knew him, and they hinted that his strange conduct was the result of a wager that he could bluff the court.

"Mebbe he can—mebbe he can," mused the court as he tickled his left elbow. "Prisoner at the bar, have you any defence?"

"I'm no prisoner at the bar!" was the fierce rejoinder.

"Well, perhaps not, but you are a prisoner in the Work House for the next three months, and I know it. Don't have any talk, now! Six months is a long time, but it will be none too long for you if your tongue gets wagging. When I look you over I see that you are a bad pill, and the next time that you make any bets that you can bluff courts you'd best make arrangements to be gone from home at least six months."

The man had nothing to say when removed to the corridor, but how he felt may be estimated by the fact that he tore away the whole side of a tin cup with his teeth when offered a drink of water.

A man sometimes parts his name in the middle for euphony and beauty. Even Jacob has a good effect on a card when placed as J. Cobb Smith.

If Troubled with Constipation, take *Hoofland's German Bitters.*

If You are Dyspeptic *Hoofland's German Bitters* will cure you

"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady. "Never mind, madam, it's tough enough as it is," replied a boarder.

If Your Liver is Disordered *Hoofland's German Bitters* will set it aright.

For Pimples on the Face, use *Hieskell's Tetter Ointment.*

Small for its eyes—A young owl.

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