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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.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.
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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IS UNEQUALED

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

Rheumatism,
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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 off-springs 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.
A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

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2. Your age and sex?
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5. Height, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
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Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

HOP PICKING.

Down the long vistas of the vines,
With tassels laden,
The slumbrous afternoon in splendor shines
On youth and maiden,
Who seem to drink the spicy lethean air
In happy slumber,
And laugh as dreamers laugh, who do not care
The hours to number.

The lazy sun glides gently down the sky,
The nightfall bringing,
The hollow aisles now bring the clangor nigh
Of crickets singing
The very Earth seems drowsing 'neath a spell
From hop blooms shaken,
And waits the night-wind in some upland dell
To bid it waken.

Then bring fair Autumn from the waiting North,
And deck the maiden,
With drowsy hops, and lead her slowly forth,
With rich fruits laden;
And if she fall asleep along the way,
Or sports detain her,
The Summer months will longer with us stay,
And Earth be gainer.

Aunt and Niece.

"Bessie, Bessie, you're a very foolish child, said her aunt Mary.

"But I can't help it," said Bessie Norton piteously.

"Help it! nonsense," said her aunt. Here I am over forty, and I'm not in love; no, nor likely to be."

"But, Aunt Mary," meekly pleaded the blue eyed little damsel, "only think of the difference between forty and seventeen!"

Mary Hepworth rubbed her nose vehemently.

"Upon my word, Bessie," said she. "I don't know what to do about this ridiculous business of yours. Dear, dear, I am sure I don't know what this world is coming to anyway.

"But I am seventeen," argued Bessie, "and I danced at the last Charity ball, and my dresses are all made with long trains. Besides, George says I am his guardian angel!"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" cried Aunt Mary, what do you want of a husband?"

"All the girls have husbands," returned Bessie.

"Aren't you happy as you are?"

"Y—yes," confessed Bessie; "but I—I think I should be happier if I were married to George."

"And why, in the name of reason?" demanded Mary.

"Because he loves me!"

And the deep roses came into Bessie's cheek as he spoke.

"Loves you!" scornfully echoed Mary—loves your money!"

"I have no money," said innocent Bessie; "so it can't be that."

Mary laughed a hard laugh.

"It has never yet occurred to her mind that she is my heiress and that the people call me "the rich old maid," thought Mary to herself. "Poor little unconscious dove. And for her, of all people in the world, to become the prey of a fortune hunter! I won't have it; so there."

And she turned once more to Bessie.

"Bessie," said she coaxingly, do oblige me and give up this foolish notion of a husband."

"Oh, Aunt," cried the girl, "really I couldn't."

"I'll give you the diamond cross that you fancied, last week."

"Oh, Aunt!"

"Or come—you shall have a summer at Saratoga."

"I don't want to go to Saratoga."

"Would you prefer going abroad?" urged the elder lady. "I don't like sea voyages, but anything would be preferable to wrecking your future."

"I—I think I prefer George, Aunt," faltered Bessie. "That is, if you won't be angry."

"You will rush headlong on your fate, then?" cried Mary.

"Yes," confessed Bessie. "I think that if you don't object, I will."

"Bessie," said Aunt Mary. "I never denied you anything yet, and I don't suppose I shall deny you this. Tell George Dickson to come and see me. And if he is really in earnest——"

"Oh, aunt, there never was anyone half so much in earnest as we two are," fervently interrupted Bessie, clasping her hands.

"Yes, yes, I daresay," said Mary. "Very well, as I was remarking, I'll take it into consideration."

And Bessie sat down and wrote a little pink note to her lover:

"Dearest George:—Aunt Mary has relented, and you are to come and see her at once. Oh, joy, joy!

Yours Eternally,
Bessie."

And she called the gardener's boy, and gave him twenty-five cents to post the letter immediately.

Mr. George Dickson, being like his fair *fiancee* very much in earnest, lost no time n responding to this rose scented summons.

"Frank," he said to his law partner, and particular friend, "you'll stand by a fellow, won't you?"

"To the death," said Frank Wright.

"Then come with me to face Bessie's old aunt," said Dickson, "for it all depends upon her—our future I mean. Bessie is such a dear, dutifull little kitten that she will never marry without her aunt's consent."

"That's the situation of affairs, eh?" said Mr. Wright. And where does this arbitress of your destiny reside?"

"In the Bloomingdale road," said Mr. Dickson. "But you see, rich or poor, it makes no difference to me. "Its her niece I want—not her money."

"Money is a convenience, for all that," thoughtfully remarked Wright. "Yes, I'll help you to face the music. At what hour am I to present myself?"

"At ten to-morrow morning," said Dickson.

"Isn't that rather early?"

"The sooner I know my fate the better it will for me," said Dickson. "Either I enter into the gates of paradise, or I drown myself."

"What a thing it is to be in love," said Wright, reflectively.

Mary was in the garden pruning roses the next morning when the two gentlemen arrived.

"Go away," said Mary, without turning her head, as she heard the creaking of the garden gate. "You are the boy that broke down my lovely blue iris yesterday. Go away I say."

"I—I beg your pardon," said Mr. Dickson, in some dismay, "I am not the boy that broke it."

"Oh!" Mary turned around, and drew off a portentous pair of gloves which shielded her hands. "I see. You are the young man that wants Bessie."

"Yes," said Dickson, "I am the young man that wants Bessie, and this is my friend, Mr. Wright."

Mary bowed stiffly to the stranger, and then turned abruptly to Dickson.

"I suppose you think you are going to marry money?" said she.

"I haven't thought about it in that light," said Mr. Dickson, reddening.

"Don't tell me," said Mary, "feeling in her pocket for an official letter with a big red seal. "Up to yesterday my niece Bessie was looked upon as an heiress."

"I assure you, ma'am——" broke in Dickson.

"Don't waste your breath in assuring me," said Mary. "Its time and trouble thrown away. Just hear me out, if you please. Yesterday I received this letter from my lawyer, announcing the failure of the Ithuriel Insurance Company I have been foolish enough to invest in it. And whoever take Bessie now must take her for herself alone."

"I desire nothing better," said Dickson, eagerly.

"Are you prepared for love in a cottage?" satirically demanded Miss Basil.

"My income is not large," said the young lawyer, modestly, "but it is quite sufficient to maintain a wife in comfort. I love Bessie, and there are not many hardships which love will not sweeten."

"That sounds well in books," said Miss Basil.

"You shall see that we will reduce it to practice," said Dickson cheerfully. "And Miss Basil——"

"Well?"

"You have been a second mother to Bessie; she loves you dearly. Need I say how delighted we both would be if you would consent to make your home with us?"

Mary dropped her gloves into a bunch of blue larkspurs.

"Eh?" she said. "Do you mean that you would actually burden yourself with a poverty stricken old maid, like me?"

"George held out both hands to Miss Basil.

"Aunt Mary," said he. "I may call you so, mayn't I?—pray believe that it will be doing as both a favor to come and live with us. We cannot, perhaps, give you the luxuries to which you have been accustomed, but of one thing you may be certain—a welcome from the heart."

Mary stopped for her gardening gloves and turned away.

"Young man," said she, "there is more in you than I thought. Take Bessie if you want her. Yonder she is, watching us from the oriel casement. Go to her. Tell her the stony-hearted old aunt has relented at last. And—stop a minute,' she added, as he was eagerly turning away; "I told you that I had property invested in the Ithuriel Company."

"Yes."

"It was only a thousand dollars. The rest is all safe, and will one day be yours and Bessie's. And you will not need to support the old maiden aunt out of your kindly charity, though I shall continue to give you plenty of my company. Now go to Bessie. As for you, Mr. Wright," to the astonished George, "you can help me with the weeds and watering put, while those two young turtle-doves are billing and cooing inside."

And so ended Mr. Dickson's wooing, and little Bessie was the happiest of brides, in white silk and orange blossoms.

"But if it had been me," said Frank Wright, "I should have proposed to the old maiden aunt. To my mind she's the pretties woman of the two."

A Cat Story.

An aged gentleman and his housekeeper constitute a household in Yarmouth, Maine, and their old cat finds the lines are fallen to her in pleasant places. Family prayers are the rule each evening in the household, and the cat fell into the habit of regular and punctual attendance. No other of the cares that proverbially crowd a cat's life was ever allowed to crowd this religious duty. At the signal for prayers she would even leave a mouse half caught, or give a doomed bird a longer lease of existence, and decorously compose herself in the lap of the housekeeper, with an air of attention to the service that was highly edifying. At the final "amen" she went friskly about her business. But in an evil day there came a kitten that was deemed superfluous, and sentence of death was passed upon it. The head of the family undertook the execution of the sentence, and, unknown to him, the cat was a witness of the scene. From that day the cat refused to attend the morning service, and cannot now be induced to listen to the prayers of one who had so shocked her sensibilities. She faithfully performs all other duties as before, and socially purrs for the family on all secular occasions, but seems to say "Let my religious hours alone."

Strange Discoveries.

The Bank of England has no end of valuables committed to its keeping. The vaults of this establishment holds moldering chests, deposited there for safety's sake, and apparently forgotten by their owners. In 1873 one fell to pieces from sheer rottenes, exposing to sight a quantity of massive plate and a bundle of yellow papers. The letter proved to be a collection of love letters of the period of the Restoration, which the Directors were enabled to restore to the lineal descendants of the original owner. In 1875 a tin box was fished out of the Seine containing more than five hundred letters addressed to divers persons in Paris. This box—set afloat miles above Paris—had been hermetically sealed, and was furnished with little metal sails, that might catch the current of the river at every point; but it had failed to make a successful voyage, and laid at the river's bottom for years with its freight of letters for the besieged Parisians, some of whom, however, had the gratification of receiving them five years after date.

Signs and Portents.

When the crescent of the young moon rests supinely, its horns in air, it is a sign of dry weather; because in this position it holds all the water, thus preventing its fall to the earth. This is also a sign of wet weather, the explanation in this case being that a waterful moon is emblematic of a water-soaked earth. Don't forget this sign of the new moon. It is rarely you will find one so impartially accommodating.

Whoever finds a four-leaved clover is generally a liar. It is so much easier to detach one leaf from a five-leafed stalk than to hunt for one with four that the temptation to mendacity is too much for average clay.

When a mouse gnaws a hole in a gown some misfortune may be apprehended. The misfortune has already happened to the gown, and may be apprehended to happen to the mouse.

An old sign is that a child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old. But what the average infant can see in the mirror to make it proud it is difficult for any but the parents to understand.

A red sky in the west at evening indicates that the next day will be pleasant, barring accidents of rain, snow and hail.

If you take down your shingle, preparatory to putting it up in a new location, it is a sign you are moving.

If a hen runs across the street directly in front of you, it is a sign that a hen will soon be on the other side. If she cross over just behind you—Pshaw! who ever knew a hen that wouldn't die right in her tracks rather than cross one's pathway in his rear?

When you see a cat running around furiously, it is a sign that the crockery or glassware is in danger.

When you drop a knife and it sticks in the floor, it is a sign that some one is coming. If you are a small boy, that some one may be your mother, and her coming is to remonstrate with you with her slipper.

To dream of a wedding is a sign of inanition.

To dream of a funeral betokens too much pork and cabbage.

To dream of finding money betokens that it is easier to dream of finding money than to work for it

To dream that it is Sunday morning is heaven.

To be suddenly awakened from your sweetest sleep to find that it is not Sunday is—that is to say, very disagreeable. It is a sign that you will be unhappy.

A great many more equally infallible signs might be given, but the reader has probably had enough for one day. The man who believes in signs is sufficiently credulous to believe that our knowledge in that line, as well as in every other line, is inexhaustible,

A Racer of The Plains.

Jack Christy was the drover's name and he recently arrived at St. Louis, from Texas. Jack got behind a beer or two a few night's ago and then and there related a marvelous story of a remarkable horse. for the truth of which Jack said he was ready to vouch. The substance of Jack's narrative was about as follows: Not a very great distance from Fort Concho, in Texas, for the last seven years, a wild stallion of wonderful speed and endurance has been seen but during all this period the endeavors of the rancheros to capture him have proved unsuccessful. Jack has seen the horse himself, and says he only stands about 14 hands high, and is coal-black in color. His body is covered with very long hair, so that in appearance the horse is rather shaggy. He has a long flowing tail which trails on the ground, while his mane is at least two or three feet in length. His hoofs have grown very long. The animal's eyes are exceedingly bright and fiery, and when galloping with dilated nostrils over the open muskeet prairie, Jack said: 'It was enough to make your heart glad to see such a noble animal.' As stated above, this horse has now haunted the vicinity of Fort Concho for seven years and it is supposed that he is about 9 years old. He was seen to gallop a distance of three miles on open prairie in less than four minutes and a half. He dashed out of ravine in the Wichita Mauntains, and going at headlong speed he disappeared behind a log hut, which stood at exactly three miles from the entrance to the gully. One of the rancheros with the party, who was watching the stallion from a rocky eminence, timed him, estimating that the animal made three miles horse on record, and beats all the racetime. Some four years a company was organized to capture 'Black Boss,' which was the sobriquet by which the animal was known in the region. About 25 ranchers and herders, mounted on the flectest of Texan horses and mustangs, determined to give chase to the hitherto uncaptured and untamed steed. One of the party was the celebrated Mexican vaquero Juan Gonzalez, who bears the reputation of being the greatest expert with the lasso living. For five days did they pursue 'Black Boss' on their fleet-footed steeds. Sometimes they would chase him for hours, when he would gradually distance them and disappear from sight. 'Black Boss' actually seemed to enjoy the sport. He would occasionally stand still until the pursuing party approached him, then, with a loud neigh and toss of his powerful head he would at once show them his heels. The rancheros, however, continued to stick to his trail, and after a few hours again came upon him, when he sped away from them like wind. Four days longer they kept up the chase, but in vain. Gonzlez, who on account of his skill and intrepidity had been chosen Captain, on the fifth day organized the company into squads and told them the only hope of success was to drive him to Hermosa Gully, which is a small ravine in the Wichita Mountains, the jagged precipices forming a veritable *cul de sac*. If they could succeed in driving him into the ravine he believed they could secure him. Three bands were accordingly formed, and they began to scour the prairie for 'Black Boss.' Gonzalez' company, after a few hours' riding, came upon the stallion, who immediately began his antics of playing with his pursuers. It was on this occasion that Gonzalez made a most marvelous throw with the lasso. He managed to approach pretty close to 'Black Boss,' who at once snorted and bounded away. Gonzalez stuck his spurs deep into the flanks of his steed, which gallantly answerd, and in a few moments carried his rider nearer the flying stallion. The two horses were now seperated by about 225 feet, when quick as lighting, Gonzalez seized his lasso, and, with unerring aim, threw it. 'Black Boss was encircled by the fatal coils and thrown, but his struggles were fearful. The shock was too much for Gonzalez and his horse, steed and rider, rolled over on the ground. The noble black writhed terribly in his bonds, which suddenly snapped, and the horse, once more on his feet quickly disappeared, dragging the trailing lariat after him. Gonzalez however, was not discourged, and he and his band continued the chase. They where overjoyed to find that 'Black Boss' was galloping in the direction of Hermosa Gully, and thus encouraged them to keep on. As night approached they saw the horse canter up the ravine, whereupon they resolved to block-ade it and wait until morning and the arrival of the other two bands before seizing their prey. During the night the whole company were reunited, and early at daybreak began cautiously to enter the gully. Presently they espied 'Black Boss' who neighed, threw up his head, and started for the end of the gully terminating it the *cul de sac*. Gonzalez and his party followed close behind. At last the powerful beast was brought to bay. The lasso was once more brought into requisition, and 'Black Boss' was a prisoner. Having, as they deemed, securly fastened him, he was freed from the coils of the lariat. With immense fury the horse turned upon the man who held the improvised halter, bit him severly in the shoulder, and with his heels and teeth soon scattered the whole party. Not one of them would shoot him, as they prized him too highly. Three men were badly bitten, and several injured by his savage kicks. Suddenly the horse darted, at Gonzalez, whom he seemed to recognize as the chief of those attacking him seized him by the shoulder with his teeth, and set off with him at full gallop down the gully, dropping him only after he had dragged him a distance of 50 yards. Gonzalez' shoulder was terribly hurt, and it was long before he recovered. The 'boys' were thoroughly disheartened, and gave up the pursuit. 'Black Boss' was not seen in that neighborhood for 12 months after, when he again reappeared. Time and time again have expeditions been formed to capture him, but he alwsys manages to elude all pursuers. His experience, with Gonzalez also seems to have taught him something; he no longer waits for his enemies and never allows them to get near enough to have a chance of lassoing him. None of the rancheros in the vicinity will shoot him. Jack added that, six weeks ago he saw the wild stallion careering in all his strength across the open prairie near Concho.

Across the Continent.

Charles Sanger with his family arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, a few days ago, having crossed the continent in a two horse wagon. Mr. Sanger was a former resident of Cleveland. He left about six years ago for Los Angelos, Cal., where he lived over four years. While in California, Sanger did a good business as an architect and contractor; but building being a trifle dull, and his wife and family being homesick, he determined to return to Ohio. He procured a strong spring wagon, into which he packed the little personal property the family would need on the trip, and at the same time leaving room for himself, wife and four children, the eldest being a boy of 15 years. The party traveled very leisurely at first, wintering at Yreka, Cal. The start from Yreka was made last May, the party having spent most of their time at this point fishing and hunting, laying in provisions for their long trip. From Yreka to Fort Steel it was found necessary to use four horses in drawing the wagon and its load, owing to the rough and mountainous roads. From the latter point to Cleaveland the trip, with only two horses, was comparatively pleasant and easy. Occasional stops were made for hunting, etc., but the journey was pushed to an end as rapidly as possible. While in the mountains several interesting though bloodless affrays were had with grizzly bears and other playful animals. Bands of Indians were frequently seen, but the little party was left unmolested. The trip from Los Angelos to Cleveland was made in four months, including all stops on the road. When on the move the party averaged about 25 miles a day.

Starting a Graveyard.

Adolph Sutro tells the following tale in relation to his starting a graveyard in Sutro.

"One labors under all sorts of difficulties dealing with men. It seems ridiculous, but the most difficult thing we had to do was to start a graveyard. It took some three years to start it. Whenever a man got killed, or died, the men would get up a big funeral and go off to Virginia City, or some other place, to bury the man. All work had to be stopped for one or two shifts. They would each lose their $4 for wages: would pay $300 or $400 more for teams, and some would drink so freely as to be unfit for work the following day. I was determined to put a stop to that. So I said to the men: 'Why can we not have a graveyard of our own, and bury our men here?' I had a grave dug for the next man that died. The dead man's friends came and said they would not have the man buried there. I asked them why. They said 'that it would be too lonely for the poor fellow.' That seems ridiculous, but it is a fact. I did not wish to have any trouble over the matter, and so I let them bury the man where they chose. Every time a man died we had just the same trouble again. At last two miners got killed who had not paid their fees to the Miner's Union, and had been discarded. They had no friends there to object, and so we hurried them there, and thus were able at last to start own graveyard."

The Goose.

This is a name applied to many varieties of aquatic birds belonging to the sub-family, *Anserinæ*. The genius *anser* or wild goose—the former being the Latin name for goose, is common throughout the old world, and this with the bean goose, an Arctic bird, which spends its winters in temperate regions, is supposed to be the ancestor from which our different varieties of domestic geese originated. In large flocks, it is seen going south at the approach of cold weather, and returning northward in the spring. It is large and somewhat swan-like in its appearance and has a similar patch of white on the throat. In taking their long journeys northward and southward, they fly in two files with their chosen leader in advance. If the leader is shot, the flock becomes at once demoralized and alight in the first open water they chance to find, where they generally fall victims to the sportsman. The domestic goose is a valuable bird and profitable to raise both for its feathers and flesh, and at the prices of a few years past, will pay as well as anything. We will remember when the standard price for the carcass of a well-fattened goose was twenty-five cents, and they were much more generally raised then now, when they are worth more than four times that sum.

How His Head Swelled.

Tom went out o' th' shops and a lot on us agreed to hav' a lark wi' 'im; we thowt we would freiten him loike. So when he came on Ned says, 'Art tha badly lad?' He says, 'Noa, whoi?' 'Cause tha looks whoite.' Then comes up Jack; he ge' us a jump, and says, 'Tom, what's tha matter wi' the' lad! but tha does look bad. Whoi, tha head's swelled,' says he, 'Git out, or I'll swell thy head fo' tha'. I'll gi' tha' a buzz at ear-hole.' Next comes up Bill and two or three more, and they all says, 'Whoi, Tom's summat tha matter wi' him; his head's swelled.' 'Not it,' says he beginning to be alarmed. 'But it is; try tha' hat on, an' tha'll see.' The band of his hat had previously been tightened; so when he tried to put it on, and could not he became downright freightened, went home and took to his bed. After he had been there a few days he was told the trick and recovered.

Fishinging For Fun.

I landed my first pickerel the first evening we were on Lake Minnetonka. I am not a skillful fisherman. I told the boys that I could do a little plain fishing, but I didn't wan't to be set down for anything with any kind of fluting, embroidery, knife plaiting or anything of that kind about it. I fished from the shore by the side of a veteran fisher, Mr. A. K. Dunlap, of Titusville. He knows every fish in the lake by name. He can tell by the movement of the line what kind of a fish is at your hook. Something ran away with my line.

"It's a pickerel," shouted Mr. Dunlap, in intense excitement. "A big fellow. Take out your lines," he yelled to the rest of them. "Give him plent of roam! Play him!" he shrieked at me, "Let him run! Keep your line tight! Don't give an inch of slack! Look out! Don't let him do that again! Let him run! Now bring him in this—Look out! Don't let him do that again!"

By this time I was so excited I was on the point of throwing down the pole and rushing out in the lake, intending to run the fish down and kick it to death. I screamed to Mr. Dunlap:

"You take the pole and land him, I never can."

He refused. He turned and hauled his own pole, lance fashion into the woods.

"Here!" he shouted, rushing down the bank about twenty feet below me, stooping down and spreading out his arms. "Here! Now! Bring him in here through the shoal water! I'll get him, Careful! Steady! Ah—"

And flip, flap, I had him on the shore. He was a beauty. A little sunfish, about three and a half inches long.

It was a long time before we said anything. Mr. Dunlap climbed a big birch tree in the top of which his pole had lodged, and we resumed our fishing. Presently Charley Armknecht coughed, and I said:

"How funny the frogs sound over in the marsh."

Add then we laughed a long time at the frogs. A long, long time and very heartily. They were very funny frogs.

But Mr. Dunlap fished on very silently, and by and by he said the fish wouldn't bite when there was very much noise. So we held our hush and the fish bit. But they didn't bite any of us very badly.

The fishing is excellent almost anywhere in the lake. That evening on the upper lake one of the boys caught nine large pickerel. When we came to count fish, however, it appeared that he had caught one pickerel. When we came to count fish, however, it appeared that he had caught one pickerel nine times. It was a very large fish, and they are going to have its skin dried whole for a spectacle case. I caught more fish than one else in the party, but they were all, with one exception, catfish, and I learned, to my amazement, that I had disgraced myself and the lake. Why isn't a fish a fish, I'd like to know?

How Fast Will Trees Grow.

Some years ago we were on a farm in Southern Iowa where timber culture had been carried on to a greater extent than we have ever seen it elsewhere, and in order to test the rapidity of the growth of the different varieties planted we took the measurement and height of a large number, with the following result: Two Norway spruces set twenty years, were five and a half feet in circumference, forty feet in height and had a spread of about twenty six feet each in diameter. A black spruce set fifteen feet was twenty-five feet in height and proportionately large. Two balsam firs set sixteen years were thirty feet high. A European larch, set seventeen years, was four feet in circumference, at the base. A Scotch pine, set eighteen years, was twenty-six feet high. A hard pine, set seventeen years, was three feet and eight inches in circumference and twenty-five feet high. A Russian spruce, fifteen years, was about fifteen feet in height. The red cedars and arbor vitæs set fourteen years, averaged twenty feet in height, while a hedge or wind break set entirely around an eighty acre farm, was composed first of a row of cedars, set about fifteen years, which averaged fifteen feet, next a row of Scotch pine twenty-five feet high, outside of this a row of soft maple ranging from twenty-five to thirty feet in height. These formed a perfect security against high winds and reduced the temperature in the enclosure several degrees. Hard maples, set twenty years averaged over thirty feet in height. One soft maple, set eighteen years, was fifty feet in height and six feet in circumference at the body. A black walnut, set sixteen years, was four feet three inches in diameter, while a sycamore, transplanted twenty years before from the timber, was seven feet in circumference at the base and forty-eight feet in height. A silver leaf poplar, set twenty years, was seven feet two inches in circumference and thirty-five feet in height, and a golden willow that years before had been stuck into the ground a switch was eleven feet eight inches in circumference and over forty feet high. There are many other varieties, some of them rare specimens—but enough has been shown to prove that even our slow growing varieties, if carefully cultivated, will, in a few years, become great trees. But they must be taken care of and the cattle kept away from them just as though they were orchard trees, if the best results are to be secured.

Drug-Store Curiosities.

A man stepped into a Reading, Pa., drug-store and said to the clerk, with the confident air of one who knew exactly what he wanted:

"Got any roach powder?" "Oh, yes," was the bland reply. The apothecary threw open a glass case and immediately placed upon the counter in front of his customer a bottle of 'Sure Death to Cockroaches."

"Tell me how it works?" "Certainly, you take a pinch of the powder between thumb and finger, hold it down near the crevice and give it a puff—so; it'll be sure to kill 'em."

"Kill 'em! Heavens! The powder's for my old woman. Kill 'em Not much!" and the man shook his head.

Inquiry developed the fact that it was Rochelle, not roach powder, that had been recommended for the "old woman," and the correct article was soon supplied.

A reporter, hearing of this adventure, asked the druggist if many such cases, resulting from ignorance or carelessness, came under his notice.

"They occur almost daily," was the reply; "and are not only dangerous, but superlatively ridiculous. What would you say to this for instance?" Here was displayed a number of the orders that had been received from various customers, among them the following: "Pleas giv the barer 5 sents worth of onika f" (arnica) "Send me to pondes of Lickerich." "I want a ½ lb. Grimitatar" (cream of tartar). "Send me some Maganiesha, for a fisig." Ten cents of hole Sinimon." "Twenty-five sends of heir creasing." "Pleas send me some said peater." The spelling of some of these has been somewhat improved and the punctuation attended to.

The writers generally seem to think they must carefully state the purpose to which they propose applying the articles sent for. One writes for "Ten cents' worth of cologne to smell a trunk with;" another for "two coughing sticks of candy." One wants "stinking-plaster," having changed the fourth letter of the first word from e to n. Here is a horrible case: "Send me epicack for my little girl."

Reading druggists formerly did a large business in decalcomanies, or transfer pictures. One asks, "Give me fifty cets and dogs and ten tigers;" another, "I want a little girl."

Customers generally imitate the articles they desire. There is called for: "Hope and delldock (opedeldoc), "Paint killer," "Titterintment," "Gum mare back," and "Laddynum."

The Indian Question.

Not long ago a weazened old Piute was painfully sawing wood in the street of a town in Nebraska. Cold as the wheather was, the nature of the work forced the Indian to lay aside his blanket and toil in his shirt sleeves. As the old man labored a sturdy tramp, with a florid face and a very high forehead, approached. He stood for some time idly watching the Indian, and growing cold in contemplating the interesting sight; the tramp picked up the blanket and walked off with it, despite the expostulary cries of the Indian, who followed in great distress. A deputy constable was attracted by the noise, and when the poor old Indian had, in broken English, explained the cause of his woe the tramp was taken into custody and the blanket turned over to its owner, who hobbled back to his work.

The next morning the tramp, who gave his name as James Belford, was brought before Justice Knox.

"What's your plea?" asked the Court.

"What's your charge?" demanded the tramp.

"Petit larceny."

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Belford, starting back, "do my ears deceive me?"

"No, your ears are all right," said his Honor. "What're you making a noise for? Didn't you steal the blanket?"

"Steal it, sir? No sir; I took it. It was mine because I wanted it. The irrepressible antagonism of race justified the transfer of ownership. Sad, sir, as the fate of the Indian undoubtly is, it is yet inevitable. The genius of Anglo-Saxon civilization in its onward march across this broad and glorious continent crushes the red man beneath its progress. It is as a mighty torrent, irresistible in its force, sweeping all before it. That which but maintains the Indian in savage and ill-fed idleness under the peaceful arts of the white men blossoms and blooms and teems with plenty. Where the red man roamed following the chase are now busy cities and fields of golden corn. Who shall say the cruelty which expelled him from his hunting grounds was not a work of mercy after all? For every savage who drew his bow in the solitudes a thousand civilized men and women now toil, sow, reap and are happy. Standing on the peaks of time, and taking the continent for the field of observation," I——"

"Yes, but what about the blanket?" interrupted the court.

"Well," replied Mr. Belford, "I can't see but I had as much right to nab that old buck's blanket as Congress has to fire the Utes off their reservation just because there's been some good ledges struck on 'em."

"I agree with you, Mr. Belford," said the Court.

"Thank you, your Honor," returned Mr. Belford reaching for his hat.

"But permit me to add," continued the Court, "that the moral ideas of Congress don't always jibe with my notions of what's square. In the opinion of this court, Mr. Belford, you're about the meanest thief I've had before me for a long time. Because the Indian was poor and helpless you thought he had no rights you need respect. I'll give you six months in the county jail to study up on the Indian question."

"This could not have occurred in a civilized community," muttered the dazed Mr. Belford as he was led off to the bastile.

A Long Time Without Food.

A wooden house was recently built near a copper mine at Little Bay, Wisconsin, so that there was a vacent space beneath the floor. Before this space was boarded in a pig crept in, coiled itself in a quantity of shavings, and fell asleep. The office was not immediately occupied, and the noise made by the pig when it discovered its dilemma was not heard. Like a true philosopher, the pig accommodated itself to its circumstances. It wrapped itself in the shavings, turned its back to the cold world, and went to sleep for the winter. This was on the 23d of November, 1878. The pig was remarkable and a credit to its owner, who sincerely mourned his loss about Christmas time. The pig found a viaticum in its fat that kept up animal heat and sustained life. The office was occupied, but the tramp of feet did not disturb the sleeper. For four months the pig slept as sound as a Pharoah in a sarcoghagus. With the warmth of April its vital energies returned. Its fat was exhausted. It opened its eyes, turned over, and began to grunt. The occupants of the office were mystified. The animal grunted with a gusto, and began to knock for a release. A board or two was removed, and the pig was brought to light. Its appearance was most pathetic. The ribs on each side seemed to have met. The hams had vanished, and only the hip joints stood up, gaunt and angular. The vertebræ could be counted, and the ears drooped from the large skull. The eyes looked out of deep bony sockets with a profoundly melancholy expression, as though their owner had been in the other world and had found there specially hard times. For a time no one recognized the pig, but at length the woman who owned it, declared, with tears in her eyes, that she knew it by a peculiar turn in its tail. It had a singularly graceful curl in its appendage—the only æsthetic point about it—and this had survived the destruction of all tissues. The poor woman's joy over the recovery of her lost pet was quite touching. The news spread rapidly. The miners gathered from all quarters to view the wonderful pig who had lived for 142 days without food or drink.

About the Thing.

A near-sighted friend, went to an optician the other day to change the glasses of his spectacles, which had become too weak. He was given the next number lower.

"After this number, what will I take?" he asked.

"These."

"And after that?"

"Those."

"And then?" asked the myope, with an anxious air.

"Then," said the dealer, "I think a small and sagacious dog, with a string attached, will be about the thing."

Any man pays too much for his whistle when he has wet it fifteen or twenty times a day.

"Checkers Up."

"Squire Johnson and his wife were engaged in a game of "Checkers Up at the Farm," while two of their children were playing "Hide and Seek," and a third was "Blowing Bubbles," when there came a gentle "Tap on the Window." The squire went to the door, and discovered on the porch a basket containing a neatly attired female infant, with a smile playing about its mouth, as if it were listening to "Fairy's Whisper." "The Foundling" was taken in and adopted, and playfully "Weighing the Baby" on his hands, the 'squire said its name should be Mary. The children stopped their play, and one of them thoughtfully observed' "The baby's asleep, and 'We Boys' mustn't make a noise." Years rolled on, and Mary developed into a beautiful and intelligent young woman. At school she was "The Favored School," and her essay at the "School Examination" was pronounced the best. She had many suitors, but when only sixteen she gave her heart to John Rawjiers, a neighbor's son, whom she frequently met as he was "Going for the Cows," and they began their "Courtship in Sleepy Hollow," a romantic spot on 'Squire Johnson's farm. The war broke out, and after a "Council of War" at "Washington," a proclamation was issued calling for volunteers. John's mother wanted him to join "The Home Guard," but he said he must obey the call of his country. Being a good horseman, and expert at "Pol" he decided to become a member af a cavalry company. With a "Parting Promise," he bade Mary a tearful farewell. Mary stood on "The Balcony" and waved her lover a fond adieu as the troops marched by. And now came days of painful suspense and weary waiting. Every "Mail Day" Mary visited the "Country Post Office." One day she stopped at "The Town Pump" to listen to a "Fugitive's Story." She heard of cruel hardships to which "Union Refugees" were subjected, and was told how a "Wounded Scout," shot whilst trying to pass a "Picket Guard," begged in his delirium that might have just "One More Shot" at the enemy—and died. On his body the fugitive found the photograph of a beautiful girl, which he exhibted to his listeners. As soon as Mary saw it she fainted. It was her own portrait which she gave her lover on the day of his departure. She now mourned him as dead. Spring followed winter—as usual—and on a bright May morning Mary was startled by a familiar knock at the door. With a face as pale and wan as that of a "Charity Patient" she answered the summons. In the emaciated form of the "Returned Volunteer" who greeted her vision she recognized her lover. The people of Falling Water were not more surprised at Rip Van Winkle's Return" after his long nap, than was Mary at the sight of John. It took but a few minutes for him to explain how he was left for dead on the field—revived—subsequently was captured by the enemy, and spent eight months in a rebel prison. With Mary "playing Doctor" and nurse, John was soon restored to complete health, and the following September they might have been seen "Coming to the parson." And now their bright boys, as merry and full of pranks as "The Shaughran and 'Tatters," go to "Uncle Ned's School," and often stop on the road to drop a penny into the hat of the "Street Musicians," or price the wares of "The Peddler" resting by the roadside.

What we Smoke.

To the world in general a cigar is merely a tightly-rolled packet having little fragments of dry leaves within, and a smooth, silky leaf for its outer wrapper. When it is burnt and the pleasant flavored smoke is inhaled, the habitual smoker claims for it a soothing luxury that quiets the irritable nervous organism, relieves weariness, and entices repose. Science, scouting so superficial a description, examines first the smokes, second the leaf, third the ash. In the smoke is discovered water in vaporous state, soot (free carbon), carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, and a vaporous substance condensable into oily nicotine. These are the general divisions, which chemists have further split up, and in so doing have found acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, lutidine, collodine, parvoline, corodine and rubidene. These last are a series of oily bases belonging to the homologues of analine, first discovered in coal tar. Applying chemical tests to the leaves, other chemists have found nicotia, tobacco camphor or nicotianine (about which not much is known), a bitter attractive matter, gum, chlorophyll, malate of lime, sundry albumnoids, malic acid, woody fibre, and various salts. The featherly white ash, which in its cohesion and whiteness