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H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

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.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

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

Rheumatism.
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
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Epilepsy,
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Nervous Complaints,
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Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Helmbold's Buchu

Invigorates the Stomach,

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.

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

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

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to Dispensatory, 1217 Filbert street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

SOLD EVERYWHERE

EMIGRANTS.

Silver and gold, silver and gold!
For the sun's dusk red in the western fold
Tells that the end of a day draws nigh,
And the clouds they grow bolder along the sky.

Silver and gold, silver and gold—
For the moon in the East is a queen to behold,
As she reigns with her spells o'er the calm, sweet night,
Holding tremulous sceptre where ghosts walk white.

Silver new-molten meets ebbing of gold,
On a wandering isle without a foothold;
A vessel alone on the lonely seas,
Stirred with the sigh of the fanciful breeze.

Moonbeams and sunbeams, silver and gold!
And they toyed with the bark as she idly rolled
On the silent waters that shadowy grew,
And the night-gloom fell, and the stars stole through.

Silver and gold, silver and gold—
And the sun that is wasted in cloudland cold
Throws a purple pall o'er a woman's face,
Where death's colorless fingers are smoothing pain's trace.

Moonbeams and sunbeams, silver and gold—
The young is come in place of the old,
A seal set on lips that have said their last word.
And lips that ne'er opened before are stirred.

Lights of earth, light of heaven, shower silver and gold,
Come aboard, the great ship is a traveler bold!
Twilight and moonlight, in soft mantle hide,
One that vanishes silently o'er the ship side.

Silver and gold, silver and gold—
The sun is lost in the wide sea-wold,
The veil falls over the mother's head,
On a journey new is the traveler sped.

Silver and gold, silver and gold—
The waves, as if bells by the star rays knolled,
Ring of death, and of ghosts that dance all in white,
And the babe's cry breaks on the calm, sweet night.

Moonbeams and sunbeams, silver and gold;
A life is hidden, a life doth unfold:
One goeth hence to a brightness afar,
One hath found the way here by the light of a star.

How He Learnt His Lesson.

Oh, what have I done! What have I done!" exclaimed Nellie, under her breath, as sad and dismayed she hurried up the garden path. "He will never be kind to me any more. How could I have said such a thing!"

And her hands trembled so that she could scarcely lift the latch of the old fashioned door, and she turned away to quiet herself a little before going in.

Nellie glanced up at the rambling old farm-house, which had been her home for many years. How she loved it! Every nook and corner that it contained was dear to her.

"I have it, and all in it, left to me," she said, in a soft, sad tone; "and dear father and mother, too. A happy, happy home it has always been, and I am thankful for it! But oh, Edward, how could you be so unkind? Oh, how could you?"

She listened, fancying she could hear his departing footsteps yet. And perhaps she might have done so.

With lofty looks and disdainful curve of his rather thin lips, he was on his way home along the winding lanes. He was a man of five and thirty, while Nellie was scarcely twenty. She was simple and innocent as a child; but he had learnt many a lesson in the school of life ere this. And one lesson which Edward Melville prided himself on having learnt was the value of money. He was a bachelor, and so he made up his mind he would remain until he could find a woman with money who would be his wife. He himself was a country doctor, and, with a very small, and not increasing practice, it would never do to marry and have nothing but that to depend upon, he told himself.

He had generally escorted Nellie to her own door, after their evening walks, but this evening he had left her just outside the gate. He was her aunt's step son. She had known him all her young life, and had always called him Cousin Edward, all unsuspicious of the feeling which was gradually gathering strength within her heart, till this evening. And Edward, for his part, had always treated her as a mere child.

"You will go to meet Miss Basset, I suppose, Nellie?' inquired her mother.

"Oh, yes, mother. Edward was good enough to say that he would drive me to the station in his carriage, and he will drive us both home, too. He says that a rich young lady like Miss Basset will not care to walk a mile along our lovely lanes, he is sure."

Perhaps there was the slightest undertone of sarcasm in Nellie's voice, for her mother glanced at her as if in surprise without replying.

Edward had given Nellie, bit by bit, and with a good deal of tact, his ideas upon the subject of money, and of the comfort to be got from a proper use of it. Outwardly the two were as good friends as ever. At heart, however, he was carefully on his guard, while Nellie, tender and gentle-natured though she was, could not help slightly despising him.

Miss Basset was an old schoolmate of Nellie's and an heiress, and she had taken a fancy to spend the remainder of the summer in the old tumble-down farm house which Nellie called home.

Edward was very attentive, even specially kind to Nellie on the way to the station, and her heart went out to him again. "If only I had not said that to him," she thought, as the carriage stopped, and he carefully lifted her out. "I hope—oh! I do hope that he may forget it."

The train steamed in. There was pretty Gracie Basset's face at a parlor-car window; and in a few moments she was seated in the carriage beside Edward, chatting to and laughing with him as if she had known him for years; and Nellie had taken the seat behind.

And that was not the only drive they had, nor the only evening they spent in chatting and laughing.

Nellie, her father and mother—all three, and many of the neighbors besides, soon saw what it would come to. And Nellie grew older and graver day by day. But as yet she kept her own secret, and she hoped more and more that Edward had forgotten her foolish, thoughtless words on a certain moonlight night, now some seven or eight weeks ago.

At last the engagement was announced. Gracie Basset had no friends to interfere with her, and flattered with Edward's attentions, and really believing that she loved him "quite enough for happiness," she had agreed that the marriage should take place as soon as all needful arrangements could be made.

The wedding was over. The honeymoon was over also, and Mrs. Melville, richly dressed, and looking very lovely, with Edward as an attentive and devoted husband beside her, was receiving her guests.

Nellie was among them. She was paler than usual, and her free, happy, girlish laugh was gone for ever. Yet she, too, looked lovely this afternoon, in her pretty blue silk dress and cottage bonnet, and there was a beauty in the expression of her gentle young face that went far beyond any mere beauty of feature.

Only a few weeks passed. Nellie was invited to dine with them. After dinner they were moving about the drawing-room, and Gracie was exhibiting to Nellie some choice bouquets of flowers which had been sent to her that morning. They had all been arranged on one table, in accordance with a whim of the young wife, who declared that the the effect of their richness and color was lost when they were scattered.

But Edward had not heard her say this.

"Let me put this blue vase here, Gracie," he unwittingly began, removing it, as he spoke, to another table. There; it shows to advantage now!"

Gracie, with heightened color, deliberately walked to the table, and put the vase in its former position.

"It is quite out of the way there," she said stiffly, 'and this is where I wish it to be Edward."

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Edward's color also rose, yet he did not look angry.

"And I wish that it should stand here," he returned, once more taking up the vase; and then he added, half reproachfully, half playfully, "You promised to obey me. Gracie."

This proved to be only the beginning of small disconforts and disagreements.

Many months passed, Gracie grew more imperious than ever; Edward's face lost all its brightness, and he seemed day by day to grow old, silent and sad.

And when Nellie went to see them now she found except Gracie expected visitors she took very little pains with herself, remarking sometimes to Nellie as they went downstairs for the evening.

"I have not dressed, Nellie. Of course you don't mind, and theres nobody else but Edward."

Nobody but Edward!

Love would have made him all the world to Nellie.

"I would wear my prettiest dresses for my husband, Gracie," she said. "As for other people, they might go. What should I care for them?"

But Gracie, only frowned for reply.

Gracie had a little daughter, but instead of rejoicing in Edwards's house, there was bitter sorrow, and as the young husband knelt by the bedside of his unconscious wife he felt all the old love for her filling his heart once more.

But what will even the tenderest love avail in hours like these? Gracie's last moments's were numbered, and she passed away, leaving her little one to Nellie.

And Edward, when the first benumbing influence of his grief was over, sold his practice—he had no need of it now—and went abroad.

Eighteen months passed away. A man bronzed and bearded stood at the gate of the old farmhouse. A little toddling creature ran down the path, her fair curls flying in the wind. The stranger took her in his arms.

"What is your name, little one?"

And in a baby-voice she told him, "Gracie Melville," and he covered her little face and hair with kisses. But who is this coming out to look for her?

"Aunt Nellie," she said and slid down from her father's arms.

"Cousin Edward!" exclaimed Nellie, gladly, the color rising very rapidly to her usually quiet pale face.

And he shook hands with her; then keeping the hand he had taken, he led her into the house.

"And will you tell me now, once more, Nellie dearest, that you love me better than any one else in the world——?"

Nellie swiftly covered his mouth with her hand, while burning blushes dyed her cheeks.

"Oh, Edward, do please forget that I ever said so!"

"Not likely," he returned, smilingly. "Ah, Nellie," and he was serious now, "I have learned my lesson since that evening. I have learnt to value love, not as it deserves, but at least to set it above everything earthly. My Nellie! do not tell me that your love for me is dead!"

Never mind Nellie's reply. Two months from that day she became Edward's wife, and he never had the smallest need to remind her that she had promised to obey him, simply because she loved him, and to do as he wished was a pleasure.

And having at great risk and cost learned his lesson, Edward strove to teach it to others, and to more than one young man he gave in confidence the advice: "If you wish to be happy, marry only a woman that loves you. Neither money, nor position, nor anything else, can bear the least comparison with love, which will outlive them all."

BRAN as a food has not been fully appreciated. The laxative tendency does not produce any unsatisfactory results, provided the bran is fed as it should be. A slight laxative condition of the bowels is better than the constipation that a lack of such food produces. Besides, the bran is rich in phosphates, so essential to the development of healthy stock.

The Awful Majesty of the Law.

One of the officials of Justice Alley, of Detroit, was the other day called upon by an old gray-headed farmer and his wife, together with a neighbor, and outside the door they hitched an old half-blind horse whose cash value was reckoned at $25.

"You see," explained the old farmer "naybur Jones wants to buy the old hoss out there, but he wants a bill o' sale signed by wife and I. We want you to draw up one for us."

The Justice reached down one of the printed blanks, filled it out, and then said:

"Now you listen while I read this over and see if it is all right. All ready now:

"Know all men by these presents. That ——"

"Presents! Why, I'm not going to present him with that hoss!" interrupted the farmer.

"And we don't want any present from him!" added the wife.

"That's all right—only a legal form," exclaimed his Honor. Listen:

"County Wayne——first part——consideration——sum of $25——grant——bargain and sell——party——second part——his executors, administrators——."

"I haven't got any executors or administrators!" interrupted neighbor Jones.

"No; all he's got is a wife and two girls!" added the owner of the horse.

"All form—all mere form," explained the justice, and he went on:

"And assigns forever——covenant and agree——defend the same——heirs, executors and administrators——"

"William, I shall never sign no such paper!" suddenly exclaimed the wife as she rose up.

"Nor I, either!" stoutly replied the husband. "Why, I'd shake in my boots every time I met a constable!"

"It is all mere form and according to law," explained his Honor. "All bills of sale read this way."

"Looks to me as if it was sort o' tangled up," said neighbor Jones. "The old hoss is blind in one eye, and how can they warrant him?"

"And what has this hoss-sale got to do with his heirs and covenants?" inquired the old man.

"I won't sign—I won't have a thing to do with it!" exclaimed the wife, as she walked around. "We've always kept clear of the law, and we ain't going to get into no scrape and lose our farm now—not if we know it!"

The more the justice tried to explain the bigger the words looked, and the trio finally walked out. While they were unhitching the horse along came a house-painter, and when he had heard their story he picked up a piece of paper in the alley, pulled out a stub of a pencil, and wrote,

"We hereby sell this horse to Jonn Jones for $25, cash down. We raised him from a colt, and his name is Andrew Jackson.

"(Signed) ——."

The paper was signed, passed over with the horse, and as the farmer received the money he said:

"That's all there is to it, law or no law, and it didn't take two minutes. Why, I'd have taken Andrew Jackson back home and knocked him in the head afore I'd put my name to that paper binding us to keep on covenanting and agreeing and assigning and administrating a whole lifetime on one old hoss!"

Are We to Lose Niagara Falls?

Those who want to see the Horseshoe Falls of Niagara must, I fancy, come out soon, or they will not be able to form an idea of what it was, for I think it is going to change its form more quickly than it has for a century past. Already a great change has taken place in its appearance. About two years ago the shoe was rent in twain, and a vast rent made in the toe of the cliff over which the great river falls. The consequence is that instead of driving straight down a circular wall of water, the course of the column is rudely broken in the middle, and a foaming torrent collapses in a jagged gorge of the cliff, thus splitting the cascade into two sides of a horseshoe, with a cataract in the center. Much more mist, too, is produced by the cataract than was formerly occasioned by the sheer fall of the horseshoe, and the view of the falls consequently obscured. The river might have fallen for centuries over this solid weir of hardest scist; but a fissure having been made in nature's masonry, it is not unlikely that the river will continue its excavation, begun near Lake Ontario, and do its work more quickly than of late. Now that a breach has been made in the fortress, it seems certain that the volume of water, acting as a perpetual battering ram on the wall of each side of it, would soon detach other portions of them, and thus alter the whole form and character of the famous Horseshoe Falls.

Hasty Burials.

We are glad to see that attention is at last being directed to the haste with which supposed corpses are being put on ice, and hurried away to burial. There is only one good that can result from the celerity with which people supposed to be dead are ice packed; it is, that should they not at the time be dead, they are certainly frozen to death ere the moment of interment. Horrible as this is, it is much less horrible than being buried alive. It is the general ignorance of people, and not want of proper sensibility, that causes them to comply so readily with the usages of burying a body within three days after death. In this way, where ice has not been abundantly supplied, people who are believed by their friends to be dead, but who bear upon them more than one indication of lurking life, are hurried to the tomb. We do not call attention to these probabilites from any desire to awaken a morbid sensation upon the subject. We do not take the absurd ground that out of all the people buried the larger proportion are buried alive. But we do assert that it is not impossible that a case of this kind sometimes happens, simply because the relatives of the unfortunate creature are too ignorant to detect the subtle signs of a vitality that might be reawakened.

Pig.

At the last opera ball. A young man *du meilleur monde* is seated in a corner and does not appear much more amused than does the domino who accompanies him. A boisterous brawler of gigantic height begins to poke fun at the *ennuied* couple.

"Go away, you bother me," said the gentleman, "you are tipsy, go and mind your own business."

"Tipsy!" screamed the brawler, "go to grass. Dandy! you would not dare to say that to me in the street!"

A crowd gathered around.

"See here," said the young man, without moving. "you are pretty tall, you believe yourself mighty strong. Very well; there is one thing you can't do!"

"What! I'll bet you a hundred francs!"

The young man drew off his boot, then a silk stocking, and rested a white foot on the marble.

At this unexpected action the brawler became furiously red, and then tried to escape in the crowd.

"Pig!" thundered the young man *du meilleur du monde*, 'you have dirty feet.'

And the brawler disappeared, followed by derisive laughter.

The Heathen Chinee at Home.

There are some facts in regard to the result of six or seven thousand years of Chinese civilization. Just think of it. There is not a road in all of the broad expense of populous China where even a wheelbarrow could be driven or a horse led except around Shanghai, and here the English have constructed them. They have no cemeteries; no tombstones mark and honor their last resting places on earth. Those who own private gardens bury their dead and those of the dead in rough boxes on the surface of open fields. The Chinese regard the souls of their ancestry as links in the length of a great chain which they say enables them to reach up to the supreme source of life and ruler of the universe. This is the reason why these remarkably keen, quick witted people will not tolerate the construction of a railroad in their country. They declare that the locomotives and rattling trains would certainly violate the sacred charm influenced in their behalf by causing the abrupt scared flight of their ancestry who are ever hovering aronad and over them. They have no banks in China, and no coin of value except our silver and that of Mexico. They have no lawyers, but they have a perfect, rigidly enforced system of law and order. The principals alone can plead their cases. The first social rank in China can only be attained by literary merit. All Chinamen can read and write, because education is compulsory. Every man in China is free to complete for a literary degree, and last year 107,000 candidates for this honor were entered at Canton for examination. Those of this large number who passed muster then are free again to advance to the higher national grade competition at Pekin, annually held there, and when they pass this ordeal they become Mandarins and live in high estate at the public expense. No military man is permitted to aspire to these literary honor in China. This annual selections from the whole Chinese people of its rulers, who represents its best thought and mental power, has probably been the great and potent factor of their remarkable vitality and preservation as a nation, but at the same time it increases the wonder that they should have stood still on the avenue of human progress for thousands of years.

Herat.

This city stands on the Heri River, on the slope of the Hindoo Koosh, and consequently in the northwest corner of Afghanistan. Due north, at a distance of about 230 miles, is Mery; due east, at a distance of nearly 400 miles, is Cabul; considerably to the southeast, and almost equi-distant from Cabul and Herat, is Candahar. If our readers want a war map which will convey a fair idea of the situation from a strategical and political point of view, let them suppose a capital L mounted on top of a capital V; Mery will be at the top of the L, Herat at the angle, and Cabul at the horizontal extremity of the letter, while Candahar will be down at the angle of the V. Cabul may be eliminated from the situation, for though there are direct roads between it and Herat, the route by Maimana to the north of the Hazarch mountains is circuitous and difficult, and that through the Hazarch country is equally roundabout and more arduous. The main route, and, so far as is known, the only road by which a large force could be moved from Cabul to Herat runs through Candahar. From Candahar to Herat is about three hundred miles in a direct line; the road, however, is not very direct, and for military purposes the distance may be called 350 miles. The road from Mery is so nearly straight as to be less than 250 miles long; it is a good one, being even at its worst part, where it crosses the Hazrat-i-Baba Pass about thirty miles north of Herat, practicable for all arms of the service. It traverses a fertile country, and runs for a great part of its length along the valley of the river Kushk, so that supplies and water are very abundant. Whenever the race for Herat begins, if there is a fair start, the Russians should get down the perpendicular of the L from Merv before the English can get up the thick side of the V from Candahar. The position occupied by Herat on the high road between India and Persia, the centre spot of an extensive and fertile valley, well watered by channels made from a perennial stream, marks her out as the natural garden and granary of Central Asia. It is situated in a plain about 2500 feet above the sea, and is fortified with mud walls, presenting the form of a square, each side of which is something under a mile in length. The streets are ill-built, narrow and dirty; indeed, the common saying of the place is, "If dirt were to kill, where would we be?" "Only man is vile" at Herat, however, for nature has done everything for the city and its environs. The climate is the finest in Asia; only two months of the twelve are hot, and even then the mercury rarely rises above 85 degs. in the shade. The nights are always cool, often cold. The Herats have a proverb, "If the soil of Ispahan, the cool breezes of Herat and the waters of Khwarizin were in the same place there would be no such thing as death." The waters of the Heri, Conolly described in 1831 as the best he ever tasted, and the fruits as the most delicious in flavor. People enter the gardens and eat at will, being weighed as they pass in and out and charged for the avoirdupois gained; a simple system, which that sane wag Nasir Eddin once defied by filling his pockets with pebbles and casting out ballast as he took in lading, so as to bring the astonished proprietor into his debt. The soil is extraordinarily fertile, and the orchards, gardens, corn-fields and vineyards stretch to the mountains, four miles away on the north and twelve on the south, and along the valley as far as the eye can reach. There are extensive mines of iron and lead, only worked at the surface, and the scimitars of Herat are as famous in Central Asia as its horses. Silk is spun there largely, and carpets of wool and silk are manufactured. The other articles of export are manna, assafœtida, gum, saffron and pistachio nuts. Half a century ago it paid an annual revenue of $450,000, and Malleson declares that under British rule the income to the Government from the district would suffice to pay the expenses of garrisoning the principal cities of Afghanistan. Foster, who visited Herat in 1783, described the city as far surpassing Candahar in the extent of its markets and the volume of its trade. Christie, who spent a month there in disguise in 1810, is as loud as Conolly in his praise of its delightful situation, brisk business and phenomenal fertility. He placed the population at 100,000; Conolly's estimate was 45,000, and the present number of inhabitants is believed to be something under 40,000, though the encyclopædias call it "about 50,000." Herat, however, is only a shadow of its old splendid self. Its origin and early history are unknown or little known. There was a town there before Alexander, and the modern city stands on the site of one of the four cities of Arrian's "Aria"—Artakoana, Aria Metropolis, Candace and Sousia Akhala. The Persian chronicles not so very much later speak of Heri, the capital of Aria, as a place of considerable importance. In 1157 the Turcomans captured and sacked and probably destroyed it, yet, when in 1232 Genghist Khan took it after a siege of six months, it was a city of 12,000 shops, 350 schools, 144,000 occupied dwellings, and 6000 baths, caravanserais and water-mills. Of the inhabitants, 160,000 are said to have been slaughtered at this second sack. In 1398, Miran Shah, and in 1447, Jehan Shah, smote it severely, and twice in the sixteenth century it was attacked by the Usbecks, who were once beaten back after a siege of eighteen months, and once succeeded in capturing and pillaging the city. When the Persians soon afterwards took the city, which they had always claimed as one of the four royal places of the Khorassan, it was "not only the richest city in Central Asia, but the resort of the greatest divines, philosophers, poets and historians of the age.

African Salutations.

A very interesting account is given of the ceremonials observed by the Tubu people, Africa, in greeting one another. A most elaborate performance is gone through when two strangers meet in this wild country. Each of the performers covers all his face but his eyes with this turban, seizes his spear and throwing-iron (a curious bowering-like weapon with a long projecting prong on the concave margin), and thus prepared, the two approach one another. At a distance of about six steps from one another they squat on their heels with spear upright in one hand and iron in the other. The one then asks "How do you do?" about a dozen times by means of four different words having that meaning used alternately, the reply being varied of the use of two words Laba, or Killala. Then one of the two loudly sings the word "thilla," which is returned by the other in a similar tone. The word is exchanged again and again, being commenced in a loud high pitched note and gradually run down the scale until it reaches a low bass murmur. When it has become so slow as scarcely to be heard, on a sudden it is shouted again in high key and the gamut is run through as before. This goes on a very long while, the performers going through it as a strict matter of ceremony, and taking no interest in one another all the while, but looking round at the horizon or elsewhere during their vocal exertions. After a while various forms of the question "How are you?" and the answer "Well," are introduced; at last questions or other topics are brought forward, although now and again the "thilla" bursts out in the midst of them, but the series of notes in which it is shouted becomes shorter and shorter. At last the thilla is got rid of altogether, and ordinary conversation becomes possible. Strangers do not shake hands, but acquaintances do. The covering of the face when greeting or meeting strangers is considered as a most important matter of etiquette.

This is Business.

Checks or drafts must be presented for payment without unreasonable delay.

Checks or drafts should be presented during business hours; but in this country, except in the case of banks, the time extends through the day and evening.

If the drawee of a check or draft has changed his residence, the holder must use due or reasonable diligence to find him.

If one who holds a check, as payee or otherwise, transfers it to another, he has a right to insist that the check be presented that day, or, at the farthest, on the day following.

A note indorsed in blank (the name of the indorser only written) is transferable by delivery, the same as if payable to bearer.

If the time of payment of a note is not inserted, it is held payable on demand.

The time of payment of a note must depend upon a contingency. The promise must be absolute.

A bill may be written upon any paper, or substitute for it, either with ink or pencil.

The payee should be distinctly named in the note, unless it is payable to bearer.

An indorsee has a right of action against all whose names were on the bill when he received it.

If the letter containing a protest of nonpayment be put in the postoffice, any miscarriage does not affect the party giving notice.

Notice or protest may be sent either to the place of business or to residence of the party notified.

The holder of a note may give notice of protest either to all the previous indorsers or only to one of them; in case of the latter he must select the last indorser, and the last must give notice to the last before him, and so on. Each indorser must send notice to the last before him, and so on. Each indorser must send notice the same or the day following. Neither Sunday nor legal holiday is to be counted in reckoning the time in which notice is to be given.

The loss of a bill or note is not sufficient excuse for not giving notice of protest.

If two or more persons, as partners, are jointly liable on a note or bill, due notice to one of them is sufficient.

Not Much Fireworks.

In India the husbandman, being averse to toil "that asks tough sinews," prefers to tickle the surface of his fields with a stick instead of plowing them. To convince him of his error, an English plow was once imported by an enthusiastic official, and a number of the cultivators of the neighborhood were invited to witness the great deeds of the new implement. Bullocks were solemnly attached to it and urged to proceed. They refused, of course, and so more and more were added, until at last the plow began to move; but whether from the inexperience of the plowman or the conduct of the bullocks, or both combined, in such erratic fashion that the nozzle was one instant plunged deep into the ground and in the next jerked up violently, sending showers of earth into the air; and the exhibition was finally brought to a premature conclusion by two of the bullocks joining in a single combat. The peasants assembled were very much impressed by the behavior of the plow as a plow, but confided to their entertainer before leaving that they did not think much of it—as fireworks.

Cod Liver Oil in Disease.

The fish from which the oil thus named is obtained is said by the British Pharmacopœia to be Gadus morrhus, Lin.; but in the United States Pharmacopœia it is said, with stricter accuracy, to be derived from that fish "and other species of Gadus." The following are the species of fish from which the oil is obtained: the codfish, the coalfish, the turbot, the ling and the dorse. The chemical substances which cod-liver oil is found to contain are margaric, stearic and cetylic acids, all of which are white solids; oleic acid and volatile acids, which are liquids, glycerine and biliary matters, and gadume. These are shown in the relative proportions in which they exist in the oil. Besides these bodies, cod-liver oil contains minute quantities of iodine, bromine and phosphorus. To each of these its medicinal properties have been referred, but the minute quantities contained in the oil, the difference of opinion among authorities, and the fact that other animal oils are found to produce similar effects, are regarded as proving sufficiently that cod-liver oil is useful chiefly as an easily digested fat.

The Hyacinth.

The Hyacinth is a universal favorite in the most extended application of the word. The number of its varieties is now fully equal to that of any other florist's flower. They are not only desirable for planting in beds in the flower-garden, but for forcing into flower in the dull, cheerless months of winter and early spring, when their bright-colored blossoms and rich fragrance lend a charm not otherwise to be found. For growing in the conservatory or drawingroom the bulbs should be potted, as early as they can be obtained, in small pots of rich, light earth, and placed in a cold-frame, or some protected place in the garden where they may be secure from heavy rains, cover them with at least one foot of newly-fallen leaves and being once well watered soon after being potted, they may remain for a month at least, to form their roots, when they may be secure from heavy rains; cover them with at least one foot of nearly fallen leaves, and being once well watered soon after being potted, they may remain for a month at least, to form their roots, when they may be uncovered, and the most forward brought out and repotted into large pots, and placed in a moderately warm room. The size of the pot will depend mnch upon the size of the bulb; as a rule, the first potting should be in four and the second six-inch pots. Some care is necessary in the application and increase of heat, or the flowers will be abortive. For the first three weeks it should not be above fifty degrees at any time of the day; after that the heat may be increased to whatever degree is desirable in the room where they are to bloom. Water should be slightly warm when applied, and given in proportion to the development of foliage and flower; in no case should the earth in the pots become dry, neither soddened, an excess of water being as injurious as drought. Hyacinths succeed best in a humid atmosphere, which is not easily obtained in the drawing-room; and they are particularly sensitive to cold draughts of air, which may and should be avoided. Hyacinth in glasses are an elegant and appropriate ornament to the drawing-room, and for this purpose occasion but little trouble. To those contemplating these interesting branches of floriculture we make the following suggestions: 1. If you choose your own bulbs, pay more attention to weight than size, and be sure that the bulb is sound at the base as well as at the top. 2. Use the single kinds only, because they are earlier, more hardy, and as a rule perfect their flowers in water better than the double varieties. 3. Use rain or soft spring water. 4. Set the bulb in the glass so that the lower end is almost but not quite in contact with the water. 5. When the bulb is placed, put the glass in a cool, dark closet, or any convenient place where light is excluded, there to remain for about six weeks, or until the roots fill the glass; which they will do sooner than in the light, as they feed more freely in the dark. 6. Fill up the glasses with water as the level sinks by the feeding of the roots or by evaporation. 7. It is not necessary to change the water, if a few pieces of charcoal are placed in the bottom of the glasses. 9. When the roots are freely developed, and the flower-spike is pushing life, remove by degrees to full light and air.

The Jackson Hermitage.

In a conversation with Mrs. Jackson, I asked her incidentally when and where she met her husband. She smiled at the question as if all the romance of her youth returned to her, and said: "Why, I first met him in Philadelphia, on the streets. I was with a lady friend, he with a gentleman. As we passed I turned—it was not exactly the thing for a young lady to do—and looked at him, only to find that he had done the same thing. He called that evening, and so began the acquaintance which ended in our marriage. That was during father's (meaning General Jackson, whom she always speaks of affectionately as 'father') first administration. We went directly to Washington, and the White House was our home as long as father was President." This little reminiscence seemed to brighten the lady not a little. She was seated in a cushioned arm-chair in a rather gloomy looking room, immediately back of the one in which General Jackson died. Her eyes are bright and black, her raven hair showing few silver threads and her complexion retaining its purity which, in her youthful days, made her a dazzling beauty.

It has always been understood by those who knew them best that when the youthful Mrs. Andrew Jackson went to the White House there arose a question as to whom the honor should belong of presiding as lady of the White House. Mrs. Andrew J. Donelson was already in that position and had filled it acceptably and gracefully. General Jackson desired that she should still preside, and the younger lady yielded any claims she might have had.

In my conversation Mrs. Jackson remarked that she first visited the Hermitage before the birth of her eldest son, whom she named Andrew Jackson, and who is now Colonel Jackson, the stay and support of her declining years.

"None of your children were born in the White House, I believe, Mrs. Jackson?"

"No, they were all—four in number—born here at the Hermitage."

When the terms of Jackson expired and he repaired to the Hermitage, Mrs. Jackson, her husband, Andrew Jackson, Jr., and their family constituted the household, afterward increased by the admission into the family circle of Mrs. Marion Adams, sister of Mrs. Jackson.

In the course of time General Andrew Jackson passed away and was placed in the mausoleum he had long before provided for himself by the side of his wife, to whom he was so fondly attached. The years flowed peacefully on, the young people had grown up and many brilliant scenes of gaiety awakened the echoes in the building and were reflected in the long mirrors. The marriage of the only daughter of the household, named in honor of the beloved and long-departed wife of General Jackson, Rachel, was an event that broke into long, ranquil years.

Then came the distracting times of the war. Three young men—two of the Jackson sons and one Adams—went into the Confederate service. Only one returned, and that was the one now living—Colonel Andrew Jackson. The latter went through the vicissitudes of war with honor, but was at the close of the same, a prisoner at Camp Chase. While here he first heard, through a chance paragraph in a newspaper, of his father's death. It seemed that while indulging in his favorite pastime of hunting, Andrew Jackson, Jr., had shattered his hand; the wound produced lockjaw and death. Said Colonel Jackson: "The day on which I read that paragraph was the blackest, gloomiest one of the whole war. I thought of my sorrow-stricken mother in her lonely home, and myself unable to go to or help her."

In a few months the unhappy struggle was ended, and Colonel Jackson returned to the Hermitage and to his widowed mother. Life now flowed on in a listless way. It had taken on a quiet, subdued tone, shadowed by the newly-made graves in the corner of the garden, only a few steps from the mansion. Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Adams, together, were going, hand in hand, through the remainder of the voyage of life. No bustle and stir of the busy outside world broke in upon them now, either with its cares or its gaieties. From time to time, when the evenings grew long, and they, with Colonel Jackson or some of the bright young grandchildren, gathered around the blazing fire, a visit to their relatives in Philadelphia would be discussed. Both ladies desired once more to visit their native city and mingle again with their kinsmen and friends of long ago. The pleasure of the trip would be canvassed, the cost counted up, and, alas! the slim purse was always found too attenuated to admit of the expense. Then the bright anticipations would fade, the trip be given up and the humdrum life flow on in its unbroken channel.

But there again came a change in this quiet life, and a sad one. Mrs. Jackson for years had been sustained and cared for by her less feeble sister, Mrs. Adams, but to the latter came a long and serious illness. Slowly she began to recover, and when convalescence seemed certain she met with an accident, causing relapse, and she succumbed to the inevitable. Her death occurred about two and a half years ago.

After the death of Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Jackson's daughter, Mrs. Lawrence, besought her mother to leave the sad hermitage and make her home with her, but Mrs. Jackson sadly shook her head and said: "No; it will not be for long now!" It would not be long ere she joined those gone before. Here at the loved Hermitage she had heard her children's infant prattlings re-echo through the long hallways and listened to the patter of their young feet in and about the doorways. They had grown to manhood and womanhood beneath that roof, and had passed out from it to the duties of life. All her joys and all her sorrows had been witnessed here, and in its peaceful solitudes she desired her own life to glide away.

The servants at the Hermitage now are an aged couple—"Gracey" and "Alfred"—and any one visiting there finds them offering themselves as escort to the tomb. Their youth was spent in the service of the Jackson family, and now in their old age they do not care to leave it. It is upon this faithful couple that Mrs. Jackson relies for household assistance. Speaking of them she said Gracey had been her own handmaiden, and had been with her during all her married life. She domesticated herself with the Jacksons by marrying Alfred, body servant of General Jackson, after they came to Tennessee. Mrs. Jackson said: "I don't know what I would do without Gracey. She knows my ways and my needs, she anticipates my every want. She is stout and well, and I do hope that her life will last longer than mine."

Giorgia Leili.

When Christina of Spain was about twenty years of age, a dwarf named Giorgia Leili was presented to her. He was full of wit and intelligence, and pleased the Queen so much that she attached him to her service. Thanks to her liberality, the dwarf was able to accumulate a small fortune which he left when he died, recently, to two sisters married and living in Aquila. The heirs sent two persons to Paris to receive the gold pieces and hand bills which the Liliputian relative had left behind them, and these innocent countrymen on their return to Rome were fellow-travelers with three persons who became very friendly with them. The feigned travelers, were going, they said, to Alexandria, for business of the greatest importance, and were delighted to have found such agreeable companions. When the men of Aquila told them that they carried the heritage of $10,000 in a small valise, one of them said they also had a large sum of money with them, and proposed putting it all together. The countrymen agreed to this novel arrangement, and one of the three travelers took charge of their united treasure until arriving at Turin. There the pretended friends left the train, giving the precious valise into the hands of the Aquilinesi, and promising soon to return. But they never did, and the deluded countrymen found on examining their valise, that the treasure had been replaced by some lumps of leads. When they related their adventure to the Police in Rome, it seemed so improbable that they themselves were held in custody until the truth of their story was proved, and some trace of the real culprits discovered.

Fractious Floored Him.

A High street woman was trying to do some figuring recently, "Let's see," said she, "seventeen yards at a quarter a yard. Two quarters would be a half," wetting her pencil with the tip of her tongue—"two quarters would be a half, and two halves would be four quarters, that's four times three—oh, dear! no, it isn't." Then the pencil was wetted again, and another start was made. "Seventeen yards at a quarter a yard. How much is seventeen quarters? Two quarters and a half. Seventeen quarters would be how many halves? Two quarters one half, six quarters three halves, that's one and a half, seventeen quarters would be—six times three are—" Here a pause occurred, and the pencil went up to the tongue again, while the forehead of the mathematician corrugated and was bedewed with perspiration. She turned the paper upside down, downside up, looked at it several times, sighed, and was about to commence all over again, when her husband entered. "John, how much is seventeen yards at a quarter a yard."

"Four into 17, 4 and 1 over—$4.25," promptly replied John.

"That's what I had it," said his wife, "but I wasn't sure I was right."

"Figured all over that paper to get it?" queried John.

"No, sir!" she answered, indignantly, growing as red as the red, red rose, "I guess I studied mental arithmetic at school, and," crumpling the paper up and putting it in his pocket—"have just got as much sense as some people who think they are so awful smart.

John didn't say anything but when he found that piece of paper, a few hours afterwards, he whistled.

The habit of F