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

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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

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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.

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

SOLD EVERYWHERE

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom,
The saddest hour is not *all* sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beams of sadness.

Despair is never quite despair,
Nor life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will hope and fancy twine the r roses.

Two Loyal Hearts.

In a quiet street off one of the quiet squares there is a tall, gloomy house, with narrow, dusty windows, and a massive double door, that still bears a brass plate with the words "Gourlay Brothers" engraved thereon.

The lower part of the house was used as an office, but the blinds were rarely drawn up, the door seldom swung back to the energetic push of customers, the long passage echoed no hurried footsteps, and Eli Haggart, the clerk, was, to all appearance, the idlest man in London, till one came to know his masters.

The Gourlay Brothers were never any busier than their faithful old servant—never hurried, flurried, or worried; never ate and never early. Every morning at ten o'clock they entered their office together, read their letters, glanced at the paper, left instructions for possible callers, and then went to the city. They always took the same route; at eleven they might be seen passing along the sunny side of Cannon street; at half-past one they entered the same restaurant, and sat down for luncheon. Wet or dry, shade or shine, summer or winter, every working-day for thirty years they had gone through the same routine, always excepting the month of September, when they took their annual holiday.

They were elderly men—John tall, thin, melancholy-looking, with light gray eyes, scanty gray hair and whiskers and a general expression of drabness pervading his whole face and faultlessly neat attire. Roger was shorter, rounder, more cheerful and generally warmer in color. His pervading hue was brown, keen reddish eyes that must have been merry once, crisp auburn hair that time had not yet quite transmuted to silver, a clean-shaved, ruddy face and brown hands full of dents and dimples. John was the elder; still he looked up to Roger with grave respect, consulted him on every subject, and never, either in our out of business, took any step without his advice and approval. And Roger was no less deferential. Without any profession of affection or display of feeling, the Gourley Brothers dwelt together in closest friendship and love. Their life was a long harmony, and during all the years of their partnership no shadow had fallen between them, and their public life was as harmonious at their private intercourse. In business they were successful, every speculation they made prospered everything they touched turned to gold; and as their whole lives were spent in getting, not spending, they were believed, and with reason, to be immensely wealthy. "Cold, hard, stern, enterprising," men called them, with an acuteness of vision and a steadiness of purpose, only to be acquired by long and close application to business. Reserved in manner, simple in their tastes, economical in their habits, the Gourlay Brothers were the last men in the world to be suspected of sentiment, their lives the least likely to contain even the germs of romance. And yet they had not been always mere business machines; the sole aim and end of their existence had not always been money. In early years they had brighter dreams, nobler ambitions.

At school John had distinguished himself, and his brief university career gave promise of a brilliant future. Roger had been a bright, ardent boy, with a taste for music that was almost a passion, and a talent little short of genius. With his deep earnestness, intense steadiness of purpose, and clear, vigorous intellect, John could scarcely have failed to make a distinguished lawyer. Roger was a born artist, with a restless, lofty ambition. Life seemed very bright for the brothers; there was nothing to prevent, and everything to assist, each in following his inclination. But in the very dawn of their career thair father died, and they were suddenly reduced from affluence to actual poverty. Nothing remained from the wreck of a magnificent fortune but the bitter experience that always accompanies such reverses. Fine friends failed them, flatterers looked coldly on their distress, those who had most freely partaken of their lavish hospitality passed by on the other side. Not a friend remained in their adversity but one, and she had indeed the will, but not the power, to help them. The boys left the college and turned their thoughts to business. It was hopeless to attempt to follow up their professions with an invalid mother and idolized only sister depending on them for support. John secured a situation as clerk in a city warehouse. Roger accepted a desk in the office of Bernard Russell, an old friend of his father's. They moved to cheap lodgings, and for several years plodded on wearily, the only gleam of sunshine in their altered home being the occasional visits of Alice Russell to their sister. Maude Gourlay and Alice had been schoolmates and friends; they usually spent their vacations together and Alice felt the misfortune that had fallen on the family as if it had overtaken her own. But she could do nothing except pay them flying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit and flowers, and write pretty sympathetic notes to Maude.

A few years of hardship and poverty told on Mrs. Gourlay's always feeble frame, still for her daughter's sake she clung to life with a strange tenacity; but when Maude's lover, who had gone to Australia to make his fortune, returned, not wealthy, but sufficiently so to claim his bride in her altered circumstances. Mrs. Gourlay seemed to have no other object to live for. Maude's marriage was hastened, and the very day after the ceremony, the poor, weary, broken hearted mother died. George Leslie took his wife back with him to Sydney, and John and Roger Gourlay were literally alone in the world.

As if in bitter mockery of their loss, and loneliness, immediately after their mother's death the brothers inherited a small fortune. But it was too late for John to go back to his studies, too late for Roger to return to his piano. They had fallen into the groove of business, and John at least was seized with a feverish eagerness to turn his small fortune into a larger one and become wealthy. So they went into business on their own account as Gourlay Brothers, with the firm resolution of retrieving the position their father had lost, and a very few years saw them established in Whittier street, and fairly on the high road to fortune. Then one quiet summer evening, as they sat over their dessert, John opened his heart to his brother and told him of his hopes, dreams and ambitions of his future.

"You will be surprised, and I trust pleased, to hear, Roger, that I love Alice Russell," he said, laying his hand on his brother's arm, "I can hardly remember the time when she was not dearer to me than all the world beside. The bitterest part of our misfortune to me was that it separated me from her; the only thing that has sustained me through our long struggle was the hope of some day winning her; nothing else can ever compensate me for the ruin of all my hopes and glorious ambitions. I once dreamed of being famous, Roger; for her sake put that behind me, and grubbed for gold like a miser. We, Gourlay Brothers, are on the high road to fortune; I may aspire to the hand of Alice now!"

"Surely, John," and the younger brother's voice was husky, and his hand shook as he took up his glass; "I drink to your success."

"Thanks, brother. I should have told you all this before, I should have confided in you, but I feared troubling you on my acount, you would have seen a thousand shadows across my path, you would have been more unhappy than I was myself. And now I want you to promise that it shall make no difference between us. We shall be Gourlay Brothers still."

Roger stretched his hand across the table, and John grasped it heartily.

"Gourlay Brothers to the end of the chapter, old fellow, and may you be as happy as you deserve. God bless you John."

John's face became a shade or two paler with emotion, and he walked up and down the room a few minutes; then he stood behind his brother's chair.

"Roger, you will think me very weak, very nervous, but I dare not speak to Alice myself. I could not endure a refusal from her. I have never even given her the most distant hint of my feelings. I have not the slightest reason to suppose that she regards me as other than a mere acquaintance, at most as Maude's brother. Roger, we have always been friends as well as brothers—stand by me in this; you are less shy and more accustomed to women; see Alice for me, ask her to be my wife."

"John, you're mad! You do not mean it!"

"I do; it is my only chance. Plead for my happiness, brother, as I would plead for yours. I am a man of few words, but I feel deeply. A refusal from her lips would kill me; I could hear it from you."

"As you will, John; I'll do my best," and Roger leaned his head on his hand and shaded his face from the light; "I'll call on Alice to-morrow."

The next day was the longest of John Gourlay's life—a bright, warm, happy day, that made people even in the city look glad and cheerful. He went about his business as usual, ate his luncheon, and walked home leisurely. Roger was standing at the window watching for him, and he kept his back to him when he entered the room.

"Well," John said, gently; "well Roger, have you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her," and Roger faced around suddenly. "John, old fellow, it's no use."

"Brother!" and he lifted his hand as if to ward off a blow.

"It's no use." Roger went on in a hard voice. "She does not love you; she loves some one else. Be a man, John, and bear it, for there's no hope."

One low, stifled groan, and then John Gourlay wrung his brother's hand and walked steadily out of the room. What he suffered in the hours that followed no one ever knew, and when he appeared at the dinner table he was calm and self-possessed, but something had either come into his face or gone out of it that altered him. But of the two, Roger looked the most unhappy. The blow had really fallen most most heavily on him.

"Jack, old fellow, we're Gourlay Brother's now to the end of the chapter," he said, huskily. "I know you'll never marry, and neither will I," and somehow John felt that Roger meant what he said

Twenty five years passed by, and a quarter of a century of changes and chances, and still the Gourlay Brothers held the even tenor of their way. They were rich beyond their wishes or desires, and not altogether unhappy in their solitary friendship. Alice Russell seemed to have drifted completely out of their lives; her name was never mentioned, and whether she was married or dead they did not know.

One morning about the middle of September they were walking along the King's road at Brighton, whither they had gone for their annual holiday. Roger entered a shop to purchase something, and John stood outside looking dreamily at the passersby. Suddenly he advanced a step as a lady in an invalid chair was wheeled by. Chancing to look up, she met his glance with a smile of recognition, "Mr. Gourlay, it surely is, it must be you. I am so glad to see you!"

"And I to meet you," John said, with a courteous bow. "I have not the pleasure of knowing—"

"My name—I am Alice Russell still," she said frankly. At that moment Roger appeared. For an instant the blood forsook his rudy face, while a hot crimson flush rose to Alice's pale cheek as she tried to stammer out some words of greeting. Roger was no less confused, and the expression of both faces was a revelation to John Gourlay. He felt as if the world had suddenly drifted away from him and he was left solitary in some unknown, infinate space. But there was nothing of that in his voice as he asked Alice for her address, and permission to call upon her in the afternoon. Then taking his brother by the arm he led him away, and they continued their walk without exchanging a single word about the strange encounter.

In the afternoon John called at Miss Russell's hotel, and in a few moments he found himself seated beside her in a pleasant sitting room, overlooking the sea.

"Alice," he said, plunging into the subject at once, "do you remember a conversation you had with my brother a long time ago?"

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gourlay," she replied sadly,

"He made a request for me then which it was not in your power to grant; I am come to make a similar one for him now. Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved you all these long, weary years, though you will at least believe I did not know it then."

"Poor Roger!" Alice said, softly.

"You care about him? You will make him happy, even at this late hour? Tell me, Alice, that you love my brother!"

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, I do. Why should i deny it? I have loved him always, though I did not know that he cared about me, and if the little life that is left me can make him happier, I will devote it to him gladly, proudly—poor Roger! You see I am too old for pretenses, Mr. Gourlay, and I fear I am dying; therefore, I tell you all."

"Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live many years yet, I hope, to make my dear brother happy—brave, loyal, great-hearted Roger. Let me send him to you now, and Alice, for my old and long affection's sake make him happy. He deserves it, and that is the only way I can ever help to repay the devotion of his life."

"I love him," Alice replied, simply; "I cannot do any more."

In their lodgings John Gourlay found his brother pacing restlessly up and down.

"Roger, I've found out your secret and her's," he said, laying both hands on his shoulders; "loyal, faithful friend, go to her; she loves you, she is waiting for you."

"Poor Alice! how she must have suffered?"

"How we all have suffered! but it's nearly over now, Roger—the grief, pain, regret. It's clear and bright. Roger, dear friend, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, John? Say rather can you forgive me?"

"True to the last," John murmured, as he wrung his brother's hand. "Now Roger, go to her; she is waiting for you. She loves you—loves you, Roger! Good bye, and may you both be happy!"

Late that evening, when Roger Gourlay returned home, full of deep, quiet gladness, he found his brother sitting in an easy chair near the window, apparently asleep. The full moon shone down on his pale face, and showed a smile on his lips; his hands were clasped on an open book that rested on his knee. The attitude was lifelike, but at the very first glance Roger felt that his brother was dead. The doctors said he had died of disease of the heart. Perhaps they were right. More people die of that malady than the world knows of.

A Mysterious Stabber.

Considerable excitement has been aroused within the last few days at Strasburg by the extraordinary proceedings of a mysterious stranger, who makes his appearance regularly at nightfall in one or the other of the less frequented thoroughfares, armed with a sharp, double-edged poinard, and, as soon as he preceives an "unprotected female," saunters up to her in a leisurely way and strikes her on the right breast with his weapon, inflicting a slight wound of from half to threequarters of an inch deep. Since the 18th ult., he has succeeded in stabbing no fewer than fifteen women and girls in this manner, upon each occasion taking to flight as soon as he had made his coup, and before his panic stricken victims had sufficiently recovered from their terror to raise an alarm. The Imperial police authorities have made search for this eccentric misdemeanant—described by those who have felt the point of his dagger as young, slight in build, and well dressed in all the hotels, inns, and lodging houses of the venerable cathedral city, but as yet to no purpose. They have placarded the town with official warnings addressed to heads of families, urging them not to permit their wives and daughters to traverse the streets alone after dark, and exhorting the male population of Strasburg to assist the police in discovering and arresting this male-factor. The placards in question were published early one Sunday evening.

Three hours later two young girls were stabbed, both in the right breast, while returning home from vespers through streets by no means void of pedertrians at that time the respective assaults were committed. A large reward is now offered by the Government for the seizure of the dexterous bravo, who has rendered the gloaming so terrible to Strasburg's fair daughters.

What Was In Her.

It was nearly a year ago when Leadville was first showing what was in her. There were several newly made bonanza kings about Denver then, and among them was a man who had probably never had $20 in his pocket at one time previous to his strike. To him the possession of a watch was the natural evidence of a competence, and as he made more than a competence, he felt that the fact should be indicated by the purchase of several watches. These he had deposited in Grand Central hotel safe. One night he came into the office very much the worse for liquor, lurched to the bar and hic-coughed out to the clerk,

"Gimme a watch."

A timepiece was passed to his unsteady hands, but endeavering to thrust it into his trousers pocket he left it slip and fall upon the floor. Without casting a glance at the fallen watch he lurched against the counter again, reached out his shaking hand, mustered all his faculties to the speaking and then blurted out!"

"Gimme 'nuther!"

Can the indifference of affluence go beyond this?

—Boston was incorporated as a city in 1822.

Moving.

To begin at the beginning, Adam and Eve moved out of the garden because they did't comply with the conditions of the lease. It didn't include fruit.

Noah moved his whole family by water to get out of a bad neighborhood, and found after all that he had taken the worst neighbors with him.

The Pilgrim Fathers moved to Plymouth Rock, because they couldn't move the rock to them.

Then the Indians began to move West, because the white man's tenements were held at too expensive rents for them.

And the Chinese began to move East, because they jostled one another at home.

And the Irish and English, Germans and French, Italian organgrinders and Russian Mennonites, all began to move over here, because they wanted more land about their houses, and the privilege of owning it themselves.

Thus the moving boom started, and every possible excuse has been invented for moving ever since.

Some people move because they have got furniture that looks well on a load, and wish to stir up the envy of the neighborhood. This doesn't work after about three moves. The furniture doesn't stand up to its good looks.

Occasionally a man moves because he likes the excitement, but not often.

People move away from a neighborhood where there are children because they can't stand the noise, and find their new house backs up against a tinshop. Serves 'em right.

Quarrelsome people are moved away from one only to find other people who not only quarrel but steal the morning paper from the doorstep.

Some folks move because they want more rooms and larger ones, and after they get there find every carpet a yard and a half too small each way.

Some folks move because they want to get into a more fashionable neighborhood, and find that it costs them three times as much to dress as it did in the old place.

Some folks move in order that they may have a garden spot to cultivate, and spend the summer in fighting potato bugs off the front piazza. N. B.—Their bills for "garden sass" are unusually large.

Some families move where there is a plat of grass for a croquet ground, and superinduce a quarrel that ruins the matrimonial prospects of the two older daughters and cause the parish rector to say "gosh."

Some people move because the mortgagee inserts an advertisement in the paper, and not because they want to.

Some people move to get a cheaper rent, and the first rainstorm leaks through the roof and spoils $75 worth of carpet

Some people move from force of habit. The 1st of May would seem like January to them—cold and cheerless—if they couldn't follow on behind a load of goods, with a lithograph of the ten commandments in one hand and a kerosene lamp in the other.

Last, tut not least, if you had paid your rent in the old place you wouldn't be obliged to move.

Concerning Cyclones.

Every one should know what a cyclone is, but the general ideas of the subject are rather vague. Take a small butter-pot, and set it down on your largest map of the world at about 20 degrees North Latitude, anywhere in the Atlantic between two continents, say east of the West Indies. Then, with a piece of whalebone twice as long as from the butter-pot to the North Pole, bent into a parabola, with one end at the Pole, the other at the butterpot, make out thus the cyclone. The apex of the bent whalebone will be somewhere in the Western United States. Imagine your butter-pot to be revolving in its own centre in the direction on the hands of a watch, at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. Its northwestern edge will be the dangerous storm-rim, blowing a hurricane, lashing the seas, and precipitating the rain; the other edges will be breezy, but not so stormy, as they contain less moist air. The centre will be the low barometer and calm area, because here the air has less weight and is flowing upward. Now move your butter-pot slowly along the parabola, still supposing it to be turning. By the time you reach the centre of the United States exchange the pot for a saucer, with the same supposed conditions, only by this time, if wintry, a snow-storm will take the place of the rain. Keep it moving circularly, and northwards also along the parabola, and about Hudson's Bay change to a breakfast-plate, and in Greenland to a dinner-plate, and about the 80th degree North, before the storm reaches the size of a buggy-wheel, it breaks up. Thus you see the space over which the storms travel enlarges as it passes North, the winds blow around its rim, and the calmeentre moves with it. Mariners now carry what is called a horn-card, transparent piece of flat cow's-horn, with a circle on it, inside which are several smaller circles, with arrows pointing as a watch's hands travel. Whenever the barometer changes, and clouds scud by, this horn-card is placed on the chart at the ship's position. Knowing the wind's direction and the weight of the air, the horn-cards tells whereabouts in the cyclone the ship is, and from this is reasoned how to sail to avoid the cyclone; or, if unavoidable, how to manage in it. Not many decades ago, ships were driven thousands of miles from their course by not having masters possessed of this knowledge. Nowadays, meteorological information is as necessary to the navigator as his sextant. In South Latitudes storms pass in the same way toward the South Pole, by way of a western bend, only the circular motion is reversed, and the southwestern is the stormy edge.

A Smart Boy.

A young man called on his intended, and while waiting for her to make her appearance he struck up a conversation with his intended brother-in-law. After a while the boy asked:

"Does galvanized niggers know much?"

"I really can't say," replied the much amused young man.

And then silence reigned for a few moments when the boy resumed his conversation.

"Kin you play checkers with your nose?"

"No, I have never acquired that accomplishment.

"Well, you'd better learn, you hear me!"

"Why?"

"Cause Sis says you don't know as much as a galvanized nigger, but yer dad's got lots of stamps and she'll marry you anyhow; and she said when she got hold of the old man's sugar she was going to all of the Fourth of July percessions and ice-cream gumsucks, and let you stay home and play checkers with that hollyhock nose of yourn."

And when Sis got her hair banged and came in, she found the parlor deserted by all save her brother, who was innocently tying the tails of two kittens together and singing:

Oh, I love the Sunday School.

Cheap Living.

For cheap living, the Island of St. Michael, the pearl of the Azores group, is about the best place in the world. The climate is soft and agreeable, the scenery lovely, and the people noted for their simplicity and kindness. Labor is very cheap, and consequently the roads leading from the town of St. Michael are of the finest character. The streets are kept marvelously clean. The island is about thirty miles square and picturesque. One can buy five eggs for two cents, a chicken for twelve and a-half cents, beef for three cents a pound, and hire a good house for $7 a month. You can live well for $600 a year; and handsomely of $700, and live in superb style, keeping carriage and horses for $1,000. The gardens are beautiful features of the island. In one garden there are 4,000 plants of different varieties. The land is owned by a few rich people, and rents very high. A quarter of an acre brings $15 a year. The peasants or laboring people go barefooted, and live very economically. Probably $100 a year supports a small family. The fashions in dress have not changed within a hundred years, and this applies to the best society. The women wear copakes, a garment reaching from the neck to the feet, and bearing some resemblance to the "ulster" which the ladies of this country wear. The head covering is called a "capilla," and is like one of the old-fashioned New England bonnets, but it is attached some way to the copake. A girl, seeing a stranger approaching, conceals her face with the capilla. The native people recognize their friends by their feet.

A Tagus Adventure.

Captain Paul Boyton, the renowned swimmer during a recent interview said:

"The Tagus is perhaps the most remarkable river I ever navigated. I left Toledo, in Spain, and paddled down through that country and Portugal to the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of 850 miles. For over seven hundred miles it is not navigable for vessels, but winds in an erratic and—to me—annoying manner through the most weird scenery that Spain possesses. Between Toledo and the ocean its descent is 3,600 feet. At its source and for a short distance down the shores are lined with luxuriant trees and grasses, but soon these utterly disappear, giving way to arid and stoney banks, which in turn grow into precipitous mountains sides. For the first three days I paddled along satisfactorily, but as the number of days since I began my journey increased my troubles augmented. Then my course wound through a continued series of canyons, whose gloomy walls were in places so high and steep that they almost met and nearly hid the sunlight from the yawning chasm beneath. Towards night it required no great stretch of fancy for me to imagine that I was being swiftly carried along through a mysterious subterranean passage. The river was studded with boulders, hurled from the mountain tops by fearful storms, and often as I was bowled along under the pressure of the roaring wind and rushing current I was thrown against one of these obstacles and my senses nearly shaken from me.

"To increase my peril the river was full of falls and rapids of unusual violence. In places a shallow current would dart toward the rocky mountain-side and then turn at a sharp angle and merge into a deep and peaceful sheet of water. I blessed those havens, for they afforded me a chance of taking much-needed rest. Looking into their clear depths I could see the hideous fish darting about, but the bottom was a fathomless pit. Words are wanting to picture the loneliness of my situation. For ten days I saw not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a single sign of man's abode. My diet was nauseating and I felt with alarm that I was gradually losing my strength.

"One day, it was the twelfth of my journey, as I was floating on the bosom of a sort of lake, suddenly I was plunged head-first over a fall and struck with such force against the precipious wall of the canyon that I lost consciousness. Happily my rubber suit saved me from what would have been otherwise a certain death. I recovered my senses after an interval, I know not how long, and, with a prayer on my lips, was about to resume my voyage, when to my horror I found that my tender was lost! It had been sucked into a whirlpool, probably, and the current was rapidly bearing me away from the scene. I was nearly frantic. My tender was gone, my hopes were blasted, my life was not worth a straw! The contents of the little float were at that moment as precious to me as all the wealth that a king could bestow.

"I paddled on for several hours, trusting to find a way out of the river. If I could only find a shepherd generous enough to share with me his frugal meal I was saved. But my hopes were vain. Encumbered by my rubber armor, with waning strength and tremulous movements I made many futile attempts to clamber the slippery mountain sides, but in every case I tumbled back into the river exhausted. For three days I was urged on, I know not how, by the impetuous waters. I was ravenous with hunger, my limbs quivered like aspens, a chill sweat oozed all over my body, and my brain was delirious. I swore like a madman, heaped maledictions upon the Tagus, and at times sang wild snatches of song. To this day I cannot account for the supernatural strength giving me during those seventy-two hours of agony. The howling of wolves and the hooting of owls during the nights heightened the sombre current of my reflections. On the morning of the third day, just after daylight, I entered the canyon of Casaras. I swallowed a pint or two of water and stood upright in my rubber suit. I listened for the tinkling of a bell, or some sound that would give token of a habitation. Nothing broke the silent but the distant fall of waters. As I sank back in the river, in despair, to my joy I thought I saw a thin veil of smoke coming over the edge of the high plateau and falling on the water. My heart beat rapidly as I paddled on for five minutes in the direction of the smoke. At last I saw the bluish haze rising from behind a gigantic rock. With accelerated steps I left the river and clambered along the rocky bank. Several times I slipped and fell, receiving numerous bruises.

"I was compelled to make many detours to reach the plateau, but finally reached it, almost dead from fatigue. I peered around the edge of the large rock that I had observed and saw the fire which caused the smoke. A large pot was suspended from a tripod over a fire kindled with sticks and matted grass. The pot contained what I now believe to have been a mess hardly fit for dogs, but which I then judged from the greasy odor to be hardly second to the dish of the gods. Two men, in active conversation, stood near the fire, with their backs towards me, and one of them stirred the savory mess while he talked. They were dressed in the garb of mountaineers, and were most probably shepherds. Both were clothed in faded garments, but all the colors of the rainbow were there, more or less obscured by the dirt of years. My hunger was keen, so I introduced myself without the tedious ceremonials so highly appreciated in Spanish society. I inflated my dress, and, standing forth in full view, let my paddle fall to the ground. Startled by the noise, the men turned about and gazed at me in superstitious terror. With shrieks of fear they swiftly turned about and scampered off at the top of their speed. Then I went over to the pot and ravenously devoured its half-cooked contents, scorching my throat and spilling half of the food. I never saw my impromptu hosts after, nor did I care to see them, in fact. After my repast I disrobed my armor, and, stretching at full length on the sward, was soon slumbering. When I awoke I hid my rubber covering and walked for a few miles, when I came to a farm house and managed to buy another lot of greasy bread and indigestible hard-tack. From this point to its mouth the river was navigable and I never more was troubled about food. On the eighteenth day I arrived at my journey's end. I was met by the Governor of Casaras, his suite and many ladies and gentlemen who had anxiously been expecting me. The whole party rode on gayly caparisoned mules to the castle of the Governor, where I received a royal welcome and rested for a fortnight. Thus ended my navigation of the Tagus, the first and only time that a man had ever descended that terrible river from its source to to its mouth. Perhaps, after many days, the story will be told in whispers among the Spanish peasantry of how, once upon a time, while two mountaineers of Casaras were cooking their morning meal, the devil appeared to them in a horrible form, horns, hoof and tail, surrounded by fire, and caused them to flee for their lives."

Limburger Cheese.

One of the marked successes of our dairymen has been the production of a variety of Limburger cheese, that is said to be a decided improvement upon the original, and which has dirven the imported article almost entirely out of the market. Thousands of tons of Limburger are now produced every season—mostly in the States of New York and Wisconsin—at a cost of less than half the imported article. It finds its market and is consumed mostly by our American and German population. It is more profitable to the farmer and maker than any other kind of cheese; first because from a given quantity of milk more weight is obtained, owing to the mode of making and curing; also because the price it brings is usually from 10 to 40 per cent higher than that obtained for the standard American cheese. In neighborhoods where its manufacture has been commenced it usually spreads to the exclusion of other kinds. Even the fastidious and shrewd Yankee, with his everlasting eye to the main chance, has found that the odor, so execrable at first, smells somehow of greenbacks. The cheese is made in factories capable of working the milk from 100 to 400 cows, rarely exceeding the latter number, as more would require a larger area of country than would be desirable, as the milk is hauled and cheese made twice a day usually. The makers generally buy the milk from the farmer at a price agreed upon for the season for six months, beginning about the 1st, of May. The process of manufacture in its first stages does not differ from the usual way, except that a lower temperature is kept while the curd is forming, the animal heat alone in summer being often high enough—Great care is taken to use pure milk, free from taint or filth, and cleanliness is requisite in every stage of the making. Upon the curd being formed it is slowly and carefully cut into square, pieces the size of dice, low temperature and careful handling being necessary to avoid breaking the butter globules upon which the richness of cheese depends. It is slightly scalded and stirred, most of the whey drawn off, and, without being salted the curd is dipped out into perforated wooden boxes or molds, about five inches square, and left to drain without any pressure being applied. In a few hours the packages are carried into the curing cellar, and placed edgeways on shelves, like bricks set to dry. Every day thereafter they are rolled in salt, and replaced when they have absorbed enough salt. They are turned almost every day, and the slimy moisture which exudes is rubbed with the hand evenly over the surface, which serves the double purpose of keeping the cheese moist and to close all cracks into which flies might lay their eggs. This outside mosture decomposes while cheese ripens, and being mostly composed of albumen, like fresh meats, eggs, etc., the same results follow the decomposition, and in this case the Limburger odor is developed, which never forsakes it. After eight or ten weeks it is packed in paper and tin foil, and is ready for market. In consistence, contents and nourishment it is the richest cheese that can be made, but, to the uninitiated a, malicious and premeditated outrage upon the organs of smell.

Glassware.

Heavy, old-fashioned English cut glass is coming again into fashion, but the favorite glass of the day is clear and thin and beautifully engraved. This should all match—goblets, wine glasses of various sorts, decanters, carafes, ice-cream sets and finger bowls. At fashionable dinner parties, where half a dozen or more different wines are served, the glasses are by no means an inconsiderable feature of the service. The time-honored castor in the centre of the table is decidedly old-fashoned; the mode now is one, two, three, or four small castors, according to the length of their table. More stylish still are individual sets—silver pepper and salts, in quaint designs; solemn-looking owls with ruby eyes, English pug dogs and even toads. Where these are used, small pitchers of Venetian glass hold vinegar, and the mustard pots—two of which are a set—are of artistic china, either matching the dinner service or of sufficient beauty to stand alone. The tall epergnes, once so much admired, are bought no longer. People who possess very elegant ones use them, but the preference is for ornaments and centre-pieces, which do not hinder conversation by obstructing the view of one's vis-a-vis at table.

Uses of Waste Paper.

A writer says that few housekeepers are aware of the many uses to which waste paper may be put. After a stove has been blacked, it can be kept looking well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing it with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a teakettle clean than the old way of washing it in suds. Rubbing them with paper is also the best way of polishing knives and tin ware after scouring them. If a little soap be held on the paper in rubbing tin ware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not apt to mould if a piece of writing paper cut to fit each can, is laid directly upon the fruit. Paper is much better to put under carpets than straw. It is thinner, warmer and makes less noise when one walks over it. Two thicknesses of paper placed between the other coverings on a bed are as warm as a quilt. If it is necessary to step upon a chair, always lay a paper upon it, and and thus save the paint and wood-work from damage.

The Romance of Hotel Keeping.

"Having staid too long in the bath at Long Branch recently, I lost the train to the horse-race, and Col. Presbury, of the West End Hotel, a gallant old beau, of fine worldly style, offered to take me out. He was about to give away $1,000, as it proved, to George Lorillard, and had only time to see that stake run for and the following two miles and a quarter. As we went along the road I said: 'You were the first big hotel man I ever saw, and I have been afraid of you for about twenty years. How did you start?' said the straight, military-like old man. 'I came from Baltimore. My mother was a Howard. I was cashier of the Bank of Maryland, and also of the Bank of Louisville. I had put by some money, and one day Mr. Billings came to me and said, 'Colonel, there is a big hotel to be erected in Philadelphia, called the Girard House. If you will let me have some money to furnish it, I think I can get it.' I was banking then in St. Louis. I went on with Billings to see the hotel, and as it cost a large sum to furnish it, $75,000, I was compelled to be a partner. We leased the hotel. Billings made $100,000, which I paid to him. He wasn't equal to so much luck, and is dead. My inside steward was named Darling. I got him from the Tremont House, Boston, and paid $2,500 a year. He was so efficient with me that he got the new Battle House at Mobile, made money and was enabled to take the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. There he became the wealthiest American hotel man, and is worth $3,000,000. If I had begun business with as good a man as my present partner, Hildredth, I would have been as rich as Darling.'

"'How came you to go to Washington City during the war?'

"'I had to give up the Girard House after running it four years, on account of the hoggishnes of those who owned it. I asked for a reduction of rent on the ground that the Continental Hotel, a much finer structure, was going up right opposite me. They said that was a reason for raising my rent.' 'Very well,' said I, 'I will sell out the furniture and close the Girard House for a year, and you will never make money out of it again. They never have. I went to Baltimore and the war broke out, and the first thing I knew Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, telegraphed me to come to Washington. I went down there and he opened the conversation:

"'Presbury, I want you to take Willard's Hotel. It will be the Union headquarters. I want a man in control there whom I know!' 'Gen. Cameron,' I replied, 'I'm hardly your man. While I think our people are foolish to talk about leaving the Union, my sympathies are with the State of Maryland whatever she does.' 'O, pshaw!' he said, 'You go and take that hotel. Willard is scared, and you can get it cheap.' I called on the Willards. They offered me the hotel for $100,000, furniture and lease. I had the proffer written out and signed. I rented it without looking at it, seeing there were six hundred guests. When I went next Monday to take the hotel, Willard said, 'Presbury, we don't want to give this up. What will you take to give the property up? We'll give you $50,000 for your bargain.' Said I, 'Gentlemen, I will take $100,000.' I got the hotel and made $165,000 the first year. I then sold the lease to my partners for $140,000, which they paid in full, except $20,000. In the West End Hotel here I have invested with Mr. Hildreth $250,000, and spent $100,000 on the property, and we get $60,000 a year out of it."

At the Depot.

A ludicrous scene occurred at a depot recently. The train which goes up the Creek backs down to the depot, then uncouples, and the locomotive and a couple of cars go over Centre street to allow a car from the Valley train to be switched in. As the piece of train moved off, a person on the stationary car yelled "There goes the train!" and started in pursuit. His example was contagious. Everybody believed that the train was leaving them, and rushed wildly out of the car. Two men tumbled over the railings in their haste and fell in the mud. A fat woman with a basket of purchases rushed out of the car door, slipped, and bounced down the steps on to the platform, like a bag of lard rolling down stairs. And when she struck in a pool of water on the boards, it sounded like slapping a griddle cake on to the iron. Then she yelled murder and called for the police. A fat old gentleman got stuck in the doorway, until the crowd pushing from behind suddenly loosened him, when he shot out of the door and off to the end of the car into the arms of the brakeman, with a speed which confused the old man into the belief that he had collided with the locomotive. A nervous man followed and attempted to jump over the fat lady, who had not yet arisen. His toe caught in her waterfall, and he plunged head-first into the stomach of a man who was rushing to assist the lady, doubling him up on the ground, while a yard of false hair fluttered from the nervous man's toes for a moment as he waved them in the air, looking like a well-worn rag on the end of a black stick. Two men who had gained the train just at Sycamore street, said to the brakeman, "Well, we caught it." "Yes, you caught it, though what in thunder you run like that for when we're going to back up again is more than I can tell." The two men got right off and stood looking into each other's faces for five minutes without speaking. Then said one, "is there anything strong enough for us to drink in this town?" Matters were finally arranged at the platform. The fat old gentleman was assisted into the cars again and two men helped up the old lady and her purchases; procured a portion of her waterfall—a dog had run off with the other part—and by telling her that nobody had been hurt by the collision, persuaded her to take her seat in the car once more. The nervous gentleman was discovered trying to pull a plug hat off from his head and shoulders, while in the face of the man propped up in one corner of the depot, with both hands over his stomach, could be discerned the feature of him who broke the nervous gentleman's fall.

Frenchy.

As Monsieur Henri de Charville, a genial assistant at the Maison Doree, San Francisco, was sauntering up Market street near the Palace the other morning, on his way to where his short gingham jacket hangs on a peg behind the door