A correspondent from Texas says at Big Springs commenced one of the surprising and interesting portions of my journey. From here westward for a hundred miles stretches out the great Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains of our geographies, a supposed desert, treeless and waterless. I would express the wish that it may take its place with the "Great American Desert" among the geographical myths. In point of fact, it is an elevated, rolling table land, rising gradually towards its centre, where it attains a hight of 2500 to 3000 feet above the sea level. It has rich prairie soil, and is covered with a luxuriant growth of grass. The lockout for water supply is not, at first sight, promising, there being throughout all its extent absolutely no running water, and when the railway engineers reached this portion of their work they were prepared to encounter the dearth of water as the chief difficulty they had to contend with. This anticipation was dissipated with the first well they sunk, for an abundance of water was struck at a distance of forty feet below the surface. Since then every well sunk has yielded the same result, and the division of the road over the Staked Plains to-day has the best water supply on the whole line. It seems that the whole country is honeycombed with subterranean watercourses, the wells reaching water at a depth varying from thirty feet to a little over fifty in one instance. The water is good, soft, clear water, and the wells all through the severe drought of this fall have given no sign of any failure in supply. So far as observation has extended, it has shown that the rainfall on the plains is quite as heavy as, if not heavier than, in eastern Texas.

Another genuine surprise was in store for us on the "plains." Last June and July, when the road was under construction, the camps of graders and construction men were pitched on the ground close to the right of-way, and in feeding their stocks portions of corn, oats and barley had been split on the ground. It had taken root in the sod without having been planted, and as we passed by there stood in patches along the right-of-way fully developed oats and barley and stalks of corn that measured at least four feet in height, with full sized ears upon them. In short, it is a country that is capable of becoming the granary of the South-west, and at its elevation wheat culture will in all probability be very successful. The plains are the range of immense herds of antelope and occasional buffalo, and marvelous stories were told us of their racing the trains, and of shooting them from the cars, but we were evidently not there on a good day for them, as we did not catch a glimpse of either, and had to content ourselves with the sight of an occasional coyote and ubiquitous prairie dogs.

A Game of Billiards.

"I'm not much at billiards," said a thin, little gentleman with eyeglasses to a natty youth in one of the large billiard parlors of the city; "but I'll try you a game, if you like, just for fun."

"Now, I wish to do the correct thing," said the natty youth, winking at a companion; "I'll give you whatever is right, of course."

The thin little gentleman said nothing, but taking down a cue commenced vigorously chalking it.

"I haven't played a game in two months, "said the thin little gentleman, driving a ball around the table in a wild sort of way. "And I never did take naturally to the thing. Get to a certain point and there I stick."

"Suppose I give you 10 points" said the natty youth, placing the balls.

"Just as you say," said the thin little gentleman, "and of course you will get the best of me."

"Shall we play for the beers?" asked the natty youth carelessly.

"I'm agreeable," said the thin little gentleman.

"You can have the lead if you like," said the natty youth, throwing another wink at one of his companions.

"It's all the same to me," said the thin little gentleman playing and missing the first shot. Then the natty youth started in and put 13 points to his credit, making several very showy shots and pausing with the confident air of a professional. He slipped up, however, on what he called one of his favorite shots, and the thin little gentleman came to the table and made a feeble attempt, missing a very easy shot. He smiled and said, "He knew how it would be."

"Suppose I give you five more points," said the natty youth, but the thin little gentleman would not hear of such a thing. He would be beaten anyway, he said, smiling, and taking a seat in a resigned sort of way, and then the natty youth ran his score up to 26 points and missed the 27th shot, winking at his companions as he did so, as much as to say that the miss was intentional.

"I suppose I might as well take my turn for the looks of the thing," said the thin little gentleman, getting up and approaching the table. He made the first shot, which was a very easy one, and the balls rolled together again, giving him "another picnic," as the natty youth expressed it. Again he made a shot, and again the balls rolled together.

"Your luck is changing," said the natty youth, smiling, and proceeding to chalk his cue for action.

"It's of no use," said the thin little gentleman, hitting his ball vigorously and driving everything here and there; but again the balls came together.

"Well, you have the luck," said the natty youth, winking once more at his friends. "But why don't you nurse 'em? Dont hit your ball so hard." But the thin little gentleman had once more sent everything spinning and flying over the table, and once more luck was with him for the balls bunched themselves in one of the corners. Then the thin little gentleman took the natty youth's advice and nursed them so well that in a very few minutes he was up among the 20's. Down the rail, around the corner, and up the rail, he took them, knocking off the points at every second, while the natty youth looked on astonished and open-mouthed. Soon the thin littleman's score ran up to 30, and then he went out, making four brilliant round table shots for a wind up.

"The thing kind of comes back to me," said the little gentleman as he put up his cue.

"Well, I should blush to articulate," said the natty youth, ordering beers for the whole party.

Russian Arctic Station.

The Arctic Ocean is rapidly becoming surrounded with observing stations on Lieutenant Weyprecht's plan. At the mouth of the Lena, now rendered specially interesting to Americans on account of the landing there of the crew of the lost Jeannette, the Russians will soon have a meteorological observatory. The expedition has by this time probably started. The route is by rail to Nishm Novgorod, thence by sleigh to Perm, by rail to Yekateaneburg, by sleigh to Irkutsk, where they are expected to arrive, and stay there a few months to complete their outfit, secure the services of five soldiers and train them to meteorological observation. Meanwhile a barge is to be built or bought at Katschug, on the Lena, where the navigation of this river begins. The party, on descending the river, will stop for some time at Irkutsk to make further preparations. The length of the route, and especially the difficulty of transportation by land without railways, make the Russian expedition the most difficult of the arctic expeditions on Weyprecht's plan. Petroleum is wanted to give a good clear light, and 2½ tons of it will have to be bought at Nishm Novgorod, as this light is yet little used in Siberia. Besides the building of the houses, the food of the expedition, etc., all will be more difficult to obtain than the same articles wanted by an expedition sailing in ships.

—Henry III. was the first English king who wore spurs with rowels.

In the Mountains.

"Are you fond of driving?" asked the writer of this article of Frank Ensign, a famous mountain stage driver, as he jumped upon the seat at his side on the coach that was about to start from Gunnison to Ruby Camp in the Elk Mountains.

"Yes, I love to be around horses."

"You must have had some adventures?"

"A few," replied Frank, quietly.

"Where did you first begin to drive?"

"In the East. I came from Lockport, N. Y. I used to drive trotters. You ask Dan Mace if he remembers Frank Ensign."

"You must have had some colt rides."

"Yes, I've been chilled to the marrow on several occasions; once on the road over the ground we are now traveling. It was two winters ago, when the discoveries of these diggings began to make a noise in the world. Men would undergo any hardship to reach the mountains. One morning I had a stage load for Ruby Camp. From signs in the air I made up my mind that before night a blizzard would roll down with frost sharp enough to freeze whisky in your breast pocket. I put on six layers of clothing. First, silk underwear, then woolen, next buckskin, a suit of woolen clothes, a thick ulster, and finally a big bearskin coat that covered all up to my ears. I wore three pairs of socks a pair of arctics, and high flannel-lined rubber boots over them. I wound a flannel bandage around my head and forehead, and pulled my fur cap down to my eyebrows. A pair of goggles protected my eyes, and a muffler, which I managed to breathe through, covered my mouth, cheeks and nose. Heavy fur glover, encased in rubber mittens, protected my hands. One of the members of the stage company had to go up on business, and he started off with me in the seat you occupy. He was pretty well bundled up, and said he didn't want any of his men to ride where he wouldn't go.

"Before we passed Castle Mountain the blizzard was on us. It came shrieking over the bare rocks and through the stunted trees louder than if a million Utes were swooping down after our scalps. It whistled around the coach and over the horses, fairly raising the harness from their backs. Icicles formed fringes from their mouths, and their sides were white with glistening frost. They lowered their heads to the storm and plunged bravely on with their load. 'Are you cold, Frank?' inquired the boss with chattering teeth. 'Warm as toast,' says I. 'The point of my nose was the only sensitive thing about me; that tingled as if a coal of fire had come in contact with it.' Pretty soon we came to a bend around the mountain, where we had a little shelter

"'Pull up a minute, Frank,' said the boss. 'I guess I'll get in with the passengers.' Every man inside was stamping his feet as if he had served his time in the Old Bowery pit. A fearful howl arose when the proprietor opened the door, and dove in among the half-frozen, cramped up travelers. Between the gusts I heard the lively tattoo kept up until we began climbing the high range to Ruby Camp. Then only an occasional thump reached my ears. When we arrived at the station I had to help every man out of the coach. Nearly all had their feet, hands, ears or noses bitten, requiring vigorous applications of snow to restore a healthy circulation of blood. A little rubbing of my own nose set me all right (Frank's nose is rather long and thin), and when I entered the barroom at the station, after seeing that my team was properly attended to, I was in a comfortable glow of warmth.

"'Frank, said the proprietor, 'I don't see how you got up the mountain without freezing to death. I should have fallen off if I had remained outside another half hour.'

"Were you ever stopped by road agents?"

"Yes by the Allison gang. That was down in Texas, though. We had a coach full of passengers, a heavy mail, and a big package of money by express, I had the money under my cushion and the mail bags piled up behind me. We were stopped in a place where the horses had to walk, as is generally the case."

"Do you drivers always stop when ordered?"

"Yes; if we didn't we'd get bullets through our heads, or maimed for life, without receiving any compensation from the company or passengers."

"How did the gang operate?'

"Allison stood at the heads of the leaders with a pistol pointed at me. His confederates ranged alongside of coach, covering the passengers. Allison knew me by sight. He shouted, 'Hands up, Frank!' 'If you won't unhitch any of my horses,' I replied. 'All right, we don't want your horses.' Then I held up. The passengers were ordered out in line, with hands up, and thoroughly searched. The robbers went through the baggage in the boot, taking some parcels, and then asked me to throw down the mail bags to them. 'I can't do that; if you rob the mail you will have to get the bags yourselves.' Then they climbed up, tossed the bags down, cut them open, and took such letters as they wanted. 'Have we got all?' asked Allison. 'All that's worth having, I guess.' The thousands of dollars I was sitting upon fairly burned me at this time, but I looked the robber coolly in the eye. 'One of the gang now began unhitching my leaders. 'Stop that,' said Allison, 'no one shall touch Frank's horses.' Then turning to me he said, 'We are going now, Frank; in ten minute you can drive on."

"Did you ever meet with an upset on these mountain roads?"

"No; but I had a terribly close call near Grand Canon a year ago the 10th of August."

Here Frank grasped the butt of his whip and curved the tip of the lash over the leaders' heads. The handle of the whip was highly ornamented. There were about a dozen silver bands on it. On the broad band at the butt there was an inscription of several lines.

"I seldom handle this whip without thinking of that ride," said Frank. See that I was interested he continued:

"We had a load of nineteen passengers inside and outside the coach, and ten heavy trunks in the boot. We were going from Silver Creek to Canon City. I had the best six-horse outfit on the line, and felt a pride in driving, although I knew the coach was too heavy for the coach in some places. At my side sat a pretty little lady and on the end of the seat was the wife of one of our directors. The director sat behind his wife. All went well until we came to the top of Greenhorn Range. The drive down the range for two miles and a half is one of the most perilous in the Rockies. In places there is scarcely six inches to spare to keep you from going over the precipice, and on the other side is a wall of rock. About half way down is a point called Cape Horn. The road has been built out around this rocky point and the turn is so sharp that when the leaders of a six-horse team have rounded the rock they are out of the driver's sight. This place is the dread of all the drivers and teamsters on the road. The descent is about 260 feet to the mile, and when once you start there is no stopping until you reach the bottom.

"Of course I was a little anxious when the leaders went over the brow of the range; but my wheelers were powerful and game, and trained to obey every word of command and touch of the whip, while the others were steady and fast enough to keep out of harm's way. As the coach began the descent I placed my foot on the brake with a firm hold. The heavy load required extra pressure, and I gave it steadily. We hadn't gone more than twenty yards when the brake broke! In an instant the coach was on the wheelers, and they were on their haunches, snorting and using their fore legs like ploughs. It was no use. The leaders went in the air like wild horses, and to save themselves from being crushed the wheelers sprang to their feet and joined in the race. One yell came from the men on the coach, pierced by a simultaneous shriek from the women. After that they remained still as death. The little woman grasped me around the waist at the first jump of the horses, holding my arms as if in a vise. 'For God's sake, woman,' I exclaimed, 'let go of me and take hold of the rods by your side. Our only hope of safety lies in my being able to guide the horses.' She unwound her arms, and I handled the reins as best I could.

"Down we plunged, the coach swinging and rocking like a toy. There wasn't a place wide enough to zigzag, to break the velocity of descent. I turned my head for an instant toward the director. His wife had fainted, and he had all he could attend to in holding her in her in her seat. There were places where the outer edge of the roadway had been ground off, and in hugging the bank, the wheelers very nearly caused a collission several times, fairly bouncing and balancing the stage on two wheels. At last the horses dashed around Cape Horn, and there I gave up the stage as lost. These stages are so built that when they overturn, a pin drops out that connects the pole and horses to the coach, and the driver has chance to save himself by being drawn off by the horses. When the leaders were out of sight around the rock it flashed through me that I might save the little woman. So I took a firmer grasp on the lines with my right hand, and was ready to swing my left around her body. The stage swirled and actually made the turn on the two outside wheels. Then, thank God, she settled down again and went on bouncing down the range. It seemed an age before reached the level, where the horses ran two or three hundred yards before I could stop them. When I did finally get at their heads to caress and encourage them for bringing us down safely the perspiration was pouring out of every pore of my body, although it was a cold day in the mountains.

"When the director got in and related the incidents of the ride to other members of the company, they asked, 'What shall we do for Frank?' 'Given him a check for $100,' replied the director. They gave me the check, and the passengers clubbed together and presented me with $85 in cash and this whip, which I shall carry as long as I drive."

While Frank was with our party two occasions occurred when coolness and courage were called for, and Frank responded handsomely. Subsequent inquiries also revealed the fact that Frank had not drawn on his imagination while relating his exploits on the stage box.

Mediæval Silverwork.

A valuable discovery of mediæval silverwork, with some gold ornaments and precious stones, has been made at Vufarfre, in Sweden, by a peasant digging in a ditch. The principal objects were seven silver bowls, one attributed to the twelfth century, decorated with plants and animals, and three of the fourteenth century, of smaller size, with figures of St. Olaf, the Evangelists and the Apostles in relief. Among the other articles were spoons with Runic characters, gold armlets, necklaces, rings and chains. They appear to have been deposited in a box, the only remains of which are some pieces of iron work.

AGRICULTURE.

FARCY.—Among the causes of farcy in horses may be mentioned foul air in close and ill-ventilated stables, privations, bad food, inoculation or contact with glandered horses. Some chronic and debilitating diseases may result in farcy and glanders. Farcy and glanders are twin diseases, or identical, and either of these two forms of disease generally terminates with both forms fully developed. Farcy affects the superficial lymphatic glands and vessels, showing itself in painful, corded swellings on various parts of the body, neck, head or limbs, especially between the hind legs. Gradually the small tumors, which are termed farcy buds, suppurate, and discharge unhealthy looking matter, and the ulcers show little or no tendency to heal. Treatment of farcy can only be recommended in the beginning of the disease. When far advanced an animal, affected with such a loathsome and contagious disease, had better be deftroyed, both for the sake of safety to other horses as well as for persons who are obliged to handle them. The treatment of farcy should be both external and internal. To the farcy ulcers apply either strong solution of chloride of lime or carbolic acid. Internally give half a dram, twice daily, of iodide of copper or iodide of iron, with half an ounce of gentain root. An ounce of aloes, with half an ounce of saltpeter, may be given every fortnight. Good, nourishsng food, in liberal quantity, daily exercise and attention to cleanliness are also essential. Such horses should be kept separate from others, and the stable utensils, vessels for watering and harness should not be used for healthy animals. Thorough disinfection of the premises and utensils are necessary.

AN EFFECTUAL WAY OF GETTING RID OF THE TROUBLESOME ANT.—There is one way, and only one, of ridding the house, closets cake pails, sugar barrels, etc., of red ants, or black, big or little. When you find them on your premises get ready two kettles of boiling water, plenty of it. Go out of doors; look carefully over the paths and walks, if in the country, if in the city, look over the flagging in the areas, both front and back. Scald every little hole you see with a mound of little earth pellets around it; it is the home of the ant. On a sunny day these pellets are brought out of the nests to dry. When the weather is damp, or soon will be, you will see nothing but little holes in the ground. The ants are all "at home." Scald them. If your cellar is not cemented hunt the ants there, very likely you will find lots of them. When the work here recommenced has been done, clean out your closets, rub fine salt on the shelves, lay clean yellow paper on them, and put back dishes. In the cracks of the floor and around the surface of said closets, should be placed ground red pepper. Ants will not come again for a long time. When they again make a raid, as they may in a few months, give them a second scalding.

A MAIN farmer says: Farmers justly set a high value on well cured corn stalks, but some find a difficulty in getting their stock to eat them as cleanly as they wish. I have overcome this difficulty this winter by sprinkling them with hot brine. I withheld dry salt from the stock a while, also husks, and made a brine by putting salt into a watering pot and pouring on hot water; gave the husks a bountiful sprinkling and fed them the last thing at night, instead of feeding them in the morning, as formerly. I think if I had tried this plan years ago I should have saved a great amount of fodder that was thrown out and trodden under foot.

WAIT until a severe frost comes that freezes the ground at least two inches in depth before covering strawberry beds. Then use straw or coarse manure to cover. Straw is better, because it contains no weed seeds. Cover lightly, but as uniformly as possible. Sticks of any kind may be used between the rows to hold the covering.

PROTECTION FROM FROST.—It may be well to remind those who grow window plants, that by removing them away from the windows, and arranging a cover of newspapers over them, they may be preserved from harm in severely cold nights. With the plants, as with ourselves, it is not so much that cold comes in, as that the heat goes off, and often a slight protection will prevent the escape of heat.

WHY will grass not grow under our trees? M. Paul Bert has shown that green light hinders the development of plants. Plants inclosed in a greeo glass frame wither and die as though they were in darkness. M. Regnard finds that plants specially require the red rays. If sunlight is deprived of the red rays the plants soon cease to thrive.

WITS AND SHARPS.

PEOPLE who do not catch a glimpse of our best society now and then have very little idea of the remarkable changes going on in the English language. As an illustration:

In a railroad car: Mrs. B. and Mrs. K., both too æsthetically utter, in conversation:

"Oh, my dear Mrs. K., will you delight me with your company on Tuesday afternoon next? I am going to give a toast and tea to a few of my friends."

"My darling Mrs. B., you are just too charming?"

'Indeed, you are only too sweet to say so."

"Of course I will come; it will be lovely. I shall feel miserable until Tuesday."

"How delightful of you! I love you dearly for saying so."

Male passenger on the next seat, who overhears the conversation, shuts his eyes and rams paper wads in his ears.

(Manchester, (Mich.) Enterprise.)

Messrs. Haeussler & Kingsley, Druggists, Manchester, say: We handle St. Jacobs Oil with abundant success, and it has given excellent satisfaction to our customers.

"Did you burn yourself, dear?"

That was the question Mrs. Simpkins propounded as she looked up and saw her husband sputtering hot coffee from his mouth as oil comes from a flowing well.

"W-wh-at," spluttered he.

"I say, did you burn yourself?"

"Naw, I didn't burn myself. Do you take me for a crematory or infernal region. Perhaps you think I'm a blast furnace though goodness knows you do most of the blasting business. Naw, Mrs. Simpkins, I did not burn myself; it was that confounded coffee did the business, an' hereafter you needn't get any more coffee at the store that stuff came from."

(Daily Fort Wayne Sentinel.)

Mr. S. B. Joseph, Agent Emerson's Minstrels remarked: I can with truth speak from experience; and in saying St. Jacobs Oil acts in a marvelous manner I but partly express my good opinion of it.

A MAN was recently met in one of our mining districts driving along the road with a pair of mules and an old wagon.

"What lay are you on?" asked a horseman who met him.

"Goin' up the canyon to locate a mine."

"Can't locate no mine in that canyon. Can't find no pay ore."

"So I heard, so I brought it along in this sack."

Teamster winks, holds up a chunk of $14,000 rock, and they both take a drink."

"Jimmy," said a distracted mother to her noisy offspring, "can't you play without making such a dreadful noise, shouting and screaming like that?"

"It's the time to make a noise," was the cool answer.

"I should like to know why," retorted his mother.

"Ain't these the holler days?" asked the youth, dodging the stove lifter.

If the mother is feeble it is impossible that her children should be strong. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound is a perfect specific in all chronic diseases of the sexual system of women. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 223 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

"OH, I tell you, you can't abolish the jury system. It's one of the abutments upon which rests the structure of freedom and equity, and all those things. If you bust the jury system you'll have to abolish also three-card monte and other games of chance. I tell you Americans will not be denied this kind of mental relaxation. It's about all the fun we have."

A NORTH country fishwife went to buy a dress. "None of your gaudy colors for me," she said at once to the man at the counter; "give me plain red and yaller."

A YOUNG man intent on matrimony is apt to get the days of the week greatly confused. First there is choose day, then after having sat'er day comes wedding day.

A FRENCH widow who was bewailing the loss of her husband, suddenly hushed her sobs, and drying her eyes, said, "Why should I weep? I know where he spends his nights now."

Why are You Bilious.

Because you have allowed your bowels to become costive, and liver torpid. Use Kidney-Wort to produce a free state of the bowels, and it will stimulate the liver to proper action, cleanse the skin of its yellowness, cure bilious headache, and cause new life in the blood. Druggists have it, both dry and liquid.—*Zion's Herald.*

A YOUNG widow was asked why she was going to wed so soon after the death of her first husband. "Oh, la," she said, "I do it to prevent myself from fretting to death on account of dear Tom!"

"ENNY man," says Josh Billings, "who kan swap horses or ketch fish and not lie about it, iz just as pius as men ever get to be in this world."

THERE will be a family jargon when this is discovered, as the boy said when he knocked the preserves off the closet shelf.

IT isn't because a woman is afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

Josh Billings Heard From.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 11, 1881.

Dear Bitters—I am here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver, I was induced to mix hop bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tincture a glorious result. * * * I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so.

Yours without a struggle,
JOSH BILLINGS.

WHAT is love?" asks everybody, and somebody replies: "It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow fooling around her."

"SHE stoops to conquer.' Can this refer to the fond mother who bends over her wayward boy with a No. 5 slipper?

'SEAKING of corn planters, Jones says he has a pair of new boots that he will put against the world.

IN Texas when a man wishes to cut an acquaintance his procedure is simple. He uses a bowie knife.

"I CAME to steal," as the rat observed to the trap. "And I spring to embrace you," as the trap observed to the rat.

A PARTY who has been unfortunate in stocks says he believes if he should buy a balloon it would not go up.

EVERY man cannot be a florist, but last summer proved that every man can have a hot house.

WOMAN was made after man, but the men have been after the women ever since.

A YORK man called his dog money because he is never on hand when most needed.

AND now comes the interrogatory: Does the woman who wears the breeches pant for fame?

"I AM dressed to kill," as the recruit said when he had donned his uniform.

"Row me oh!" said Junet, as she went boating with her lover.

Tannic Acid by Dialysis.—Kohlrausch sets out with the law that equalization takes place between liquids of different concentration, and for this reason, in tanning leather, when tannic acid particles have been dissolved in lye, they reach all parts of the surrounding liquid and reach the leather, penetrating its membranes by osmotic action. Part of it unites with the fibers, while part of it is deposited between them. This action is an uninterrupted one, and is repeated as long as the fibers are able to take up more tannic acid, or the solution to give up more. From these considerations Kohlrausch concluded that, not only does the tannin get into the hide by osmosis, but that it must pass through the permeable membrane of the plant cells in a similar manner, since by the chemical and microscopic examination it is seen that the interior and uninjured cells act just the same as the external pieces of thick bark that have been used. Hence it cannot be a simple solution of the tannin that has been exposed by grinding the bark which reaches the hide and is taken up by osmosis, but there must also be dialysis, partially free and partially membranous, of the tannin, the latter taking place through the permeable membrane of the plant cells, just as it does through the animal membrane of the hide. These hypotheses have been confirmed by practical experiments, and a large factory has been built in Vienna and is working profitably by this method. The rasping and grinding of the bark is no longer necessary, since it can be used in larger pieces. The dialysis of the tannin takes place in a battery of closed vessels. The loss that was unavoidable in the old process, owing to decomposition setting in, is here reduced to a minimum by excluding the air. Generally about 96 to 97 per cent of the tannin is obtained, as in gallnuts, and even in pine and fir barks, where the rosin that accompanies it renders its extraction more difficult, they claim to get 92 per cent, and from the oak bark 106 per cent, of its tannin, while by previous methods the loss approached 40 per cent. The new process threatens to revolutionize the whole tanning operations, but especially the manufacture of extracts, not only of tannin, but also of most vegetable dyestuffs soluble in water or alcohol.

A Lady Wants to Know

the latest Parisian style of dress and bonnet; a new way to arrange the hair. Millions is expended in artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the fact that emaciation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," is sold under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, *art* can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

Mr. C. Shaler Smith has given the results of extensive observations in relation to the pressure exerted by the wind. The most violent gale recorded by him was at East St. Louis, in 1871, when the wind overturned a locomotive, the force developed in so doing being no less than 93 pounds per square foot. At St. Charles a jail was destroyed in 1877 the pressure required being 84 pounds per square foot. At Marshfield, in 1880, a brick mansion was leveled, the force necessary being 58 pounds per square foot. Below these extraordinary pressures, Mr. Smith instances numerous cases of trains blown off rails, and bridges, etc., blown down by gales of 24 to 31 pounds per square foot. In all the examples the lowest force requiree to do the observed damage has been taken as the maximum power of the wind, although of course, it may have been higher.

The extensive use into which bromide of potassium has come renders the assertion of Herr Maschke of great importance. He finds that this bromide of remarkable sedative properties is largely contaminated with lead. The samples he tested were only reduced to a clear liquid after the addition of an acid. Hydrosulphuric acid is the best agent to use in making the test, with the exception of, perhaps, sulphide of ammonium. Lead-poisoning is a dire alternative for nervousness or sleeplessness.

TO make new hair grow use CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum. This natural petroleum hair renewer as recently improved, is the only thing that will really produce new hair. It is a delightful dressing.

White light being the sum total of the various colors it has been generally believed by physicists that the sensation of white light is simply the sum total of the sensations of its constituent colors. On the ground that the sensitiveness of the eye for white light may be increased—as for instance, by the previous absence of all light—without the sensitiveness for color being icreased, Prof. Charpentier urges the novel theory that there is a color sense as distinct from that of light as is the sense of touch from the sense of heat.

Cotton adulteration continues to receive considerable attention and to create not a little excitement in Oldham, England. It is asserted that a limited company, which has had a considerable consignment of American cotton, determined to test how far damp had been employed, and it was found that on being dried the cotton lost 7 per cent in weight.

Some engineers of Dundee, Scotland, have tried with success a new gun for throwing a line to a wrecked vessel. The gun is about two feet in length and has a bore of 2½ inches in diameter. The cord is coiled in the form of a cap and put inside a steel canister, which is fired out of the gun, leaving the line streaming behind it. Two ounces of gunpowder carried the end of the line at least 400 yards.

To regulate the liver, Stomach, and bowels, all you need is "Sellers' Liver Pills." Take them and see.

The Swan electric lights are being tried in the Earnock colliery, near Hamilton, Scotland, and so far are said to give satisfaction.

IF wit is badinage, what must it be in youth?

IT takes the butcher to make both ends meet.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels, urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS' FRIEND" and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

Professor Virchow was honored by a banquet in the Rathhaus at Berlin on the 19th ult. On the same day a marble bust of the Professor was placed in the hall of the Pathological Institute in commemoration of his twenty-five years' labors as a teacher of medical science. At the same time a fund to be called the Rudolph Virchow foundation, was formed by subscription, for the promotion of scientific investigations which will increase our knowledge of man.

We cannot understand why days of hesitancy and delay will be indulged in when a few doses of Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup will ease and cure the worst Cough or Cold. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

The Utica Herald thinks smoke in the atmosphere is a really good thing, and in proof of its assertion cites the smoking of hams and other meats to preserve them. The editor of the *Herald* may need to be kept sweet in this way, but most people will prefer pure air, uncontaminated by the products of factory chimneys.

To Consumptives.

"Golden Medical Discovery," is a concentrated, potent alterative, or blood-cleansing remedy that wins golden opinions from all who use it for any humor, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling, or ulcer. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration, yield to its benign influences. Consumption which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, may, in its early stages, be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III of the World Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets; costs two stamps, post-paid. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Two Austrian chemists have manufactured a liquid of fearful powers. A few drops of it sprinkled on any person will produce an instant sense of suffocation and paralysis. It is accompanied by an antidote which at once removes all the effects. The Austrian government wishes to buy the secret, to use the liquid in time of war, and to prevent the invention from becoming known to the criminal classes.

A Ministerial Statement.

Rev. C. A. Harvey, D. D., is the popular financial secretary of Howard University, and is specially fitted to judge of merit and demerit. In a recent letter from Washington he said: "I have for two years past been acquainted with the remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and with its remarkable curative efficiency in obstinate and so-called incurable cases of Bright's disease in this city. In some of these cases, which seemed to be in the last stages, and which had been given up by practitioners of both schools, the speedy change wrought by this remedy seemed but little less than miraculous. I am convinced that for Bright's Disease in all its stages, including the first symptoms, which seem so slight but are so dangerous, no remedy heretofore discovered can be held for one moment in comparison with this."

To ascertain if water be free from organic matter, fill a glass jar, perfectly clean, with tee water, and set it uncovered in a closet free from dust, and if it will remain bright and sweet for several weeks it may be regarded as good and pure.

What's Gained is Saved.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

With any ink usually employed in writing reduced from ten volumes to six, and to which four volumes of glycerine have afterward been added, Prof. Attfield has been able to obtain transcripts of manuscripts in ordinary thin paper copying-book without the use of a press. When a sheet of paper is written over with this ink, it is placed under one of the sheets of the book, and then a piece of blotting paper laid over the thin paper takes up, when pressed in the common way, any excess of ink which may come through.

Nature's Sluice-Way

The kidneys are nature's sluice-way to wash out the debris of our constantly changing bodies. If they do not work properly the trouble is felt everywhere. Then be wise and as soon as you see signs of disorder get a package of Kidney-Wort and take it faithfully. It will clean the sluice-way of sand, gravel or slime and purify the whole system. Druggists sell it, both liquid and dry, and it is equally efficient in either form.—*Inquirer.*

A Neapoutan gardener, after years of experiment, has produced a camelia with a delicate perfume, and he thinks it probable that these flowers may in the near future be so cultivated as to rival the rose in the fragrance of its odor.

Boils, pimples on face, salt rheum, old sores and all cutaneous eruptions disappear like magic when "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" is used.

The annual production in the United States for several years past has been about 7,000,000,000 pins.

A night-gown is nothing but a nap-sack. THE cry of Egypt: I want my mummy.

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters, my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul.—*Pioneer Press.*

Hanover, Pa., is discussing artesian wells as a source of water supply.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co. Marshall Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood.

Address as above without delay.

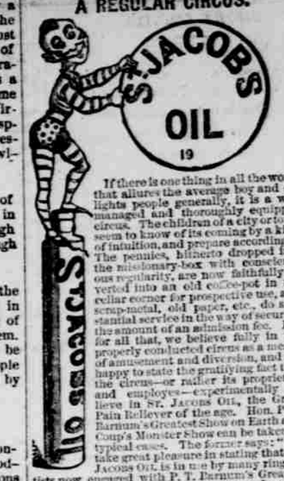
P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

MESSRS. MORGAN & HEADLY, Mutual Life Building, Tenth and Chestnut streets, have on hand a superb stock of extra fine quality Diamonds, which they offer at as low prices as stones of the first quality, perfect alike in color and shape, can be sold for.

$100,000 Reward

would be a safe offer for a more infallible cure for piles than Anakesis. 500,000 persons bear willing testimony to the beneficence and scientific triumph of the great discovery of Anakesis, Dr. S. Sisbee's External Pile Remedy. Lotions, electuaries, ointments and quack nostrums have had their day; no longer shall the afflicted like Job cry out! 'Wearisome nights are appointed to me, when I lie down I say when shall the night be gone, oh! wherefore is light given to him who is in misery? Anakesis will instantly relieve the pain from piles, will support the painful tumors and ultimately cure the worst cases. Doctors of all schools now use it for there is no substitute for it, nothing so simple, nothing more safe, nothing so prompt and permanent. It is the discovery of a scientific physician after 40 years' experience, and has been used successfully almost without an exception by over half a million of sufferers. It combines in a mere suppository the methods of English, French and American Surgeons and is pronounced to be the nearest to an infallible remedy yet discovered. Samples of "Anakesis" are sent free to all sufferers on application to P. Neustaedter & Co. Box 3946 New York, sole manufacturers of "Anakesis." Sold by druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per box.

A REGULAR CIRCUS.



If there is one thing in all the world that allures the average boy and delights people generally, it is a well managed and thoroughly equipped circus. The children of a city or town seem to know of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly. The pennies, hitherto dropped into the missionary-box with conscientious regularity, are now faithfully diverted into an old coffee-pot in the cellar corner for prospective use, and scrap-pastal, old paper, etc., do substantial service in the way of securing the amount of an admission fee. But for all that, we believe fully in the properly conducted circus as a means of amusement and diversion, and are happy to state the gratifying fact that the circus—or rather its proprietors and employes—experimentally believe in ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great Pain Reliever of the age. Hon. P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth and Cooper's Monster Show can be taken as typical cases. The former says: "We take great pleasure in stating that ST. JACOBS OIL is in use by Jimmy Hargarties now engaged with P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, united with the Great London Circus, Sanger's Royal British Menagerie and the International Allied Shows. From its large effect upon these we have occasion to employ it, we have no hesitation in pronouncing ST. JACOBS OIL the best liniment which has ever been brought to our notice. It is wonderfully efficacious in subduing pain. (Signed) BARNUM, BAILEY & HUTCHINSON."

The Press Agent of Cooper's Monster Show says: "In cases of rheumatism or complaints of that kind our artists know how to cure themselves very speedily. ST. JACOBS OIL is a very popular remedy among our people for rheumatic pains, and as long as they can get it they wont run for much."

Mr. Frank L. Frayne says: "I have suffered terribly from rheumatism in my right shoulder and arm, and at the same time I had severe pains in my chest. Sometime since I read something in a newspaper about the remarkable cures of ST. JACOBS OIL, and I thought I would try that remedy. I tell you I am mighty glad I did, for after using one or two bottles of that preparation I felt no pain whatever, and have had none since. I am firm believer in ST. JACOBS OIL, and I want everybody in my company to keep it near them."

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but