The Office Stove and Its Contents.

This is the office stove. All winter it has glowed and roared and dispensed genial heat—except when the porter happened to overlook it, which he mostly did, especially on cold days. When the thermometer was down about half-a-yard below zero, that stove wasn't worth much as a stove; but, regarded in the light of a refrigerator, it had no equal. But there were days when it glowed and roared according to programme—mild, spring-like days, when there was a soft fog on the window-panes, and in the brains of the busy workers—days when you felt like leaning back and dreaming of the innocent flirtations of your boyhood, and the hours that you used to loaf away in the spring woods, just when the birch was young, and the sweet sap began to move, and the twigs were sharp and pleasant to the taste, and the opal must lay over the far-off river, and when you grew up you were going to sail all over the world, and marry a more beautiful woman than Scheherzade's husband ever heard of.

Those were the days when the porter heaped the stove full of wood and coal, and raised a blaze that would even make the youngest and freshest man in the office dry up, which nothing else could do. The stove is cold and silent now. Its usefulness has departed and no one but the man who sold it to us ever claimed for it that it was beautiful. Most of the isinglass is gone; the knob is broken off the top, one of the doors won't stay shut, and those foxy spots of corrosion on its sides—those spots that trail downward from one big spatter—tell us that civilization has not absolutely and unequivocally succeeded in the job of refining the human animal and softening his manners. Let us look at the contents of the stove. You may push the loosely-hanging door wide open, now. It will not burn your fingers and seriously incline you to put your immortal soul in jeopardy. No glowing sea of flame and coal-gas heaves and bubbles within. But yet there are lots of things in there. They appear to have accumulated since the early spring. There is the core of an apple, for instance. The office-boy only could eat an apple down to such a core as that. There is absolutely nothing edible left on this core. Still there is the core. There is enough core to make it useful as a missile. In fact it probably caromed on some other office-boy's cheek before it went in there.

This is the blade of your pen-knife, that you broke in trying to open the drawer of your desk, that day you came down late and found that you had forgotten your keys. Yes, here is the blade; but where is the profane language you used? Down in the recording angel's entry-book, my boy, and don't you forget it. These little white-brown things are not a colony of caterpillars. They are only the butts of a few of the cigarettes you have smoked since last March. Remember what the doctor said, eh! Just rap that left lung of yours a bit, will you? Kind of muffled, eh! And what's that! Only a little faded flower, tied up to a wooden toothpick with florists' wire. Ah, yes, you pick it up and caress it, and press it to your lips. Well you may! She gave it to you at the Arion ball, that girl in pink—that lovely little thing with the great, pleasant eyes, and the simple air of comradeship, and the high, sweet, bell-like voice, and the small, small hand that could rest so lightly and yet so clingingly on your arm—the girl who ran away at three o'clock, like a belated Cinderella, and left you to memory. And what is that limp dark thing, like a section of snake that has been through a rolling-mill? That, my boy, is the lining-band of that hat you tried to wear next day. It was a good band; but there was no room for you and it in that hat.

Meant Shoot.

On the way down from Nachez to New Orleans the boat rounded to at a landing on the Louisiana shore to take on a lot of cotton seed. She had just made fast and the mate had stepped ashore to "hustle them Chinese," when a middle-aged man, closely resembling the typical Southerner, suddenly stepped out from behind the sacks, presented a revolver within a foot of the mate's face, and cried out:

"Throw up your hands or you are a dead man!"

There were fifty of us with our eyes on the two men, and we held our breath as the mate slowly raised his arms above his head. He didn't change color in the slightest, and those who took in the details noticed that he chewed away at his plug tobacco with the same regular motion—neither faster nor slower.

"Now, then, down on your knees and beg my pardon, or I'll send a bullet into your eye!"

The mate's legs wobbled—bent—and down he sank and remarked that he was sorry if he had offended the other.

"All right!" growled the man with the pistol, as he shoved it into his hip-pocket. "After this you be a little more careful whom you fling your impudence at!"

As he turned away the mate made a dive with his right hand and up came a Derringer, out shot the arm, and in a voice of thunder the man cried:

"Halt! Throw up your arms! Down on your knees, or I'll blow your brains all over this plantation!"

The tables were turned. Up went the arms, and after a few seconds the man went down on his knees and said he had the highest respect for the mate's moral worth. When he rose up the Captain and others had reached the pair, and in ten seconds more they were disarmed.

"Close call that!" said one of the passengers as the Captain handed the weapons to the clerk to keep until the boat was ready to leave.

"Humph! Neither one of 'em loaded!" replied the old man.

Such was the actual fact. Two empty and harmless weapons had humbled two men who meant shoot.

Unnatural Natural History.

The pelican feeds its young with the life blood from its own bleeding bosom. This is a beautiful mistake, that will live forever in symbol and legend. The "real live" pelican has a large bag under her unwieldly beak, and digging with the beak toward the breast, she feeds her brood and soils her feathers with red-stained tidbits of fish from the bag. The nightingale leans her breast against a thorn and sings in pain. In the old poets not only has she a thorn in her breast but she puts it there. Instead of being the voice of lonely love she ought to be the emblem of those discontented people who, in a position enviable to others, first make their own troubles and then spend their lives in self-commiseration. Of course the nightingale is not such a fool as she looks in poetry. Swans are said to sing a death song; this is poetry too. But they are hatched during thunder; and this is prose—the belief of otherwise sensible folk. Crows and curlews hate each other so that their eggs put in the same nest will all burst. Talking of eggs, the cock of the south of England lays an egg when the hen has ceased laying; it is a small, insignificant affair with no yelk in it, clearly an amateur attempt. These cock's eggs are to be found in Sussex, if nowhere else. As we have got to the poultry yard let Job's turkey have a word; the Americans have the honor of discovering that ill-conditioned bird. They say "as poor as Job's turkey that had to lean against a fence to gobble," but there we must leave him as he does not strictly belong to us.

A LITTLE less cleanliness and a little more comfort about many farmers' sitting rooms and kitchens would make a good many homes happier. Real cleanliness is excellent, but fussy cleanliness—an eternal chasing of flies and brandishing of brooms and mop handles—is apt to become irksome after one has endured it for fifteen or twenty years.

Taking Their Own Lives.

A case of note was that of Thomas Jefferson Rusk, of Texas, who was a member of the Senate in 1835, and who committed suicide just after his retirement from that body by shooting. Whether the story of Senator Rusk's suicide is as accurate as that of Senator King is uncertain, and it can only be given as gathered but not as a matter of historical record. Senator Rusk was very prominent in Texas, which State he represented in the Senate. He had been Secretary of War in the Republic of Texas when it was a republic, and had held other prominent positions there. In the early history of Texas, many of its citizens were, the story goes, men who had found it convenient to leave their former residences on account of incidents which law and good society did not tolerate. The story that this was the cause of Mr. Rusk's removal from South Carolina to Texas has never been verified, but there was such a story. It is alleged that his death was the result of having this sort of charge thrown against him in the Senate during a debate. His suicide was by shooting, and occurred at his home in Texas soon after leaving the Senate.

A Kentuckian whose illustrious example Mr. Culbertson tried to follow, was Congressman Hise, who represented that State in the 39th Congress and had been elected to the 40th. He had also been United States Minister to Guatemala and had likewise taken a prominent part in the negotiating party between the United States and Great Britain immediately preceding the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. His suicide was supposed to have been the result of monomania caused by overwork.

Still another Kentucky suicide was that of James L. Johnson, who was in the 31st Congress. He killed himself at Owensboro, Ky., during a fit of despondency caused by illness.

Whether Mr. John Ewing, who represented Indiana in the 23d and 25th Congresses, committed suicide is not stated in history, but his death was at least a curious one. He was found sitting in his chair at Vincennes dead, and the following couplet, freshly written, lay beside him:

"Here lies a man who loves his friends,
His God, his country, and Vincennes."

Felix McConnell, of Mississippi, was one of the most brilliant orators in the 28th and 29th Congresses, but Felix had a weakness for liquor, so the story goes, and after a long spree cut his throat in the St. Charles Hotel in Washington and died.

John D. Ashmore, of South Carolina, was in the 36th Congress, and was also in the Confederate army. He blew out his brains in 1871 at Sardis, Miss.

Williamson R. W. Cobb, of Alabama, was an M. C. from '57 to '61, when he withdrew on the secession of Alabama, and became a member of the Confederate Congress. His death occurred from a pistol-shot, the weapon being held in his own hand, though that it was intentional suicide is not certain. The supposition was that the discharge was accidental.

Hon. Hiester Clymer, of Pennsylvania, who, not long since, was reported as having fallen a victim to apoplexy, was a suicide.

James H. Lane, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., a son of Amos Lane, who represented that district in Congress, was a Senator from Kansas from 1861 to 1866. He shot himself at his home soon after his retirement from the Senate.

Sobleski Ross, who was in the 43d and 44th Congresses, from Pennsylvania, committed suicide shortly after his retirement from Congress by shooting in his barn at his home in Pennsylvania. Loss of health and consequent despondency were alleged as the cause.

John White, of Kentucky, who was in the 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th Congresses and was Speaker of the House in the 27th, and an uncle of John D. White, member of the present Congress, committed suicide at Richmond, Ky., by cutting his throat.

Jesse B. Thomas, who was in the 10th Congress from "Indiana Territory," who was later a Senator from Illinois, committed suicide in 1850 by cutting his throat with a razor because of mental aberation.

Alfred P. Stone, who was in the 28th Congress from the Columbus, O., district, was afterward appointed Collector of Internal Revenue, and having engaged in some contraband cotton speculation and become a defaulter, committed suicide upon the discovery of this fact by taking poison. He died on the graves of his two children at the cemetery near Columbus in 1865.

Dr. Watts' Big New Tapir.

"Hello! What's that?"

"Why, that's a rhinoceros."

"No, it ain't; it's a hi-potamus."

A large crowd was gathered about Dr. Al Watts' well-known repository at the corner of Lincoln street. Dr. Watts' assistants were unloading a huge cage from a wagon, and the motley throng of bystanders were watching the curious animal, vainly trying to settle what it was.

"Come up stairs," said Dr. Watts. The doctor entered a large room in which there were animals of various kinds. You could see nearly every kind of dog and monkey. As the proprietor stepped inside to shake hands with a friend, a vicious monkey made a grab at his arm, and to show his affection put his teeth through the doctor's arm, causing the blood to flow.

"The monkey is jealous," said the doctor. "If I had spoken to him first it would have been all right; he would not have bitten me." The doctor then made friends with the monkey, hugged him and kissed him to show that he showed no anger.

"The animal that you saw in the cage is a Tapirus Americanus, or South American tapir. It weighs 600 pounds, and is the largest specimen ever brought to this country. It arrived here this afternoon from Rio Grande du Sul, South Brazil, by the Dutch brig Alcedo, Captain Sorenzen. The species is extensively spread throughout the warmer regions of South America, particularly in the tropics, but rarely becomes acclimated in North America. It leads a solitary life, passing its days in sleep, and during the night rambles out in search of its food, which consists of young gourds, roots, etc. Its sense of smell and hearing are extremely acute, and its voice, which is seldom heard, is a shrill kind of whistle. Of enormous muscular power, and defended by its tough hide, it is capable of tearing its way through the underwood in whatsoever direction it pleases. In its disposition the tapir is peaceful and quiet, and unless hard pressed never attacks man or beast. Its most formidable enemy is the jaguar, and it is asserted that when that tiger of the American forest throws itself upon the tapir the latter makes through the most dense and tangled underwood, bruising its enemy and endeavoring to dislodge him, and sometimes succeeds in the attempt."

A man during a lifetime of fifty years, according to a paper recently read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, sleeps away an aggregate of 6,000 days works, sways the same period, eats away 2,000 days, walks away 800 days, is ill during 500 days, and amuses himself with the remainder of his half-century on earth.

THE meanest man known went to the theatre, and after the performance sneaked back to hear the echo.

AGRICULTURE.

SHORTHORNS.—Putting on one side all the advantages which have accrued to the breeders of shorthorn cattle, by what in America is called the "boom," which has helped the breeding along, there is still the fact that when farmers want to rear their stock by hand, and make part of the return in dairy produce there has not yet been found the equal of the shorthorn for that purpose. Several breeds, under different circumstances, could be made into better beef, but they wont give milk at the same time; and several breeds under similar circumstances, would give more milk but they can't be made into good beef, and are consequently useless to feed out when barren or to rear as steers. The shorthorn can be reared out of the pail, bred or arable land, will give a fair amount of good milk, and can be fed easily in stall during winter into a salable condition.

FERTILIZER.—A stick of wood burned on the surface mostly passes off in gas, leaving only the ashes; but the same stick, if burned in a coal-pit, excluded from the air, forms a mass of carbon of nearly or quite its original size. Now, all decay of vegetable matter is a slow combustion, and when this is done under the soil, not only are the gasses retained in the soil, but more carbon is formed, and this carbon has the power to appropriate the valuable gasses always present in the atmosphere. The great value of clover as a fertilizer is due, first to the carbon furnished by the decay of the plant, and second to the fine mechanical effect on the soil which renders it porous, so that the atmosphere penetrates it and deposits plant food. It is clear that better fertilizing effects will result from the plowing of it down to decay in the soil. Ordinarily more can be made out of the tops than they are worth for manure, and if rightly managed, the roots will supply the needed fertility.

COLONEL J. F. TRUE, of Kansas, gives an excellent article on cattle feeding and states that he weighed five head of shorthorn bull calves about one year old, and they averaged nearly 900 pounds, having made a growth of 75 pounds a month from birth. He fed 80 head of steers on corn and prairie grass from May to August, and they made a gain of 100 pounds a month each, which gain he attributes to their shorthorn blood. With a lot of steers sired by a shorthorn bull, as compared with some by a scrub sire, but all from the same stock of cows, and fed alike until two years old, the half-shorthorn steers averaged 1,450 pounds, which sold for 5 cents per pound, and the others averaged 1,250 pounds, which sold for 4¼ cents per pound, or $16.25 per head difference. Mr. True says that the "quality" of a bullock is that which makes him susceptible of being fitted for the butcher in half the time, and less feed than is necessary to bring the coarser animal to the same degree of excellence.

POULTRY.—In winter rations for poultry nothing is better and nothing is so cheap as good Indian corn, and one meal a day may safely be, of this grain either ground or whole. Grinding is of less consequence for poultry than for the larger animals, as every bird carries a complete mill for this purpose, and puts in a new run of stones as often as it can get to the ground. A variety of grain is always acceptable; wheat screenings, buckwheat, oats, and rye, the last rather sparingly. Cooked food is highly relished—potatoes or turnips boiled and mashed with Indian meal, scalded and fed warm, especially on frosty mornings. Fowls are very fond of vegetables, eaten raw, and if sugar-beets, mangels or turnips are put within reach, they will help themselves. For an appetizer, nothing is better than cabbage or the tops of turnips.

THE commonly received advice to orchardists to scrape the rough bark from old apple trees, has been contradicted, some having tried it and concluded that the practice did more harm than good. The rough bark is a protection to the tree from sudden changes of temperature. The benefit often claimed from scraping the trees comes from the greater attention paid to them in other respects by men who take the trouble. Whitewashing trees is equally ineffectual for good.

DRIED muck from the swamps is a exceedingly useful material for the gardener. In many sections of this country it can be obtained at little more than the cost of cutting, drying, and carting it. No gardener ever has too much of it. It has many excellent properties. It will make heavy soil light. It will make dry soil moist. It will make cold soil warm. It is an excellent absorbent of water and gases. It is itself a manure, and can be used to great advantage in our stables, cow-houses and pig-pens, as well as for mixing with manure in our compost heaps.

THE conveyance of pollen from one flower to another in cross-fertilization is effected naturally by the wind or by the agency of insects and other creatures. Flowers that require the aid of insects usually offer some attraction to their visitors in the shape of bright color, fragrance or sweet juices. The color and markings of a flower often serve to guide the insects to the honey, in the obtaining of which they are compelled either to remove or to deposit pollen.

IF hens learn to eat eggs they never forget the trick and should be killed before they teach others the habit. Eggs should be gathered twice a day during cold weather, and only glass or porcelain nest eggs left in at night. By noticing which hens try to break these imitation eggs the guilty fowls will soon be discovered.

LAYERING consists simply in bending down a branch and keeping it in contract with or buried to a small depth in the soil until roots are formed. The connection with the parent plant may then be severed. Many plants can be far more easily propagated thus than by cuttings.

AN important question for farmers to consider is where to apply manure so as to have it tell best for profit. Of course it should not be used on any spring grain except corn, and will probably yield the best money value if applied to potatoes where this crop is largely grown.

TURNIPS have a value beyond the solid food they contain, as they keep the animal in a healthy condition, with a smooth coat and a loose skin, indicating thrift.

A very puzzling problem of optical science was raised the other evening, before one of our scientific societies, by a microscopic worker, in a lecture on the sources of error in optical analysis. It is a familiar fact that living monads—the minutest forms of life yet discovered—when examined at powers just sufficient to reveal their presence, possess a rapid dancing or shooting movement that is very fatiguing and defies analysis. When, on the other hand, these bodies are studied at high powers, their movement is apparently slow, although traversing a relatively longer distance on the retina in exactly the same length of time. The question is one of the nicest and most difficult that has been raised in optical science for many years.

DOMESTIC.

GREEN PEPPER PICKLES may be made after this somewhat unusual receipt: Half a bushel of green peppers, six heads of cabbage, two pounds of mustard seed, one of black and one of white, one-quarter of a pound of cloves and of allspice, two ounces of celery seed, one head of garlic. Remove the seeds from the peppers and cut in slices, chop the cabbage, mix the peppers with it, and sprinkle salt over all, and let it stand over night. In the morning drain the water from it. Put the spices, etc., in vinegar enough to cover the pickles. Let the vinegar come to a boil, cut the garlic in pieces and let it boil in the vinegar, but skim it out before pouring over the vegetables. Pack in a stone jar and cover with horseradish leaves, a cloth over them, and a tight cover over all.

In the Shade.

Hon. R. C. Payne, City Alderman, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, writes: "I have been a great sufferer with rheumatism for years and have tried every known remedy, including galvanic batteries and Turkish Baths. Finally I tried St. Jacob's Oil the great pain-cure and can positively say it gave me instantaneous relief. It puts all other remedies in the shade."

REVIVING FLOWERS.—When flowers have been carried a long distance in close boxes or cases they often appear withered and worthless, but with proper treatment they may be revived and restored to their original beauty. Instead of being at once put into vases and exposed to the hot, dry air of the parlor, they should either be spread out on wet flannel or moss, and covered with a dish cover or an inverted box, or else put in pans containing moss and water or wet sand, in which they can be set upright, and then shut up in the dark for a few hours. If they do not regain their freshness under this nursing, there is no hope for them, but in all ordinary cases their recovery is certain.

Prominent Butter Makers.

There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Cheever of Massachusetts, E. D. Mason, Vermont, Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin. Use it, and recommend it as superior to all others.

CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Prepare and boil the head according to the recipe given in cook books. When cooked, strain the liquor and set it away to cool. When, cool, remove the fat, fry an onion in a little butter, dredge some flour over it and stir until it is brown. Chop finely two carrots, one onion, one turnip, and some pieces of meat cut from the head, and put all in with the liquor; add half a dozen cloves, cayenne and salt, and boil two hours. Before serving, thicken with a little prepared flour; add half a tumbler of claret wine.

Petroleum is a natural production, and as nature never makes a mistake Carboline, made from pure petroleum, is a certain invigorator for diseased and sickly hair, and where once used will never be substituted by any other.

SPINACH A LA CREME.—Pick over and wash the spinach, and cut the leaves from the stalks. Boil in hot water, a little salted, about twenty minutes. Drain, put into a wooden tray or upon a board; chop very fine, and rub through a colander. Put into a saucepan; stir until it begins to smoke throughout. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter for a good-sized dish, a teaspoonful of white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Beat as it heats, with a silver fork or wire spoon. Flavor with a little nutmeg. Cook this until it begins to bubble up as you beat it. Pour into a deep dish, surround with shred egg, and serve.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15c.

INDIAN FRITTERS.—Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, and pour over it sufficient boiling water to make it into a stiff paste, taking care to stir and beat it well, to prevent its getting lumpy. Leave it a little time to cook, and then break into it—without beating them first—the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, and stir and beat all well together. Have ready some boiling lard or clarified dripping. Drop a dessertspoonful of batter in at a time, and fry the fritters of a light brown. They ought to rise so much as to be almost like balls. Serve them on a hot dish, with a spoonful of jam or marmalade dropped in between each fritter.

BROWN FLOUR MUFFINS.—One pint of tepid milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, half a yeast cake dissolved in half a cup of warm water, one tablespoonful of molasses, half a cup of Indian meal, two cups of Graham flour and one cup of wheat flour. Beat well together. Let the batter rise half an hour before baking. Bake half an hour in a butter cake mould or in muffin-rings on a griddle. Serve hot.

RANAQUE BUNS.—One pound of butter, one and a quarter pounds of sugar, two pounds of flour, six eggs, four tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon. Mix the cinnamon with the flour; rub the butter to a cream, then mix the flour with it. Beat the sugar with the eggs, then altogether as little as possible. Distribute this by the spoonful into rough-looking cakes on buttered tins placed at a little distance apart. This is a very nice lunch-cake.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Melt three-fourths of an ounce of isinglass in half a pint of milk, with a stick of cinnamon and a small piece of lemon peel in it, into one pint of rich cream, put some granulated sugar, the juice of three oranges, and then strain the isinglass in it when cold, and wipe them all together; when it gets thick put in a mould, place on ice in a very cool place.

BAKED BEETS.—These excellent vegetables are quite as good baked as boiled, and the sugar is better developed by the baking process. The oven should not to be too hot, and the beets must be frequently turned. Do not peel them until they are cooked, then serve with butter, pepper and salt.

CALF'S BRAINS.—Soak the brains in water till all the blood is removed, dry them in a clean cloth and then fry in butter or oil. Garnish with parsley and serve. Or, after soaking them, boil them in milk for twenty minutes, then drain from the milk and put them in vinegar for three or four hours.

BAKED BERRY ROLLS.—Roll biscuit dough thin, in the form of a large square or into small squares. Spread over with berries. Roll the crust, and put the rolls into a dripping-pan close together until full; then put into the pan water, sugar and pieces of butter. Bake them. Serve with any of the pudding sauces.

BUTTER.—Take a new flower pot, wash it clean, wrap in a wet cloth and set over butter, will keep it as hard as if set on ice. Milk, if put into an earthen can, or in a tin one, will keep for a long time, if well wrapped in a wet cloth.

HUMOROUS.

IN good hands: He was a country young fellow, a little awkard and bashful, but of sterling worth of character. She was a Cincinnati belle and had sense enough to appreciate his worth, despite his awkardness and bashfulness, and was his fiancee. On a gloomy Sunday evening last winter they were standing in front of the window in the parlor of her home, on East Walnut Hills, watching the snowflakes rapidly falling outside. He was not up in society small talk and, being hard up for something to say, remarked as he watched the snow falling: "This will be hard on the old man's calves and sheep." "Never mind, dear," said she, slipping her arm around him, "I will take care of one of them."

A DEPOSITOR dropped in at the office of the cashier one morning to get a note discounted. The official was absent, but in his chair reclined a plump, rosy-faced individual who was asleep. Turning to one of the clerks, and then glancing at the recumbent figure, the visitor observed:

"Appears to be on pretty friendly terms with Morpheus?"

"It is his habit," responded the gentlemanly clerk, "he always goes to sleep when he comes here."

"Has business, I suppose, with the cashier?"

"Oh, yes; he's one of the government bank examiners."

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

A LITTLE girl was presented with a canary, on Sunday, and after bestowing the gift her uncle said, "Well, Effie, I suppose your bird will sing only hymns, to-day?" "I know he will," said the demure little miss, who had recently been reading about song birds and their habits. "What makes you so sure of it?" curiously asked the giver. "'Cause it's a him bird," was the naive reply.

* * * * Rupture, pile tumors, fistulas and all diseases of the lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and enclose two (3ct.) stamps for book.

ADORATION of and respect for blue blood can scarcely go beyond this. At a provincial law-court a case was being heard in which the defendant happened to be a noble lord. "The evidence, my lord," said the registarr, handing up the book, "that you shall give before this court shall be the real truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, *so help your lordship's God.*"

French Grape Brandy, distilled Extract of Water-Pepper or Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best possible remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux; also, to break up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. 50 cts. Keep it on hand. Good for man or beast.

"ELOISE" asks if we will publish her poem on "The wavelet of the Rivulet." With a smilelet upon our facelet, we reply yes. Write only upon one sidelet of the sheetlet Eloise, and put on enough stamplets. Your poemlet shall have spacelet.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"LAY off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

When Doctors Disagree

it will be time enough to doubt the reliability of Kidney-Wort. Doctors all agree that it is a most valuable medicine in all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and frequently prescribe it. Dr. P. C. Ballou of Monkton says: "The past year I have used it more than ever, and with the best results. It is the most successful remedy I have ever used." Such a recommendation speaks for itself. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

A CAMBRIDGE youth wrote the following in a young lady's autograph album: "In the chain of friendship regard me as a missing link;" and after signing his name he added underneath by way of postcript: "But do not mistake me for Darwin's missing one!"

HAY FEVER. My brother Myron and myself were both cured of Catarrh and Hay-Fever last July and August by Ely's Cream Balm. Up to Dec' 28, these troubles have not returned—GABRIEL FERRIS, Spencer, N. Y.

HAY FEVER. I was afflicted for twenty years with Hay-Fever. I used Ely's Cream Balm with favorable results, and can recommend it to all.—ROBERT W. TOWNLEY, (ex-Mayor) Elizabeth, N. J.

"THERE's our Jeremiah, said Mr. Shelton, "he went off to make his living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend. "No," said the old man with a sigh and significantly tapping his head, "he failed for want of capital."

Twenty-four Hours to Live.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

PICKLES are not considered a very elegant article of diet, and yet the æsthetic will often stoop to pick a lily. It is not, we presume, quite so æsthetic to chow-chow, but it is equally too too-oothsome.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ADOLPHUS, let us leave the avenue and stroll along the margin of the river." "Not any, Evangeline. No more margins for me." [Adolphus had been speculating in futures that week].

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE ensilage question: Practical young belle to utterly-utter young man: "Algernon!" "What is it, my pensive lily?" "You ought to study up the theory of ensilage, Algernon." "And what is ensilage, my languid one?" "Oh, it shows how to keep green things green till the winter's gone, Algernon, and don't you wish to live till spring Algy?".

HE couldn't raise the mortgage on his building lots, and so, poor man, without becoming blind, he lost his site.

An Old Seal.

The silver dies of the great seal of the colonial and proprietary Government of Maryland, known as the third or Fendall seal, which has been lost for nearly a hundred years, was lately found in the Treasurer's office at Annapolis. For this time it has been impossible to obtain any trace of the seal. The last date of its use so far discovered was 1793.

In the interval of ninety years it has done no work, and until a few weeks ago, when the silver dies of the seal were discovered among some old records in the State Treasurer's office at Annapolis, it also was supposed to have been irrecoverably lost. A short time since a request was made of the State Treasurer to allow the old papers in the treasury vault to be overhauled, and thus the silver dies of the old seal of 1658 were found. They were sent to the Commissioner of the land office, in whose custody they now are. They are thus described in a letter from Annapolis: "Their faces are sharp, plain and beautiful. Their coat of arms remains uninjured by time, and though their well-worn faces may have been retouched, yet they are the true seals of 1658, carrying the same armorial bearings, the pride of its lord and keeper. It is the most complicated and beautiful seal known in ancient or modern times. It brings forth its achievements of honor from the days of St. Maurice and Theban Legion, eclipsing all the royal or baronial seals of England, for the picture of the ancient king on his throne, the crown and scepter, the drawn sword, the lion and unicorn—all fall short, indeed, of the classic ensigns of the barons of Baltimore."

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures tumors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, chilblains.

STRING BEANS.—String beans make a nice dish if, after being boiled in the usual way with a small piece of salt pork to flavor them, you drain them carefully, and then add sweet milk or cream, a little butter, pepper and salt, just as you prepare peas.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

One of the best electric light systems was recently introduced into the Court Theatre at Stuttgart. Quite unexpectedly the orchestra immediately showed signs that they disapproved of the new means of illumination, and they have petitioned the management to restore the old oil lamps. The orchestra state that the brilliancy of the electric lights have an unpleasant effect upon the nerves, and that it has become difficult to follow the baton of the conductor. To ascertain whether there may not be something substantial in these alleged grievances a committee of oculists and disinterested musicians have been officially appointed.

Some laborers taking clay out of the Ancholme Valley at Briggs, Lincolnshire, England, came recently upon a very ancient wooden way at a depth of about seven feet from the surface of the earth. It consists of heavy beams of oak laid transversely and fastned to the underlying glacial drift by oak pins. It is thought that this way extends nearly across the valley, and that it was built by neotithic men. At any rate there are six feet of clay on top of it, deposited by overflows of the Humber; above the clay there is a foot deep of peat, and on the stratum of peat the Romans had made roads.

The manager of the gasworks at Deventer, Holland, has had recourse to this plan for preventing stoppages in his ascension pipes: He inserts in the mouthpiece end of the retort, immediately after charging, a sheet of iron which fits the retort as closely as possible, and has in the middle a hole equal in area to the ascension pipe. The tarry vapors, heavy oils and carbon dust are for the greater part arrested by this pate, and thereby prevented from rising a few feet higher and condensing on the interior surface of the ascension pipe.

A man in New York city has invented what he calls a "Patent Artillery Fire Ladder" for use by fire departments in large cities. It consists of a mortar, out of which a ball weighing 120 pounds can be projected through the roof of a six-story building. To this ball is attached an iron chain ladder which extends from the ground to the roof, is held in position by the imbedded ball. The bomb is also intended to batter down dangerous walls. The same inventor has also patented a similar ladder, which can be suspended from a bracket set in a window of the upper story of a building.

Vaccination performed once does not act as a preventive of smallpox after a certain length of time has elapsed. An examination of the statistics of this disease shows that of those who had taken it and had been vaccinated in infancy, 90 per cent. are over 10 years of age, while only 10 per cent. are under 10 years of age. Revaccination at intervals, say, of seven years, is the only known effective measure for protection.

At a meeting of the Berlin Medical Society lately photographs were shown by Prof. Virchow of the gigantic plane tree in the Island of Cos, under the shade of which Hippocrates is said by tradition to have held medical examinations. The tree stands in the market-place of the town of Cos, on the east side of the island, and the branches, which spread over nearly the whole area of the market-place, are supported by marble pillars.

German experimenters report that Caucasian petroleum is not a good lubricant for machinery. Its properties as an illuminant, however, are of a higher order, and with a suitable burner excellent results should be attained. The point of ignition is high, and this oil is therefore much less liable to give rise to explosions than most other kinds of petroleum. During combustion the Caucasian variety only slightly carbonizes the wick of the lamp.

The professors of the University of Jena, who have been investigating the effect of tobacco upon the human system, report that moderate quantities of the weed may be used without injurious effects. They say that in the German Army soldiers in active service are very properly furnished with smoking tobacco, because smoking enables them to endure severer fatigue upon smaller nutrition and with greater alacrity and confidence than would other wise be the case.

The first steel vessel built in Aberdeen, the steamer Zafiero, set out on her trial trip a short time ago. She was constructed for passenger traffic between Amoy, Hong Kong, and Manila by Hall, Russell & Co.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"
The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address
ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS, 39 Murray Street, New York

A LYNN man has been found inquiring of everybody that he met if they had lost a key. He refused to give a description of the article, so that a fellow could tell whether he has lost one or not. And after a man had searched his pockets and decided that he guessed he hadn't lost one he would consent to show the key, which was a watch key. The fact that the finder had suffered nothing worse than being sworn at indicates that Lynn people are either mighty good-natured or afraid to fight.

A CAT, when pursued by a ferocious dog, may not be feeling quite as well as usual, but, nevertheless, she presents a fur-straight appearance.

THE beggers of Boston are as utterly utter as the cultured masses. They ask not for cold victuals, but beg the favor of "some broken food."

WHAT will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor's bill when cured? A draft—(draught).

"AT what age were you married?" asked she inquisitively of her lady friend. The friend being equal to the occasion, replied: "At the parsonage."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

STATISTICS show that women commit suicide most frequently on Sunday. It is on that day that the humiliation of having to wear last season's bonnet is most keenly felt.

☞ Well Dressed People don't wear dingy or faded things when the 10c. and guaranteed Diamond Dye will make them good as new. They are perfect. Get at druggists and be economical. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

A FOUR-year-old child, who, while visiting, saw bellows used to blow an open fire, informed her mother that they "shovel wind into the fire down at Aunt Emma's."

A Great Problem.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines*,
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures*,
—Take all the *Ague*, Fever and bilious *Specifics*,
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *restorers*,
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short*, take all the best qualities of all these, and the *—best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *—Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *—combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

VARICOCELE
or Wormy Veins of the scrotum. Often the unsuspected cause of Lost Manhood, Debility, Impotency, Nervousness, Pimples, Premature Decay, Pain in Back, Loss of Sight, Blood Poison, Consumption, Insanity, Epilepsy, Fits, Gray Hair, Premature Old Age, Impotency, Sexual Exhaustion,