In A Deer-Sled.

A traveler said; I had a thousand miles to go before I should reach the Arctic Ocean. I found some difficulty in first cramming myself into my deer-sled, and a few hours afterward quite as great in getting out of it. The deer-sled is a long, narrow affair, placed on high wooden runners; it is made extremely light, of a framework of slender birch, and is covered with a hood in order to protect the head and face of the occupant from the biting blasts. It is, in fact, in appearance a lengthened-out cradle, and, I think, about as comfortable. At night one sleeps in it very comfortably. I remember the first night we were in the forest, the moon shone bright, the road was good, and Yakut horses are trained to follow one another faithfully, and only the leading driver has any serious work to do. When I was awake, however, I found the journey strangely wired and interesting. You see before you nothing but a mass of trees and slender underwood—no opening in which you can imagine that a road exists. But the leader enters the gloom of the forest fearlessly, he darts on first to the right and then to the left, between trunks of trees scarcely more than a foot wider apart than is needed through which your sled is to pass. Now and then you lose sight of the sled in advance of you, but your horse knows the road, if you do not attempt to drive, and he follows. Strange forms then the sleds take on in the whitened gloom. The Yakuts do not put sleigh bells on the harness, and you pass on so silently, and the flitting things in front of you, of which you catch glimpses occasionally, seem to form part of some strange, weird and ghostly procession. So you pass on for hours through the forest. Then a white, bleak space opens in front of you, over which you pass in the moonlight. It is the frozen surface of a lake, of which there are scores among the forests. Suddenly, when you have passed the crest of a hill, you look down toward the valley that seems a mile away. You imagine that rockets are being fired into the sky by some unknown friends. They seem to be shot up one after the other with great regularity, and you can imagine for the moment that a company of Cossacks has been sent in advance to point out your resting or camping place. But this is an illusion. The valley is not a hundred yards away, and the rockets are nothing more than the sparks from the blazing hearth of a Yakut yourte.

Outside the Yakut yourte looks a very insignificant affair. It is very low, covered with a layer of mud, and in winter of snow, and has slabs of ice propped up from the outside for windows, and a doorway only just large enough for a cow to squeeze through, and much too low for a man. Enter the hut and you feel the grateful warmth of the blazings piled upon the raised hearth, and feel at once well disposed toward the inhabitants, whoever they may be. Once inside and you see that the yourte is built of stems of large trees, the sides sloping upward toward the roof, which is also made of larch stems laid side by side and supported by pillars rising from the floor. In the center of the yourte is the huge raised hearth, slender stems of trees plastered with mud forming the smoke conductor, or chimney. The logs for the fire are placed in an upright position, so that they burn quickly and throw out a comfortable warmth around the room, which may be from fifteen to twenty yards square. Close beneath the sloping sides are built rude benches, divided off into compartments, each about six feet long. These are the sleeping-bunks being only possible when you have a shawl or rug to hang up before your division. On these benches you all sleep, Yakuts and travelers, the yemschiks taking the floor, and you sleep comfortably enough in the blaze and warmth of the fire. There is an inner apartment to the yourte, a kind of annex or dependence. This is not given up to the family, or even to the ladies of the house, but is the unrestricted domain of the cows, which, however, have to pass through the living department to get to their own.

Then there are the belles of the family. These are nothing if not ugly. In one yourte there were three Yakut damsels, their ages ranging from 12 to 20. They possessed but a single pipe, which they passed around from one to the other. If their brothers, the yemschiks, are just going out on a journey they allow each to take a few energetic whiffs before their departure, and then go at the work themselves again, chatting and looking after the boiling of the sour milk at the same time. The pipe is kept going almost incessantly from morning till night. The girls are not, as I said before, handsome. Their faces have too much cheekbone, their noses are too flat, their eyes too straight slit, and their habits in general too peculiar for appreciation. Such a Yakut maiden is not long fancy free. She is betrothed by her parents at a very early age, say 6 or 7, when all the contracts for her future life are settled and sealed. Ten or a dozen years later the betrothed pair pilgrimage together to the nearest Greek church, which may be fifty or a hundred miles away, and are married. In the Yakut yourtes there was also a curious kind of cradle that attracted my attention, filled with hay, cotton, wool and a little baby. It was a long little box, made of wood, narrow down toward the place where the feet should come, and provided with various openings, whose utility I could not grasp until I learned that when once a young Yakut was properly fixed in his place he is kept there for a week or two, or perhaps longer.

All these Yakuts are Christians, though I should not like to assert that they understand very well the mysteries of the faith to which they were introduced in such a summary fashion. I noticed when we started on our journeys that the mounted yemschik in front of my sled invariably took off his fur cap immediately after starting out, and with a long series of crosses commended himself and the party intrusted to his care and guidance to the God of the Greek Church. But all along the road, on the trees, were tufts of horse-hair and bits of rags, and these I learned had been placed there by the Yakut yemschiks in order to propitiate their old divinity, Shamal, and to induce him to give them good weather and good roads. But neither horsehair nor rags were of any avail as regards speed.

A Wonderful Memory.

A teacher of mathematics named William Lawson, who died at Edinburgh in November 1757, on one occasion, to win a wager made by his patron, undertook to multiply regularly in succession the numbers from one to forty, without other aid than his memory. He began the task at seven o'clock in the morning and finished at six in the evening, when he reported the product, which was tested on paper and found to be correct. It made a line of forty-eight figures, and a fair copy of it long occupied a place on the wall of his patron's dining-room, for which it was framed and glazed. It may be added, that in the course of the day on which the mental calculation was made Mr. Lawson received his pupils as usual and gave them their ordinary lesson in Latin.

In railway building across sandy deserts the French engineers are beginning to employ iron ties. A late pattern consists of a wrought iron bar supported in the middle and at both ends by globular plates of cast iron.

AGRICULTURE.

A HEN over two years old is not profitable to keep and will be less so every day she is kept over that time. All such old birds should be weeded out now, and disposed of or at the latest be prepared for sale later when the demand may be a little better. But it is a good maxim to follow that when one is losing, the losses should be cut short at once; and when one is gaining the profit should run on. Money is saved and made in this way in keeping poultry, as all other farm stock. But it should be figured up whether the cost of feeding for three months longer will be made up by the increased price obtained then. Sometimes a thing may be sold cheaply at one time, and more profit made from it than by keeping it longer and getting more for it. This is a point upon which poultry keepers and farmers generally may do a good deal of useful figuring at times. This plan of weeding out the flock; getting rid of all the old fowls and younger ones too that are not profitable, such as surplus cocks and hens that do not lay, is the best way to improve it and in time to get a flock that will have no dead-heads in it.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "I raised a good many grapes (in a small way) which were sometimes troubled with mildew, one vine especially, which I had trained up a plum tree. I dusted the foliage with sulphur, but when I came to the one on the plum I could not get at it conveniently, but happened to think of having some sulphur and assafœtida with water in a vessel, which I had kept for given to my hogs occasionally. I tried syringing the vine, tree and all, with the mixture, which had stood so long as to turn black. The odor was not pleasant, but the curculio did not puncture a plum on that tree, and it was loaded with large blue plums. Other experiments have been equally successful. I commence using the syringe as soon as the tree blooms, continue as often as it is washed off by the rains, until the plums are nearly full size."

A CORRESPONDENT is inclined to find the cause of abortion in cows in the use of Syracuse salt, and thinks there is some mineral in it that causes the trouble. He says: "The first I ever heard of abortion as an epidemic was in the vicinity of Syracuse, and as the salt made there came East abortion followed." Singularly enough, a Littleton (Mass.) farmer, who keeps a large herd of cattle, some time ago expressed the opinion that abortion in cattle was pretty sure to follow the use of Turk's Island salt, and that when he used American salt for his cows he avoided the difficulty. These two observers agree in ascribing the trouble to salt, but each finds safety in the particular kind of salt condemned by the other.

WHEAT AND RYE.—Where wheat is largely grown rye is one of the worst kind of weeds that can get in land. It is very difficult to separate the grains so that some rye will not be sown each year. But as rye runs up into head several days earlier than wheat it is a comparatively easy matter to go through the grain, and with a corn knife cut out the rye. If cut just before the wheat heads out the rye will not sprout soon enough to mature any seed.

MILK AND CONSUMPTION.—It is asserted that milk from a cow suffering from tuberculosis is not only liable but absolutely certain to produce that disease in the human being who drinks it. It is believed that there are many cows so afflicted in New York, and that they are responsible for many deaths occurring from tubercular consumption. How urgent a subject this is, may be inferred from the fact that the deaths in New York city from tubercoloses last year numbered 5280.

A KENTUCKY farmer who knows how to raise 400 bushels of potatoes per acre, gives these points as to his method: Rich, light soil, plow deep early in the spring, plant fifteen inches apart, cover four inches deep or more; keep down the weeds, but do not work the ground after the potatoes begin to bloom. The main secret, he says is in selecting the seed. He always cuts off the blossom end. One eye will yield more potatoes than two.

SILK culture is not advocated as a very lucrative business, but as a home industry it adds largely to the wealth of nations engaged in it. In France its methods and practice are taught in all the schools. The raising of a few pounds of cocoons each year need not materially interfere with other duties, and it is by each household raising a few pounds that makes it profitable as a whole. Large rearing establishments seldom pay.

MR. C. C. CROCKET, of Richmond, Ind., reports the following test of his young cow, Mable Crocket 18,719, 2 years and 5 months old: Began saving milk morning of May 25, ending on evening May 31, seven days. Cream was churned twice—on Wednesday during week of test, and Tuesday the following week. Result as follows: 307½ lbs milk; daily average 43 lbs 14 oz.; making 14 lbs 9 oz. of butter. Test began two weeks after calving. Feed, nothing but grass.

NORTHWESTERN sheep men have all along given more prominence to mutton than do the flock-masters of the old sheep-raising States, and now that wool is getting so low it is not strange that they are paying increased attention to the carcass. A high class of mutton comes from that country, too, and the tendency is rather toward improvement than deterioration. It is claimed that Colorado alone will market 300,000 wethers before winter besides 100,000 lambs.

MATURITY of stock has been hastened by good breeding. That is a pig or a sheep which matured at three years, or a steer which was ready for slaughter at five years formerly, is now ready for the butcher at less than half these ages. Pigs are said to be ready for pork at nine months, wethers for mutton at twenty months and a steer at two years, though it is feared that these claims are greater than may be justly allowed.

NOTHING will secure better remuneration to the average farmer than to assist in building up and encouraging home markets for desirable farm products. Among the first essentials in this direction is an increased variety in the production. An important requisite in supplying a local market is to furnish, so far as possible, a full assortment of what is needed or commonly in demand.

SOME one says that the most direct way to some men's pocketbooks is through their stomachs. The doctors evidently discovered this some time ago.

F. J. Faraday is inclined to the belief that the breathing of air devoid of the usual quantity of oxygen is apt to develop germs otherwise harmless into those which produce consumption. As giving support to his hypothesis, he cites the decrease of consumption in well ventilated barracks, and the relief afforded to patents by sea voyages, the air of pine woods and the inhalation of carbolic acid.

A solution made of a tablespoonful of salt-petre to four quarts of water is one of the best antidotes for the ross-bug and currant-worm. It is also death to the cabbage-worm. Apply with force pump or garden syringe.

DOMESTIC.

HOW TO COOK EGGS.—Cook the first in the orthodox manner by keeping it in boiling water three and a half minutes. Then place the second in this same boiling water; but, instead of keeping the saucepan over the fire, place it on the hearth and leave it there, with the eggs in it, about ten minutes or more. A still better way of making the comparative experiment is to use for the second egg a water-bath, or *bain marie* of the French scientific cook; a vessel immersed in boiling or nearly boiling water, like a glue-pot, and therefore not quite so hot as its source of heat. In this case a thermometer should be used, and the water surrounding the egg be kept at or near 180 dg. Fahr. Time of immersion about ten minutes or more. A comparison of results will show that the egg that has been cooked at a temperature of more than 30 dg. below the boiling-point of water is tender and delicate, evenly so throughout, no part being hard while another part is semi-raw and slimy. I said "ten minutes or more," because, when thus cooked, a prolonged, exposure to the hot water does no mischief; if the temperature of 160 dg. is not exceeded, it may remain for half an hour; in fact, the perfection of cooking, according to my experience (I always cook my own eggs when I have the opportunity and can spare the time), is attained when kept at 160 dg. about twenty minutes. The 180 dg. is above-named because the rising of the temperature of the eggs itself is due to the difference between its own temperature and that of the water, and, when that difference is very small, this takes place very slowly, besides which the temperature of the water is, of course, lowered in raising that of the cold egg.

HOT CROSS BUNS.—Into one and a-half pounds well-dried flour rub four ounces moist sugar; warm a quarter of a pint of milk, not hot enough to scald the yeast; make a hole in the middle of the flour, and put in a quarter of a teacupful of good thick yeast that is not too bitter, or it will taste in the buns; pour on it your warm milk and mix about one-third or nearly one-half of the flour with it, leaving the rest unmixed around the sides of the pan. Set in a warm place to rise for three-quarters of an hour or an hour. When it has well-risen, melt a quarter of a pound of butter and mix it with some milk; let it be on the fire until it is warm, then mix it with the rest of the sugar and flour into a dough. When mixed it should be rather softer than bread dough. Put it to rise for a quarter of an hour and then mould it into round balls, cut a cross on them, put them on buttered iron plates, and then into a warm place, to rise or prove; when well-risen, bake them in a hot oven. If you wish to have currants or carraway seeds and spice in them, mix in either of these when you add the butter and milk. The spices to be used are equal quantities of ground ginger, allspice, coriander and caraway seeds mixed together; put in as much of this as you think sufficient.

THE RAINY DAY PAINT-BOX.—In some nook or corner of the children's trunk make provision in the shape of amusement for the rainy day. A box of water-color paints is a well-spring of joy on such an occasion. Any old magazine with pictures, are acceptable. A little boy spending his summer at the seashore loudly expressed his desire for a rainy day—so that he could paint. His mother kept him out in the open air playing on the sands and in the pine woods, so long as the days were clear. She wisely economized his little pleasures by reserving some choice morsel for the rainy days. There is a card game of "Alice in Wonderland," which very little children can understand.

INDIAN FRITTERS.—Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, and pour into 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 cool, and then break into it the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, and stir and beat all well together. Have ready some boiling lard or clarified drippings. 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 between each fritter.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Into a sieve put half a pint of flour, two teaspoonsful cream-of-tartar and one of saleratus. Mix the three ingredients thoroughly and sift them into a bowl containing one and a-half pints of Graham flour, half a cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all thoroughly while dry, and add two well-beaten eggs and a pint of milk. Fill muffin-cups about two-thirds to the top and bake in a quick oven.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—In warm weather breakfast cakes, take one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, nearly one cup of butter or lard, and butter mixed, one cup of sour milk, four cups of flour, four teaspoonsful of soda, not heaping but even full, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, salt and ginger, one egg. Bake in gem tins. These will keep well for a week.

CAULIFLOWER SALAD.—Boil one large cauliflower with two quarts of water and one tablespoonful of salt for half an hour. Take up and drain. When cold divide into small tufts. Arrange on the centre of a dish and garnish with a border of strips of pickled beet. Pour a cupful of mayonnaise dressing over the cauliflower. Arrange a star of the pickled beet in the centre. Serve immediately.

GRAPE PIE.—Do not send to the table a grape pie the filling of which is at least one-third seeds; if you have not time to make the pie as it should be made, wait till a more convenient season, and stew the grapes without sugar first, and then the seeds can be removed with ease; then sweeten the grapes and fill the paste just as you do with other fruit.

BEET SALAD.—Boil new beets without scraping them. When they are tender drop them in cold water, remove the skin, slice them and put them in a salad dish in layers, with slices of hard-boiled eggs; season with pepper and salt, a little butter and vinegar.

NEW POTATOES FRIED.—Peel after being boiled; do not let the skins break so they may remain whole, have ready one beaten egg, and some rolled crackers; first roll the potatoes in the egg, then in the crackers. Fry in butter or hot lard until a light brown.

The Gazette Maritime et Commerciale relates a curious instance of the formidable power of molecular forces. The Italian ship Francisca, loaded with rice, had put in at East London, leaking badly. A squad of workmen was put on board to pump the vessel out and unload it; but in spite of all their diligence the rice absorbed the water more rapidly than they could discharge it, and swelled until it forcibly bust the vessel to pieces.

THE cranberry crop in the country at large, is reported as having been 461,000 bushels in 1881; 322,000 in 1882; and 425,000 in 1883. In the last mentioned year. New England furnished 155,000 bushels; New Jersey 125,000; and the Western States 145,000.

HUMOROUS.

HE had a bundle of papers under his arm, and was standing near the Brooklyn bridge weeping.

"What is the matter, little boy?" said a pleasant faced gentleman.

"If I go home without selling me papers, me feyther and mother will bate the life out of me."

"That's bad."

"Yes, sor, but the worst of it is that I am an only orphint."

"Yes," replied the philanthropist, allowing a nickel to drop back into his pocket; "only it doesn't often happen that a boy has such bad luck."

"So, Charley you've got a sweetheart, I hear," said one young man to another.

"I've heard something of that sort, too," answered Charley.

"Is she pretty?"

"Rather."

"Father living?"

"I should smile. Liveliest man you ever saw."

"Well heeled?"

"I don't know whether he is heeled at all or not, but I have cause to believe he is very heavily toed," and he limped away with a hurt look and a crumpled coat-tail.

For Half a Life-Time.

MRS. John Gemmell, Milroy, Mifflin Co., Pa., in the Spring of 1864 injured her spine and partial paralysis ensued. For nearly twenty years she was unable to walk. In the Spring of 1883, she was advised to use St. Jacob's Oil, the great conqueror of pain. The first application gave instantaneous relief. Before the second bottle was exhausted she was able to walk and is cured.

"I UNDERSTAND that you are going to Chicago to-day," said Noodles to a young lady acquaintance.

"Yes," she replied. "I depart at 4:30 p. m.

"Would you permit me to escort you to the train?" eagerly asked the youth.

"Really," said the blushing miss, "it would not be right for you to go to so much trouble."

"Oh, indeed," said Noodles, courtesying profoundly, "it would give me—the greatest pleasure to see you off."

Then he felt like going behind the house and kicking himself very, very hard.

The Secret of Life.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, is the remedy for the cure of scrofulous taint, rheumatism, white swelling, gout, goitre, consumption, bronchitis, nervous debility, malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers and heads of families throughout the land, indorsing Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup in the highest terms. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best remedy for above diseases.

JONES bought a new hat; on the inside was the motto, "Moveo et Proficio." He took some pains to find out the meaning of the words, and at an evening party introduced the subject, but when he attempted to translate it he couldn't remember it and appealed to his wife. "Maria," he said, "do you remember what was in my new hat when I brought it home on Saturday?" "Perfectly," said Mrs. Jones, with her usual composure. "And what was it?" he asked, looking round on the company as much as to say: "Now you will see what a scholar my wife is." "A brick," was the crushing answer.

High Priced Butter.

Dairymen often wonder how their more favored competitors get such high prices for their butter the year round. It is by always having a uniform gilt edged article. To put the "gilt edge" on, when the pastures do not do it, they use Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color. Every butter maker can do the same. Sold everywhere and warranted as harmless as salt, and perfect in operation.

A NEW YORK man has just patented a loaf of bread so baked in slices that no knife is needed to cut it, each slice being easily pulled off. A Vassar College girl who baked a few loaves of bread by the New York man's process claims to have greatly improved the patent. It appears that the slices of her bread, which pull off nicely, can be used to roof a house, being more durable than slate. There is something in college education after all.

☞ Quantity and Quality. In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

"Is there any one here that cannot see that what I have said is true?" demanded a frenzied campaign orator. "Yes, I can't," said a man standing up. "Why can't you?" asked the orator. "Because I'm blind," was the response.

Pretty Women.

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

AN advertisement in a contemporary reads: "Wanted—a girl to cook." This gives rise to the grave suspicion that cannibalism is not yet played out in this country.

Carbo-lines.

Strike the bosom of old mother earth,
And from her veins unseen
There flows an oil of untold worth
When made into Carboline.

IT is a singular fact that the more unclean the political canvass is, the more "soap" there is used, and yet the more "soap" is used the more unclean the canvass becomes.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, facesche. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

"EUR, oh, papa, George and I do love each other so devotedly." "I don't care. I say you shall not marry him. How on earth can he support the daughter of a wealthy merchant when his salary is only $5000 a year?" "But, papa, you forget he is your confidential clerk, your trusted employe." "What of that?" "Why, he probably owns more of the store than you do already."

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.

RETURNED PRODIGAL.—"Dear! Dear! How little the old farm has changed."

Honest Farmer—"Very few changes have been made, my son. You will find things pretty much as you left them twenty years ago. Over there is the apple tree you planted."

"Yes, the same tree, only larger; and there is the dog-house I made for the new pup!"

"Yes; poor Carlo! He died of old age ten years ago. That dog you see is his grandson."

"And over there is the chicken-house I helped to build for old Biddy's first brood."

"Yes; poor old Biddy! I wish I had known you were coming home."

"Why?"

"Because I might have saved her, but I took her to market last week."

THE man who makes wagers may be very wicked, but the one who does not is no better.

By the term "instantaneous photography" a wrong impression generally prevails as to its meaning. A clear photograph cannot be taken of a body in motion as is generally supposed. An animal, planet or comet may be traveling with marvelous rapidity, but the picture is secured in so brief a space of time, that the body to all intents and purposes is absolutely at rest during the operation. The human being sits in the photographer's chair a full minute to allow the camera to receive the correct impression. During that moment a horse on the race course, traveling at the rate of thirty-six miles per hour, would have gone 1,080 yards. Had the camera been exposed on the horse a full moment, the image produced would scarcely represent a shadow. In a second's time the animal would have traveled eighteen yards. It is obvious in consideration of the above that no better results would have been obtained. Travelling at the rate of eighteen yards, or 248 inches per second, in one six hundred and forty-eighth part of a second, the horse, as a whole, would have advanced one inch. Even in that brief time, and the animal, moving that short distance, would give the camera but a blurred, unrecognizable impression. In order to secure a good picture, the animal, as a whole, must not move over one tenth of an inch, an amount equal to the winking of an eye or the nervous vibration of an individual sitting still before a camera. The time thus required would be 6,480th part of a second. Mr. Muybridge found by actual experiment that in order to secure an accurate photography of a galloping horse the exposure of the camera must be less than one five thousandth part of a second. He accordingly devised a highly defected apparatus by which every position of a horse in motion was secured.

"It Knocks the Spots,"

and everything in the nature of eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors, and incipient consumption, which is nothing more nor less than scrofula of the lungs, completely out of the system. It stimulates and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a pure vegetable compound, and will do more than is claimed for it. We refer to *Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."*

TALKING with a friend the other day about the tricks of youth and the dimly remembered slipper, he said that he recollected one day when his mother was sick and his prim old aunt came to preside over him, the older brother and the table. Having teased his aunt past all endurance, she tapped his sconce, when he called her an old fool. At the supper table his father was informed of his impudence, and Will was told to go to the head of the table and tell his aunt he was sorry. He went and fulfilled the command, with hanging head, by saying:

"I'm sorry you're an old fool, Auntie." He got no supper, but meant well.

"As Good as New,"

are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed, from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as displacement, leucorrhœa, inflammation, etc., etc., she began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him, and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

BIGGINS was poorly—"all run down and no strength," he told his friend Smith.

"Do you ever take any stimulent, Mr. Biggins?" asked Smith.

"No," answered Biggins, mournfully, "except sometimes just before going to bed."

"Well, for my part," said Smith, decidedly, "I don't never want to take nothin' jest afore goin' to bed, for I goes right to sleep an' loses all the good on it."

Throw Away Trusses.

when our new method is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture without the use of the knife. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Province of Amazonas, Brazil, exported last year 199 tons of sarsaparilla. The zarza vine grows in the swamps, in soil that in Canada is known as "black muck," and the collectors often spend weeks in these marshy pools. The roots are traced and raised with a sharp stick, but the vine is not disturbed, the roots being cut off near the stock, which is covered up with a little earth, so that the fresh roots may grow, and, in time, a fresh harvest be gathered.

HAY-FEVER. One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm entirely cured me of Hay-Fever of ten years's standing. Have had no trace of it for two years. —ALBERT A. PERRY, Smithboro, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

HAY-FEVER. I was severely afflicted with Hay-Fever for 25 years. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and the effect was marvellous. It is a perfect cure.—WM. T. CARR, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J. Price 50 cents.

Observations have been made in Iceland, showing that gleaming waterfalls seem to be as attractive to moths as artificial light—moth after moth flying deliberately into the falling water. This fact can, of course, be observed best in a country like northern Iceland, where there is no darkness at night during the Summer.

Hard to Believe.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a Kidney disease after his body was swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. Devereaux of Ionia, Mich., who says; "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is.

Mr. Holman Hunt was once sharply criticised for painting a rainbow of one color—red. Two such rainbows are described in a recent number of *Nature*, as having been seen, and a third which showed only orange and red. In the Dresden gallery there is in the copy of Raphael's Madonna di Foligno a semi-circular rainbow which is red and yellow.

"Rough on Itch."

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

It has been estimated that there are about 6,000 species of birds, of which five-sixths are known. The Cones list of North American birds now embraces 888 species, 120 new species having been added during the last eight years.

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

Mr. N. B. Clark proposes, in the Journal of the Franklin Institute, to employ, as a source of emergency power for ships of war, furnaces into which petroleum is sprayed along with superheated steam and hot air.

Life Preserver.

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

It is well known that a constant succession of sound-waves excites vibrations in the wires of suspension bridges and increase in force with the continuance of the cause. For this reason soldiers marching over these bridges are required to break step and bands of music are not allowed to play on them.

Modern Samsons.

The present Emperor of Russia is said to be one of the strongest men in his empire of herculean individuals. While heir apparent he one day visited his father, the late Emperor, to complain that his mail was tampered with. The Emperor sent for the chief of police, drew from him a confession of guilt and chided him in the presence of the Czarowitch. The latter said not a word, but handed the crestfallen functionary a sign of how great was his anger in the form of a silver rouble twisted into a roll. In his younger days this was a favorite visiting card of the Czarowitch. He could strike a poker against his arm and bend it, bite pieces out of china cups, feats which were in the repertoire of Thomas Tapham, the celebrity of Islington. Tapham was a drayman, and sometimes when exhilarated by the vast potations of liquor supplied him by admirers would take his horse's place between the shafts. He had a playful habit of twisting heavy kitchen pokers into a coil about the necks of trembling countrymen. One night after having astonished a tavern full with his drinking powers, he came upon a watchman peacefully slumbering in his box and threw box and man over the wall of a burying ground.

In 1871 M. Gregorie, claiming to be 71 years old, astonished the physicians and the public of a town near London by carrying 700 pounds with ease, lifting an ox and performing other wonderful feats. A celebrated physician who examined Gregorie describes him as an exaggerated study by Hayden. His shoulders were prodigious and his biceps almost incredible. Gregorie's strength, rather than a source of pride to him, was the cause of anxiety. Although the mildest of men, he lived in dread that he should be provoked to use his strength against a fellow-being. He was afraid to nurse his own child lest he should give it a fatal squeeze.

Nearly all the individuals of uncommon strength make up in bulk what they are deficient in height. Stanley, the African explorer, describes a strong man who was six feet five inches, and rather disproportionately slender. He could toss an ordinary man ten feet in the air and catch him in his descent. He would take one of the large white Muscat donkeys by the ears, and with a sudden movement of his right foot lay the surprised animal on his back. He could carry a 3-year-old bullock half way around his master's plantation. Once he actually bore twelve men on his back, shoulders and chest a distance of three hundred feet. Middle-aged people who remember the dawn of interest in muscular exercises recall Dr. Winship, the originator of the idea which was subsequently embodied in lifting machines. The astonishment that the doctor's performance created was equal to that of the Berliners a few years ago at Jorgnery's feats. The most wonderful of these was known as the trapeze feat. The Frenchman hung suspended by his legs from a swinging bar, and by sheer strength lifted a heavy horse and its rider off the stage, suspending them several minutes, and then letting them down gradually and evenly as he raised them. Merwin Thompson's achievement at Rochester, N. Y., last year was, however, in the opinion of competent judges, more surprising than this. Thompson laid face downward on a firmly fixed ladder and resisted the efforts of a team of powerful horses to pull him from that position. A newspaper writer in reviewing this wonderful performance remarks that the little mention with which it escaped could happen only in a nation where strong men were common.

The same feat in 1675 gave William Joy the name of the English Samson. The medical faculty of Vienna thought of Joseph Pospischilli worthy of discussion at several special meetings. This man held a table suspended by his teeth while three gypsies danced upon it. He and one of his brothers bore upon their shoulders a sort of wooden bridge while a horse drawing a cart full of stones was driven over it. Pospischilli's strength was thought to reside in his back, and his bones were said to be twice as large as the usual size.

Fishing parties and explorers in the wilds of Northern Wisconsin were a few years ago familiar with Peter Panquette, the Samson of the region. He was a famous woodsman, possessed of mighty endurance and muscles that were like iron. Senator Clark says: "I have had him bare his arm to me and crack hickory nuts upon his muscles. It was like cracking them on a stone. He could take a handful of dried hard hickory nuts and crush them to pieces by merely tightening his fist." On one occasion, while serving as a guide for a party of explorers, a yoke of oxen drawing the boat down the Fox gave out through fatigue. Panquette took their place and hauled the boat along, heeding the strain less than the beasts.

Sheppard, the wonder of the Coventry volunteers, whose muscular development answers to the description given of Panquette, like the latter, wore his hair long. With the half-breed it was a custom derived from his copper-colored ancestors, but with the ruddy Englishman it was in obedience to his belief that that all his strength lay in his flowing yellow locks. Sheppard could lift a heavy man in each hand, and hold them at arms' length. He could toss enormous tables, barrels and bags of flour about as though they were filled with feathers. He could take a pewter pint pot and tear it into pieces with his teeth, and he could munch large oyster shells as a person would munch a biscuit. Sheppard was the wonder of the country around, but his prosperous popularity developed enemies, and one of these, it is related, induced the strong man to drink deeply, and while sunk in stupor cut off his luxuriant hair. Sheppard awoke, felt his bare poll, and in tones of horror announced that his strength was gone. Whether because such was the case, or because he wished to excite superstitious credulity, the strong man from that moment was weak, timid and hesitating until his hair grew long again.

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It is estimated by Professor Brewer, of Yale college, there may be 800 species of wood plants growing native in the United States, of which about 300 attain a height of thirty feet and about 250 are tolerably abundant somewhere. Excluding semi-tropical species on the extreme southern border, and some others that are rare, there would still remain about 120 species, of which about twenty grow to 100 feet, twelve to 200 and five or six to 300 feet or over. Of these 120 about fifty are conifers.

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"THERE is nothing impossible to the determined spirit," says a philosopher. Evidently that philosopher never tried to reach up behind his shoulder to get hold of the end of a broken suspender.

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