A LAST ESSAY.

Youth, aglow with happy dreams,
Conscious of its waking powers,
Walks by never-failing streams,
Banked by never-dying flowers;
All the boundless future lies
As a realm to seek and win,
Ever sounds a voice that cries,
"Conquer thou, and enter in!"

Early manhood, grayer grown,
Less of hope, but more of pride
Showing in its mien and tone,
Says to rivals: "Stand aside—
Power and knowledge, wealth and fame,
Shall be vassals to my will;
All the gifts that man can claim,
Mine by right of strength and skill!"

Now, as towards its downward course
Slowly moves, the westering sun,
Widening thought, but lessening force,
Speak of half the journey done;
Gone is youth's aspiring gaze,
Earlier manhood's haughty brow,
And around the thorny ways
Few the gifts that linger now.

Yet, as veterans worn and scarred,
Arm them for their latest field,
Be the struggle stern and hard,
Blenching not, though ravens yield;
We, for life's last effort set,
Nerve our minds to hold throughout,
And, whatever fate be met,
Fighting win, or fighting fall.

A CHEAP DINNER.

The secret of the economical excellence of French cookery, is the alternate use of the cheaper cuts of meats and the least expensive fish, poultry and vegetables with the most costly. Americans, who are accustomed to the daily use of joints, chops and steaks, one unending succession of heavy baked, fried, boiled, broiled or roast meats, know as little about the real enjoyment of food as about its economical value.

Wherever the French ideas have become localized the very best use is made of every particle of the food supply. Without always being an unusually intelligent person, the trained French cook applies the most exact conclusions of chemical science to the everyday routine of cookery. From the first day of his seven years' practice until the proud hour which finds him the diplome of the school of Careme he works upon scientific ground, all the methods of the school of la haute cuisine being based upon the most thorough chemical and physiological investigation.

This so called "plain living" is far more expensive and less wholesome than the combination of soup, side dish and salad, which may be familiar to some of our readers as the nuisance or nonsense of French cookery, and to others as its chief excellence and charm.

It requires but little marketing experience to convince the housekeeper that the material of this same French frivolity costs about one-third less than a plain dinner of roast beef or broiled steak. Besides, the fact may be considered that the careful housewife generally has on hand some small bit of cold meat or dish of sauce which can be made to do duty in some new form without adding materially to the cost of the meal which is being prepared.

MENU.

Puree of Peas.

Sturgeon Cutlets with cream Potatoes.

Flank Steak with Pepper Dumplings.

Peach Pudding.

Wafers and Cheese.

Coffee.

PUREE OF PEAS.

This is the French pea soup served at Delmonico's and other of our finer restaurants. Instead of soaking the peas over night, according to the American method, they are washed, put over the fire in half the requisite quantity of water and when scalding hot the rest of the water is added gradually, thus allowing the repeated heating of the peas. This process softens them completely without destroying any of their nourishment; when they are soaked over night, especially in warm weather, more or less fermentation takes place, with a consequent loss of nutritious substance. The gradual addition of the cold water softens the peas, so that they are tender enough to rub through a colander in a little over two hours. According to taste they may be seasoned only with salt and pepper, or by the French method the flavor can be heightened by boiling with them an onion, fried brown in just enough butter to prevent burning, and a carrot peeled and sliced. These vegetables are rubbed through a colander with the peas so soon as they are tender, and the soup is thickened slightly by stirring with it for each quart one-half ounce each of butter and flour rubbed to a smooth paste; this prevents the settling of the soup, and after the addition it is allowed to boil five minutes to cook the flour. The seasoning of salt and pepper should be made palatable, and the soup served with little dice of bread fried brown in enough smoking hot fat to prevent burning.

Some American housekeepers boil a ham bone or a piece of salt pork in the soup.

STURGEON CUTLETS WITH CREAM POTATOES.

The fresh sturgeon may be cut like veal cutlets, or the smoked sturgeon sliced. The fish should be simmered in enough water to cover it while the potatoes are being peeled, sliced and boiled until tender, and a cream sauce is being made according to the following recipe: Put in a saucepan over the fire four table spoonfuls of butter and two of flour, and stir them until they are smoothly blended; then stir in a pint of cream or rich milk, a salt spoonful of powdered mace, quarter of a salt spoonful of white pepper, a dust of cayenne, and a level teaspoonful of salt; let the sauce boil for two or three minutes, when it will be ready to use.

The potatoes, drained from the water in which they are boiled, are to be moistened with cream sauce and served with the sturgeon cutlet, which also is taken from the water in which it has been simmering and served on a dish with the potatoes.

FLANK STEAK WITH PEPPER DUMPLINGS.

The flank steak, which is cut from below the thin end of the sirloin and costs in the lower market about ten cents a pound, becomes under this treatment both tender and savory. Cut the steak in three inch pieces, brown it with an onion peeled and sliced and enough of the steak fat to prevent burning. After the steak is brown dredge it thoroughly with flour, season it highly with salt and pepper, turn it about in the pan until the flour is brown, cover it with boiling water, moving the steak about until the flour forms a good gravy; season the gravy highly with salt and pepper; let it boil and put into it pepper dumplings, which are made by using prepared flour or by sifting baking powder with flour. An ounce of shortening may be added to a pound of flour if desired. Mix the flour to a soft dough with water or milk and put it by tablespoonful with the steak. The dumplings should be allowed to boil in the sauce until cooked through, which will be about twenty minutes, when all can be served together. Canned cepes or boletus may be fried with the steak and onion to the great improvement of the flavor of the dish.

THERE are men who will walk five miles to lead a meeting, who cannot be induced to go across the street to watch with the sick.

NOTHING makes the devil more trouble than to come face to face with a man who cannot be frightened away from his post by the fear of a famine.

The Night of the Fire.

BY DOROTHY HOLCOMB.

Susan is afraid of a mouse; and that night she woke me up out of a sound sleep, and begged me to get up and light a lamp, and search the room, and drive him out. I mean, the mouse she said was there.

"O, Dorothy! *do*, DO, DO! Just this once more. You are not afraid, and you know I can't help it. I *know* there is one *this* time. And *fasten* him out, won't you, Dorothy? Put a chair against the door. Oh! I wish there was a lock on it."

I was out of patience, I own, for I was sleepy, and there never *is* a mouse. We have no mice in our house. It is all Susan's imagination. And it certainly was ridiculous, if she is my sister, to have her implore me to put a chair against the door.

But then, things would have been very different that night if she had not got scared about a mouse. There would have been a fire any way, but they could not have stopped it before half the village had burned up. There were two men there when it began, but they were stupid, and they would not have given the alarm till it was too late.

Susan begged and entreated, but I suppose I have searched for a mouse fifty times just to satisfy her that there was not one, so at first I did not start.

I used to pity girls who were frightened at every little thing, who were afraid of a mouse, afraid of a spider, afraid of the dark, afraid of staying alone, but I don't now. Probably they suffer, but I think they are foolish. I don't mean Susan, for she is a sensitive, delicate little thing, and she does try. But oh! a mouse!

Of course I would not let her lie there and quiver with terror, my own sister, so I sprang up; but instead of searching for a mouse, I drew aside the curtain and looked out of the window. It was open, and the night was so lovely I sat down on the floor, leaned my chin on the sill, and listened to the autumn crickets. It was in September. Just then I saw a fire blazing out at the door of a shop down below our house. Two men were talking about it, and one was saying, "Oh! I guess we can put it out."

I had had an awful experience about a house afire once, and I knew better. So I told Susan to be calm, for there was something worse than a mouse. I will say for Susan that she is equal to the occasion when the subject is really a serious one. She would never, never do as that Newburyport girl did. It was a long time ago, in my grandmother's day, and she knew the girl. There was a fire broke out, and this girl discovered it, but she was so scared she did not rouse anybody. She said afterwards that she just curled down and buried her head in the bed-clothes. And so the fire got under headway and raged and flamed up, and nobody else saw it till houses and stores were burning. It was an awful fire, and that foolish girl might have prevented its spreading. But she said, "I was so scared!"

I told Susan where it was, and I said to her, "Now you go down to Uncle Barnabas's bed room and wake him gently." I cautioned her in this way because he had been sick, and I wished to be careful about startling him.

"Tell him there is no cause for alarm, but he might as well get up. Then go and wake Aunt Malvina. I am going to ring the Episc al bell and rouse the town."

"Good for you, Dorothy!"

Aunt Malvina has had to be ready for emergencies all her life-time. She sometimes says she has been a "minute man," or a "minute-woman." She can always start up and dress herself while some people would be waiting to think about doing it. So Susan and I fell into the way of doing just as she does. We never leave our things scattered about when we go to bed, but we have our clothes where we can put our hands on them in a minute, just as she does. We always have a shawl at hand and our wrappers and our slippers. I know it seems prim and notional for two girls, but I don't care if it does. Aunt Malvina encourages it, for she says in case of sickness in the house we shall be ready. She means in the future, in our own father's family, where we can be very useful in emergencies if we know how."

I was out of doors quicker than I ever went before, and ran down to the church, right by those men and by the fire that was blazing fearfully by that time. They did not see me. I heard them say, "There is not much water, and if we can't put it out, I guess the whole of this side of the street has got to go."

How cold the wet grass was on my bare ankles! I had put my slippers on, but not my stockings. And how out of breath I was!

I knew how to get into the church. The sexton's daughter and I were close friends, and she had shown me. I don't suppose anybody else could have got in without bursting the door in. I mean anybody but the sexton, and he lived away up town. She and I used to go in and sit in the church sometimes. I never even told Susan how we did it. The sexton knew about it, so there was no harm in it, for he did not object. It was his own daughter, and he said he did not care if we would keep it to ourselves. He always liked me, and he knew he could trust me, even not to tell my own sister.

The way to get in was easy enough if anybody knew. The two doors had a fastening at the bottom where a bolt was shot into a socket in the floor. I am not explaining this very well, and I do not suppose anybody could understand it without seeing how it was. At any rate, the socket was worn, and if you gave the door a little push and then a little shake, and then a sudden yank, it would open. It made us think of a combination lock. You must have the push and the shake and the yank in their order, or you might work away at the door all day and you could not get in. It seems very queer.

The reason why we did not get the key and go in at the side entrance was because the sexton's house was a great ways off, and we might take a fancy to go into the church when she could not stop to go and get it—I mean his daughter. We always bolted the door and crawled out at a tiny window back of the organ recess. That seems queer, too, but girls like to do adventurous things. Some girls do.

The push and the shake and the yank were all right that time, and I got in; and by jumping as high as I could I caught hold of the rope. It was looped up high, but I was desperate, and pretty soon a whole coil came tumbling on my head.

Then I rang and I rang. It was neither one thing nor another. People said afterwards that it was neither pealing, nor tolling, nor ringing an alarm. That bell, they said, went first *clangity clang, clangity clang, clang, bang, bang;* then *ding-dong-dong-dong-dong,* on and on, as if it was possessed; and the hills echoed it back.

I could not hear anything but the din up overhead. It was fearfully hard work ringing, but I kept at it. I did not know whether the village was burning up or not, till the sexton came tearing in, and I gasped as well as my lungs would let me—I felt as if they had almost been torn out—"*Is—the—street—all—burned—up!*"

For answer he shouted, "Give me the *rope!* No, Dorothy, I guess you have saved it. I thought it was you!"

Wide Awake.

A calf in Lumberton, Conn., capturer and eats chickens.

STURGEON FISHERIES.

How the Flesh of the Leaping Fish Came to be Called Albany Beef.

"Why is sturgeon called Albany beef?" said a Fulton Market fish dealer to a New York Sun man. "I don't suppose anybody, even in Albany, could tell you why, but I happen to know.

"Sturgeon isn't as staple a product in the line of fish as it was when it got the name of Albany beef, but there are a great many people who would rather have it to-day than salmon. You trace them back, though, and you will find that they came from Albany, or their folks did.

"If there is any kind of sturgeon better than any other kind it is Hudson River sturgeon. I don't know who the first person was who had the nerve to tackle sturgeon as something to eat, but he was undoubtedly a resident of Albany. I think so, because the first place where the business of catching sturgeon as an article of food and domestic commerce was Albany.

"People at large didn't slop over to any alarming extent about sturgeon when it first came on the market, and the Albany sturgeon fishermen found themselves quite frequently left with more sturgeon on their hands than they knew what to do with. This was unpleasant, and they were in great trouble of mind over it until they learned that they were making a great mistake in killing their sturgeon as they caught them.

"All they had to do was to keep them alive, and tether them in the river by ropes tied about their necks and fastened to the piles at the wharves. The river front in time came to be a regular pasture, so to speak, for captive sturgeons, and some one gave them the name of river cattle.

"From that time it was easy to refer to them as beef, and hence the name of Albany beef.

"Albany is no longer unique as a sturgeon fishing place. In fact sturgeon fishing amounts to very little nowadays in the Hudson River. Lake Erie is the great sturgeon producing water. Lake Ontario gives up a good many, and sturgeon pastures are numerous along the St. Lawrence River.

"Over three miles of rope are in use to tether sturgeon off Oswego alone during April and May. But they get rid of them all. The meat is all smoked and sent to the Michigan and Canadian lumber regions where it is the staple fish diet.

"The eggs of the Lake Erie and Ontario sturgeon make the caviare that you are under the impression Russia sends to this country. The truth of the matter is that our sturgeon eggs are exported to Russia and other countries where the civilization is equal to caviare as a delicacy.

"If you ever want to see the sturgeon in all its glory go to Sandusky, Ohio. They catch and dry and smoke and take the eggs out of something like 3,000 tons of sturgeon there every year."

How to Avoid Sunstroke

A correspondent writes as follows to the Lahore, India, Civil and Military Gazette: "With reference to the protective effect of certain colors against the sun's rays, years ago, on my way to India the second time, having already been invalided home once from the effects of the sun, it occurred to me to try the photographer's plan. I reasoned to myself that since no one ever got sunstroke or sun fever from exposure to a dark source of heat or even to one which, though luminous, possessed no great degree of chemical energy, the furnaces in the arsenal for example, it could not be the heat rays, therefore, which injured one, but must be the chemical ones only. If, therefore, one treats one's own body as the photographer treats his plates, and enveloped one's self in yellow or dark red, one ought to be practically secure; and since the photographer lined the inside of his tents and belongings with yellow, it was obviously immaterial whether one wore the yellow inside or out. I had my hats and coats lined with yellow, and with most satisfactory results, for during five years and even extreme exposure never once did the yellow lining fail me; but every time that, either through carelessness or overconfidence, I forgot the precaution, a very short exposure sufficed to send me down with the usual sun fever. Many friends tried the plan and all with the same satisfactory results.

Why Icelanders Emigrate.

The interior of Iceland is a howling waste of sand and ice, traversed by darting glacial rivers, and utterly incapable of supporting more than a few scattered inhabitants. Grass is the only considerable crop. The hills and the valleys are treeless and afford at best but scanty pasturage for horses, cows and sheep. Roads and bridges scarcely exist. The backs of horses are the only means of transportation across country.

Small boats carry travelers over dangerous rivers, while the horses swim on ahead. Hardly anything that ministers to comfort, to say nothing of luxury, is produced in Iceland. Every nail in an Iceland house, every insignificant bit of furniture, has to be transported laboriously from one of the seaports to its destination.

That the seventy thousand inhabitants of Iceland are poor goes witnout saying. There is little or no home market, for every Icelander has the same product to sell as his neighbor. Money circulation is small and the farmer barters a certain number of horses or sheep or rolls of dried fish or bales of hay for a supply of groceries and other necessaries of life.

LEGISLATURES, as is well known, are great foes to corporations, and especially to the railroads, which have a bad habit of insulting members by sending them passes. It occasionally happens, however, that the railroads get something through which benefits them and bears heavily on the public. This was the case a few days since in New York, where the Legislature passed a law outlawing all claims for damages against railroad companies unless suit is brought within two years. Watchful as Legislatures are to punish the railroads, this bill slipped through and the Governor had to veto it.

An eccentric Philadelphian whose will was probated recently stipulated that the entire estate, valued at nearly $300,000, be converted into gold coin.

IT is because we hate the grave that we try to hide it with flowers.

WE never find out how bright the light is until we have been for a while in the dark.

THE NORSEMEN.

BY ELFRIED DE B. GUDE.

The recent celebration of the centenary of the discovery of America lends additional interest to the memory of the bold Norse navigators who nearly four hundred years ago before the birth of Columbus not only discovered America, but actually settled in Iceland and Greenland. As early as A. D. 876, voyages were made by the Norsemen from their own rugged coast to the shores of the continent. Their visits, however, were so transient, that form any years the benefit of the discovery was lost both to themselves and to the civlilized world. Nevertheless they left their impress upon civilization, and it is probable that Columbus himself must have heard of those old northern tales, told from father to son, of how Eric the Red, journeying westward many days, had planted a colony in that land beyond the sea; of how Leif, his son, inheriting his venturesome spirit, continued to voyage until he came to an island which he named Helluland (Flatstone Land), supposed to be Newfoundland; next, to Markland (Wood Land), supposed to be Nova Scotia, then to Vinland (Vineland), supposed to be the coast of New England, the mild country where grapes were growing, and where the hillsides were covered with flowers. It seems certain that some of the ancient Sagas were translated into French, and thence found their way into Italy, the land of culture and progress at that time. It would not be safe to say that Columbus did not pore over some of the ancient translations, whether he got his original ideas from them or not. What we can be sure of, is that a "History of the Westward Voyages of Eric Sanderson" was published in Italy prior to the fifteenth century. Leaving to Columbus the merit of an original conception, we may still believe that he was encouraged in his task by a sight of some of these works.

Probably no race has contributed more to the picturesqueness and romance of history than those magnificent old warriors of the north, the Vikings. Their undaunted bravery, their superb physical development, their love of conquest, and their brilliant daring made them both respected and feared even by the Romans, who permitted them, for the most part, to dwell in peace in their rugged strongholds and settle undisturbed in the lands of Gaul and Britain, which were theirs by sheer force of arms.

From its earliest history, the life of this northern race was distinguished by a degree of civilization far in advance of the other nations of Europe, excepting always the Byzantine empire, which retained a meretricious refinement until the fall of Constantinople before the Turks. The Norsemen were neither savages nor barbarians in the common acceptation of the term; their laws, customs, training, their methods of warfare by land and sea, the trappings and equipments of their ships and armies, showed remarkable intelligence and considerable technical knowledge in the arts of government and warcraft. The Eddas and the Sagas of their early literature, are full of wild and thrilling tales of fierce battles, stormy voyages, and glowing descriptions of the splendor of their dress and riding equipments, the richness of their armor, and the magnificence of their vessels. Gold was everywhere in abundance with these people; yet its use, although lavish, was marked by both taste and discretion.

But the profuse decoration of their war implements never detracted from their usefulness. It is only in recent years that even a fair degree of knowledge of the lives and habits of these Norsemen has been unfolded to us. We pause in astonishment before the evidence of their taste and skill as revealed in the fine collections in the museums of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Bergen, Lund, and Gotenburg. Their weapons and coats of mail give ample proof that they excelled in iron and steel working. Some of the beautiful damascened swords—to use a technical term—dating as far back as the early part of the Christian era, demonstrate that the art was practiced among them long before its introduction into the rest of Europe. The remnants of clothing, beautifully embroidered in gold and silver, show their deftness in weaving. Large cups, urns, and other vessels, wrought in pure gold and silver, testify to the sumptuous taste,—though our connoisseurs would doubtless regard it as at least semi-barbaric,—of those early times. The proofs of their knowledge of the arts of writing and gilding, and the specimens of delicate intricate repousse work in iron, bronze, gold, and silver, are astonishing. Twenty centuries have not been able to tarnish the splendor of these treasures. Among other objects which awaken keen admiration, are glass vessels, exquisitely painted in patterns, unrivalled even in the museums of Italy and Russia.

If we are to credit their poems and romances, the Norsemen were noted for their muscular strength, their intrepidity, their great love of the sea, and their passion for conquest. The men were giants in stature, and superbly developed. They were commonly fair-haired and blue-eyed, with massive and handsome features. The women were beautiful, strong, healthy and virtuous. The young girls lived a retired, industrious life, employing their time in weaving, embroidery, and the cares of the household. The married women were held in great respect and esteem. The wife was the companion and helpmate of her husband, and at liberty to join in all his pursuits. In many instances, she accompanied him on hunting expeditions and on the field of battle.

The education of the male children was divided into, First, the athletic:—wrestling, swimming, jumping, running, leaping, balancing, climbing, snow-shoeing, and hunting. Second, the school of the warrior, that is to say:—fencing, spearing, lance or javelin throwing, archery, and shot slinging. Third, mental training:—poetry, reciting of the Sagas, riddles, chess, and harp-playing. From his boyhood the young Viking was schooled in every art and exercise which might develop his physical powers to the utmost, and fit him for the hardships of the campaign, both offensive and defensive; and meantime, his aesthetic education was not neglected. As warriors they were always ready. It is the key to the character of the old Viking, that he was prepared alike to sing a history of the great deeds of Olaf, or Ordusson, or any other renowned champion—not neglecting himself, be it said—to the harp, which he might play with as much facility as he handled his blade.

The Norsemen were almost unknown to other European nations until the eighth century. Prior to that time their battles had been chiefly between the rival tribes of their own race, and neighboring peoples as well, along the shores of the Baltic, the coasts of the islands, and even as far south as lower France or Spain. With time, however, came the desire for larger possessions and wider conquests. They invaded Germany, Gaul, and Brittany. As warriors they were almost indomitable, rarely meeting with repulse or defeat. Later on, they led their victorious hosts to Spain, to the Mediterranean, to Italy, Sicily, Greece, the Black Sea, Palestine, and even to Africa. They were undisputed masters of their portion of the sea for over twelve hundred years.

The situation of their country and their natural passion for the ocean led them to prefer naval warfare. Their knowledge of nautical matters was at all times far ahead of their contemporaries, and the approach of the Norse fleets struck error to the hearts of the boldest opponents. Their vessels though small enough in our eyes were of great size, considering the period, and fitted out on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. In shape they were low and cut far down amidships, rising almost to a point at the prow and stern, which were usually ornamented by huge gold dragons, or other emblematic devices, often measuring as much as twelve feet in length and three feet across. Every part of the vessel was lavishly ornamented with gold and silver traceries, wrought iron, and carved wood-work. In calm weather the vessel was propelled with oars, the larger ships requiring about thirty oarsmen. The longest of these oars so far as is known to day, measured twenty six feet.

The Norsemen prided themselves on the beauty of their sails, which were woven of wool and gorgeously embroidered with mythological figures in silver and gold. They were square in shape and usually bright-colored, often striped in blue, scarlet, and green, but sometimes entirely white. Strangely enough, many of their vessels were ironclads, and consequently able to resist the weightiest missiles of the enemy. Their battles were undertaken with the greatest care and foresight. Aside from their desperate courage, which was always an important element in the contests of those days, they managed their attacks—and when necessary—their retreats, with consummate strategic skill. They were that compound of the soldier and sailor, which, in themselves and in their descendants, has made northern Europe the controlling power of the Eastern world.

The ordinary costume of the Vikings was of wool, silk, linen, and fur. The men wore breeches reaching to the knee, a shirt of linen, a loose cloak of wool, somewhat resembling the toga of the Romans, and immense mantles lined with fur. In battle they donned coats of mail and iron helmets. Their principal weapons were huge double-bladed swords and heavy spears. Their shields were of leather, embossed with silver and gold. Every part of their costume was lavishly laden with golden ornaments.

The women of the better class, wore a long trailing robe of finest wool or silken material, richly embroidered. It was clasped at the waist by a heavy golden belt, from which was invariably suspended a small, richly embroidered bag. Their long hair, commonly fair, though sometimes dark, of which they were very proud, flowed loosely over their shoulders. Some of the married women wore a little gold embroidered cap. Ladies of the highest rank always wore a band of gold around the hair.

Not the least interesting of the objects which will make our World's Fair educational, as well as attractive, will be the perfectly appointed reproduction of a Viking vessel, in all its appointments. Not only have the best authorities been drawn upon, but an ex-ancient ship, in excellent preservation, so far as lower works are concerned, has served as the basis for the model of the "hollow hull that swept the northern seas." After having inspected one of our modern battle-ships, it requires some stretch of the imagination to conceive of such a "hollow hull" as this, practically dominating the seas. Yet no greater physical courage ever inspired men than that which led these sea-rovers to

"Dominate the stormy main,
Yet to the land beneath the northern star.
The bitter world where endless ice prevails.
Out oars! In shields! fight for your lives, my men!
Leave our bold Raven, as she floats amain."

—*Demorest's Family Magazine.*

WILL WE HAVE CHOLERA

If such is to be the deplorable state of affairs. It would not be wise to overlook any precautionary measure. The cheapest and best way to improve the sanitary condition of your home is to scrape off the old paper and have new put on. THE FIDELITY WALL PAPER CO., of 22 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, are selling gold embossed papers for 12 and 15 cents. Send 4 two cent stamps for samples.

In tropical forests so large a proportion of the plants are of the sensitive variety that sometimes the path of a traveler may be traced by the wilted foliage.

Don't you *want to save money*, clothes, time, labor, fuel, health? All these can be saved if you will *try* Dobbins' Electric Soap. We say "try," knowing if you try it *once*, you will always use it. Have your grocer order.

The first electric locomotive has been built at Lynn, Mass., and is now in practical operation in the yard of the General Electric Company.

The man or woman who is profitably employed is generally happy. If you are not happy it may be because you have not found your proper work. We earnestly urge all such per ons to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they can show you a work in which you can be happy and profitably employed.

The extent of the oscillation of tall chimneys may be exactly taken by a close observation of the shadows they cut on the ground.

POSTAL GUIDE FOR 1893

Containing all the post offices arranged alphabetically, in States and Counties, with all other matters relating to post office affairs can be ordered from B. SALINGER, P. O. Box. 1182, Philadelphia, Pa. No business man should be without it. Price $2.00 paper cover with monthly; $2.50 cloth cover with monthly.

Liebig, the chemist, says the human body is composed of air—condensed and uncondensed.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Electricity is now made use of to dry tea leaves in Ceylon.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

In Germany and Hungary magic qualities are attached to the lime or linden tree In some villages it is usual to plant one before a house to prevent a witch from entering.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease received medals at the Centennial, North Carolina State Fair, Paris Exposition, American Institute, New York, and others.

Last year 462 mistakes were made in London by doctors in notifying cases of infectious diseases for removal to hospitals, with the result that 102 of the mistaken cases proved fatal.

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me". **Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N.Y**

Mr. C. M. Lauer
York, Pa.

A Miserable Man

HEALTH BROKEN DOWN—NERVES SHATTERED

Quick Restoration to Perfect Health by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I gladly write this statement of my experience with Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had been ailing about two years with a nervous attack, and was generally broken down. I was so bad that at times I would fall over with a touch of vertigo; in fact I was not able to go any distance from the house. I certainly was a miserable man. Failing to get help from physicians in Harrisburg and York, I got very much disheartened. But one day I read in a paper about Hood's Sarsaparilla and I thought I ought to try it. The day I commenced on bottle No. 2, I began to feel better, so I kept on and I am glad to say I feel like a new man. I am working again, and can be on the go all day long, and do not have any of my bad spells. So I suffer no more. I have a perfect cure and I find there is nothing like Hood's Sarsaparilla for me." CHAS. M. LAUER, 650 West Market Street, York, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

Every Month

many women suffer from Excessive or Scant Menstruation; they don't know who to confide in to get proper advice. Don't confide in anybody but try

Bradfield's Female Regulator

a Specific for PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED and IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION.

Book to "WOMAN" mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by all Druggists.

Do You sleep Peacefully?

IN THE MAD STRUGGLE

for wealth, do not lose sight of the fact that success is not worth the price paid for it, if it has been obtained at the expense of your health. The essence of wisdom is, first, health; second, moderation; third, wealth. To have health you must have sleep. To have sleep you only need a

PILGRIM SPRING BED,

which is the highest attainment of the science of bed-making.

It is made from Highly Tempered Steel Wire, is the PERFECTION of EASE, and will last a LIFETIME. Beware of cheap made common wire imitations, for "they are not what they seem."

Exhibited at No. 31 Warren Street, New York; No. 2 Hamilton Place, Boston.

For sale by all reliable Dealers.

See Brass Tag Registered Trademark on all Genuine Pilgrims.

Send for Money Saving Primer, Free.

Atlas Tack Corporation, Boston.

WAREROOMS—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco, Lynn.
FACTORIES—Taunton, Mass.; Fairhaven, Mass.; Whitman, Mass.; Duxbury, Mass.; Plymouth, Mass.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of hard eating. Cures Constipation, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Liver Troubles, Blues. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 218 W. 46th St., N.Y.

Cures Sick Headache

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war. 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

RUPTURE Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. S. MAYER, 1013 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Elastic stocking, compression or relief from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours, 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

$75.00 To $250 can be made monthly working for B. F. Johnson & Co., No. 3 South 11th St., Richmond, Va.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
CONSUMPTION

THERE is food for thought in the mortality statistics of the four or five great cities for the year 1892. The death rate per 1,000 of population was in New York, 27.26; Brooklyn, 27.07; Boston, 26.37; Philadelphia, 24.64; and Chicago, 18.23. Chicago had not always this honorable place, but within the last two years that city has constructed a new system of sewers, adopted a better method of street cleaning, and procured an abundant supply of pure water, and the direct result has been a great reduction of mortality, placing Chicago, in point of healthfulness, at the head of the list.

The wonderful influence of the sun on the earth is shown by the fact that in less than three minutes, during which the last eclipse was total, the temperature fell three degrees.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Lameness in horses is sometimes cured by giving them the opportunity to swim. In swimming the same muscles are exercised as in trotting, but without pain to feet or legs.

Of Course You Read

The testimonials published in this paper, relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They show beyond a doubt that HOOD'S CURES.

Constipation, and troubles with the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills.

An island has been discovered in the Atlantic in latitude twenty-nine degrees two minutes north, longitude 137 degrees fifty-nine minutes west, which is only nine feet across.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Civilization vs. Savagery.

It is popularly supposed that it is civilization that increases and aggravates nervous diseases, but Dr. Brinton says it diminishes them. Among the lowest African races, which might be supposed to be devoid of nerves, he found such diseases very common.

INSTEAD of taking a trip East, a newly-married couple should go on a

PAST AND PRESENT STEAMBOATING.

From our editorial sanctum overlooking New York's beautiful harbor, there is an ever changing panorama of endless interest. From small Governor's Island, where a rickety old fort, half hidden in greenery, strives to impose itself upon a too confiding public in the light of a defence; and the still smaller Liberty Island, where stands the grand gift of the French nation holding its torch of welcome to all nations, and then across the sparkling waters to the green and purple hills of New Jersey, all is beautiful and full of life. Plying these waters continually are crafts of all nations and every size from the giant Campania to the tiniest steam or naphtha launch. But of them all there is no sight we watch for with such pleasurable interest as the coming and going of the big steamers, which morning and evening majestically round Battery Point as they set forth upon or return from their trips through Long Island Sound.

Floating palaces truly are these steamers! They may be excelled some day (all things are possible) but it is hard for us to conceive of such a thing. Nevertheless we modestly remember that as long ago as 1827 the Benjamin Franklin of the Providence line was considered by the best judges of the time to be a model which could never be surpassed! Let us contrast the Franklin with the Connecticut which delighted our eyes this morning as she grandly swept down the East River past our window. The Franklin was a very big boat for her time, but she was but little more than one-third of the length of the Connecticut with not a third of its carrying capacity. From pictures of the Rhode Island and the Massachusetts, boats nine years later than the Franklin, when contrasted with one of the Connecticut taken four years ago, one may judge that the much vaunted little Franklin would cut but a very small figure to-day. Yet she, too, must have been a pretty sight from the windows of the aristocratic mansions, which serenely fronted the fashionable promenade of the Battery, or from those of the few charming country dwellings which crowned the Heights of Brooklyn, looking down through cedar groves to a broad gravelled beach where now stand long rows of ugly store-houses.

There is no color that shows so well upon the water as that which in our youth we were taught to call no color—a clear snow white. Of this we have proof every day, in contrasting the dark colors usually employed by the trans-Atlantic steamships, with the pure white of our "White Squadron," and that of the beautiful Sound steamers. It sometimes almost dazzles the eye, as if the sunlight were reflected from polished marble, and adds immensely to the effect of size, and causes great majesty.

A trip up Long Island Sound in one of the boats of the Providence & Stonington S. S. Co.'s line is one of the most delightful that can be made. Starting at 5.30 on a summer afternoon one may pass between the many places of interest which line the shores of the so-called East River, and get well out into the sound before the long summer evening twilight shall be ended; and then—after the shades of night have settled over all—what a delightful sleep shall we get in the spacious berths of the commodious staterooms, fitted up as no palace was fifty years ago, and as, in fact, in point of convenience, very few are now.

Then if we wish to go farther we can leave our boat at Providence in the morning and take a Parlor Car Train directly to Boston, or Worcester, or even on to the glorious White Mountains, without further change, if we so desire. Or—having stopped at Stonington instead—we can reach the fashionable Narragansett Pier, or more grandly situated Watch Hill, where the ocean waves boom almost at our feet.

Yet—so discontented is poor human nature!—we wish for something still better. We would that we could make these beautiful trips entirely by daylight! The editorial "we" has more than once stayed upon deck all night rather than leave the beauty of the scene, yet it is scarcely so beautifully moonlight as by daylight. We once had the pleasure of a trip up the Sound in a little U. S. Revenue Cutter by courtesy of the Commander and his wife. We went slowly enough, stopping to board suspicious looking craft, and anchoring in some favorable place each night, taking nearly a week to go from New York to New London. But what a delightful voyage it was! We have wondered, ever since, if there were not people enough in our part of the world, who are not rich enough, or however wealthy, who would not wish to be at all the care of owning yachts, who yet would like to take this pleasure in a more leisurely way, and, leaving New York in the morning, stop over night on the way before proceeding on their journey to the mountains or returning to the City, to make it pay to run at least one or two daylight boats between the historic shores which border our dear old Long Island Sound?

From our sanctum's windows we look on hope to see the brave little Viking which is pictured on our opposite page, and which left Norway on May 1st to tempt the terrors of the stormy Atlantic. She is expected to come down through the Sound, perhaps closely in the wake of one of our big, beautiful Sound Steamers. What a contrast will be there! The little, open coil boat, covered only with the shields of her stout-hearted crew, and helped on its passage by oars wielded by brawny arms, and the great, peaceful, luxurious craft, the fitting emblem and fruit of a modern civilization.

TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Scarred by a Stroke of Lightning.

A negro in Washington has the scorch of a lightning stroke on his body—a white streak that begins between the shoulders and runs down the left side. It is waving in form like the leafless stalk of a vine. This mark, which he has worn for about thirty years, he received when he was sitting under a tree during a thunder storm—always a dangerous place at such a time. Though he was stunned for a moment after being struck, he suffered no lasting inconvenience from the shock. Another man who was struck while sitting beneath a tree escaped mark and hurt, but the soles of both his shoes were torn off and flung to the distance of several yards.—New York Sun.

"HOW WILL I enter the money the cashier skipped with," asked the book-keeper, "under profit and loss?" "No, suppose you put it under running expenses."—Society Journal.

JUST A LITTLE

pain neglected, may become
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
SCIATICA,
LUMBAGO.

Just a little
SPRAIN
may make a cripple.

Just a little
BRUISE
may make serious inflammation.

Just a little
BURN