BITTEN BY A SCORPION.

A Doctor's Horrible Experience in the Wilds of Mexico.

Dr. George Mallet, of Brooklyn City, who is on his way to the mining camps of the interior of Mexico, writes from Las Yedras the following story of his journey and his experience with a scorpion:

"I started across country on mule back with a dangerous-looking guide, whom I feared at any moment might cut my throat while asleep for the little money I had; fortunately, he did nothing of the kind and turned out to be a very good man. The third night out I had an experience that I would not repeat for all the wealth of Mexico. It was just dark, about 7.30, when I discovered a light by the side of a mountain and thought it would be a good time to camp, as we had been in the saddle almost constantly since 3 o'clock that morning. We made for it and found a little shanty inhabited by two horrible looking specimens of humanity in the most abbreviated of costumes.

"The guide told them we wanted to stop all night, and the female prepared a concoction for me. As they of course had no chairs, I sat on a low stool in front of the fire to eat it. I was scarcely seated before I felt something on my neck, and putting my hand up, felt an exceedingly severe sting on my left index finger. It almost made me howl. I immediately tied my handkerchief about it and stopped the circulation and then sucked it, and the old woman parted with a chew of tobacco for it. In about ten minutes the stinging ceased and I thought it was all over, when intense vertigo came on with much vomiting and retching, then a sense of great weakness and collapse, accompanied by a profuse cold perspiration, then a sharp tingling began in the bitten finger, extending over the hand and up the arm, then the other arm and hand, then both feet they tingled and stung like an electrical current, and yet they were completely dead to all external impressions, and I could scarcely move them; then my face began to feel the same way. I called for water and was terrified to find that I had lost all sense of taste and my jaw was getting stiff and I could scarcely articulate at all.

"Just imagine my feelings—no one near but those almost savages, and they understanding not a word I said, and the horrible sense of impending death due to the depression caused by the poison. I tried to ask if there was a doctor anywhere near, but could not even speak English now, and of course they did not understand me. It was simply horrible, and I thought surely I was dying, for the dead feeling seemed to be extending, and I could scarcely move a muscle. With a great effort I made signs for a bottle of claret that I happened to have in my bag, to use in case of bad water. Most of this I drank, and it braced me up some so that I made them understand that I wanted hot water, and it seemed almost a year before they got any. When it came, although they could not bear their hands in it, I put both hands and feet into it without feeling it. Then I made them rub hard, and this they did all night, and by morning I slept for about two hours, being perfectly exhausted. On awaking I felt much better; my limbs tingled just as though they were asleep, but I could use them; by moving about the sensation began to return.

"As soon as I could get up I got into the saddle again, hoping to reach some civilization in case I should get worse. The journey was just half over, so I pushed on for Yedras and soon found that the exercise was of benefit; the tingling ceased, and by that night I could taste the food. I ate the next morning and had no signs of the previous night's experience, except a loss of sensibility in my left arm and hand and a feeling of great weakness. Now, five days after, I am entirely well, except that I have no feeling at all in my left index finger and half of back of forearm up to the elbow. I was told here that it was a scorpion that bit me and that I was lucky in getting out of it so easily. I am all right now and apprehend no further trouble."

The Dairying Business.

Chatting recently with ex-Senator Warner Miller, he told me that the dairying business was the largest single industry in the United States. The facts are simply stupendous, when they are considered, as I found by questioning a leading merchant in the produce line to-day. He told me that there are over $2,000,000,000 invested in dairying, an amount almost double the money invested in banking and commercial industries. It is estimated that it requires 15,000,000 cows to supply the demand for milk and its products in the United States. To feed these cows 60,000,000 acres of land are under cultivation. The agriculture and dairy machinery and implements in use are worth over $200,000,000. The men employed in the business number 750,000 and the horses over 1,000,000. The cows and horses consume annually 30,000,000 tons of hay, nearly 90,000,000 bushels cornmeal, about the same amount of oatmeal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran, and 30,000,000 bushels of corn, to say nothing of the brewery grain, sprouts and other questionable feed of various kinds that are used to a great extent. It costs $450,000,000 to feed these cows and horses. The average price paid to the labor necessary in the dairy business is probably $20 a month, amounting to $180,000,000 a year. The average cow yields about 450 gallons of milk a year, which gives a total product of 6,750,000,000 gallons. Twelve cents a gallon is a fair price to estimate the value of this milk at—a total return to the dairy farmers of $810,000,000, if they sold all their milk as milk. But 50 per cent. of the milk is made into cheese and butter. It takes 27 pounds of milk to make 1 pound of butter, and about 10 pounds to make 1 of cheese. There is the same amount of nutrition in 8 1-2 pounds of milk that there is in 1 pound of beef. A fat steer furnishes 50 per cent. of boneless beef, but it would require about 24,000,000 steers, weighing 1,500 pounds each, to produce the same amount of nutrition as the annual milk product does.—[New York Graphic.

FOURTEEN years ago Joseph Butchel saw a little fellow knocked down by the horse drawing a street car on which he was riding in Portland, Oregon. The driver's head was turned, and Butchel, grabbing the reins with one hand, wheeled the horse away from the child, and with the other grasped him just as the wheel was about to crush him. The father, W. C. Johnson, was profuse in thanks, and then the affair was apparently forgotten. The child grew, and on his eighteenth birthday Mr. Butchel was invited to Mr. Johnson's office, where he found the family assembled. The boy made a neat speech, and handed his surprised rescuer a gold-headed cane, inscribed, "From W. Carey Johnson, June 27, 1889, in memory of a brave deed, 1875. I owe you my boy's life." The acknowledgment was a little slow in coming, but it got there just the same.

Deadly Arrow Poison.

Most of the arrow poisons of Africa hitherto known have been of vegetable origin, indeed, all the famous poisons are of this nature. Mr. H. M. Stanley has added one poison to the list which does not appear to be a product of the vegetable kingdom. In the Lower Congo district Mr. Stanley's force was assailed by a tribe of dwarfs, who used poisoned arrows. Five members of the expedition were hit by these arrows, four (black men) dying very shortly after, their sufferings having been intense. The fifth man, Lieutenant Stairs, had a narrow escape. The poison of the arrow which hit him had been dry, and so he did not experience the full toxicity of the barb. It was afterward found that the poison is manufactured from the dried bodies of red ants, or pismires, ground into powder, cooked in palm oil and smeared over the wooden points of the arrows. What is the nature of the poison which causes death?

The Lancet says it is formic acid, which exists in the free state in red ants, and is in the pure state so corrosive, that it produces blisters on the skin. Hence there is little ground, says our contemporary, for doubting that it was the "deadly irritant by which so many men had been lost with such terrible suffering." The multitude of curious insects encountered, which rendered their lives "as miserable as they could well be," bears out Mr. Stanley's idea, that many similar poisons could be prepared from insects. It certainly is strange that, with the exception of cantharides, and perhaps of blatta orientalis, the insect world is so little used for active therapeutics. Not forgetting the fact that homœopaths have long had that respect for the insect kingdom which the Lancet desires, we may mention that ptomaines as a source of toxicity are more likely than formic acid to have produced the paralytic symptoms which were exhibited by the dying men.—[New England Druggist.

The Corean Embassy Enjoys Itself.

The Coreans certainly appear to enjoy life in Washington to the full, and they seem determined to "catch on" with all the latest fads and amusements of the day. At a handsome billiard table in their commodious mansion in Iowa Circle they hugely enjoy their initiation into the recondite mysteries of the "carom," while on hot summer evenings recently they were seen strolling in the garden, nay, even sitting on the front door-steps in approved Washington style, and taking a kindly interest in the various babies of the neighborhood whose mammas and nurses passed with them along the sidewalk. The Coreans, moreover, appear to have become passionately fond of the intricate and mysterious game of croquet, for they have had an adjoining vacant lot fenced in, which makes an excellent croquet ground. Here the gentlemen of the legation, with their wives, used to play during the early summer with great enjoyment; and even upon occasion, would greet a lucky hit with hearty laughter and loud cries of "L-e-t-h-e-r g-o!" "G-o-o-d s-h-o-t!" "L-e-t-h-e-r w-e-n-t!" and like expressions so dear to the American heart, while their peculiar patriotic methods of resting upon their mallets—somewhat after the sedentary manner of the "tailors of Tooley street"—merely added a rare Eastern flavor to the kindly scene. Possibly it is this genial bonhomie which has led the members of the Chinese Embassy to abate somewhat of the hauteur born of claims to suzerainty, and to call often on the legation in Iowa Circle. In any case our Corean visitors have evidently some counterpart in their "Celestial" language for the old proverb: "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do."—[New York Tribune.

Two of "Old Hickory's" Slaves.

Two of General Jackson's old slaves are still living at the Hermitage. One is "old Alfred," who has convinced himself, and would like to convince all who visit the place, that he was the body servant of his master. The truth of history compels the statement that this is a figment of his imagination. Hannah's claims are, however, beyond all doubt or controversy. They rest on the solid foundation of fact. She was a trusted, confidential household servant long before General Jackson became President, and it was in her arms that Mrs. Jackson died in 1828. Her age is at least ninety-five. When James Parton visited the Hermitage, about 1860, he was struck by the great number of vigorous old people whom he met, and this sentence occurs in his "Life of Jackson": "Old Hannah, for example, whose care of the children at the Hermitage Jackson extols, is now sixty-seven years of age, and she appears to be still in the very prime of her vigor. She strode about the Hermitage with us on a chilly, wet day in February, bareheaded, with a gipsy hat in her step that belongs to thirty-five. When informed of her age I stared incredulous." Nine-and-twenty anniversaries of that chilly, wet morning in February have come and gone and Hannah, says Mrs. Dorris, "is so well preserved to-day as to lead to doubts as to her age, and is as bright, animated and spry as a woman of forty, and much more so than many of that age."

"I'se a sassy nigger, I is, and I belonged to a sassy white man," is the way she puts it. To observe her drop one of her old-fashioned curtsies is worth going miles to see.

"How old are you, Aunt Hannah?"

"I'se ninety-five years old, an' ef you don't believe it, jes you go up here and look at Jeemes K. Polk's tomb, an' I'se jes one year older den he is."—[New York World.

A Strange Place for a Bomb.

The death of Signor Bottesini, the great double-bass player, gives rise to many interesting reminiscences. In one curious incident of his life, Count Bacciocchi, Master of Ceremonies to Napoleon III. was concerned. Bottesini had been commanded to play at the Tuileries, and in the antechamber he was accosted by the Count with the astonishing inquiry whether his double bass was "empty or full." It was not until the Court functionary had made a minute inspection of the instrument that the explanation was afforded. The Orsini attempt to blow up the Emperor with a bomb, it seems, had scared the officials, though how an explosive could have been smuggled into a contra-basso is not quite clear.—[New York Tribune.

Why He Retired Prematurely.

It was the absent-minded man who said: "I went home and lighted my candle, but before going to bed I thought I would smoke a cigar. I looked everywhere for a match, but as I could not find one I blew out my candle and went to bed." Why didn't you take a light from the candle?" was the query. "I never thought of it," was the reply.—[Boston Journal.

A RULING PASSION.

Strange Bet Made by Two Dying Consumptive Gamblers.

That the ruling passion asserts itself even in the very face of the grim destroyer is an axiom old as the hills. Its truth was evidenced by an incident which recently occurred at the San Francisco City and County Hospital, and which was related to a Chronicle reporter.

Some months ago two consumptives in the last stages of the disease lay dying on cots in close proximity to each other. Both victims were sports, who by dissipation had contracted phthisis in its most aggravated form. One was known as Bill Cunningham, a young gambler who had enjoyed the reputation among his class of being a reckless better on the turn of a card. The other was an English sailor named Staples, whose sole passion was to wager whatever he possessed in support of any opinion which he might express. The nature of the men, in this particular at least, was identical, and both recognized each other in a sense as brothers in misfortune. As they lay on their cots, haggard and hollow-eyed and gasping for breath, they daily wasted the remnant of their vital forces in bantering one another about their appearance.

"I say, Staples," said Cunningham one morning in a voice scarcely above a hoarse whisper, "you're looking blue. Better brace up, old man."

Staples, who really seemed to be a dead man as he lay almost breathless with his glazed eyes half open and mouth widely distended, pulled himself together with an indignant jerk and made a vain attempt to raise himself upon his arm.

"Billy," said he, "you're wrong. To prove it I'll bet you a dollar, the size of my pot, that I'll outlive ye."

"I'll see that bet," replied Billy with a faint smile.

An attendant was chosen as stakeholder and the money (all they possessed) was placed in his hands. Then began the struggle of these men to see who could retain the spark of life longest. At a distance of five feet the two dying men glanced at one another, each eager to show the other that his stock of vitality was the greater. Cunningham battled bravely, but he was the first to show signs of weakening. He finally resumed his old position, but it could be seen that his respiratory action was failing. Suddenly he gave one great gasp, and with that sigh the spark of his life, prematurely cut off, was extinguished.

"I've won the bet," said Staples, as he took the stake money with a gratified smile.

Cunningham's body was at once removed to the hospital morgue. The attendant had followed the cortege to the door and returned immediately to Staples' cot. Scarcely five minutes had passed since Cunningham had expired, but when the attendant glanced at Staples he saw that he, too, was dead. The last pot which he had raked in was clasped in his right hand. The grip was vise-like and an instrument was employed to remove the silver from the stiffened, unwilling fingers of the corpse.

Imitation Antique Furniture.

This is the way in which the manufacturers of imitation antique furniture produce the goods they sell. If a desk is the article to be disposed of they have one final touch to add that excites unqualified admiration for its ingenuity. To cover up an artificial crack in one of the drawers they paste over it a portion of a real letter, properly smoked, from Robert Morris or some other revolutionary person whose epistolary missives come cheap at fifty cents apiece or so, in the autographic market at this day. One letter used in this manner will serve for several escritoires, and thus the purposes both of economy and chronological resemblance are satisfactorily served. Candlesticks and andirons in brass are done *ad infinitum* in the same fashion as the knobs above spoken of. The andirons, however, are first done into wood for models, and then cast from the latter, with applications of pumice and gunpowder to follow. A special branch of the work has to do with clocks of the ancient upright pattern, which are copied in every detail from the really old ones. Even the metal faces, with their curious numerals, are imitated, and the works of modern pattern are permitted to lie in a dusty corner and oxidize comfortably while the framework is in process of construction. There is nothing, the makers say, in the line of back-number furniture that cannot be reproduced at a few days' notice from brand new materials, and yet so like the old that no ordinary person could possibly tell the difference.—[Washington Star.

The Peanut Crop.

According to a correspondent of the New York Post, 3,200,000 bushels of peanuts are consumed in this country every year. They come chiefly from Virginia and North Carolina, although Tennessee also produces a small crop. "Peanuts are planted at corn-planting time. Each kernel produces a running vine, like crab grass, and each root produces about twenty pods. When ripe, the plow is run through the loamy soil, on a dry day, just before frost. The nuts are dried and shocked up like corn to keep dry before housing. When marketed they go to a cleaner, where they are put through steam-power machines and polished, after which they are graded according to size and variety. This year there is but two thirds of a crop, and they are higher in price than since 1884. The crop begins to come into the market about the first of September. The Virginia nut is the largest and finest. The Wilmington is a smaller sort, and the Spanish nut, a still smaller variety, is one whose kernels peel perfectly clean, thus making it valuable for confectionery."

The Hottest Weather Known.

"What is the hottest weather ever known in the United States?" The question is answered in the bulletin of the Kentucky Statistical Weather Service. The highest temperature recorded by the United States Signal Service was at Phœnix and Fort McDowell, Ariz., in June, 1883. The thermometer marked 119 degrees. However, unofficial observers report temperature as high as 128 degrees and 122 degrees at Mammoth Tank and Humboldt, Cal. The coldest weather recorded by the service was 69 degrees below zero at Poplar River, Mon. But this is a warm place compared with Werchojansk, Siberia, the coldest inhabited spot on the face of the globe. The thermometer there has been as low as 90 degrees below zero. In view of these figures let us not complain of a paltry 90 degrees above zero.—[Louisville Post.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

AN association composed of ex-Confederate soldiers is attempting to raise a fund to erect a monument over the graves of 7,000 soldiers of the Confederate Army, who died while prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, "and who now lie in unmarked and neglected graves at Oakwood Cemetery, near that city."

A BODY of five female sanitary police is now established in Chicago, under the appointment of the Commissioner of Health, according to an ordinance of the City Council. The duty of the new female sanitary police is to inspect factories and tenements for the protection of the health of working women. There will probably be an effort to secure a body of the same kind in New York.

THE immigration from Italy to New York continues to be heavy, and almost every day of the week swarms of the sturdy children of the various Italian provinces may be seen at Castle Garden. All Americans who visit Castle Garden are surprised by the muscularity, solidity, and strength of many of the olive-complexioned Italian women who are to be seen there.

THE Sunday closing movement is spreading from trade to trade in Philadelphia. From the barbers and the laundrymen it has now extended to the bakers, most of whom now do considerable work upon Sunday. The bakers have determined to appeal to the Legislature of Pennsylvania to pass a law prohibiting the opening of bakeries on Sunday.

THE Campbell air-ship, an ingenious combination of gas bags and rotary fans, has gone the way of all flying-machines, says Dr. Oswald in the Cincinnati Enquirer. The art of flying in a calm will no doubt continue to improve with the evolution of Yankee inventiveness, but the ideal of aerial navigation will always encounter the horns of an inevitable dilemma: Wind-resisting strength at the mercy of gravitation; or buoyancy at the mercy of the winds.

ELECTIONS are to be held this year in fifteen States. The four new ones, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Washington are to choose their Congressmen, as well as State officers and legislators. Kentucky votes for a State Treasurer. Ohio, Virginia, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Iowa, and Mississippi will elect Governors. In New York, the Secretary of State is the highest officer chosen; in Pennsylvania, the State Treasurer; in Nebraska, a judge of the Supreme Court, and in Maryland, the Comptroller.

THE generally accepted theory that a warm summer follows a cold winter, and vice-versa, has been examined by London Science with the aid of temperature records made in the same place, under the same conditions, twice a day for forty years. Science cannot find any rule on the subject and comes to the conclusion that no estimate can be formed in regard to the character of a coming season merely by knowing the character of the past season of any greater value than could be gained by mere guessing.

THE fearful menace to life by electricity in new applications to commercial needs is strikingly illustrated by the report of the deaths from accidental causes in New York City in 1888. Though electrical appliances are used for almost every purpose and electrical wires interlace the city, yet of 1,258 deaths only five were caused by electrical wires. This, declares the Commercial Advertiser, conclusively shows that the facts and figures are against the constant howl about the dangers from electricity.

THE London Pall Mall Gazette says the heads of the Danish police have introduced a way of suppressing intemperance which is both simple and original. If a man is found drunk in the streets or at public places a cab is hired and he is taken home. If he is too intoxicated to be communicated with he is taken to a police station and kept till he is able to give his address, when he is taken home by cab, and the publican who has given the last glass of drink to the victim is made responsible for the cab fares, which sometimes amount to a considerable sum.

THE future of Australia for the next thirty years will rest with the engineers. The recent discoveries of underground rivers in the most arid portions of the continent have given those words a greater significance. The difficulty of Australia has always been the fear that the land will not support a large population. These discoveries of water dispel that fear. It now appears that the volumes of rain which fall about once in five years over the greater part of the Australian continent, covering with floods the plains which for four years previously have not known more moisture than might be given in England by a good fall of dew, find their way through the porous soil into channels and chambers beneath the surface, where, at a depth of one or two thousand feet, they provide an inexhaustible store of the most precious commodity known to the Australian squatter.

THE investment of foreign capital in American industries is increasing at a rapid rate. Aside from the $50,000,000 or more which English capitalists are reported as having expended in the purchase of breweries in the leading cities, many millions of English capital have been used to establish and develop entirely new enterprises—for instance, to open mines, build railroads, construct iron furnaces and steel works, lay out cattle ranches, develop timber resources and so on *ad finitum*. Some of these investments have been very heavy; in the vicinity of Cumberland Gap, on the line between southeastern Kentucky and east Tennessee, $4,000,000 has already been spent by the American Association, limited, of London, in developing an iron, steel and railroad centre, and $6,000,000 additional has been subscribed for the further prosecution of the work. Even on the Pacific coast large manufacturing enterprises are being put under way by foreign capital.

NATURAL gas has been discovered in Sonoma County, Cal., and in view of this cheap fuel the people of San Francisco see "in their mind's eye" that city developing into a great manufacturing centre. The San Francisco Chronicle says that if there is abundance of the gas the fact "means more to San Francisco than half a dozen new transcontinental railroads."

Cable cars are run at the rate of fourteen miles an hour in parts of Chicago

Skin Grafting.

When large areas of the skin are destroyed, as happens in the case of severe burns or extensive injuries, it is sometimes months before the surface is again covered with epidermis. Repair may have gone on till the surface is on a level with the surrounding parts, and all that remains is for the skin to creep in from the edges; but this process, especially in persons weakened by long confinement in bed, is very slow, and the constant discharge of matter from the open surface causes irritation, as well as weakness.

It has been known for many years that a flap of skin might be lifted from its place and made to adhere in an adjoining spot, provided its connection with the surrounding skin were not cut off. But now we can go farther than this. In 1869 a French physician discovered that small bits of sound skin might be snipped off and applied to the surface of the sore, and that under certain conditions they would adhere and form new centres from which the process of healing might go on.

In order to have the grafts "take" well, the surface of the ulcer must be in a suitable condition. If it is rough, or discharges too freely, or projects too far above the surrounding level, there is danger that the small bits of skin will fall off.

The process is as follows: The surface of the ulcer, as well as that of the sound skin from which the grafts are to be taken, having been carefully cleansed with carbolic acid, or other solution that serves the same purpose, the bit of skin is picked up in a small pair of forceps or on the point of a needle, and is snipped off with a pair of sharp scissors or a small knife. Only the superficial layer of skin is taken, and if this is properly done there is no bleeding.

The bit of skin, which is generally not larger than the head of a pin, is then placed firmly upon the ulcer, with the cut side down, and preferably about a quarter of an inch from the free border. A line of grafts may be placed at equal distances completely across the denuded surface, and thus a bridge of skin is soon formed, for the grafts spread and unite, and thus convert the original ulcer into two smaller ones. By a similar process these two parts may be again divided, and the process continued till the whole surface is covered.

In a few instances larger portions of skin have been made to grow to the ulcerated surface, but in general the smaller bits cause repair to go on as rapidly, and are more easily applied and cared for.—[Youth's Companion.

Jefferson's Tree.

Did you ever see Jefferson's tree in any of your strolls down the avenue near the Capitol? asks the Washington Critic. Of course everyone knows the tradition of how the third President rode to his inauguration on horseback, and, reaching Tiber Creek, he found it too muddy to ford, for the bridge had for some reason been removed or swept away. So he tied his horse to a tree on the bank and walked across the little footway that had been temporarily erected. Few have seen this tree, though nearly everyone in the city has passed beneath its spreading boughs.

It stands close to the fence just inside of the Botanical Gardens, and its branches extend over into the street. It is a stunted old affair, not much to look at as a thing of beauty, but it goes as a relic. Mr. Smith makes a sort of pet of the thing. He says it is over 200 years old, the patriarch of the Washington tree world. It is the father of hundreds of trees scattered over the city, and its children do not consider themselves above their neighbors because the Father of Democracy happened to tie his horse to one of the branches of their parent a few months before he was made President.

A NOVEL use is made of the electric light on the St. Lawrence River, near the Thousand Islands resorts. One of the lights has been placed at the end of a yard arm on the steamer St. Lawrence, which has a dynamo aboard. The light stands in front of a powerful reflector; and as the boat steams about at night among the islands the search light is cast upon them, revealing with startling distinctness their beauty and the beauty of the landscape.

Have you tried "Tansill's Punch" Cigar?

Ex-President McCosh, of Princeton College, is spending the summer in Maine.

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Gradations in Authority.

Authority on board of a steamboat is an interesting study. It runs on a sliding scale, but unlike the gamut it only slides one way. This is bad for lower "C" on the steamboat, but he has to stand it. A good illustration of how the thing works was given the other afternoon just above Madison street bridge.

The captain of a steamer was trying to make a landing at the dock, but the operation was attended with some difficulty. A line from the bow had been run out and made fast to a post, but the vessel's stern was swung off into the stream. The skipper with a scowl on his brow stood on the bridge abaft the wheel house and stared at the first mate, who was hustling around on the hurricane roof amidships. Down below on the quarter deck the second mate was helping the third mate and a deck hand to take the turns out of the stern line, which was snarled up on deck instead of being fast on the dock.

"Mr. Olsen," said the captain in a gentlemanly tone of voice to the first mate, "why in thunder don't you get that line out, you long, lean, lank, knock-kneed, tar-tainted wreck of returning reason? Don't you see we're swinging off?"

"Aye, aye, sir," Mr. Olsen replied, respectfully touching his cap to the skipper.

Then Mr. Olsen leaned far over the rail, and raising his voice he called the second mate's attention to a matter of great importance.

"Mr. Peterson," he yelled, "what's eating you, tow-headed, block-eyed lubber! Do you want to choke the stream? Get a move on you, and be quick about it."

"Aye, aye, sir," was Mr. Peterson's response to this delicate attention received from his superior. He then gave the third mate some instructions.

"Swanson," he gently but firmly remarked, "I'll crack your blooming skull if you don't hump yourself, you gaunt-eyed, bow-legged, stock fish feeder! Bear a hand there. Lively, now, and get that line out!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Swanson in a humble voice.

Then Swanson gave the deck hand, who gets $12 per month, a clout on the side of the head which knocked him down. Then he jumped on him with both feet and shouted: "Why don't you pay out that stern line, you low-lived, white-livered, mule cared, hog backed, slab sided, bench-legged molli grubber! What are we paying you for?" And he finished on the poor man with a kick in the ribs.

The deck hand ran the line out and made the boat fast. Then he went down in the hold, where he anointed his person and clubbed himself with a hand spike.—[Chicago Times.

If Dobbins's Electric Soap is what so many insist that it is, you *cannot afford* to go without it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can *decide for yourself* very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

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Extra inducements are now offered to the man of limited means. A colony of the best people is now being formed for the "Centralia Colony" in the Santa Anna Valley, Los Angeles County, California. CENTRALIA Station, on the Southern Pacific R. R., is on these lands. Only ten miles from the ocean. Best lands in the State at $45 to $60 per acre. Three crops per year (first two without irrigation). The second crop will pay for the land. Will guarantee one hundred bushels of corn and 250 bushels of potatoes per acre. Will grow the orange, lemon, fig, peach, plum, prune, olive, cherries, pears, grapes, raisins, walnuts, small fruits, alfalfa, grain, and all vegetables to perfection. Fine perpetual-flowing artesian wells. No winter, no storms, no sudden changes, no lightning, no sunstrokes, no blizzards, no ice, no snow, no excessive heat in the summer. Cool nights, and with all a perfect climate. Only 22 miles from Los Angeles (a city of 50,000 people). Three miles from Anaheim (a town of 2500). The entire valley fairly settled with prosperous farmers and fruit growers. A $2500 school house on the land. Free Transportation to all Land Buyers. Two Grand Excursions in Pullman Tourist Cars, August 20 and September 3, '89. Fare (N. Y. to L. Angeles), $62.75. Correspondence invited. Call or address B. F. PRITCHARD, Prop'r, 317 Broadway, N. Y.

REFERENCE.

LOS ANGELES BOARD OF TRADE, LOS ANGELES, CAL., May 27, 1889.

To Whom it May Concern—The bearer, Mr. B. F. Pritchard, of Los Angeles, California, is the owner of two thousand acres of land in the Santa Anna Valley, 22 miles southeast of Los Angeles and is visiting the east for the purpose of colonizing the same. Having seen the land myself I can testify as to its good quality, etc., and heartily recommend Mr. Pritchard as a thoroughly trustworthy man, and know that he is able to and will fulfill any contracts he may make. G. W. VAN ALSTINE, Immigration Agent, Los Angeles Board of Trade.

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And he is very wise, sir,
When e'er he doesn't feel just right
One remedy he tries, sir.
It's just the thing to take in spring
The blood to purify,
He tells his friends, and nothing else
Is he induced to try
Because, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to cleanse his system, tone it up and enrich the blood, and finding that it always produces the desired result, he considers that he would be foolish to experiment with anything else. His motto is: "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That's why he pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

A company is being formed in the Argentine Republic for the purpose of holding a world's exhibition at Buenos Ayres.

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A free ride to California in Pullman Tourist Cars for all land buyers. See advertisement of Mr. Pritchard in another column.

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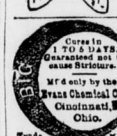

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