THE OCEAN.

BY ARTHUR LOT.

Oh, shun the ocean's wave, unless you'd waive
Safety from sickness of the sea, and see
Yourself so ill you'd gravely wish the grave
Would ope, and wretched retching cease to be!
Some grassy lea you'd see upon the lee,
And wish that you could land upon the land,
Since all your food so freely seemed set free,
But vainly you would come with such command,
Unless the ship should strand upon some unknown strand.

The seas, on seasonable days, hie high
When mighty winds blow up the deeps below
And sea foam's raised far up toward the sky,
While wavelets into mighty billows grow;
No mister then the mystery can know
Of all that's hid beneath the hideous waves,
To which, in vain, woe loudly cries out woe;
Without a caveat to ocean's caves
Their prey unwavering waves sweep swift as if to graves.

Some memorable days does memory bring,
When almost at see-saw one saw the sea,
Sometimes far skyward giant waves 'twould fling,
Sometimes its breast as smooth as glass would be;
When rocked the ship with huge rocks on its lee,
And gentle winds blew waves of bluish hue
From every danger seemed the sea then free;
Yet, when o'er ocean blue the fierce wind blew,
It's true, with wrecks the rocky shore swift did it strew.

Oh, shun the ocean's breast, unless you'd breast
Raw northern winds with their terrific roar,
And meet the waves as they swell high and crest,
And see its hungry maw gape wide for more
Of human prey, though there's enough in its craw!
O shun the ocean's tide, lest there betide
To you some woe; safe shoar yourself on shore,
And by some quiet brooklet ever bide,
Where, in past days, some dainty maid sighed by your side.

—*Puck.*

THE HUMAN TELEGRAPH.

The Wonderful Telegraphic System in the Human Skull—How Sadly It Works When the Wires Are Down or Out of Repair.

Recent investigations into the intricacies of the mind and brain have a realistic or mechanical tendency. The brain is treated like a vast and complicated telegraph system in a populous community, with various centers of information and intelligence, communicating and intercommunicating their news and wants, sending messages hither and thither along the nerves, and having their business done at the very extremities of the bodily continent—at the capes Horn and Good Hope represented by the feet, at the highly organized island nations like England and Japan, to which one may liken the hands and fingers. But all this is so mysterious and hidden that its regular operations cannot be detected.

It is only when the telegraph wires break down, or the Atlantic cable ceases working, or the railroad tracks are blocked with the snow, that we fully realize the necessity all these inventions are to our civilization. And so it is only when some portions of the apparatus called the brain is diseased that it is possible to discover the relations of the parts to one and another and to the whole. Even then it is largely conjectural, and the conclusions of some scientists are disputed by others; but still there has been something discovered, and the observations in regard to the organism of that part of the brain relating to speech have, in consequence of paralysis or palsy, been reasonably well determined.

Verbal memory, thought, and expression by speech or writing depend upon the activity of what are called auditory and visual word centers of perception; that is, those central brain batteries, as one may call them, where words, after being heard or seen in print or writing, are understood, and given off again in speech and writing. Any breaking down of the nervous telegraph lines between these centers result in peculiar disorders. Sometimes disease lowers their activity; then there are defects in speech or in the capacity to write or to read. At other times disease may intensify the activity of the battery and telegraph, and then there will be illusions, hallucinations and other mental disorders peculiar to the insane.

Among the slight defects in this apparatus, common to nearly all persons, is a momentary forgetfulness of words or names, with power of recovery after a time. But sometimes this defect is permanent and habitual, and the power to recall names and words is entirely gone. One person suffering from this loss of power, caused by paralysis, could not, when asked about his nightcap, tell what it was. "And yet I know very well," he said, "what it is, but I can't recollect." When told that it was a nightcap: "Oh! yes; it is a nightcap." The same thing, with few exceptions, like his pipe, was reported, when various articles were shown him. He had worked all his life with a shovel and pickax, but could not recall their names. When they were told him, he would at once recognize the words, but two minutes afterward he was as helpless as before.

AT A LOSS FOR A WORD.

Many persons in perfect health are often at a loss for a word, but in the diseases of old age this is very common; although it frequently happens that the first letters of words are recollected. A farmer fifty years old had a stroke of paralysis, resulting in a painful hesitation of speech, which, however, was confined to nouns and proper names. He could, moreover, recollect *the first letter* of every word he wanted to use, but could not recollect the word itself. So he made a list of words he was most in the habit of using, and put them down on a piece of paper in alphabetical form, including the names of his family, his servants, and acquaintances. This he kept conveniently in his pocket. If he wished to ask anything about a cow, he would turn to the letter C, and finding the word "cow" would keep his finger upon it until he had finished his sentence and introduced the word. So long as he had his eyes fixed upon the written letters he could pronounce the word "cow" at the proper place, but the moment he shut up his book it passed out of his memory and could not be recalled, although he still recollected the initial and could get at the word by turning to his book. Although he could not recollect his own name or those of his acquaintances, he never was at a loss for the initial of the word he wished to use.

UNABLE TO SPEAK.

The telegraph communicating the word from the ear or eye to the word-center may be in working order, when the line between this word-center and the organ or center of speech is "down." In this case persons are entirely able to comprehend what is said to them, but, unless by some accident or event not under their control, they cannot put their thoughts into speech.

Many years ago a French artillery officer, who had suffered from a stroke of palsy, recovered the use of his hands and feet. He was able to speak distinctly words which he made no effort to speak, or which were slowly and loudly repeated to him. But when he *tried* to speak, only an unintelligible murmur was heard. He could read aloud from a book or paper without the slightest impediment, but if the book or paper was taken away, he could not repeat a single word of what he had so distinctly read a moment before. In this case it is to be presumed that when the words came by way of the eye or ear they stimulated the word-centers to the extent of bringing into play the organs of speech, which, without this stimulus, the man's brain could not do.

THE HUMAN PARROT.

Sometimes speech is wholly limited in merely repeating the words spoken to the presence of the patient, who is entirely unable to volunteer a statement. A woman who was born in Italy, and had lived in Spain and France, was, by disease of the brain, deprived of her use of Italian and Spanish, and could speak but little French. She only repeated like an echo and without attaching any meaning to them, the words pronounced in her presence. Another woman who had this imitative trouble, repeated words, even in foreign tongues, she had never heard before. In the hospital when one patient coughed she would imitate the cough at once, and repeated everything that was said to her. A man suffering from a trouble of this sort always replied "my faith," or when pressed hard looked impatient, and uttered a fantastic oath he had invested—"By the Christen' name of my heart!" "I asked him his name and occupation," says the physician; "he looked at me and answered, 'my faith!' I insisted, but in spite of his efforts, he only shook his head with an impatient gesture, exclaiming, 'By the Christen' name of my heart!' As I wished to find out how many words he had at command I asked him, 'Are you from a Northern Province?' He repeated like an echo, 'Northern Province.' 'What's your name?' 'Northern Province?' 'Your profession?' 'Northern Province.' 'But your name is Martin?' 'Yes, sir.' 'You are sure it is Martin?' 'Yes, sir.' 'What part of the country do you come from?' 'Martin.' 'No, that's your name.' But with an an impatient gesture he exclaimed, 'By the Christen' name of my heart!'"

UNABLE TO WRITE.

In other cases the power of writing and spelling is very much impaired, whilst that of speech is affected only to a trifling extent. After a series of epileptic fits a young man first lost, but afterwards recovered, his powers of speech. And his great trouble was in writing. His penmanship was excellent, but he could not readily find the proper words and spelled them badly. He was able to copy correctly from a printed book, making only one or two trivial errors; but in writing from dictation could not spell at all. He could repeat perfectly the most dificult sentences when they were read to him, but when he attempted to read them aloud himself he could not succeed at all, wrongly pronouncing almost every word of two or three syllables. Perhaps the difficulty which some very intelligent and well-educated person find in spelling correctly, arises from an imperfectly developed "visual word sense."

USING THE WRONG WORD.

An elderly gentleman was stricken with paralysis which made him completely deaf, but did not interfere with his powers of motion or his vision. But in speaking he used wrong words, so as to be unintelligible. He recognized the Doctor and was glad to see him, but in trying to call him by name spoke only gibberish. He did not comprehend writing. He looked at the sentence, "Are you in pain?" and exclaimed: "Good, good, God." He attempted to write letters; the address was written two or three times at the head of the sheet, but "My dear sir" was written correctly. The sheet was filled with writing, but no word except wife was intelligible, the rest being utterly meaningless. Some letters were correctly formed, but no words until the end, where his name was signed with a steady hand and in his usual manner. In April a remittance being due him he was greatly excited, vainly trying to make himself understood. At length the letter announcing the remittance was shown him, and it pleased him, but he was not quite satisfied until the money was brought and counted before him. In asking for a bottle of liniment he said: "Bring the cord."

In speaking of pills he had been taking, he said he had been taking potatoes. There was often an association between his ideas and words, as when he saw them moving his vest with his watch in it, he said, "Take care of the break-fall." Another patient, an old lady, spoke words very distinctly and exactly, but the words either had no application or were ludicrously inappropriate. She would rise very politely to receive a visitor, and kindly motioning to a chair, say: "You pig, you animal, you nasty beast," meaning by this that they were to take a seat; and was wholly unconscious of her insulting words.

In another instance a man insisted on calling his bed his garden, and not until the words were written out could he be made to understand his mistake. Still another, after an attack of paralysis, always transposed the letters of a word, as in calling the word flute tufle, puc for cup, gum for mug. A woman could write "London" with her left hand, but not "cat" or "dog" even after hearing them pronounced, though she could spell them very well. In case of a gas inspector, after an acute attack, he wholly lost the power of writing and reading—even a gas-meter probably. If any familiar object was shown him he could not call it by name, though if it occurred in conversation he pronounced it without hesitation. Asked for the color of a card he could not give it. "Is it blue?" "No." "Green?" "No." "Red?" "Well, that's more like it." "Orange?" "Yes, orange." A square and circle were shown him, and he could not name either; but when the circle was called a square, he said, pointing to the square, "No, but that is."

A MAN WHO SAID "YES" TO EVERYTHING.

An Englishman who had been able to transact some business very intelligently went into a saloon for beer, and to his astonishment found he could not speak. Otherwise he was as well and strong as ever. On arriving at home he could say only "oh, dear! oh, dear!" This continued a fortnight, after which he gradually regained his speech, but was still unable to write. An intelligent, cheerful old gentleman who could preside at dinner, eat with his left hand, give signs to the servants to pass various articles, and play an excellent game of cards, could only reply "yes" to anything asked him. "How old are you?" "Yes." "How long have you been ill?" "Yes." He was not satisfied, however, with these replies, and made impatient gestures, looking pleased when questions to which "yes" could be properly answered were put to him. One day a lady picked up his handkerchief, and he said to her, in a loud and distinct voice, "thanks!" His friends all thought he had recovered his power of speech, and he was implored to say the word again. It was repeated to him aloud, and he tried, but it was all in vain. He never succeeded in saying that or anything but "yes" again.

WRITING WRONG.

Another person, on being asked to write his name, wrote "was, was, was." He knew perfectly well this was not what he wanted to write, and was much annoyed, but on being asked to write the name of his birth-place, wrote only "alone, alone, alone." A woman in a hospital, afflicted after this fashion, wrote her name and address thus:

Lunnii Siclaa Satreni,
Sunest Nut ts Mev tinn—
lam.

This bore no resemblance to her real name and address.

Humbugged Again.

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

Prehistoric Wheat.

Jim Haywood has made one important discovery in his life, and that is that wheat was raised in this country long before the advent of the adventurous Cortez. Jim bases his discovery upon a kernel of wheat which he dug out of an adobe brick in the walls of the Pecos Church ruin. The grain was as hard as a rock and was so well preserved that it wore a hole through three pocket-books before Jim got tired of it. He threw it away for its general uselessness.—*Las Vegas (N. M.) Optic.*

When the season for making presents comes, make some sufferer of your acquaintance a present of a Bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and note the benefit it will do him and the thanks you will receive.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

A Poetical Flirt.

I don't know much about it,
And, in order to find out,
I want to ask some questions,
To free my mind from doubt.

I want to ask that maiden
So supernaturally good,
Who never flirts, and wouldn't,
No, wouldn't if she could—

I want to ask that maiden,
With her maxims cut and dried,
To tell me if she's certain
That she's sure she ever tried?

I want to ask that noble
And most estimable youth
Who says girls that flirt are wicked,
If he ever tells the truth?

I want to ask that spinster
Who declares, beyond a doubt,
That flirting's wrong and sinful,
How she ever found it out?

I want to ask the person
Who calls flirts "silly girls,"
If she isn't over thirty,
With boughten teeth and curls?

I want to ask those anti-flirt
Young bachelors what they
In a parlor full of pretty girls
Would do with their theory?

I want to ask you growlers why
You don't begin to growl
At flirting men? Why 'gainst the girls
Alone direct your howl?

I want to ask you preacher folks
Who tell us to repent
What you are sermonizing for
So long before it's Lent?

I want to ask somebody,
Some one who's very wise,
If smiles, and jests, and small talk,
And a side-glance of the eyes,

And being friends and friendly
With the masculine mustached
(Experimenting only on
The hearts that have been mashed),

If these do make that dreadful thing—
A flirt? Then Heaven help
And pity me, for I was once
A flirting flirt myself!

And Then She Wouldn't Go.

Oh, the perversity of women! Here is one of the sex at Eureka Springs, Ala., who attempts to elope, but is detected by her husband. Now what follows? Why, in the kindness of his heart he offers to pay the expenses of her intended journey. And she? She won't go. As we said in the beginning, Oh, the perversity of women!—*Boston Transcript.*

A Charming Woman.

What is more charming than an agreeable, graceful woman? Here and there we meet one who possesses the fairy-like power of enchanting all about her. Sometimes she is ignorant herself of the magical influence, which is, however, for that reason, only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like the cheering warmth; she passes by and we are content; she stays a while and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the aurora with a human face; she makes an Eden of the house; paradise breathes from her, and she communicates this delight to all without taking any greater trouble than that of existing beside them. Is not here an inestimable gift?

Sensible Dressing.

There is a class of women one meets with every day whose dressing is above reproach. They go out to walk, not to show their clothes but to add to their fine stock of health. They look as if they could sit a horse well, and as if they used often the luxury of a bath. They wear thick-soled shoes, with low, broad heels, shapely and well fitting. Their walking and church suits are of cloth, plainly made but of exquisite fit. Their gloves and bonnet-strings are above reproach. The hair, well cared for, is prettily waved or curled above the forehead, and worn low, to show the shape of the head—a style that artists love. Unless nature has been very niggardly no false hair is allowable. The bonnet is close and very becoming, and the face is protected by a veil. An ample parasol or umbrella is ready as protection against the sun or rain. What fault can the most censorious man find with a costume like this?

In Royal Life.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany see each other as little as possible. It is somewhat curious how few monarchs do get on with their wives and the wives with the husbands, for they seldom adore each other. The Empress of Austria is seldom seen in society, and when out riding or driving carries a fan before her face, even when returning the greetings of her royal admirers. She seldom attends the theater or opera, but when the circus comes to town is then seen in her box every night. She knows only one passion, and that is her love of horses and equestrianship. She has her own especial riding establishment, and here she reigns supreme. She will drive a tandem team before her at a relentless pace around the ring, having fresh relays of horses every few minutes. She has a place fitted up in the stable of her favorite charger where she can sleep if she feels so disposed, and where she frequently dictates her letters to her private secretary, while her favorite horse looks over from his stall and is patted fondly by his imperial mistress.

Weak Woman vs. Tyrant Man.

Here is an illustration of what can be done by a defenseless, weak, and unprotected woman when left alone to deal with heartless man. It was in Booth's Theater. A woman entered with seven companions, and took possession of eight orchestra chairs. Presently eight other claimants of the same seats came along. There was a comparison of tickets, and it was found that the party in possession held tickets for the matinee of the preceding Wednesday. Explanation was followed by expostulation, and this, in turn, by denunciation. All in vain. The manager was sent for. "Madam," said he, "you must relinquish these seats. Your tickets are valueless." "That is no fault of mine. I paid for them, and mean to keep them." "Madam, I insist." The enemy said nothing, but sat still. The manager argued, appealed, implored, offered other seats, offered a box, offered a stage-box, offered compromise on any terms, while the rightful owners of the seats looked and thought unspeakable things. Said the garrison: "Tell you what I'll do; give me two season tickets for Bernhardt in a good part of the house, and I will surrender." The manager gasped, uttered a blessing beneath his breath, bowed, and declined to continue the conversation. Then he retired in exceedingly bad order. He did not get the seats, but did issue another set of free admissions to pacify the original proprietors.—*New York Evening Post.*

The Blushing Bonnet.

It is not every maiden, in these prosaic days, who can summon the "telltale blood" to her cheeks at will, or silently reveal, by an opportune roseate flush, those inward feelings to which many young ladies experience such difficulty in giving verbal expression. But as the value of the blush, as a highly effective weapon in the feminine armory, is still universally recognized by the sex, although it would appear to have somewhat fallen into disuetude, French ingenuity has been at pains of devising a mechanical appliance for the instantaneous production of a fine natural glow upon the cheek of the beauty, no matter how constitutionally lymphatic or philosophically unemotional its proprietress may be. This thoughtful contrivance is called "The Ladies' Blushing Bonnet," to the side ribbons of which—those usually tied under the fair wearer's chin—are attached two tiny but powerful steel springs, ending in round pads, which are brought to bear upon the temporal arteries by the action of bowing the head, one exquisitely appropriate to modest embarrassment, and by artificially forcing blood into the cheeks cause them to be suffused with "the crimson hue of shame" at a moment's notice. Should these ingenious head-coverings become the fashion among the girls of the period, it will behoove "young men about to marry" to take a sly peep behind the bonnet strings of their charmers immediately after proposing, in order to satisfy themselves that the heightened color, by them interpreted as an involuntary admission of reciprocated affection, is not due to the agency of a carefully adjusted "blushing bonnet."—*London Telegraph.*

The Blondes Must Go.

The blondes must go, says an exchange, because we are weary of them; because they have been weighed in the balance and found to be anything but fine, true gold; because it is high time the brunettes were coming to the front, and, finally, because fashion wills it. And so the blonde must go. She is no longer to gild the stage and the parlor, and the sudden flood of brightness that used to be so rare that when, once an age, a woman was born with it, painters painted her, troubadours celebrated her, and locks of her hair were handed down like a treasure—that brightness is going into eclipse; and where bleaching baths and alkaline water and annotto and orpiments and bichlorides of tin and gold powders have reigned, lithargе and nitrate of silver and Aleppo galls and iron and bismuth are seizing the scepter. No more will the lithe ladies of the spectacular and the burlesque display the new golden fleece as they dance down the boards and shake at us the wealth of their

Fine locks,
Stained like pale honey, oozed from topmost rocks,
Sun-blanched the live-long summer.

No more will every damsel who patrols the avenues out-Saxon the Saxon in her braids and curls. No more will the little love locks flutter gold-threaded round the temples, but dark and heavy braids and waves must supersede them. No more will the delicate fade colors be seen among us, pale as the early sunrise tints; but deep, rich bodies of colors, of crimson and orange, and emerald, and lapis blue, the only wear of your brunettes, will efface their airy softness.

And do they really suppose—the people who utter the pronunciamento—that the blonde is going to cease at their dictum? The blonde who went—a nondescript, or with black hair, and sat patiently as the camel's hair brush passed over each hair till the black hair became brown, and the brown red, and the red gold, and the gold flaxen—that silly blonde may go, and all her glory with her. But the blonde of art and literature, and history, the blonde of beauty—could all the Eugenies and Metterniches that ever ruled the court, could all the Cora Pearls that ever ruled the demi monde—banish that blonde when nature has once given her the right to be? Did Titian paint his women with that hair to have some modiste announce the day of his destiny over, and the blonde a good-for-naught? And have all the poets that ever handled pen launched out in praise of the hair that Titian painted to have their script become a dead-letter? Shall Maud, and Enide, and Elaine, and Guinevere depart into the world of shadows with Evelyne Hope, with the Fair Rosamond, with Gurdrun, with the Lorelei, with Porphyria, with David when he went harp in hand before Saul—

God's child, with the dew
On his gracious gold hair?

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters as it is not a whisky drink. It is more like the old-fashioned boneset tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters.—*Nunda News.*

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS.

Molasses Cake.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of salaratus dissolved in one cup of boiling water, spice, and three cups of flour.

Crackers that are not fresh can be made to appear so by putting them into a hot oven for a short time. Watch them carefully, as a minute too long will serve to brown and spoil them.

It is no longer "good form" to chop the chickens and celery for salad. They must be cut with a knife, in pieces about half an inch long. Put the celery in just before serving, that it may be fresh and crisp.

Economical Jelly Cakes.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one-fourth cup of sweet milk, two and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half cups of butter.

Surprise Cake.—One egg, one cup of sugar (rounded), one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two and a half cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract.

Clam Chowder.—One-quarter pound of fat pork, one quart of white onions, two quarts of potatoes, two cents' worth of parsley, one-half dozen large tomatoes, fifty clams; cut the pork in small pieces and fry; chop the onions fine and fry; boil the potatoes and chop the clams moderately fine; put all the ingredients together and let them simmer gently until the tomatoes are cooked. The above quantity makes one gallon of chowder.

Spiced Tomatoes.—Select ripe tomatoes, scald enough to remove the skin, cut through the center, take out the pulp and seeds, weigh the clean halves. To eight pounds, in a porcelain kettle, put one quart of the best cider vinegar, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of allspice, one ounce of cinnamon tied in a muslin cloth, and three pounds of brown sugar; in this spiced and sweetened vinegar boil the tomatoes from five to ten minutes, until cooked through; skim out, and allow the syrup to boil until quite thick, then pour over the tomatoes; let stand over night before tying up, and keep in a cool place.

Chow-Chow.—Two heads of cabbage cut fine; one-half peck of green tomatoes, one-half peck of onions, five dozen cucumbers, slice the large ones, three-quarters of a pint of small red and green peppers; sprinkle with one pint of salt, and drain all night; pour off the juice and add one ounce of pepper-grain, one ounce of white mustard-seed, one ounce of turmeric, one ounce of cloves, three tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, two pounds of brown sugar; enough horseradish, grated fine, to make a pint. In laying the pickles put a layer of pickles and a layer of spice. Half the above quantity will make plenty for a family of three or four.

Health of the American Eagle.

[From the Cleveland Penny Press.]

To relieve the monotony of the constant important sayings of "Our Candidate," "Our Next President" and "Our Fellow-Citizen," it is a pleasure for us to present herewith the opinion of one of Cleveland's most popular druggists, Mr. E. A. Schellentrager, 717 St. Clair street. The gentleman writes: I know of no remedy which has given more universal satisfaction than the Hamburg Drops. I have not heard of a case where they failed to benefit. The very large and daily growing demand for this Great German Blood Purifier is a source of high gratification, for, aside from the pecuniary gain, one takes pleasure in selling an article of such marked efficacy and superior merit.

The proprietor of a building site in Wisconsin advertises his land for sale in this wise: "The town of Poggis and surrounding country is the most beautiful which nature ever made. The scenery is celestial; also two wagons and a yoke of steers."

Badly Confused.

Nothing can be more comical than the scared anxiety of a "cornered" party who does not know which side of the fence to get down on. A Southern paper tells the following:

Soon after the battle of Prairie Grove, three Confederate officers of rank came into our army to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners. Three Union officers were detailed to negotiate with them. One day, while the commission was in session, an old, gray-headed, gray-bearded Arkansas farmer walked in and asked:

"Es this the Provo's offis?"

Some one attempted to explain, but the old fellow being quite deaf, did not understand, and said:

"Yes, I'm a good loyal citizen; I've got my protection papers; I've been and got paid for my forage. Its all right."

"Look here," said Col. W—, of the Union army, "you had better be careful about what you say about your loyalty; don't you see those gentlemen over there?" pointing across the table to where the Confederate officers sat in their gray uniforms.

The old man took out a pair of dilapidated spectacles, and fixing them on his nose, closely examined the gray uniforms with their velvet collars and brass stars. His hands trembled violently, and he seemed quite frightened, but collected himself and said to the Confederates:

"Well, gentlemen, I meant no offence. I didn't know—fact is, I've allus been a Southern man. I've jest got one son, and he's with Marmaduke. The only other man grown in my family that's fit for sarvis is my darter Sallie's husband, and he's with Rector, and—"

"Hold on, old fellow," cried Col. W—, "what about your being a loyal citizen?"

He looked at the other side of the table. Then he readjusted his spectacles, scanned the blue coats, took off his handkerchief from about his neck, blew his nose, leaned both hands on the table and said:

"Well, gentlemen, this is a little mixed, but you jist go on and fight it out among yourselves. I can live under any government."

Coffee.

We Americans drink a good deal of coffee. Some of it is atrociously bad coffee, and a great deal of it is not coffee at all. A certain noted man, who was very fond of a cup of genuine coffee, is said to have stopped at a country inn and said to the proprietor, "Have you any chicory?" "Yes, sir." "Bring it to me." A can was brought to him. "Is this all you have in the house?" "I have one more can only." "Well, bring that." It was brought. "Now," said the noted man, placing the cans of chicory in his pocket, "go and make me a cup of coffee." If the American people could place in its pocket all base imitations of the fragrant berry, a cup of good coffee would not be a rarity. A good deal of our coffee comes from Brazil. Last year we imported from that country about 422,000,000 pounds of coffee. The annual consumption of Mocha, Java and Rio is valued at over $100,000,000. Put that in your cup and stir it. The best Mocha comes from the province of Remen, in Arabia. All others, as paragraphers would say, are hollow Mocharies. Java coffee comes from Java, Sumatra and Borneo. The roasting of coffee is a business by itself, and the modern coffee-roaster browns a ton and a half of coffee in forty-five minutes. Men who work at the coffee-roasting trade never drink coffee. They have enough of the aroma at their regular business.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE WOULD RUN LIKE LIGHTNING.

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Speaking of candidates and records, it is safe to say that if a man could be nominated for the highest office in the land, with as clear a record for being the fittest, safest and the best, as our famous German friend St. Jacobs Oil has, there would be no doubt of an election. Party, creed, or denomination would not enter into the canvass. Many of our most influential citizens are enthusiastic upon the subject of this wonderful oil.

Sound and Sense.

The following is an illustration of pronunciation and spelling in the use of wrong words which have the same pronunciation as the right words, and which, properly read, would sound right. The story: A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernal, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode swift as eh dear. After a thyme he stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn, and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raise his fare, pail face. A feint mown of pane rows from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fear her guessed wood not weight. Butt when she saw the little won tiers stood in her eyes at the site. "Ewe poor deer! Why due yew lye hear? Are yew dyeing?" "Know," he said, "I am feint to thee corps." She boar him inn her arms, as she aught, too a room where he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held cent under his knows, tide his choler, rapped him warmly, gave him some suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth hail as a young hoarse. His eyes shown, his cheek was as read as a flour, and he gambled a hole our.

The thirty-eighth annual report relating to the registry and return of births, marriages and deaths in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for the year which ended Dec. 31, 1879, shows there were recorded 40,295 births, 13,802 marriages, and 31,801 deaths—943 births less than in 1878, 909 marriages more, and 498 deaths more. The excess of living births over deaths, as recorded, was 8,494.

I have suffered from a kidney difficulty for the past ten years, accompanied with nervous spasms. Physicians gave me but temporary relief, but after using three and a half bottles of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, my nervous spasms were *entirely* relieved. My age is 77 years. I recommend this great remedy to all suffering from nervous troubles.

MRS. MARY REESE.

Easton, Pa.

An Oregon preacher had one of his horses stolen, and he went to his study and prayed that a quickened conscience might oblige the thief to return it. That very night the fellow returned and—stole the other.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., Will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon thirty days' trial. See their advertisement in this paper, headed, "On Thirty Days' Trial."

Vegetine is nourishing and strengthening, purifies the blood, regulates the bowels, quiets the nervous system, acts directly upon the secretions, and arouses the whole system to action.

Are all business colleges alike? By no means. H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College could accommodate the students of a dozen of the smaller kind.

Straighten your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

The Frazer axle grease is the best and only genuine. We know it.

Wilhoft's Fever and Ague Tonic. This old reliable remedy now sells at one dollar.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Malarial fevers can be prevented, also other miasmatic diseases, by occasionally using *Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator*, the oldest general Family Medicine, which is recommended as a cure for all diseases caused by a disordered liver. Eighty-page book sent free. Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York.

VEGETINE.

Kidney Complaints.

DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The symptoms of an acute attack of inflammation of the kidneys are as follows: Fever, pain in the small of the back, and thence shooting downward; numbness of the thigh, vomiting, usually at first a deep red color of the urine, which becomes pale and colorless as the disease increases, and is discharged very often with pain and difficulty; costiveness, and some degree of colic. In chronic diseases of the kidneys the symptoms are pain in the back and limbs, dryness of the skin, frequent urination (especially at night), general dropsy, headache, dizziness of sight, indigestion and palpitation of the heart, gradual loss of strength, paleness and puffiness of the face, cough, and shortness of breath.

In diseases of the kidneys the Vegetine gives immediate relief. It has never failed to cure when it is taken regularly and directions followed. In many cases it may take several bottles, especially cases of long standing. It acts directly upon the secretions, cleansing and strengthening, removing all obstructions and impurities. A great many can testify to cases of long standing having been perfectly cured by the Vegetine, even after trying many of the known remedies which are said to be expressly for this disease.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.

Cincinnati, O., March 19, 1877.

H. R. Stevens:

Dear Sir—I have used your Vegetine for some time, and can truthfully say it has been a great benefit to me; and to those suffering from disease of the kidneys I cheerfully recommend it.

Respectfully, O. H. SMITH.

Attested to by K. B. Ashfield, Druggist, corner Eighth and Central Avenues.

Cincinnati, O., April 19, 1877.

Mr. H. R. Stevens:

I have suffered several years with the kidney complaint, and was induced to try Vegetine. I have taken several bottles of your preparation, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy. It has done me more good than any other medicine. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from kidney complaints.

Yours respectfully,
J. S. McMILLEN,
First Bookkeeper for Newhall, Gale & Co., Flour Merchants, No. 88 West Front Street, Cincinnati, O.

Vegetine has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic, and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a most salutary change in the entire system, when in a morbid condition.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MALT BITTERS

Malt Bitters Company

Are You Wearing Out?

Is your Body or Mind wearing out under excessive labor, care, grief or old age? Do the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys or Urinary Organs refuse to perform their functions? Are your Lungs Weak, Nerves Unstrung, Blood Pale and Watery, Flesh Thin, Muscles Flabby and Spirits gone? If so, then no human agency can restore you like Malt Bitters, a pure, unfermented Extract of Malt, Hops, Calisaya and Iron, and the greatest Nourishing and Strengthening Medicine ever called "Bitters." Beware of Imitations similarly named. The *genuine* Malt Bitters bear the Company's Signature. Sold everywhere.

Malt Bitters Company, Boston, Mass.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,

And the Purest and Best Medical Qualities of all other Bitters.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

Send for Circular.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

PISO'S CURE for Consumption is also the best cough medicine.

WANTED—44 Agents. Splendid Photo, Family Record Picture. Large profits. C. F. SHORT, Chicago, Ill.

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$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine

X'MAS PRESENTS free. Send address for particulars. F. TRIFET, 27 School Street, Boston, Mass.

$350 A MONTH! Agents Wanted! 75 Best-Selling Articles in the world; a sample free. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

$2,000 In Gold given away. Send 3c stamp for particulars. "THE MESSENGER," Lewisburgh, Union Co., Pa.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address VALENTINE BROS., Managers, Janesville, Wis.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS WANTED in every town and city to sell Dr. Rhodes' Electric Transcribing Battery. Territory secured. Send for Circular. Address W. H. BROWN, No. 96 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

EVERY CHILD will have one of our Puzzles, so as to get a part of the $159 IN GOLD, we are going to give away Feb. 10, 1881. The first one will receive $50. Price 25 cents. Address P. O. Box 886, Boston, Mass.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD, If you want a luxuriant Mustache, Beard or whiskers, a heavy growth of hair on bald heads, or to thicken, strengthen and improve the hair anywhere, don't be discouraged, but send only 25 cents for the wonderful secret, which will do it. Address, with 25 cents, OVALINE, Box 1640, Boston, Mass. *To name faith.*

MUSTACHE & WHISKERS. A young man with a mustache from Friends can win favor. BEARD ELIXIR, the great Hair Producer, will ensure a heavy Mustache and Beard, having used from half an ounce to three ounces. Never fails on pseudo-hairy. Easily applied and certain in effect. Sent by mail, 50c. Pro. Wells, manager at office. BRITTAN & CO., 1 Ann, Palmyra, Ill. (*This Mixture is Reliable.*)

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DANIEL F. BEATTY'S ORGANS! 14 STOPS, SUB-BASS & OCT. COUPLER. FOUR SET REEDS PIANOS $125 up. ONLY $65 Sent on Trial, Warranted. Catalogue Free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beeves	$6 75	@10 50
Hogs	4 50	@ 6 25
Cotton	10¾	@ 11¼
Flour—Superfine	3 80	@ 4 30
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1 15	@ 1 20
Corn—Ungraded	59	@ 60
Oats—Mixed Western	39	@ 42
Rye—Western	1 03	@ 1 04
Pork—Mess	14 75	@15 00
Lard	8⅜	@ 8¾

CHICAGO.

Beeves—Choice Graded Steers	4 85	@ 5 50
Cows and Heifers	2 40	@ 3 50
Medium to Fair	3 90	@ 4 25
Hogs	4 00	@ 5 00
Flour—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 50	@ 6 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	4 50	@ 5 25
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1 03	@ 1 04
No. 3 Spring	92	@ 93
Corn—No. 2	41	@ 42
Oats—No. 2	30	@ 31