A BACHELOR'S SIGHS.

A life misspent, an incompleted mission,
A house all void of merry laugh
Pertain unto that fractional condition
Of man without a better half.

No one to cheer him in this world's unrest,
And soothe a debt-bemuddled brain;
No love with fertile fancy to suggest
Some way to "raise the wind" again.

No one to laugh with him when all is bright,
Nor weep when joys seem over gone—
Alas! no fingers, deft and white,
To sew a missing button on.

No pure-white brow, no love-lit eyes of blue,
No tresses moved by summer breeze;
Ah me! no dewy lips of rosy hue,
No ling'ring, soft, white hand to squeeze.

No sympathetic hope of morn of life,
Nor memory when he is old—
So sad the thought! no meek and gentle wife
To sneer at when the coffee's cold.

And duties over, when the long day dies,
No need of gentle wifely tones,
No one to ask with glad, expecting eyes,
"Dear, did you get the best of Jones?"

Of earthly joys and pleasures he is bare,
He has no hope of heaven withal;
No school for Christian resignation where
He never hears a baby squall.

A PECULIAR WOMAN.

"Ketch hold, Tom. There! I declare if you ain't spilled about a quart! I knew you would get it too full."

"I didn't spill more than ten drops, Cousin Silence. How you worry over the loss of a little grease."

"It's one of my principles to save, as you might a' learned long ago."

"I believe in prudence; but what's a few drops of lard more or less on this farm, and nobody knows how much in bank? You skimp and screw as if you think there were danger of your getting on the town."

"Well, you are the frankest young man I ever saw," and Silence Withers put her arms akimbo and gazed at her young cousin, Tom Lowey, as if he was a curiosity escaped from some museum.

"Yes; I was always noted for my frankness," said Tom, coolly, "and I never hesitate to speak my mind when duty urges. However, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Cousin Silence."

"No danger," said Miss Silence, with a laugh of derision. "I am no spring chicken, an' my feelin's have grown tough. But the idea of your duty urgin' you to speak your mind to me! Perhaps you don't recollect the whippin's I used to give you."

"I haven't forgotten," laughed Tom. "You used to make me do my duty in those days. But I wish I could convince you that it would be only a Christian act for you to send a little help to Mrs. Baldwin. You wouldn't feel the spending of $50 out of your $50,000."

"Massy sakes! It seems as if other folks know more about my business than I do myself. Fifty thousand! Law! Who said I was worth that much?"

"Oh, it's common talk," replied Tom.

"Well, it won't do you any good to talk. You'll never see the color of my money after I'm dead and gone. I've made my will; and, since plain speakin' pleases you, I'll make free to say you ain't mentioned in it. So, there!"

"I calculate to take care of myself," said Tom, tilting the chair against the wall. "Leave your money wherever you choose; I don't want it."

"The day may come when you will want it, Tom Lowey, and then you'll be sorry for sayin' them words. I'll remember 'em; so will you when your pride has its fall. There's plenty of things I can leave my money to; it won't go begging."

"I guess not."

"You'd more'n guess if you were to live here a spell and see the stream of visitors I have. There ain't a day but I get nagged about my money by somebody. Deacon Bonney thinks it's his bounden duty to advise me to leave it to found an orphans' home. Old Mr. Craig wants it left to Wolfboro Academy; 'Squire Darby has his mind on it for a public library, and the minister thinks I ought to remember what a debt's on the church. To hear 'em talk you'd think I had one foot in the grave. I don't give none o' 'em any satisfaction, and then they say I'm peculiar. Well, perhaps I am; but I don't see no possibility of any change in my natur'."

Tom laughed. He was spending a couple of hours at the farm, which had been his only home until he began to "scratch for himself," to use his gaunt cousin's expression. Now he never left more than a day or two pass without looking in on the lone spinster to see if he could give her any help, and to-day he was making himself useful in lifting jars and boilers of hot grease on and off the stove, for Miss Silence was trying out lard.

"I never promise what I don't mean to perform," was the characteristic answer he received to his pleading. "Martha Baldwin and me ain't been on speakin' terms for these five years, and I'd be makin' myself pretty small to send her Christmas presents. I'd soon be on the town if I began to help all the poor folk you know. It 'pears to me you take a mighty deep interest in them Baldwins, Tom. Melissa Bonney let out a hint that you was a sparkin' that Prissy Carroll."

"I wish Melissa Bonney would mind her own business."

"Don't get riled. I dare say it's true. 'Twould be like you to court a gal without a penny, because you've not a penny yourself. Prissy Carroll's been raised out of charity by her aunt."

"That don't make her less lovable, Cousin Silence."

"Now, Tom Lowey," said Miss Silence, brandishing the big iron spoon with which she stirred the lard, "don't make a fool of yourself over a pretty face. Butter your bread before you eat it. There's Melissa Bonney, whose father's worth—"

"That's enough," interrupted Tom, and, before Miss Silence could stop him, he was out of the kitchen door and walked briskly down to the gate.

"Law sakes! what peculiar creatures men are! Talk of bein' peculiar; why, I ain't a circumstance to that Tom Lowey. He'll marry that Prissy Carroll now, if it's only to show me he didn't care for my money." And, with a sigh, Miss Silence went back to her lard.

"Christmas gift, indeed!" she muttered, after standing for some time in deep thought; "I think I see myself eating humble pie to Martha Baldwin." But, somehow or other, her conscience did not feel quite so easy as it had felt before Tom's call.

An hour later Tom was sitting in the Widow Baldwin's small parlor, with his arm around a very trim waist, and a very lovely golden head resting on his shoulder. It was very evident that the closest economy was necessary with the Baldwins, for the carpet was patched and worn, and the muslin curtains washed threadbare, and the furniture in sad need of varnish and new haircloth.

"I wish I saw my way clear to take you out of this, Prissy," said Tom, with a sigh, "but clients are scarce enough in Wolfboro."

"Now, Tom, where's the need to worry? I couldn't leave Aunt Martha, anyway. We are both young enough to wait."

"You're too good for this world, Prissy," said Tom, with a kiss on the dimpled white chin.

"There's some one knocking; let me go," cried Prissy, springing up and running to the door.

It was no visitor, but the hired man from Miss Silence's farm, with the spring wagon, which he had brought to convey Tom to his cousin's home, for Miss Silence had, not ten minutes after his departure, an hour previous, overturned a kettle of lard by accident, and been terribly scalded.

"Where's my hat?" cried Tom, in great excitement, while the man was telling how he had wasted time by going to the office first, and, not finding him there, had hunted him up.

"Let me go with you, Tom; I know I can help," cried Prissy, as her lover was springing into the light wagon.

"Oh, Prissy, if you only would."

"Wait until I get my bonnet and shawl and tell Aunt Martha. I won't be gone a minute," and Prissy rushed into the kitchen, where her aunt was ironing.

"Go, by all means," said Mrs. Baldwin, when she had grasped the meaning of the girl's incoherent explanation. "Stay as long as you are needed, and don't worry about me."

Miss Silence made no remark when Prissy entered her room with Tom. She was in great pain, and was thankful to see even this member of the hated Baldwin family.

For three weeks Prissy was chief director at the farm, and managed so cleverly that Miss Silence had no chance to find fault. But the grim spinster had no word of commendation for the young girl's untiring industry.

"I calkerlate to pay you for what you have done," she said one day, as she watched Prissy making bread. "You needn't think you're workin' for nothin'."

"I don't want any pay, Miss Silence," said Prissy, with trembling lips; "I am only too glad to do what I can, because—" She hesitated and turned scarlet.

"Because you're in love with Tom," finished Miss Silence. "Oh, you needn't blush; I know all about it, and, if he chooses to break his head agin a stone wall, I ain't a-goin' to stop him."

At the end of three weeks Miss Silence was able to be about again, and Prissy went home, declining the $20 bill for her services. But she had not been gone three hours when the hired man came from the farm, with two large baskets, which he sat down on Mrs. Baldwin's kitchen floor.

"Compliments of Miss Silence, and she sent these in place of the money," and was driving off in the spring wagon before Prissy could recover sufficiently from her astonishment to ask him any questions.

The baskets were full of good things of every sort, and there was a royal Christmas dinner for the Baldwins the next day, much to the joy of the children, who had contemplated, ruefully, dining on mush and potatoes.

Prissy sent a note of thanks to Miss Silence by Tom, but she never received an answer.

Time moved on, and Tom's law business improved so much that he persuaded Prissy, against her better judgment, to marry him.

Miss Silence did not grace the important occasion with her presence.

"I've no time to be gallivanting off to weddings," was her excuse, when Tom reproached her for this slight.

"She is such a peculiar woman, we must not expect her to act like other people; but she has a good heart in spite of her queer ways," said Prissy, when Tom tried to make excuses for his cousin's remissness.

"But her greatest peculiarity lies in her not liking you, Prissy," said Tom, kissing his bride's soft cheeks. "And I can't quite forgive her lack of taste."

All went well with the young couple for more than a year. They began housekeeping in a modest cottage Tom was paying for by installments, and were so prudent that they managed to gather about them many little comforts that made their home pleasant.

But fortune seldom smiles long at a time, as we all know, and reverses will come to every one. One bitter night in December Tom's house caught fire and burned to the ground, nothing being left except a few clothes belonging to Prissy and the baby.

Of course Mrs. Baldwin opened her house to them at once, though it necessitated much crowding. Prissy suggested an appeal to Miss Silence, but Tom emphatically declined to make it. He was far too proud to ask for the help which he thought should have been earnestly offered. His last books and papers had all been destroyed in the fire; for he had used a room in the cottage for an office, and getting a living was rather up-hill work. Christmas was dreary enough that year, and even Prissy's courage sank at the thought of the future.

"Tom Lowey will have a chance to show what kind of stuff he's made of," said Miss Silence. "He burdened himself with a wife and baby, and he'll have to look out for 'em. I told him I'd never give him a dollar of my money, and I'll keep my word, no matter what happens."

Miss Silence had thought herself proof against the weakness of falling ill; but in March she caught a severe cold, and pneumonia ensued. She felt she never should get well again, and the doctor told her frankly that in all probability she would live but a few days.

"I want to see the lawyer at once, if that is the case," she said. "I must make a new will."

Tom's law practice, as yet, was not very exacting, much to his regret; and he had more time on his hands than pleased him.

"But, now, do promise you'll send Mrs. Baldwin something for Christmas, Cousin Silence," said Tom, returning to the attack.

Mr. Simons, who had managed her business for years, came as soon as he received her message, and the will was made. He hardly left the house before Tom called.

"I'm worse," said Miss Silence, feebly, "but I'm not afraid to go. Perhaps I'm peculiar in that as in other things. Deacon Bonney and the minister, Mr. Craig and Mr. Darby have all been here a urgin' of their several claims. I told each o' 'em I'd consider the matter."

"Will they be disappointed, Cousin Silence?" asked Tom.

Poor fellow! he was in such a sore strait that he could not help a desire to have some small help from his cousin's hoard. He hardly dare hope she had left him a cent, and yet he was her only relative.

"That remains to be seen," was the unsatisfactory reply he received to his question. "But don't you cherish no hopes, for I ain't left you a cent."

A bitter smile curled Tom's lips, but he made no reply.

"I suppose you think me peculiar in not leavin' you my money, seein' you are the only kin I've got," went on Miss Silence, "but you've taken such precious care to convince me that you don't want it, that I've believed you and acted accordin'."

Tom went home and repeated the conversation to Prissy, who shed a few tears, but tried to cheer her husband's drooping spirits with hopes of more law business in the spring.

That night Miss Silence died, and the whole town turned out to her funeral a few days later.

"I expect Wolfboro Academy will find itself able to erect a new building when Miss Silence's will is read," said old Mr. Craig. "She's told me she'd consider the matter, and I know she was impressed with my arguments."

"I rather think you are mistaken," said 'Squire Darby, "for I feel morally certain she has left her money to found a library."

The minister, who stood near, smiled to himself. He had not the slightest doubt that the debt which hung over his church like a pall would now be lifted through Miss Silence's will.

Tom did not want to go to the reading of the important document, but Prissy insisted, so they went together, though neither of them looked very cheerful.

Mr. Simons made no objection to the presence of 'Squire Darby. Mr. Craig and the minister chuckled as Deacon Bonney entered with a pleasant smile for Tom, who well knew what sarcastic triumph lay beneath it.

The will was dated three days previous, and every penny in the bank, and the large farm were left unconditionally to Pressy Lowey. Her husband's name was not mentioned.

Tom's face was a study, while Prissy almost fainted from the sudden relief to all her trouble.

The faces of the other men present were studies, too. The deacon left the house without a word, and the 'Squire looked grimly at Mr. Craig.

"She was a very peculiar woman," said the minister, wiping his brow, on which the beaded drops of perspiration stood thickly. His anxiety about his church had been very great, you see.

But Tom and Prissy could afford to forget their dead cousin's peculiarities, since she had kept her row never to give Tom a cent, and yet had managed to make him comfortable for life. There was an immediate flitting to the comfortable farm-house, and Tom furnished a nice office in town and drove in every morning in the spring wagon. Past troubles and cares were forgotten, the Baldwins were made more comfortable, and, considering all things, Miss Silence did more good with her money than if she had left it to found a library or lift a church debt.

What We Know About It.

[From the Cairo (Ill.) Radical Republican.]

"What do you know about St. Jacobs Oil?" said one of our oldest subscribers. This was a fair question, and we answer that we are reliably informed that a gentleman of this city who has suffered untold agony, and spent a mint of money to get relief from Rheumatism, in desperation bought some and tried it, and declares that it is the best remedy for rheumatism he ever heard of.

USEFUL HINTS.

Those who object to tea-leaves for sweeping the carpets can use freshly-cut grass instead. It answers the same purpose for preventing dust, and gives the carpet a fresh, bright look.

The *Young Scientist* states that leather and cloth can be rendered waterproof by being well smeared over with a preparation of paraffine and drying oil, made by adding about one-tenth part of the latter to melted paraffine.

If you want good starch, mix it with cold water; add boiling water until it thickens, then add a dessert-spoonful of sugar and a small piece of butter. This makes a stiff and glossy finish equal to that of the laundry.

For hanging pictures use copper or silver wire. Moths eat out the inside of the cord. Water in which onions have been boiled, rubbed lightly over the frames, will keep insects away from them.

Neptunite is a recently patented colorless substance held in solution for the purpose of treating silk, woolen and cotton fabrics, paper, feathers and other materials, rendering them water repellant and proof against dampness, mildew and moths.

For a damp closet or cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place in it a saucer full of quicklime, and it will not only absorb all apparent dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the place. Renew the lime once a fortnight or as often as it becomes slaked.

It is not economy to have too few brooms—one for the sleeping-rooms upstairs, one for parlor and sitting-room, and one for the kitchen are not too many. As they are worn they may be passed down a grade at a time, the new ones always being reserved for the parlor. If the new broom is allowed to stand in cold water for twelve hours, afterward drying it, it will last much longer. A broom should never be permitted to stand on its brush, as it makes it one-sided and ill-shapen. Hang it up by a loop in the handle.

A watch cannot go for an indefinite period without being repaired or cleaned. At the expiration of a certain time the oil dries up, dust accumulates, and wear and tear are inevitable results to the whole machinery, the functions becoming irregular, and frequently ceasing to act altogether. A person possessing a watch of good quality, and desirous of preserving it, should have it cleansed every two years, at least. And care should be taken to confide this cleaning or repairing to careful hands; an incapable workman may do great injury to a watch even of the simplest construction.

EVERY TIME.

[From the Keokuk Constitution.]

A man, or even a piece of machinery that does its work right every time, is we think very correctly judged "valuable." And certainly none the less valuable is any article designed to relieve the ills of mankind, and which does so every time. Messrs. Jones, Cook & Co, Bay State Brewery, Boston, Mass., write: We have used St. Jacobs Oil among our men and find that it helps them "every time." We therefore heartily recommend it as a pain-healing liniment.

Cheap Goods.

Do not buy cheap clothing; it is not an economical plan. A strong, fine textured, well-made article will outwear at least three of poor material, and it does not really cost as much, considering the amount of wear, to say nothing of the shabby appearance of faded cloth—the vexation of having the garments continually breaking to pieces, the necessity of daily repairs, with the unsafe feeling when one steps a little high, or puts on an unusual strain. A scarcity of means is the general excuse for buying such goods as this, and we know it is a hard one to meet. But it is better to make the old coat last a little longer, and put all the money into the rest of the suit, and when the money one will soon have to find to supply another cheap suit is at hand, get a good coat. As a wise and economical rule, one should never purchase anything but a good article. The care of clothing is a very important matter. It makes a great difference in the looks and wear of a hat or coat, whether it is thrown down on the lounge or chair when taken off, or carefully hung up. Properly brushing and cleaning clothes, and mending them as soon as required, rather than waiting until the threads ravel out, or the tear has grown too large to be neatly repaired, add greatly to their durability.

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly, and you will remove at least nineteen-twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

REMORSE.

It is the old familiar hand—
I've seen it oft and oft again,
And touching memories fill me when
Each dainty little page is scanned.
* * * * * * *

She penned me lines—no guileful art
Appeared in what was writ and spelled—
But oh, in every sentence welled
The pleading of a trusting heart.

She trusted me with woman's trust,
And I—poor, trifling shuffling knave—
Accepted of the trust she gave
With soul more generous than just.

For weary days I wronged her sore—
I trampled on her trusting heart,
Until I found that we must part,
As she could never trust me more.
* * * * * * *

I read this missive she has sent,
Writ in the old familiar hand:
"I can not trust you longer, and
I'm going to sue you for your rent."
—*Kansas City Times.*

In India men are grandfathers at the age of thirty-nine, while in Central America they are often so doubly blessed at twenty-eight.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that too many sensible people regard Coughs and Colds so indifferently. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures Coughs and Colds and is only 25 cents a bottle.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The payment of postage originated in France in 1653.

The Pacific ocean was discovered by Balboa, Sept. 5, 1513.

The British Museum was first opened Jan. 15, 1759.

Gas-lights were first used in New York city in 1823.

Christianity was adopted as the religion of Rome 311 A. D.

From December, 1788, until March, 1789, the Delaware and Ohio rivers were both frozen and navigation suspended. In 1790 snow fell two feet deep in Ohio, and the river was so firmly frozen that mounted troops and artillery wagons rode across by the hundred.

Cats are called "pussy" by some people, but why they call them "pussy" instead of by their particular name is intimately and closely connected with the question why red apples grow on green-leafed trees. The word "pussy" is the Tamil word for cat, and has been introduced into the language through folklore. Nearly all fairy stories about cats come to us through the Persian, which preserves the Tamil word.

The first Mayor of New York was Thomas Willet, who was born in England in 1611. He came to Massachusetts when 18 years old, and in 1647 succeeded Miles Standish in the military command of Plymouth colony. When the English took New York from the Hollanders, in 1664, Capt Willet was chosen Mayor of the city and administered the Government for two years, at the expiration of which he returned to New England, where he died.

Pius IX. was the 263d Pope. Of the whole number fifteen were French, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, six Germans, five Spaniards, two from Africa, two from Savoy, and two from Dalmatia. England, Portugal, Holland, Sweden and Crete gave one Pope each; Italy 194. All Popes since 1523 have been elected from the Italian Cardinals. Of the 263 Popes eight died within a month after their accession to the Pontifical throne, forty have lived only one year on the throne, twenty-two between one and two years, fifty-four between two and five years, fifty-seven from five to ten years, fifty-one from ten to fifteen years, eighteen from fifteen to twenty years, and nine have lived more than twenty years.

The famous hanging gardens were built by Nebuchadnezzar to gratify his wife Amyitis, a native of Media, who longed for something in that country to remind her of her mountain home. These gardens consisted of an artificial hill 400 feet on each side, rising by successive terraces to a height which overtopped the walls of the city. The terraces themselves were formed of a succession of piers, the tops of which were covered by flat stones sixteen feet long and four feet wide. Upon these were spread beds of matting, then a thick layer of bitumen, covered with sheets of lead. Upon this solid pavement earth was heaped, some of the piles being hollow, so as to afford depth for the roots of the largest trees. Water was drawn from the river to irrigate these gardens, which thus appeared like a hill covered with verdure.

How Afghans Fight.

An English correspondent in Asia, referring to the fighting qualities of the Afghan soldiery, says: "An Afghan never thinks of asking for quarter, but fights with the ferocity of a tiger, and clings to life until his eyes glaze and his hands refuse to pull a pistol trigger or use a knife in a dying effort to maim or kill his enemy. The stern realities of war were more pronounced on the battlefields in Afghanistan than perhaps they have ever been in India, if we except the retributive days of the mutiny. To spare a wounded man for a minute was probably to cause the death of the next soldier who unsuspiciously walked past him. One thing our men certainly learned in Afghanistan, and that was to keep their wits about them when pursuing an enemy or passing over a hard-won field. There might be danger lurking in each seemingly inanimate form studding the ground, and unless care and caution were exercised the wounded Afghan would steep his soul in bliss by killing a Kaffir just when life was at its last ebb. This stubborn love of fighting *in extremis* is promoted doubtless by fanaticism, and we saw so much of it that our men at close quarters always drove their bayonets well home, so that there should be no mistake as to the deadliness of the wound. The physical courage which distinguished the untrained mobs who fought so resolutely against us was worthy of all admiration; the tenacity with which men, badly armed and lacking skilled leaders, clung to their positions was remarkable, to say nothing of the sullen doggedness they often showed when retiring. But, when the tide of the fight set in fully against them, and they saw further resistance would involve them more deeply, there was so sudden a change always apparent that one could scarcely believe the fugitives hurrying over the hills were the same men who had resisted so desperately but a few minutes before. They acted wisely; they knew their powers in scaling steep hills, or in making their escape by fleetness of foot, and the host generally dissolved with a rapidity which no one but an eye-witness can appreciate. If cavalry overtook them, they turned like wolves and fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as men ever sold them; but there was no rally in the true sense of the word, and but faint attempts at aiding each other. Their regular troops were but little amenable to discipline, by reason of deficient training, and they resorted to the tactics they had pursued as tribesmen when once they were forced to retire."

A Noble Offer.

"I guess I'll have to hire a clerk," said a Galveston merchant, by the name of Merritt, to his friend Chrysler.

"I am glad to see that the business boom has struck you," responded Chrysler.

"It isn't that," replied the merchant, "but you see I am very popular, and I am asked by my friends to step across the street and take a drink almost every minute in the day, and as I haven't anybody to leave in the store I have to decline. Ten dollars a day won't cover what I have lost by not having a clerk."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Chrysler, brightening up; "hire me as your clerk, and send me across the street to drink with your friends, and I won't charge you a cent for my clerical services."

The application of Chrysler was put on file, along with those of a number of other leading citizens who had applied already.—*Galveston News.*

Sinecures at Washington.

Before this house (the one occupied by Mr. Seward when he was attacked by Payne), for several years afterward, a sentry paced night and day, even when Mr. Seward had moved away and gone out of office. The same building was once used as a club-house, and from it Key had just issued when he was shot by Sickles. This lonely sentry, still at his post long after he had been forgotten at the War Department, and allowed to remain, I suppose, because no one thought it was his duty to relieve him, reminds me of several similar incidents that are related in Washington. The great falls of the Potomac are about sixteen miles above Washington, and during the war there was a station for the collection of provisions for the army on the bank of the canal near these grand cataracts. The road between Washington and Great Falls was several times raided by the Confederates, and a block-house was erected by the Federals at a point three or four miles above Georgetown to prevent parties of rebels from passing up and down the road. At the close of the war the defenses about the capital were one after another deserted, but nobody seems to have remembered the corporal's guard stationed out there on the Aqueduct road, and they remained on duty for a year or two. After they were relieved the block-house was set on fire by tramps or boys, and only a few blackened posts now mark its site. A still more remarkable case was that discovered by Gen. B. F. Butler about ten years ago. He was nosing around among the appropriations one day, when he discovered an officer in the Capitol whose duty he did not understand. He was 'watching crypt.' An investigation showed that many years ago it was proposed to deposit the bones of Gen. George Washington beneath the Capitol, and a crypt was prepared for that purpose. When it was completed, a public officer was appointed whose duty it was to watch this crypt and prevent its desecration, and there he had been ever since, growing gray in the service, and, while Congress had appropriated money to pay his salary year after year, nobody had thought it worth while to inquire how he earned it.—*Washington Cor. Providence Press.*

The Uses of Slang.

Is "slang" always reprehensible? Let us consider what slang is. The word only marks a relative condition, like the words "dirt" and "weed." Aristotle long ago told us that dirt was merely "matter misplaced," and Prof. Gray, asked to define a weed, said "a flower in the wrong spot." So slang is merely a common word in unfamiliar relations—a word plucked up by the roots and planted in a new spot. A correspondent writes us as follows: "Editor of *Andrews' American Queen*: * * Is it slang to say 'Not if I know myself?'" Answer—Not if it be said seriously, though it would, perhaps, be better to say something else. John Milton said, "Not if I am acquainted with myself." Considerable so-called slang is classic. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth" is from Job. The phrase "he is a brick" is from Plutarch—that historian telling of a King of Sparta who boasted that his army was the only wall of the city, "and every man is a brick." We call an honest citizen "a square man," but the Greeks, 2,000 years ago, described the same sort of person as "tetragonos"—a four-cornered man. Webster defines slang to be "low, vulgar, unmeaning language"—a definition quite too sweeping. It is often low, sometimes vulgar, but very seldom unmeaning. On the contrary, slang, being always metaphorical language, is generally compact and its meaning very clear. Its use may have originated with gypsies, or criminals in need of a disguise for their speech; but it is not the less true that a good many of the most useful words in the language were originally slang, now adopted into the full fellowship of lingual purity. The use of the word "mob" was denounced by Addison and Swift (both of whom used some slang of their own), but we should scarcely know what to do without it. We do not, by any means, advise the young to use slang indiscriminately; they had better err in the other direction. At the same time, slang has a useful function to perform. It is the great feeder of vigorous expression; the reservoir from which languages draw strength and keep from getting enfeebled. As enlightenment brings culture at the expense of virility, so languages always tend to diffuseness and feebleness—a tendency which slang inclines to counteract. So the use of slang, while sometimes a nuisance and sometimes disgusting, has an important office in keeping languages alive and their veins full of the blood of youth.—*Andrews' American Queen.*

Mrs. Partington Says

Don't take any of the quack rostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *ne plus unum* of medicines.—*Boston Globe.*

A Long Riddle.

A young Bible-student was asked: "How many boys are there in your class?"

He replied: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath, subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the answer."

The Best Life Preserver:
Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

A Terrible Disaster.

American news via Paris:

"Most horrible!"

"An accident atrocious comes to have place on the line of the Great Northwestern, at the States United.

"Two trains are encountered themselves shocked, and so for to say re-entered the one in the other in leveling himself completely.

"There does not rest of a survivor many more than a mechanican.

"Arrived at the station, we do not know how, all the world throws itself on him; we interrogate him, feverishly.

"Him, very calm:

"Oh, there has not had large thing—the two trains have made telescope!"

Elbert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry has been used for twenty years, and during that time has saved many very valuable lives. Do not neglect a cough or cold until it is too late. Try this excellent remedy, and we are sure you will be convinced of its merits. Chronic Coughs, and even Consumptives, are cured by following the directions. Every bottle is warranted to give satisfaction. Prepared by the Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago. Sold by all good druggists.

Indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and all forms of general debility relieved by taking Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritious properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York.

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Hogs	5 70	@ 7 75
Cotton	11½	@ 12
Flour—Superfine	3 75	@ 4 10
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	1 14	@ 1 15
No. 2 Winter	1 17	@ 1 19
Corn—Ungraded	53	@ 58
Oats—Mixed Western	43	@ 46
Pork—Mess	14 25	@14 50
Lard	10	@ 10¼
CHICAGO.		
Beeves—Choice Graded Steers	5 40	@ 5 90
Cows and Heifers	2 75	@ 4 00
Medium to Fair	4 40	@ 4 90
Hogs	4 25	@ 6 00
Flour—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 75	@ 6 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 00	@ 5 25
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	97	@ 99
No. 3 Spring	83	@ 87
Corn—No. 2	36	@ 37
Oats—No. 2	29	@ 30
Rye—No. 2	87	@ 88
Barley—No. 2	1 00	@ 1 01
Butter—Choice Creamery	31	@ 32
Eggs—Fresh	28	@ 30
Pork—Mess	14 75	@15 00
Lard	9½	@ 9¾
MILWAUKEE.		
Wheat—No. 1	1 00	@ 1 01
No. 2	97	@ 98
Corn—No. 2	37	@ 38
Oats—No. 2	30	@ 31
Rye—No. 1	87	@ 88
Barley—No. 2	79	@ 80
Pork—Mess	14 25	@14 50
Lard	9½	@ 9¾
ST. LOUIS.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 00	@ 1 01
Corn—Mixed	37	@ 38
Oats—No. 2	33	@ 34
Rye	86	@ 87
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