LOST, A BOY.

He went from the old home hearthstone,
Only six years ago,
A laughing, frolicking fellow,
It would do you good to know.
Since then we have not see him,
And we say, with nameless pain,
The boy that we knew and loved so
We shall never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him
Comes home to us to-day,
But this is not the dear fellow
We kissed and sent away.
Tall as the man he calls father,
With a man's look in his face,
Is he who takes by the hearthstone
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music
Wherever the lost boy went,
This man has a smile most winsome,
His eyes have a grave intent;
We know he is thinking and planning
His way in the world of men,
And we cannot help but love him,
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow
Who comes to take his place,
With hints of the vanished boyhood
In his earnest, thoughtful face;
And yet comes back the longing
For the boy we henceforth must miss,
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone
Forever with a kiss.

THE NEWSPAPER.

Hezekiah Jones, Editor of the Flapdoodle, Draws a Few Sketches from Nature.

[From the Steubenville Herald.]

The editor of the *Evening Flapdoodle* sat in his sanctum the other morning, just before beginning his day's work, and thought he had brought his paper about as near perfection as possible for an ordinary-sized town close to a half dozen big cities, and he was wondering how he might further improve it, when his cogitations were interrupted by an acquaintance coming in.

"Hello, Mr. Scissors," he facetiously said, "writing up editorials with the shears, eh?"

The editor tried to smile at the old joke, and the visitor went on. "I tell you what it is, Jones, you have a pretty good paper, but what do you want in a town like this with long editorials? Give us short ones. You can't mold public sentiment, you must simply echo it." Then he left, and Jones told his associate not to write any long editorials that day, as he proposed, for once, to make the *Flapdoodle* just to suit every subscriber who wanted a change. In a half hour along came a wicked fellow who talked newspaper a long while, and then said he didn't see any use of Sunday reading, nor any other religious matter in a paper, and if it was his he would bounce it all. The editor said nothing, but when the man went away he told his Sunday editor not to send any matter for that day. Then Jones rested and thought for a few minutes, and a pious old party dropped in. As he knew a good deal about the business in its moral aspect, he talked along, and at last said that no newspaper could be decent which admitted to its columns any sensational matter, any advertisements other than the most high-toned, any slangy squibs, or anything which could not be read without a blush by the most capriciously fastidious. Jones was silent, but later he went and ordered all that matter set aside. So far, Jones thought he was getting things to suit pretty well, and then another man came in, and like the others, knew all about the business of editing a paper. He was a city politician, and said, "Mr. Jones, you don't have enough politics. Why don't you throw out these farm notes, and kitchen receipts, and odds and ends of old news, and telegraphic brevities which we get in the other papers and give us politics? That's what the children cry for." Again was Jones silent and later gave orders for the expulsion of all this objectionable matter and waited for the next one. He came pretty soon, and he had a coffin for a coat and a shroud for a handkerchief, and he smelt like the dust which blows off of a skeleton. Said he, "Jones, I like your paper, but what do you run that funny business in it for? It's silly, stale, and flatter than last year's ale with the bottle left open. What does a man want to laugh for anyhow? This is a vale of tears and we should always remember that in the uncertainty of life death may cut us off with an idle laugh upon our lips." "That's so," groaned Jones. "I'll cut every line of fun right out," and off he hurried and out went all the funny business. As he went home at noon he met a lady who said she didn't see what they wanted to fill a paper full of politics for, because nobody read that. "Don't they?" said Jones, "then out she goes," and when he got back it all went out. "I'm bound to please 'em all" said the editor, "If I have to buy a new office." Right after dinner a man of business proclivities came in and said he didn't see any use of "these silly little personals and them short local items that didn't amount to anything anyway." If it was his paper he would have something of a higher nature or let the place go bare. Jones listened and told the foreman to whack out all that sort of stuff at once. Then he felt easier, till a lot of pretty girls came in, and, after making a purchase, asked him what a newspaper was filled full of advertisements for; nobody ever read them, and one said she was going to stop taking the paper if he was going to fill it up that way. Jones told the young lady he would have a paper to suit every one, or rather made after the suggestions of every one, and he hoped she would not find fault. Then he went and ordered out every 'ad.' and smack and smooth, and waited for the next man. He came along pretty soon, and said he could stand anything but poetry, and that was his abomination in a newspaper, and it never ought to encounter the columns of a local journal, because it was meant for magazines, and that sort of papers. Jones took it in, and went out and ordered all his fine poetry knocked down. Then he waited again, and a woman came in, and said the fashion notes were no good, because the magazines had them all in greater quantity, and another thing she didn't like, was the markets. "What good was them!" she said. "I don't know," he replied, "so I'll throw 'em out." "I hope you will," she answered, and went away. In ten minutes the markets and fashions were on the standing galley. Jones began to look around, and as he was studying, a small boy said to him that "marriage and death notices was mighty thin readin'," and Jones slung them clear out into the corner. After this change he went over into the counting room, and an old man was there waiting to pay his subscription. "It's a good paper, Jones, but in this place you only want to take notice of local affairs, and let all the miscellaneous and general business go," and—then Jones gave the old fellow a receipt and rushed back and took out all the miscellaneous and general matter that was left, and as he took out the last handful a friend came through the office and critically examining his surroundings, said, "The *Flapdoodle* is a good paper, Jones, but I do think you have the ugliest head on it I ever saw. Why don't you change it? I'm certain I never would let such a head appear on a paper of mine." "All right," said Jones, and off came the head. "Now, Mr. Foreman," he continued, "lock up the forms and send them down to the press room." The forms were duly locked and went down, and the paper came out and was distributed as usual. The next morning, the politician, and the solemn man, the friend, the school girl, the woman, the small boy, and all the rest of them were standing around the *Flapdoodle* office with blank sheets of paper in their hands; not a line, not a word, not a sign of anything on it but column rules, with nothing between. "How is this?" said each to the other, "and where's that fool editor, to impose on us in this way?" While they were thus talking, the devil came in with a letter from the editor, which the old man read to the crowd. It ran as follows:

"Dear friends, you all think you know how to run a newspaper, and when you come to me with your suggestions I hate to tell you differently, so I have followed your advice and you see what you have as the result. If you will be kind enough to mind your own business half as well as I do mine, and try to think I know a little something, while you don't know it all, I will give you a good newspaper, and whenever I don't give you your money's worth, then come and tell me so, but don't come telling me how I should do my work, when I have devoted years to it, and you have never given it an hour's study.

"I am yours truly,
"HEZEKIAH JONES,
"Editor *Flapdoodle*."

Then these good people looked at their blank paper and their blank faces, and not one said a word except the profane man, who remarked, "Damme, the editor is right; let's go and mind our own business," and Jones crept out from behind the counter, and that evening issued a tip-top paper, chuck full of all sorts of personal and local items, and news, and everything, and there was peace in that town for the space of a long time.

Spring and Summer Diet.

Green fruit and bad vegetables, which are particularly plentiful at this season of the year, almost invariably disorder the stomach and superinduce Cramps, Cholera Morbus, and what is worse, Diarrhea and Chronic Dysentery. People who desire to preserve their health should be exceedingly careful about their diet at this season, and at no time should they be without a supply of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, the safest, surest and speediest remedy for all troubles of the stomach or bowels. All druggists sell it.

Luminous Paint for a Cat's Tail.

Mr. Monkey's boy took the family cat and rubbed phosphorus all over him. It was about nightfall when he completed the job and let the cat go. The cat got into a barrel and began to yowl, and that attracted the attention of a bull-dog, and he came along and danced about and barked, and got terribly excited. It was a case of "dog in the light, cat in the shadder, dog full of fight, cat growing madder." Pretty soon the dog upset the barrel and went in after the cat. But it was a surprise party for him. The phosphorus glowed in the darkness and he beheld a cat on fire. He came out of that barrel and went off howling as though a policeman had stepped on him.

Then the cat went up on the roofs, where other cats do congregate, and tried to chum round with 'em. But it was no go. They fled from him as if it was a bootjack. He didn't understand it and gave chase, and as there were about forty cats on those roofs, and they were all scared and fled from him, howling dismally, the noise was something fearful, so that folks in the vicinity who heard it were scared and had cold sweats. The cats continued to tear about and yell so that it couldn't be endured. Mr. Monkey and others got up and went upon the roofs with clubs. And at first the sight of a fiery cat frightened them, and one lady who saw it screamed and fell through a skylight and nearly killed a man sleeping beneath it, and made him think Mother Shipton was right. Finally, Mr. Monkey and his friends made a desperate charge on the fiery cat, and the poor cat took a flying leap to the street.

He hit on a policeman, saving his life, but nearly scaring the officer out of his, as he thought he was struck by lightning. The cat jumped to the ground, and an astronomer came along and took him for an aerolite and tried to pick him up. To his amazement, the aerolite ran. Then he was scared too. Finally the cat got into a stable, and somebody thought it was afire, and they called out the engine, and got seven streams turned on him. He fought well, but they fixed him. And then investigation showed no fire, but only a dead cat. And they told the stableman he was a cross-eyed fool to mistake a cat's eyes for a fire, and so they left him.—All the neighbors are talking of the mysterious fiery cat, and only young Monkey understands its mystery.—*Boston Post.*

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.—*Providence Advertiser.*

Noblemen as Waiters.

A story is afloat to the effect that a foreign authoress who went to Delmonico's up-town restaurant to dine found that the waiter who came forward to wait upon her was her own brother. The item was shown to the manager at Delmonico's, and he was asked if there were any truth in it. He shook his head and smiled.

"Every now and then," he said, "some story of the kind is set afloat. Generally, however, it is about a waiter who is a nobleman."

"Is it not a fact that occasionally you have a nobleman among you?"

"It is not at all unlikely. There are plenty of noblemen abroad who are very poor, and sometimes are hard put to it for a good meal. In such cases they often drop their titles. If they come to this country, why should they not work at waiting as well as any other business? Then there are fast young noblemen who run through their means and emigrate. They have not been brought up to any business; they are unacquainted with the ways of American life. But they know about table service, and a job as waiter is the thing they are best fitted for. Noblemen are not scarce in the Old World. In Germany the title goes to all of the sons of a nobleman. I have no doubt there are noblemen jerking beer in the Bowery. We have had noblemen occasionally among our corps of waiters. There is nothing surprising in it. We see men—merchants, brokers, etc.—who make a great deal of money. They live fast, spend freely, and make a big figure in the world for a time, and then comes a smash, and they disappear. Perhaps we may afterward hear of them working in a mine or herding cattle on the plains. There is nothing to surprise any one in finding that the waiter who takes your order is a Baron or a Count."—*New York Sun.*

"The Gods Help

those who help themselves," and Nature invariably helps those who take Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

A Spider's Intelligence.

Almost all spiders leave a cable behind as they travel from point to point. The common geometric spider (*epeira diadema*) shoots out lines with great facility, as a correspondent found out one day. He says: "One day, when holding an *epeira* suspended to my finger by its cable, it disappeared as if by magic. To discover its *modus operandi*, I tried another in bright sunlight, and observed that while it was hanging thus suspended and perfectly motionless it was shooting out threads in various directions. These threads floated on, spreading out into three or four *radii*, and covering about sixty degrees, but all in a common direction. At length one came in contact with a post and adhered to it. As soon as the spider found that one of the cables had found an anchorage, it cut the one by which I held it captive, ran up this cable of hope, and regained its liberty.

CLASS in history: Teacher—"Who was the hero of Cowpens?" An awful silence follows, which is at last broken by the little snub-nosed boy in the back row, who cries in piping voice, "Sitting Bull."

TO BE SHOT AT SIX.

The Melancholy Fate of a French War Correspondent in Tunis.

[From the French of Albert Millaud.]

One of the special correspondents attached to the French expedition against the Kroumirs, in Algiers, was Camille Farcy, well known as a brilliant writer. He had long been connected with *La Frrnce*, one of the leading Paris journals. The army which he was detailed to accompany was that of Gen. Forgemol, a martinet, entertaining the most rigid ideas regarding discipline. Before the expedition left Algiers, he, in conjunction with Gen. Vincendon, concocted the following pledge, which all the journalists were obliged to sign:

I,———, promise upon my honor to transmit no information whatever, either by telegraph or by mail, or by any other means, without first having submitted my manuscript to the examination of the officer commanding the expedition, or to such officer or officers as he may delegate that power to. I further agree that any failure to keep this pledge will expose me to the rigors of martial law. ———.

This document was signed by all the correspondents attached to the expedition. When Farcy's turn came, he took the pen, but it was with evident reluctance that he signed. When he had done so he said to Forgemol:

"General, I sign this document only because I am forced to do so; because without doing so I could not fulfill my duty as a correspondent; because without doing so I could not accompany the expedition. But I warn you, sir, that I shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth touching such matters as may come under my observation." And with, a defiant glance at the General, Camille withdrew.

The old General gnawed his grizzled mustache to conceal his wrath. He did what perhaps most men would have done—he set a spy to dog the footsteps of Farcy.

The expedient was successful. Two evenings after the spy detected the journalist, under a disguise, quitting the camp. He followed and saw him deposit a large envelope in one of the minor postoffices upon the Algerian frontier. He was at once arrested and conducted to Forgemol's headquarters.

"Aha!" said the General, "at it already, my fine fellow. Well, what have we here?" and he seized and broke open the envelope. "Hum—addressed to *La France*. Evidently some correspondence which you are sending without my knowledge."

"Yes, General," said Farcy, calmly, "Let us see what it is," said Forgemol, as he began to peruse the letter.

"General," said Farcy, coldly, "permit me to remind you that you are violating private correspondence."

"Private correspondence? Bah!" retorted Forgemol. "Very private, indeed; all Paris would know of it in another day," and he resumed his reading.

There were some severe strictures in the letter upon the conduct of the campaign. Forgemol's reading was interrupted by oaths, and when he had finished he was purple with wrath.

"So," said he, grimly, "You consider yourself competent to judge of the operations of a General in the field, do you? Well, sir, you shall have a taste of martial law to add to your knowledge of military affairs."

Farcy disdained to defend himself. A court-martial was immediately convened. Its proceedings were summary—its sentence short: "Camille Farcy is condemned to be shot at 6 in the morning."

It was then midnight. The doomed man was placed in charge of a Lieutenant and a squad of soldiers, put upon a special train, and borne swiftly to the capital city, Algiers, where the execution was to take place.

At 5:30 o'clock the train dashed into the city. It passed under the walls of the palace where Albert Grevy, the Governor General, lives in state. The windows were brightly lighted, and the strains of a waltz were borne to the ears of the prisoner. The Governor was giving a ball.

"You have half an hour in which to prepare for death," said the Lieutenant, compassionately; "would you like to have me send for a priest?"

"I suppose," said Farcy, "you will grant my last request?"

"Yes."

"Then let me go to the ball. I would like to have a waltz before I die."

The officer bowed and repaired to M. Grevy's palace.

"His request shall be granted," said the President's brother. "Who could refuse a dying man's request? Bring him here; he shall dance with my daughter."

And it was done. The last moments of his life were spent upon a ball-room floor.

At 6 o'clock the officer spoke:

"The file is waiting," said he.

"Let us go," said Farcy. He saluted the dancers and withdrew. When he reached the ground where the file was awaiting him, he refused to allow his eyes to be bandaged, and demanded permission to give the word of command.

"May all journalists do as I have done," said he; "it is their duty." Then, folding his arms, he cried:

"Fire!"

The crash of the muskets rang out on the morning air. Camille Farcy fell dead, pierced with balls.

The vengeance of Gen. Forgemol was accomplished.

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill-health, and of his inability to cure her, "Try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

He Didn't Catch On.

He was a tender-foot, new to the wild scenes among the Bushmen of Nebraska, and when the rancher slapped him on the shoulder and asked him if he would "irrigate," he said:

"What."

"Moisten yor larynx."

"How!"

"Smile?"

"I don't catch your reference."

"Drive another nail?"

"You have the advantage."

"Try some of the hair of the dog which bit you."

"I cannot grasp—"

"Nominate your poison."

"My poison!"

"Crook your elbow?"

"I'm in the dark."

"Test the tipple?"

"Don't—"

"Cut the phlegm?"

"The—"

"Sample?"

"Sample what?"

"Paint your nose?"

"Paint my nose!"

"Take some whisky—gin—cognac—drink something strong with me? You don't seem to catch onto no kind of a hint. Won't drink some whisky and sugar?"—*Central City (Neb.) Rem.*

Sentimental People.

Oh! how I detest your sentimental people who pretend to be full of feeling, who will cry over a worm, and yet treat real misfortune with neglect. There are your fine ladies that I have seen in a dining-room, and when by accident an earwig has come out of a peach, after having been half-killed in opening it, one would exclaim, "Oh! poor thing! you have broken its back—do spare it—I can't bear to see it suffer. Oh, there, my Lord! how you hurt it; stop, let me open the window, and put it out." And then the husband drawls out, "My wife is quite remarkable for her sensibility; I married her purely for that." And then the wife cries, "Oh, now, my Lord, you are too good to say that; if I had not had a grain of feeling, I should have learned it from you." And so they go on praising each other; and perhaps the next morning, when she is getting into her carriage, a poor, half-starved woman begs charity of her, and she draws up the glass and tells the footman another time not to let those disgusting people stand at her door.—*Lady Stanhope.*

Domestic Life in Spain.

Nowhere is the sentiment of home stronger than in Spain. The Spanish father is absolute king and lord by his own heart-stone, but his sway is so mild and so readily acquiesced in that it is hardly felt. The evils of tyranny are rarely seen but by him who resists it, and the Spanish family seldom call for the harsh exercise of parental authority.

This is the rule. I do not mean to say that there are no exceptions. The pride and jealousy inherent in the race make family quarrels, when they do rise, the bitterest and the fiercest in the world. In every grade of life these vindictive feuds among kindred are seen from time to time. Twice at least the steps of the throne have been splashed with royal blood shed by princely hands. Duels between noble cousins and stabbing affrays between pleasant brothers alike attest the unbending sense of personal dignity that still infects this people.

A light word between husbands and wives sometimes goes unexplained, and the rift between them widens through life. I know some houses where the wife enters at one door, and the husband at another; where if they meet on the stairs they do not salute each other. Under the same roof they have lived for years and have not spoken. One word would heal all discord, and that word will never be spoken by either. They cannot be divorced—the church is inexorable.

They will not incur the scandal of a public separation. So they pass lives of lonely isolation in adjoining apartments, both thinking rather better of each other and of themselves for this devilish persistence.

An infraction of parental discipline is never forgiven. I know a General whose daughter fell in love with his Adjutant, a clever and amiable young officer. He had positively no objection to the suitor, but was surprised that there was any love making in his house without his previous suggestion. He refused his consent, and the young people were married without it. The father and son-in-law went off on a campaign, fought, and were wounded in the same battle.

The General was asked to recommend his son-in-law for promotion. "I have no son-in-law!" "I mean your daughter's husband." "I have no daughter." "I refer to Lieut. Don Fulano de Tal. He is a good officer. He distinguished himself greatly in the recent affair." "Ah! otra cosa!" said the grim father-in-law. His hate could not overcome his sense of justice. The youth got his promotion, but his General will not recognize him at the club.

Only Half Wise.

Spiridion Gopcevich, in his amusing book upon Upper Albania, accounts for the dilapidated state of Scutari Castle by the following narrative, the authenticity of which he guarantees: In the spring of 1874 the Vali of Scutari happened to hear that 100 years or so ago, a Giaour named Franklin had invented an instrument, by the judicious use of which lightning strokes might be rendered harmless to human life and property. Forthwith he resolved to become possessed of one of these wonder-working contrivances; but, upon inquiring its price, he found that the resources of his exchequer would not avail to defray the cost of the complete apparatus. He, therefore, ordered from abroad the superficial portion of a lightning conductor, deeming its subterranean complement of wires superfluous; and, when it arrived, caused it to be set up exactly over the powder magazine of the castle, in order to insure perfect immunity from electrical dangers to the explosive contents of that repository. An unusually long spell of fine weather succeeded the erection of the instrument, much to his Excellency's vexation; but at length, one sultry day, heavy clouds gathered rapidly over Scutari, and the exultant Vali, fortunately for himself, hurried down from the citadal to the tower in order to watch the effect of the first flash from a window of his serai commanding a fine view of the lightning-conductor. He had not long to wait for a *coup* that surpassed his wildest expectations. A fiery streak darted from the sky, followed by a tremendous concussion; and when the smoke cleared off it was the Pasha's melancholy privilege to behold his beloved citadal in ruins. The Vali's mortification may be better conceived than described, especially when it reached his ears that a leading notable of Scutari, commenting upon the result of his scientific experiments, had observed: "God is great, and the Vali is an ass! He has swallowed the Giaours' dirt, and paid them for it to boot. His face is blackened for ever. Allah's will be done?"—*London Telegraph.*

Don't Die in the House.

Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs. 15c.

"I THINK it very strange that I can't have what I want," she muttered. "You have plenty of money and little to do with it but gratify your wife's wishes." "Quite true," he responded, "but money won't buy what you most want." "I don't understand you, sir." "My dear, what you most want is to be born again."

"CONSISTENCY, thou art a jewel!" Some men will ride ten miles or more in a dirty or close smoking-car on a railroad, and be happy; but the same men, if they have only half a dozen blocks to go in a horse-car, will open all the ventilators and howl for air, without regard to the feelings of all the other passengers.

EILBERT'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.

PURE COD LIVER OIL made from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

NATURAL petroleum, deprived of its color and disagreeable odor without distillation and the aid of acids or alkalies, is what the Carboline is made from. As now improved and perfected it is a beautiful preparation, and performs all that is claimed for it as a hair restorer.

UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDERS are recommended by stock-owners who have used them as the best Horse and Cattle Medicine to be had. If the animal is Scraggy, Spiritless, or has no appetite, these Powders are an excellent remedy, and every owner of stock will do well to try them. They are prepared by the Emmert Proprietary Co., Chicago, Ill., a very reliable firm, and sold by all good druggists.

SAVE your child from aches and pains and give new life and vigor to its feeble body. Do be persuaded to use the only true remedy, sure and harmless, DR. HOLMAN'S PAD absorption treatment.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints, and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in man and beast.

DR. ROGERS'S WORM SYRUP instantly destroys WORMS.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

AN elephant does not attain his full growth until he is 16 or 18 years old.

SNAILS have been put in boiling water and have survived the terrible ordeal.

THE wolf's sense of smelling is peculiarly strong. He can smell carrion the distance of nearly a mile.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the animals on the globe, or 200,000 species, belong to the ringed and jointed-footed animals, and of these 150,000 are the six-legged insects.

THE coral insect deposits in its body particles of lime, and when it dies its body washes away and leaves its skeleton—the wonderful formation known as coral—behind.

EXPOSURE of hot steel to a cold surface renders it hard. This is usually done by dipping the red-hot metal in water, though other cold surfaces which are rapid conductors will answer the same purpose.

IN Holland the preservation of the woodwork of drawbridges, sluices, gates and other works is conduced by the application of a mixture of pitch and tar, whereon are strewn pounded shells, with a mixture of sea sand.

WHEN rivers are much warmer than the air they give rise to fogs, because the rapid evaporation from the warm water pours more water into the atmosphere than it can hold suspended in an invisible state, and consequently the surplus vapor is condensed into mist by the colder air into which it rises. There are conditions of atmosphere when no actual fog is apparent in which darkness prevails, and what are called dry fogs, or sometimes blight. In some cases they are clearly due to smoke, as, for instance, the smoke of burning prairies, which may extend over vast distances.

THE waters of the ocean are found to be of an almost uniform saltness, the proportion of salt being 2.7 per cent., which gives a pound of salt (about) to every four gallons of water. The quantity of saline ingredients contained in the sea, according to the late Mr. Mudie, amounts to four hundred thousand billions of cubic feet, which, if piled up, would form a mass 140 miles long, as many broad and as many high—or, otherwise disposed, it would cover the whole of Europe, islands, seas and all, to the height of the summit of Mount Blanc, which is about 16,000 feet.

THAT the Mississippi may deservedly be called the "Father of Waters" the following data will show: Quantity of water discharged by that river annually, 14,883,360,633,880 cubic feet; quantity of sediment discharged annually, 28,188,083,892 cubic feet; area of the delta of the river, according to Lyell's estimate, 13,000 square miles, and depth of the same, as calculated by Prof. Riddell, 1,056 feet. The delta, consequently, as appears from these figures, contains 400,378,429,440,000 cubic feet, or 2,720 cubic miles, and it would require for the formation, therefore, of one cubic mile of delta five years and eighty-one days—for the formation of one square mile, of the depth of 1,056 feet, one year sixteen and one-fifth days, and for the formation of the whole delta 14,208 4-5 years.

Profit in Black Walnuts.

The smartest Texan, and, in fact, the smartest farmer, I have ever met, is old Sim Graves, who lives on a 1,000-acre farm west of Waxahatchie, in Central Texas. After Mr. Graves had shown me his cattle and cotton, he took me over to see his woods.

"Well, what of it?" I said, as he pointed to a ten-acre forest.

"What of it?" Why, them's black walnuts, sir. Ten acres of 'em. Planted 'em myself ten years ago. See, they're nine inches through. Good trees, eh?"

And sure enough there were ten acres of hand-planted black-walnut trees. They stood about twelve feet apart, 200 to the acre — in all 2,000 trees.

"Well, how did you get your money back?" I asked.

"Black walnuts are worth $2.50 a bushel, ain't they? I'll get 400 bushels this year. That's $1,000. A hundred dollars an acre is good rent for land worth $15 an acre, ain't it?"

"Well, what else?" I inquired, growing interested.

"The trees," continued Mr. Graves, "are growing an inch a year. When they are 20 years old they will be nineteen inches through. A black-walnut tree nineteen inches through is worth $25. My 2,000 trees ten years from now will be worth $50,000. If I don't want to cut them all, I can cut half of them and then raise a bushel of walnuts to the tree—that is, get $2,500 a year for the crop. Two hundred and fifty dollars an acre is fair rent for $15 land, ain't it?"—*Letter from San Antonio, Texas.*

WHEN a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, she is the sister of some one else.

IF the bowels are sluggish and the liver torpid use Kidney-Wort.

ILL habits gather by unseen degrees, as brooks make rivers, and rivers run to sea.

HOLMAN'S PAD

CURES Without Dosing — Simply by Absorption

TRADE MARK.

Is a sovereign remedy for all forms of **Liver** and **Stomach** troubles, and is the ONLY SAFE and ABSOLUTE cure for **Malaria** in its various types.

Dr. Holman's Pad is a genuine and radical remedy, WITHOUT TAKING MEDICINE.

It was the FIRST article of the kind that was introduced to the public generally. It was the ORIGINAL PAD, and was devised by DR. HOLMAN alone.

He struck out from the beaten path and made a NEW WAY. No sooner had he rendered the undertaking a CERTAINTY than the IMITATORS and PIRATES who hang to and infest ever successful enterprise, started up and have since followed in his footsteps as closely as the law will tolerate.

Against these DR. HOLMAN gives SPECIAL WARNING. Not only do they FAIL TO CURE, but in disappointing the purchaser they bring doubt and odium on the principal of **Absorption**, of which **Dr. Holman's Pad** is the GENUINE and ONLY TRUE EXPONENT.

Every Imitation is an emphatic endorsement of the substantial worth of the genuine article. A poor one is never copied.

Each Genuine Holman Pad bears the **Private Revenue Stamp** of the HOLMAN PAD CO., with the above Trade-Mark printed in green. *Buy None Without It.*

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS,

Or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of **$2.00.**

DR. HOLMAN'S advice is FREE. Full treatise sent free on application. Address

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Dr. Harter's
IRON TONIC

Is a preparation of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and the Phosphates, associated with the Vegetable Aromatics. Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for **Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, Nervous Prostration, Convalescence from Fevers and Chronic Chills and Fever.** It serves every purpose where a TONIC is necessary.

Manufactured by The Dr. Harter Medicine Co., St. Louis.

The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily:

Gentlemen:—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vexatious cough did not give me much relief, but on the contrary was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my manhood force was not permanently wasted. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranquil nerve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. If the TONIC has not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit.

Most gratefully yours,
J. F. WAGNER,
Troy, O., Jan. 2, 1878. Pastor Christian Church.

For Sale by Druggists and General Dealers Everywhere

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Feeble and Sickly Persons

Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.

☞ For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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

DR. HUNTER, 103 State st., Chicago, treats successfully Throat and Lung Diseases by Inhalation.

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A REMARKABLE ENGLISH INVENTION.

The London Galvanic Generator

[Extract from a London Medical Journal.]

"A great revolution in medical practice has spread throughout England. It has been discovered that most remarkable cures attend the application of a newly-invented miniature Galvanic Generator to diseased parts of the body. Experience has shown that it acts immediately upon the blood, nerves and secretions, producing more relief in a few hours than medicine has given in weeks and months. No shock or unpleasant feeling attends its use. It can be worn day or night, interfering in no way with the dress or occupation of daily life."

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS — BACK VIEW SHOWING THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF THE METALS USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE GENERATOR WHICH CAN BE WORN NEXT TO THE SKIN.

A Faultless, Gentle Laxative.

Your family Physician, if consulted, will assure you that it is his daily custom to apply electricity in cases of Constipation and its attending evils. For a long time the profession has been aware of the remarkable effects of Electricity in Medical treatment, but the large size of all Electric Appliances and their high cost have rendered it impossible to place this natural remedy within the reach of all.

No doubt many people will be astonished to learn that electricity is one of the most effective LAXATIVES known. While acting quickly, it is at the same time perfectly harmless, differing radically in this respect from the Pills and cathartics commonly sold. The latter often afford temporary relief, but leave the individual worse after each attack, and, if taken habitually, seriously derange the internal organs, as any regular Practitioner will affirm.

The London Galvanic Generator

CURES Indigestion, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Biliousness, Malaria, Weak Stomach, Nervousness, Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, etc., etc.

All who are troubled with the above-named or similar ailments will find immediate relief in this wonderful discovery, which is so easy, light and portable that it occasions no inconvenience, while its remedial effect is simply marvelous.

The above Cut shows the Exact Size. It is Worn Suspended from the Neck, next to the Body, by a Cord or Ribbon.

For sale at our counter and also by all respectable druggists, or we will send them direct, postpaid, on receipt of the price. Full directions accompany each Generator. Every mail brings most gratifying letters from those using them.

Price $1.00. All dealers are authorized to refund the price if it fails to relieve after a reasonable trial. Pamphlets mailed free on application.

CAUTION.—The great success of the London Galvanic Generator has caused the market to be filled with cheap and worthless imitations. If you accept any "Batteries," "Pads" or "Medals," thinking them to be the Generator, you will be imposed upon. Remember its name, and see that the words "Pall Mall Electric Ass'n of London" are stamped upon each one.

THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, N. Y. Branch 842 Broadway, has the sole right to sell the London Galvanic Generator in America.

DR METTAUR'S • HEADACHE • • • • PILLS

Dr. METTAUR'S HEADACHE PILLS cure most wonderfully in a very short time both SICK and NERVOUS HEADACHE; and while acting on the nervous system, cleanse the stomach of excess of bile, producing a regular healthy action of the bowels.

A full size box of these valuable PILLS, with full directions for a complete cure, mailed to any address on receipt of nine three-cent postage stamps. For sale by all druggists at 25c. Sole Proprietors,

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THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	9 25	@11 50
HOGS	5 60	@ 6 10
COTTON	11	@ 11¼
FLOUR—Superfine	4 00	@ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 24	@ 1 25
No. 2 Red	1 25	@ 1 26
CORN—Ungraded	51	@ 57
OATS—Mixed Western	40	@ 42
PORK—Mess	16 50	@17 00
LARD	11¼	@ 11½
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 75	@ 6 25
Cows and Heifers	3 00	@ 4 75
Medium to Fair	5 25	@ 5 45
HOGS	5 50	@ 6 25
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 75	@ 6 25
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 00	@ 5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 10	@ 1 12
No. 3 Spring	1 00	@ 1 06
CORN—No. 2	44	@ 46
OATS—No. 2	38	@ 39
RYE—No. 2	96	@ 97
BARLEY—No. 2	99	@ 1 00
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	18	@ 22
EGGS—Fresh	13½	@ 14
PORK—Mess	16 25	@16 50
LARD	11¼	@ 11½
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 15	@ 1 18
No. 2	1 10	@ 1 15
CORN—No. 2	44	@ 45
OATS—No. 2	36	@ 37
RYE—No. 1	94	@ 95
BARLEY—No. 2	89	@ 90
PORK—Mess	16 25	@16 50
LARD	11¼	@ 11½
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 17	@ 1 18
CORN—Mixed	45	@ 46
OATS—No. 2	36	@ 37
RYE	85	@ 86
PORK—Mess	16 50	@16 75
LARD	11	@ 11¼
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT	1 20	@ 1 22
CORN	47	@ 48
OATS	40	@ 41
RYE	98	@ 1 00
PORK—Mess	16 25	@16 50
LARD	10¾	@ 11
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 18	@ 1 19
No. 2 Red	1 19	@ 1 21
CORN—No. 2	48	@ 49
OATS	38	@ 39
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice	5 75	@ 7 25
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 20