A HUSBAND'S LECTURE.

"My dear," said the young husband, "do not fret
For just a simple teacup; do not scold
As if the cup were gold.
Dupay can make another like the set—
At least, so I've been told.

"Believe me, dear, that nothing in this life
Is worth your fretting for. Do as I do—
Be of the happy few
Who do not wear themselves away in strife;
Be calm—do as I do."

The placid master stood serenely o'er
His pet aquarium, watching its still life
So calm and void of strife
(The husband's hobby often is a bore,
Even to a loving wife).

Just then a footman entered with a note,
And turning quickly, the aquarium fell.
Ah me! how shall I tell
How the fierce master the poor culprit caught,
And how he pulled the bell,

And called the man and maids, and banged the door
Fretted and fumed in passionate regret,
And how his feet got wet,
And how the handsome carpet on the floor
Was ruined by his pet?

Meanwhile the wife, serene and calm and still,
Sat smiling in her chair. "My dear," she said,
"Where is your patience fled?
You should control yourself. There is no ill
Worth fretting for. Do as I do, instead."

No answer then. The wreck was all removed.
Then came this frank confession: "Lucy, dear,
I have been wrong, I fear;
My poor lip-patience is indeed reproved."
Then she drew kindly near
And whispered something—what, I can not tell;
But ever since, the wife's small troubles find
A sympathetic mind.

A FASCINATING GHOST.

WANTED.—A young gentleman who knows how to spell, and who writes a good hand, to do copying in the country for two or three months. Must remain in employer's house. Address in own hand, stating what salary is expected, X, Box 1490, this office.

This was an advertisement I cut out of the *Evening Post* one spring afternoon.

In the old days I had been book-keeper for the late concern of Skinflint, Starvehimout & Co., and while with them I had been getting a good salary, and, to my sorrow be it said, lived pretty well up to it; so as I made nothing by the failure of the concern, and lost my place as well, I had to come down very low. I had saved a little, more by good luck than from forethought, and this little, used with the strictest economy, and added to by a few dollars made here and there in odd ways, was all that had kept me alive for eighteen months. However, I didn't feel quite disposed to go to the dogs yet, for there was always a chance of something turning up in a great city like New York.

As I looked around my room that evening I realized how bare it was of either furniture or adornments; how unlike—. Ah, well, there was my paper; and I unfolded it with all the glee of a child over a new story-book. There was, of course, the usual political news, the usual number of railroad accidents and criminal proceedings; there were items of interest to investors and theater goers and travelers; but nothing for me. I had no money to invest, or for theaters, or traveling. So I skipped all that and went on to the advertisements, and the only one of them all worth reading twice was the advertisement quoted above.

I read it two or three times, and then decided it was worth trying. So I hunted up a sheet of paper and addressed X—as follows:

"*My Dear Mr., Mrs. or Miss X.*: I notice your advertisement in to-day's issue of the *Evening Post*. My handwriting you can see for yourself. My spelling, I think, is usually correct, and there is no doubt I am a gentleman. As to salary, I don't know what to say—don't wish to value my services at more than they're worth. Should you mean by 'remain in employer's house,' I would be boarded and lodged at your expense, my price—that is, asking price—is five dollars a week.

"Yours respectfully,
"JAMES W. WOLCOTT."

The next afternoon I heard from my friend X., who proved to be a man. His letter ran thus:

"JAMES W. WOLCOTT, ESQ.:

"*My dear Sir*—You may be a gentleman, write a good hand, and know how to spell, but you're a fool. I inclose sixty-three cents, the fare to ——. You will take the 7 a. m. train to-morrow morning from Grand Central Depot and when you arrive at ——, ask for my carriage, as it will be there to meet you.

"Yours, etc.,
"SOL. HUMPHREYS."

Sol. Humphreys!—the last man in the world I would voluntarily have written to, and for employment, too! Two years before I had a very nice little flirtation with pretty Mabel Humphreys, and it had gone so far that if the crash in my affairs had not occurred, I believe there might have been an understanding, if not an engagement. But as it was I put away all thoughts of love and love-making and dropped pretty Mabel very suddenly, without any kind of an understanding, and I had not seen her since. And now to think I had fairly got myself into it again! But, I reflected, I might not see much of Mabel, after all. So much the better. Bread and butter was a necessity and I must go and make the best of it.

The next morning I caught the train, but missed my breakfast, and by the time I reached the house I was decidedly hungry.

Mr. Humphreys met me at the door, and I was pleased to see he did not seem to remember me at all. He put up his eyeglasses, and inspected me from head to foot.

"So you're James W. Wolcott, are you, young man?"

I told him he was not mistaken. I always had that name—born with it, I believed.

"And you think you're a gentleman?"

I begged his pardon—didn't think anything about it; it was a self-evident fact.

The old fellow grinned. "Suppose you come in and have some breakfast. You haven't had any, I suppose?"

I said I had not.

"Well, come in and have some."

After breakfast Mr. Humphreys led the way into the library and motioned me to take a chair, while he explained what my work was to be. He had been writing a history, or text book of ferns—he was an enthusiastic botanist—and wanted it copied for the press. The work of re-writing the whole thing legibly was more than he wished to undertake, so he had advertised for an amanuensis.

After this had been explained to me, Mr. Humphreys started up. "Get your hat, Mr. Wolcott. I want to show you around."

All through the house and all over the place he took me, and when he got to the farther extremity of the grounds he paused, and pointing to a huge stone house beyond, said: "I'm trying to buy that house; I'm very anxious to get it, but my daughter objects."

I asked him why she objected.

"Well, you see, it hasn't been occupied lately, and she says it's gloomy; says it's haunted, and she wouldn't like to live in it."

"Miss Humphreys can't really believe that to be true," I answered.

"I don't know whether she does or not. She's away now, but she'll be home to-morrow, and perhaps she'll be more reasonable."

The next day Mabel arrived. She met me politely, went through the introduction gracefully, and acted as if she had never seen me before. There was not the slightest half-glance of recognition—she evidently intended to consider me a recent acquaintance. With curious inconsistency I could not help being a little disappointed, while at the same time I was immensely relieved. I don't know what I had expected—a start, a blush, just the shy, pleased look of a girl toward an old friend not yet forgotten; or was it haughtiness, hardly veiled anger, disgust? Whatever I had expected, I got nothing at all but pleasant, meaningless words, great politeness, great civility. I had nothing whatever to do with, and could have no interest in, the intimacy that formerly existed between Mabel Humphreys and James W. Wolcott; he was one man and I was another. And so the days went on, and she was always friendly with her father's copyist.

Toward the end of July Ned Humphreys came home, and brought Mr. Butter-Scotch Steele with him. Mr. Steele's baptismal name was William, but he had been rechristened by his friends Butter-Scotch, on account of his fondness for that particular kind of candy.

Ned was quite a boy, and a capital fellow at that, and he and I soon became firm friends; but Butter-Scotch I loathed. I really don't know why I loathed him so much, unless because there was a rumor afloat that Mabel was making up her mind to renounce the bangs and bangles of single life, and therefore stick to Butter-Scotch. Of course, this, of itself, was enough to make me contemplate placing an extraordinarily bent pin on his chair, or converting his overcoat pocket into a repository for a litter of baby-kittens. But independently of this rumor, I had a distinct and positive impression that I loathed the man just as he was, whether he ever succeeded in marrying Mabel or not. Of course, it was none of my business, but it did seem a pity to stand by and see her become the missing rib, thereby completing the anatomy, of such a molly-coddle.

One morning I was standing on the piazza—just finishing a very nice cigar Mr. Humphreys had presented me with the day before, with the remark that he didn't mind a man smoking once in a while, if he smoked tobacco, but he abominated cabbage—when Mabel came out.

"Mr. Wolcott," she said, "are you going to be busy for a few minutes?"

"I think not," I replied. "Mr. Humphreys doesn't want to begin for half an hour yet."

"Then will you come to the croquet ground and finish your cigar there?"

"Certainly," I answered; "with pleasure."

Over to the croquet ground we strolled, and Mabel sat down on one of the rustic seats. Without preamble of any kind, she began:

"I know you have a friendly feeling for us all, Mr. Wolcott, and I want to ask your opinion and advice."

I bowed, for she was unquestionably right about my friendly feeling, but I wondered what was coming.

She went on: "What do you think of Mr. Steele?"

Well, that was a poser! What did I think of Butter-Scotch? That he was a fool, of course; but I reflected it wouldn't do to tell her so, particularly if she was going to— Oh, no! it wouldn't do at all.

"Why do you ask, Miss Humphreys?"

"I will tell you frankly. There is a very strong inclination on papa's part to buy the stone house."

"Yes, I know there is."

"And I don't want him to."

"May I ask why not?"

"Because it's haunted."

"I don't see how that affects Mr. Steele—he isn't haunted."

Mabel laughed. "I don't suppose he is. But that isn't what I mean. I want to know if he is courageous enough to go there and see if it is really haunted."

"Oh, I guess he's pretty brave; he says he is, and Mr. Humphreys thinks so too, I believe."

"Yes, papa is so enthusiastic over Mr. But—I mean Mr. Steele's kind heart and religious feeling; he thinks he must be a good man, and not easily frightened." She looked at me squarely. "And I want to know if he's a man fully to be trusted—"

"With untold wealth?"

"No; to see a ghost."

"Ah! I see!"

"You're brave, too, aren't you, Mr. Wolcott?"

"You're very kind to say so, but I assure you there never was a worse coward than I am. I've no courage at all—I'm all brain! Now there's the difference between Mr. Steele and myself."

Mabel rose. "Yes, I see the difference," she said. "I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Wolcott, for your good advice. I wasn't sure whether he would undertake it. Brain is a good thing, so is courage; I prefer a happy mixture." And with a pleasant little nod she sailed off.

I never saw until afterward what a comparison I had made—one all courage and no brain, and the other all brain and no courage. I had muddled things badly, that was evident, and the worst of it was that she never gave me an opportunity to let her know I had not intended any disrespect to her future liege.

All this time Sol. Humphreys never ceased talking about buying the stone house. At last Mabel made the proposition that some night we three, Ned Butter-Scotch and myself, should go there and stay until morning, and if our report was "no ghosts," she would not say any more against the purchasing scheme; but if anything diabolical or mysterious happened, that her father was to give up the idea. Our consent being asked we cheerfully gave it, and as one time was as good as another, we decided to make the experiment that night.

Armed each with a stout stick and pillow, we advanced upon the haunted dwelling about 9 o'clock, and were admitted by the man in charge, whose headquarters were in an adjoining building, which communicated with the house by a long entry, at the end of which was an iron door. This door was closed and bolted after us, and we were left to make our explorations in our own way.

I, for one, did not expect to see anything supernatural, but Mabel's stories were very vivid, and I would have liked to oblige her by seeing something uncanny. We had brought a lantern with us, and Butter-Scotch had very self-sacrificingly taken charge of it. So we ascended the stairs, and made a tour of the upper floor, then descended, and made another tour of the ground floor and cellar, and Butter-Scotch considered the exploration so thorough that he strongly advocated going home and to bed, and bringing in a sealed verdict, "No ghost." But we wouldn't hear of it. So, having made sure that the front door was unlocked on the inside, and could be opened instantaneously if the proposed ghost were disposed to be violent, or use language unfit for "ears polite," we made ourselves as comfortable in the hall as the circumstances of no bed and an indefinite ghost would allow.

Ten o'clock—no ghost. Eleven—not a sound. Eleven-thirty—"Ned, you're snoring."

"Oh, no; I was thinking how—" Suddenly there was a crash somewhere in the house.

"By George!" gasped Ned, "we're in for it, boys, and don't you forget it!"

I don't know how long we waited, but then it began again—first a sneeze, then a hissing sound, then a pail rolling down stairs, followed by an assortment of dust-pans and fire-irons.

This was first-class. After the storm ceased Butter-Scotch, in a committee of one, proposed that we should alter the verdict to "ghosts emphatically," and go home. It was entertaining, but, to tell the truth, he was sleepy.

In a few minutes there was another crash, and we saw something white on the stairs, slowly and solemnly approaching. As it neared the bottom, it raised an arm; a low moan came from it, and a rasping sound of a by no means cheerful character.

Butter-Scotch made for the door, and in his excitement pushed against it instead of pulling, so he couldn't get out. The ghost, seeing our fright, uttered a shriek, and came swiftly toward us.

This was too much for flesh and blood to bear, and Butter-Scotch yelled, "Murder! thieves! fire!" frantic with horror, and we all three pulled and pushed, beside ourselves with fear.

Just as the ghost had nearly reached us, Ned pulled the door open, and there was a crash and a rush, and before I knew what had happened the door was shut to with a bang, and I was left in darkness in the hall, with the knowledge that the beastly ghost was where it could touch me if it wanted to. A second of silence, and then a voice hissed, "Cowards!" I indorsed that opinion heartily, but the others were greater cowards than I was; I wouldn't have kicked the light out of the lantern, or shut the door on them.

"There was a yawn, and then the thing said, "Oh, my!"

I plucked up my spirits a little. The ghost had sense enough to be sleepy, and I thought I could stand a little talk, if it would only keep hands off. Possibly it wanted to find the door, for it came straight toward me. But the knob wasn't where the phantom thought it ought to be, and the seeking hand rested for about two seconds on my nose. The touch gave me courage; it was warm, soft and pleasant as a woman's. I stretched out my arms and grasped the phantom. It shrieked and started, but I was strong, and the ghost was solid, so it didn't get away. I didn't feel afraid of it then; on the contrary, it seemed afraid of me.

"Dear ghost, sweet ghost," I said, "I won't hurt you."

The answer came tremblingly and low: "What are you saying? Who sent you?"

"Why, my darling ghost," I said, "the lady that's going to be Mrs. Butter-Scotch."

"How do you know she is?"

"Oh, I know well enough. You must be a smart ghost not to know that."

"She doesn't love him."

"Oh, yes she does. My sweet little phantom, you're entirely mistaken. Come, I'll see if I can't light the lantern, if that insane booby hasn't smashed it all to pieces in getting out."

"Let me go, please," the ghost begged, in a very polite manner, and as it spoke the words sounded to me very much as from a human voice disguised, and yet I couldn't see for the life of me how anything human could have got into the house after we came in, or how anything human could have made such an everlasting row, and rattled its bones so unpleasantly. But the ghost's hands had flesh on them. My curiosity was aroused, so I said: "No, I cannot let you go."

"It's wrong, hugging me, when you love another."

"Whom do I love?"

"Mrs. Butter-Scotch, of course. I know all about it."

"You do, eh? Then I suppose you know how it happened?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Do you know why I stopped?"

"Because you hadn't money enough to ask her to marry you."

"You're perfectly right, my dear little ghost, but neither you nor I know whether she'd have married me even if I had happened to have plenty of money. I wish you'd tell me that."

"I won't do anything of the kind. I'm perfectly suprised at myself for talking to a mortal so long. Good-bye, man. Go back to the Humphreys and tell them what you have seen. If the old man buys this house won't I make it hot for him! Good-bye, mortal."

But I wouldn't let go of the ghost's arm.

"Please let me go now," the phantom beseeched.

A bright idea came to me. I said: "Can I trust you? Is a ghost's word good for anything?"

With great dignity it answered: "Yes; I never lie."

"All right. If you'll promise to meet me to-morrow evening under the old apple tree on Mr. Humphrey's place at 10 o'clock, I'll let you go." And as I released my hold the ghost seemed to vanish away, and I opened the door and went out. My senses were dazed in the open air; the evening had been so strange, so almost suspicious, that I could not fathom it all at once. Besides, I had allowed the ghost to go before it had given the promise to meet me again. I remembered my stupidity with regret, but somehow I felt the ghost would consider the promises as having been given, and be at the trysting-place. At the house they had given me up for lost, and were discussing all manner of plans for my rescue, and Ned was on the point of coming for me alone, as Mr. Steele could not be persuaded to enter that house again until daylight. However, the thing was settled, and Mr. Humphreys accepted our report unquestionably, but with great regret, and the next morning Mabel was informed of the result. At last the evening came, and we were on the piazza. Mabel had retired with a headache, and the rest of us smoked our cigars and followed our own thoughts in silence. As it neared 10 I arose leisurely and strolled off to the old apple tree. I had been there but a few minutes when I saw a white figure approaching as if from the adjoining place, and it came straight to me and stopped at my side.

I lifted my hat. "Good evening," I said.

The phantom responded with a neat little ghostly courtesy. "Mortal, I never tell a lie," it said.

"Will you shake hands? Truly a ghost's word can be believed."

The phantom gave me its hand, but after I had held it a decent length of time, tried to regain possession of it.

"Does the old gentleman believe?" asked the ghost.

"Yes, it's all right—he won't buy the house now. You can remain alone in it in undisturbed possesion."

"I don't want to stay alone in it."

"Well, my sweet phantom, I don't see how you're going to fix it. Haven't you any relatives to come and help you to be gay?"

"No, none."

"That's bad. I know the dust-pan and fire-iron business is jolly, and then it does sound awfully cheerful to have pails rolling downstairs; but it's like playing billiards—gets monotonous if you haven't any one to play with."

The ghost sighed.

"What's that for?" I inquired. "Don't you like being a ghost?"

"No, not a bit."

"Dear me! Would you like to be an ordinary common mortal person?"

"Yes."

"My! And get married?"

"Yes, I guess so—I don't know."

"Well, I'm very fond of you, dear little ghost."

"I don't believe you. You're fond of somebody else."

"Well, well; you told me that before, and I don't deny it; but, my sweet little phantom, she don't care two cents for me now."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I know it very well."

"You're wrong. Why don't you go and ask her?"

"I'm not going to insult her."

"Do you call that an insult?"

"Yes—from one in my position. Sweet ghost," I said, coming nearer, "let's make believe you're my angel," putting my arms around her, and drawing her to me.

"Then you don't love her?"

"On the contrary, it's because I love her so much that I want to make believe you're Miss Mabel."

The ghost submitted with a good grace, but forgot her assumed ghostliness. "James!" she said, and the voice carried me back two years, and my darling was revealed to me.

"Mabel, Mabel," I said, "what is this? Does it mean you love me?"

"Yes."

"But why did you play such a prank on us all?"

"I knew you still loved me, but would never say so, and, besides, I wanted a little fun."

"Bless you, it was fun, but you might have been hurt."

"Oh, no," she laughed; "I wasn't afraid. The others were so brave, and you were such a coward—all brain and no courage, you know."

A month later I was a clerk on a good salary, and six months later Mabel and I were married. But the secret of our wooing in the stone house and under the apple tree was never told, and from that time forth I had no fear of ghosts—my own particular precious little ghost was my shield and my protector.—*Harper's Bazar.*

AN EX-CONSUL'S STORY.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, *but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement*, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Deferring to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me.

C. M. FARMER.
1690 Third avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making.

"'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you.'

"'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.'

"'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism; whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.'

"'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child.'

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly, and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him, watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child—a 10-year-old boy—of a neighbor of mine, residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered, with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above.' 'All right,' he said, laughing. I then applied the Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, *and without his crutches*, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes, and, on landing at New York, he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box, carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can you guess what this is?' 'A present for your sweetheart,' I answered. 'No,' he laughed—'that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it, I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him without whom I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, Mo., Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as a parlor ornament as well as memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.'

"We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterward I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health, and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Interviewing a Machine.

A dealer in hardware on Jefferson avenue has had a straw-cutter standing on the walk in front of his store for some days past to catch the public eye, and yesterday forenoon two boys discovered it and had considerable sport feeding papers under the knife. They were still at work, one at the wheel and the other feeding all the old papers he could find, when along came three Canada Indians with somthing less than a thousand baskets hitched to them. They were evidently father, mother and son, and when they saw the straw-cutter at work they came to a dead halt and exhibited great curiosity to know how the old thing chewed up papers in that manner. After some conversation between them the Indian put down his basket and made a closer inspection. The boys fell back to give him a fair show, and as he picked up a long strip of paper the squaw began turning the wheel in about 4-6 time.

The machinery worked beautifully, and a grin of quiet delight had just commenced to spread over the red man's face when the end of the paper was reached and the knife sliced off the end of his forefinger. There was just one howl, accompanied by a jump three feet high. When the Indian landed he was as silent as the grave and as straight as a bean pole. He looked from his finger to the straw-cutter and back, took in the general laugh from the sidewalk without giving himself away, and with the dignity of a Sultan he walked over to his baskets, resumed his load, and marched off with his wounded hand in his pocket and his nose set on a bee-line for home.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The parents, Rochester, N. Y. See another column.—*Buffalo Express.*

"GLASS silk," is largely used in Germany for filters. It is made by winding threads of glass on heated cylinders, and under the microscope the threads appear as fine as the ultimate fibers of silk or cotton.

SOME TIMELY REFLECTIONS.

Republican Hatred of Tilden.

[From the Buffalo Courier.]

We hate the persons whom we have injured with a more intense hatred than those who have injured us; and doubtless one explanation of that constant persecution with which the Republicans follow Samuel J. Tilden may be found in that contemptible trait of human nature.

The Republican party cheated Mr. Tilden out of the Presidency of the United States, and earnest Republicans can never forgive him for having been a martyr to their party iniquity. He is a Democrat who took a leading part in crushing the worst municipal ring in the country, even though its managers were prominent members of the Democratic organization. Chosen Governor by a large popular majority, he dared to administer the affairs of the State for the good of the people, opposed corruption, reduced expenditures, and cut down taxation, exhibiting such an example of wisdom and economy in the management of public affairs that a venal or extravagant administration will not be possible in New York for years to come.

Nominated for the Presidency, he carried on a great canvass, depending for success more upon an appeal to his own record as a reformer than to party prejudices and passions. He received a majority of the popular vote, but had to undergo the humiliation of seeing his opponent inaugurated in his place. Not only was the foremost political honor of our times snatched away from him, but the glorious opportunities of the Presidential office, which would have turned to services of untold good in his hands, were squandered on a good-natured imbecile, who was not merely incapable of reforming old abuses, but had not even ability enough to keep his own officials from stealing the public money. In the course of his public career, Mr. Tilden had never condescended to mere partisanship, and had incurred the distrust of many Democrats on account of his seeming disregard of the interests of the party; but he met no generous consideration from Republicans at any point in his career. Whenever he accomplished an acknowledged public good his motives were aspersed. His achievements as a ring-breaker were declared to be tricks to aid him in gaining the Governorship; his virtues as a Governor were interpreted as politic devices to win the Presidency. Old slanders were revived against him, and the United States Government officials were employed to blacken his good name by prosecuting vexatious tax suits. Even when he was swindled out of the Presidency he was pursued into private life with the vilest defamation. His personal peculiarities were criticised, his character for truth and honor was made a mere mock. The supposed feebleness of his health was a thing to jibe and jeer about. The revelation of the fact that some of the Returning Board rascals in Florida and Louisiana, whom the Republicans bought and paid for, had offered themselves to Tilden's agents, and would have concluded a bargain with them if he had not stepped in and forbidden the purchase, was treated as proof positive that he had attempted the crime which he would not allow his friends to commit even in the interest of right, and which Republican leaders perpetrated in the interest of wrong. For the four years during which another man exercised the powers of the office to which he had been elected, and pocketed the salary to which he was entitled, he had to endure the meanest abuse. The Republican press acted on the theory that he was to be a candidate in 1880, and that it was necessary to destroy every remnant of his reputation in order to justify the fraud of 1876. Even when Mr. Tilden withdrew from public life, and another man became the representative of the Democracy, the political bloodhounds could not be called off, but kept baying after him all through the canvas of last year. Now again, in obedience to their guilty instinct of hatred, Republican newspapers begin the new canvass with an attack on Tilden. Once more they have set him up as a possible Presidential candidate; and, in their fear lest he should be nominated by the Democracy in 1884, they are bent upon doing what they can to make the next three years of his life miserable. Was there ever an American so wronged as this man, whose only crime has been that he made ordinary politics look shameful by furnishing the people an example of pure and efficient government?

We began by saying that men hate those whom they have wronged; we close by saying that men hate those they fear. This Republican hatred of Tilden may, therefore be not only a tribute to his political virtue, but an indicion of his political strength.

Truth and Honor.

Query: What is the best family medicine in the world to regulate the bowels, purify the blood, remove costiveness and biliousness, aid digestion and tone up the whole system? Truth and honor compels us to answer, Hop Bitters; being pure, perfect and harmless. See another column.—*Toledo Blade.*

How Quartz is Formed.

We have been handed a piece of rock that bore a remarkable resemblance to quartz that had been partially decomposed and its solid parts stained by the oxidization of minerals. It was taken from between the tubes of an old boiler that was being repaired at Lakenan's foundry. The boiler has been in use for some years at quartz mines in this district, and the rock was the result of the accretions or precipitation of the steam that permeated or escaped from the tubes, and in the course of years hardened into a stone some three inches in thickness. To all appearances it was a quartz formation, and would be so pronounced by any miner of experience. The process by which the stone was formed would be a strong proof of the theory that quartz veins are of aqueous formation, and that the forces may be still actively at work in Nature's laboratory creating the fissures and filling them with the deposits of a distinctive mineral character that come from the waters and the so-called "country-rock."—*Grass Valley (Cal.) Tidings.*

New Remedy for Baldness.

In cases of confirmed baldness the new remedy proposed is to remove the scalp, bit by bit, and substitute by skin-grafting pieces of healthy scalp, taken from the heads of young persons. The success which has heretofore attended operations of this nature in cases of scalp wounds gives a promising outlook for this new mode of curing baldness; and perhaps the day is not far distant when the shining pates of our venerable fathers will bloom with the flowing locks of youth.

THE Louisville *Commercial* cites the case of Capt. Chas. N. Corri, of that city, who was cured by St. Jacobs Oil, after suffering for years with rheumatism.—*York (Neb.) Republican.*

Japan's National Flower.

The cherry blossom is the national flower of Japan, as the rose is of England, the lily of France, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland. On the Mikado's flags, pages and carriages, and on the soldiers' caps and uniforms, you will see the open chrysanthemum. But the flower of the people and the nation is the flower of the blossoming cherry tree. The Japanese cultivate all over Japan the sakura tree, which is valued only for the beauty of its blossoms. From an entire tree you could not get ripe cherries enough to make a pie; but the blossoms are massed together on the boughs like clouds, and the blooms are often as large as a rose. Picnics in Japan are called "going to see the flowers." In June millions of people go out to sing and sport and laugh and play under the cherry trees, or to catch "the snow showers that do not fall from the skies." Some of the people become so enchanted with the lovely blossoms as to even worship the famous old trees.

THE Philadelphia *Easy Hour* mentions Mr. J. A. Walton, of 1245 North Twelfth street, that city, as an enthusiastic indorser of St. Jacobs Oil for the relief and cure of diseases of horses.

Why Not?

Why isn't glucose quoted in any of the market reports? Because it is a fraud. It is a sirup extracted from corn by means of sulphuric acid. It is sold for table use, and is employed most extensively in making candy. Nearly all the candy made in New York and many other cities is composed almost entirely of glucose, and its detrimental effects upon the health of those who eat it is very great. That it is the reason that it is not quoted and is not sold for what it really is.—*Rochester Herald.*

The Best Proof of Merit

is uniform success, and on this basis Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is without doubt one of the greatest remedies in the land.

TO REMOVE bolts that have been rusted in, without breaking them, the most effective remedy that we know of is the liberal application of petroleum. It rarely fails to accomplish the work. Care must be taken that the petroleum shall reach the rusty parts, and some time must be allowed to give it a chance to penetrate beneath and soften the layer of rust, before the attempt to remove the bolt is made.

HABITUAL costiveness afflicts millions of the American people. Kidney-Wort will cure it.

Snakes that Die at Sundown.

In almost every country a curious belief exists, in some form or other, that a serpent will not die before sundown, however mutilated it may be. Perhaps the great tenacity of nervous vitality common to all the lower or so-called cold-blooded animals—as evinced by their vigorous contortions after decapitation, and even muscular quiverings of the dissevered portion when cut in pieces—may accout for this. A huge Python molurus has been known to snatch a torch out of a coolie's hands and shake it to pieces after its body was cut in two and the anterior half transfixed with a sword. And everywhere where poisonous snakes abound, it will be found that some particular tribe of Indians or religious sect or other people, are reputed to have the power, by means of inoculation or otherwise, to prepare their bodies, so as to render them proof against the effects of the venom, and are thus enabled to handle dangerous serpents with impunity. But alas! when we come to investigate these (on the face) by no means impossible or even improbable tales, we soon meet with a tissue of nonsense which throws one back in disappointment and disgust. Thus, Mme. La Barca, in her book on Mexico, says that injections of the rattlesnake's venom into the veins is practiced there, the result being that the inoculated one is not only protected from the bite of all venomous animals, but has the power of inflicting a deadly bite himself! I think Pliny attributes some such process with the scorpion's poison to his African psylli, or serpent charmers, instead of the far more probable one of blunting the insect's sting; or extracting the snake's fangs.—*London Field.*

"Rough on Rats."

Ask Druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, vermin, insects. 15c.

DR. WINCHELL'S Teething Syrup has never failed to give immediate relief when used in cases of Summer Complaint, Cholera-infantum, or pains in the stomach. Mothers, when your little darlings are suffering from these or kindred causes, do not hesitate to give it a trial. You will surely be pleased with the charming effect. Be sure to buy Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup. Sold by all druggists. Only 25 cents per bottle.

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.

FOR Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint and all bilious derangements of the blood, there is no remedy as sure and safe as Eilert's Daylight Liver Pills. They stand unrivalled in removing bile, toning the stomach and in giving healthy action to the liver. Sold by all druggists.

THE Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin* says the NORTHWESTERN HORSE NAIL CO., the leading house in the country, whose great success is due to its enterprising manager, A. W. Kingsland, makes *five tons* daily of the best horse nails in the world, and has more orders than it can fill.

THERE was a young lady quite fair,
Who had much trouble with her hair,
So she bought Carboline
And a sight to be seen
Is the head of this maiden, I declare.

FOR Rheumatism, Sprains and Bruises, use Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Liniment, sold by all druggists.

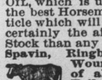
RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.

These familiar words recall to the farmer and others interested, the unfortunate necessity of sometimes getting rid of Stock that is not otherwise salable on account of blemishes or imperfections. To improve upon this method, by showing how to restore your Stock to first-class condition, is the plan herewith presented. The signal benefit of the Great German Remedy to mankind very reasonably induced its application to the sufferings and ailments of the dumb creation, beginning with the Horse. People who tried it were more than surprised by its results, as attested in the speedy and permanent cure of their Stock, and they gladly announced their experience by word of mouth and by the public press, until to-day FARMERS and DEALERS, STOCKMEN AND BREEDERS, the COUNTRY OVER, are using ST. JACOBS OIL with delight, satisfaction and profit. The mistake of thinking that anything is good enough for a Horse is made by

others who lose their Stock by a miserable effort at economy. There are others who humanely regard the welfare of their faithful dumb creatures; and provide for their comfort with good food and shelter, and for their health by a constant supply of ST. JACOBS OIL,—the safest and speediest relief for Diseases of Horses and Stock ever discovered. Whenever there appears any evidence whatsoever of disease or injury among Animals, they should have the best possible treatment, as it never pays to defer attention to Stock. Inasmuch, then, as it is the part of common prudence to use the surest curative means in the beginning, every Stable, Farm and Stock-yard should be abundantly supplied with ST. JACOBS OIL, which is used and recommended by the best Horsemen in the country as an article which will relieve more promptly and certainly the ailments of and Injuries to Stock than any other remedy known. For Spavin, Ringbone, Wind-Gall, Flesh-



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