THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

BY CHARLES DICKENS,

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't you hear it roar, now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are all in,
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof shall fall in.
Poor creatures, how they envies us
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"But, as for those who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home
To cheer the babes and spouses,
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying—
My eyes! what tides and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires, in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

THE SILVER TANKARD.

On a slope of land opening itself to the south, in a new thickly-settled town in the State of Maine, some hundred and more years ago, stood a farm-house to which the epithet "comfortable" might be applied. The old forest came down to the back of it, in front were cultivated fields; beyond which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees, which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them.

The house stood at the very verge of the settlement, so that from it no other cottage could seen; the nearest neighbor was distant about six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and acupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his own home, but, prospectively, as the home of his children and his children's children. He was willing to be far off from men, that his children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two storys in front and one behind, with a long, sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south, to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains.

It was full of the comforts of life—the furniture was a little showy for a Puritan, and when the table was set there was, to use a Yankee phrase, "considerable" silver plate, among which a large silver tankard stood pre-eminent. This silver had been the property of his father, and had been brought over from the mother country.

Now we will go back to this pleasant valley as it was on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday, and, though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man had gone to meeting on foot to the Landing, a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing at the door, with the horse and chaise, ready and waiting for his good wife, who had been somewhat detained. He was standing at the door-step enjoying the freshness of the morning, with a little pride in his heart, perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread before him. At that instant a neighbor, of six miles' distance, rode up on horseback, and beckoned to him from the gate of the inclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbor Gordon," said he. "I have come out of my way in going to meeting to tell you that Tom Smith,—that daring thief—with two others, have been seen prowling about in these parts, and that you had better look out lest you have a visit. I have got nothing in my house to bring them there, but they may be after your silver tankard, neighbor, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit for these new parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal the better. I don't think it safe for you all to be off to meeting to-day; but I am in a hurry, neighbor, so good-by."

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left at home but his daughter Mehitable, a beautiful little girl about 9 years old. Shall I stay or go? was the question. Daniel was a Puritan. He had strict notions of the duty of worshiping God in His temple, and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty; but then he was a father, and little Hitty was the light and joy of his eyes.

But these Puritans were stern and unflinching. I will not even take Hitty with me; for 'twill make her cowardly. The thieves may not come; Neighbor Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house they will not hurt that child. At any rate, she is in God's hands; and we will go to worship Him, who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him. As he settled this, the little girl and her mother stepped to the chaise; the father saying to the child, "If any strangers come, Hitty, treat them well. We can spare of our abundance to the poor. What is silver and gold, when we think of God's Holy Word?" With these words on his lips he drove off—a troubled man, in spite of his religious trust; because he left his daughter in the wilderness alone.

Little Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's day. She knew that she ought to return to the house, but nature, for this once, at least, got the better of her training. "No harm," thought she, "to see the brood of chickens." Nor did she, when she had given them some water, go into the house; but loitered and lingered, hearing the robin sing, and following with her eye the bob'lincoln, as she fluttered from shrub to shrub. She passed almost an hour out of the house, because she did not wish to be alone, and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds, and was gathering here and there a little wild flower. But at last she went in, took her Bible and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading and sometimes looking out.

As she was there seated, she saw three men coming up toward the house, and she was right glad to see them; for she felt lonely, and there was a dreary, long day before her. "Father," thought she, "meant something when he told me to be kind to strangers. I suppose he expected them. I wonder what keeps them all from meeting? Never mind; they shall see that I can do something, if I am little Hitty." So putting down the Bibie, she ran to meet them, happy, confiding, and even glad that they had come; and, without waiting for them to speak, she called to them to come in with her and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here she would do more for you, but I will do all I can;" and all this with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father, whose last words were, to spare of their abundance to the weary traveler.

Smith and his two companions entered. Now, it was neither breakfast-time nor dinner-time, but about half-way between both; yet little Hitty's head was full of the direction, "Spare of our abundance," and almost before they were fairly in the house, she asked if she would give them something to eat. Smith replied: "Yes, I will thank you, my child, for we are all hungry." This was, indeed, a civil speech for the thief who, half-starved, had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal the silver tankard, as soon as the men folk had gone to meeting. "Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait until I can cook some meat?" "We can't wait," was the reply, "give us what you have ready, as soon as you can." "I am glad you do not want me to cook for you—but I would do it if you did—because father would rather not have much cooking on Sundays." Then away she tripped about, making preparations for their repast. Smith himself helped her out with the table. She spread upon it a clean white cloth, and placed upon it the silver spoons and the silver tankard full of "old orchard," as was the custom in those days, with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat: I don't know why the silver spoons were put on—perhaps little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all this was done she turned to Smith, and with a courtesy told him that dinner was ready. The child had been so busy in arranging her table, and so thoughtful of housewifery, that she took little or no notice of the appearance or manners of her guests. She did the work as cheerily and as freely, and was as unembarrassed, as if she had been surrounded by her father and mother and brothers. One of the thieves sat down doggedly, with his hands on his knees, and his face almost to his hands, looking all the time on the floor. Another, a younger and better-looking man, stood confounded and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken into his trade; and often would go back to the window and look out, keeping his back to the child. Smith, on the other hand, looked unconcerned, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose. He never once took his attention off the child, following her with his eye as she bustled about in arranging the dinner-table; and there was even a half-smile on his face. They all moved to the table, Smith's chair at the head, one of his companions on each side, and the child at the foot, standing there to help her guests, and to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need.

The men ate as hungry men, almost in silence, drinking occasionally from the silver tankard. When they had done, Smith started up suddenly and said "Come! let's go." "What!" exclaimed the old robber, "go with empty hands when this silver is here?" He seized the tankard. "Put that down," shouted Smith; "I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from this house." Poor Hitty at once awoke to a sense of the character of her guests; with terror in her face, yet with a childlike frankness, she ran to Smith, took hold of his hand, and looked into his face, as if she felt sure that he would take care of her.

The old thief, looking up to his young companion, and finding that he was ready to give up the job, and seeing that Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, growling like a dog which has had a bone taken from him. "Fool! catch me in your company again;" and with such expressions left the house, followed by the other. Smith put his hand on the head of the child and said: "Don't be afraid; stay quiet in the house; nobody shall hurt you."

Thus ended the visit of the thieves.

Thus God preserved the property of those who had put their trust in Him. What a story had the child to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the thanksgiving that went up from the family altar.

A year or two after this, poor Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime, and was tried and sentenced to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in a jail in the seaport town, to wait for the dreadful day when he was to be hung up like a dog between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him. He felt drawn to him for the protection of his daughter, and went down to see him. When he entered the dungeon, Smith was seated; his face was pale, his hair was tangled and matted together—for why should he care for his looks? There was no other expression in his countenance than that of irritation from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing more of his fellow-man. He did not rise, nor even look up, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him. At last, as if wearied beyond endeavor, he asked: "What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone even here?"

"I come," said Gordon, "to see you, because my daughter told me all you did for her when you—"

As if touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed; an expression of deep interest came over his features; he was altogether a changed man. The sullen indifference passed away in an instant. "Are you the father of that little girl? Oh, what a dear child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her. That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I kiss her once I think I should be happier." In this hurried manner he poured out an intensity of feeling little supposed to lie in the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained with Smith, whispered to him of peace beyond the grave for the penitent, smoothed in some degree his passage through the dark valley, and did not return to his family until Christian love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom scarcely before had the eye of love rested; whose hand had been against all men because their hands had been against him.

I have told the story more at length and interwoven some unimportant circumstances, but it is before you substantially as it was related to me. The main incidents are true; though, doubtless, as the story has been handed down from generation to generation, it has been colored by the imagination. The silver tankard, as an heirloom, has descended in the family—the property of the daughter named Mehitable, and is now in the possession of a clergyman's wife in Massachusetts.

Teutonic Jokes.

A collection of jokes, conscious and the reverse, perpetrated in the German Parliament, has recently been published by "Ancelmus Factus" in Berlin. The collection ranges from 1867 to the present time, and if the quibs and cranks it contains do not always seem to be unreasonably waggish, they are at all events interesting as indicating the German idea of a joke. A portion of the collection consists of the naive, and sometimes oddly inconsequential, remarks of inexperienced members. Thus Dr. Schwartze observed on one occasion that "he had great pleasure in saying that the motives of this proposal, though unknown to him, were yet fully in accordance with his views;" and Herr Von Viacke expressed his agreement with a previous speaker to this effect: "I think just as he does in this matter; I am exactly in the position in which I am." Similarly, Dr. Ellissen once oracularly remarked "The proposal of the honorable member has either no meaning or it has a meaning." On the other hand we should probably be mistaken if we ascribed a remark of one Herr Schraps to mere *naivete* or confusion of tongue. "I have supported," said Herr Schraps, "Dr. Reineke's proposal, and will vote for it, but shall be very much pleased, nevertheless, if the House rejects it." The jokes which are undoubtedly intentional are sometimes rather grim. Thus, Herr Dedecker, discussing a proposal for the complete insolation of cholera patients, doubted "whether it would not be a surer preventive to kill off the first cholera patients at once; but we have hardly come to that yet." There is a certain humor, too, of a melancholy sort, in the phrase of Dr. Schweitzer: "We believe in a country where the police are always with us, before us, and behind us, and in our midst."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

BITS OF INFORMATION.

THE greatest length of the United States from east to west is estimated at 3,000 miles; its greatest breadth from north to south, 1,700 miles, containing an estimated area of 3,250,000 square miles.

NEW fashions for ladies were set in the last century by dressing dolls in the prevailing mode and distributing them over Europe. The custom is believed to date from Venice, where the Government rigorously regulated dress by means of a doll set up as a pattern.

THE elevation of the great lakes above mean tide at New York—compiled from latest data—(Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 inclusive) gives:

	Feet.
Mean level of Lake Ontario	246.61
Mean level of Lake Erie	572.94
Mean level of Detroit river	75 506
Mean level of Lake Huron	581.28
Mean level of Lake Michigan	581.28
Mean level of Lake Superior	601.78

THE Sandwich islands alphabet has 12 letters; the Burmese, 19; Italian, 20; Bengalese, 21; Hebrew, Syrian, Chaldee and Samaritan, 22 each; Greek, 24; Latin, 25; German, Dutch and English, 26 each; Spanish and Sclavonic, 27 each; Arabic, 28; Persian and Coptic, 32; Georgian, 35; Armenina, 38; Russian, 41; Muscovite, 43; Sanscrit and Japanese, 50; Ethiopic and Tartarian, 202 each.

THE term Blue Hen, applied to the State of Delaware, originated with Capt. Caldwell, an officer of the First Delaware regiment in the time of the Revolution; he was very fond of game cocks, but maintained that no cock was truly game unless its mother was a blue hen. As he was very popular his regiment was often referred to as the "Blue Hens," and the name was afterward transferred to the State and its inhabitants.

A BLIZZARD is the Northwestern name for a gale of wind filled with snow and icy particles as fine as rice powder, with a temperature 10 to 20 degrees below zero. A genuine blizzard is so fierce that you can neither face it nor distinguish objects ten feet away from you. In Dakota and Minnesota during the prevalence of a blizzard farmers only venture out of their houses with girdle ropes around their bodies to enable them to find their way back. There has never been a genuine blizzard in Michigan.

SALT is a symbol of fidelity. A man who has partaken of salt with you is bound to you by the laws of hospitality. Bread and salt eaten at the confirmation of a treaty signifies that all parties are bound to keep the treaty. Salt is also an emblem of desolation. In ancient times conquered cities were always sown with salt. In Scotland and Ireland it was formerly considered to represent the incorruptible spirit and was always laid above the heart of a corpse. It was also the custom, when all the household of a nobleman dined together, to place a large salt cellar in the middle of the table, as a boundary of distinction between the family and the menials.

COATS-OF-ARMS were used to distinguish the different chiefs or lords and their followers in battle and abroad, before the common people had learned to read. They were necessary as the uniforms and badges are now to distinguish the various regiments and state officers. The figures of lions, dragons, eagles and other creatures, the rose, lily and palm, could be recognized when embroidered on the surcoat or garment worn above the armer to protect it from tarnishing, and soldiers could know at a glance when they met to what Duke or Prince they belonged. At first only sovereigns used those distinctions; afterward all families of noble birth chose badges and figured shields, every design on which was a sign of some trait of which they were proud—their loyalty, courage or ambition. Or the figures recalled some notable event in the fortunes of the family, as the spider, which Robert Bruce watched mending its web in the cave, while he was hiding from his enemies, was placed in the royal arms after he became King of Scotland.

Sights on a Road in Palestine.

Congressman Sunset Cox writes as follows from Jerusalem:

The old maratime plain of the Philistines (which is another name for Palestine) lay along this coast, from Gaza northward, and it was considered a land worth struggles. This Joshua found. But in vain do we look for the "roses of Sharon and the lilies that grow" in this land so renowned once for its roseate beauty. Still, we are told that in the vernal season it is carpeted like a Texas prairie with flowers of various hue and loveliness. Along the dusty afternoon road we pass innumerable caravans of camels, led by Arabs on donkeys. The Arab generally sits on the remote point of the *os cocygis* of the animal, and without stirrups. He swings his bare brown feet and legs, while the little beast, like Julus, alongside of his father, trots *incuvo pede*. Plenty of women, with faces here apparent, and in long, blue, cheap cotton mantles, and sometimes with head crowned with burdens of fruit, pitchers, straw or wood, are met in the way. Some ruins, mostly of churches, here and there appear, while square, windowless, Turkish guardhouses are seen at intervals, at whose doors are the white-dressed, fez-capped Turkish soldiers with guns and cigarettes. These are the police who are supposed to guard the road; but to our observation no guard is needed, except in the dark mountain passes, and there Turkish engineering has been careful to have as few guard-houses as possible!

There is not much to see on the road until you come to Ramleh. Beggars and back-shish, and some old relics as crusading reminders are here, and one very conspicuous object. The latter is a square tower and winding staircase. It is off the road, and has a fine view of the surrounding country. It is over a thousand years old, and has many Moslem associations. Ramleh has been the scene of much contest. Indeed, every little spot here in Judea is full of memories, from the time Israel came down from the Moab Mountains into the Jordan Valley. The road is not to be mentioned for its convenience and perfection, only for its historic, religious and æsthetic interest. It was built in 1869, by forced labor, and indeed its rough and stony incompleteness looks like anything but the result of cheerful work. It is supported by tolls, so much per head, on every animal on the road. One should not complain of the road when it is remembered that before 1869 there was not a bridle-path to Jerusalem. It is said that the Sultan promised the Empress Eugenie to build a road to Jerusalem if she would come that way, and this royal courtesy is the origin of the road.

Can Electricity Be Used as a Motor?

Though no great feat of hauling, or heaving, or pushing has yet been performed by electricity, we know the force can be made to push and haul and heave. A man has driven about Paris in an electric tricycle; a girl has sewed a shirt with sewing machine moved by the same power; a bit of rock has been attacked by an electric borer; a toy boat runs about in a lake, driven by electricity; and, best of all, Messrs. Siemens are now carrying passengers in a "tram," which has no other motor than the electric "fluid," or modification of motion, or whatever it ought to be called. It is not only probable, but certain, that many of the difficulties now impeding the application of the force to heavy work will be dissolved, under the pressure of the brain-power now applied to them from every corner of the civilized world; and quite possible that in a year or two a cheap method of generating electricity will be applied—not discovered, for we know already that falling water, in governable masses, is what is wanted—and that the storage of the force will not only be a credible, but an easily accomplished process. That is not supposing more than has occurred in the application of electricity to message-sending, and that accomplished, and cost reduced, as science always reduces it, we should have from the new agent at least two things—a light, full, permanent and cheap, to be used wherever wanted, in the street, workshop, and house, as in the mine; and a motor, manageable, tireless, light, and as effective for small work in the hands of the individual as for great work in the hands of a mighty company. That which will drive a railway train will drive a girl's sewing machine or a boy's mechanical horse; that which will urge a rock-borer will help to carve a sixpenny bloodstone seal. Electricity can be made to perform all tasks that can be performed by unintelligent force.

Tom Corwin's Last Joke.

Private Dalzell, in a communication to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, relates a conversation between himself and General Garfield in 1877, on the humorous phase of Tom Corwin's life:

"General," said I, "was Tom Corwin a happy man? Did he enjoy life as well as most great men do?"

General Garfield replied:

"I hardly know how to answer. What were his thoughts in the solitude of his own room, especially in his latter years, I can not say, but I am inclined to think they were sad enough. He was in a measure a disappointed man. He was possessed of great powers, and he was fully conscious of that fact. He may have felt that if he had exerted his talents in other ways than he had been accustomed to do, he might have reached a more solid fame, and possibly greater offices. I do not know. But I do know he sometimes said as much to me in his calmer moments. But in a trice he was off again with his yarns that set and kept the whole company in a constant roar of laughter. He once told me how he got into Congress the first time. He was nominated and had no more idea of an election than the dead. But he went out to canvass on horseback, through the settlements from log cabin to log cabin, and solicit votes. His competitor was almost sure of election, for the district was strongly with his party.

"One night Corwin stopped at a log hut, where all the family ate, slept and lived in the only room in the house, after the simple habits of that day. The occupant was a Democrat, and Corwin said he never dreamed of getting his vote. But that night, as they gathered round the fireside, he asked the fellow if he knew Mr. ——, his competitor. 'Wall,' replied the farmer, 'I rather guess I do—I'll never vote for him.' This was a sensation to Corwin. He was now on the trail of something that might prove beneficial in his canvass—something he might use at his next meeting to set the house in a roar.

"'May I ask your reason for not voting for him?' said Mr. Corwin, 'I am sure Mr. —— is a good old Locofoco.' 'I didn't keer for that,' replied Tom's host, 'he kin never get my vote. No man that wears a woman's gown of nights kin ever have my vote.' This the old fellow said as solemnly as possible, and without a smile. Tom's quick penetration took the point, and with a visage heavy with mock gravity, while he was choking back the laugh that the comic situation provoked, Tom said, 'He wears a woman's gown, does he, eh? Just think of it—a woman's gown! A pretty candidate for Congress.' 'Yaas,' said the old lady, who sat knitting in the chimney corner, and raising her spectacles, she looked up from her knitting, and in a solemn tone, said: 'Yaas, Mr. Corwin, that be the God Almighty's truth, ef my old man ever told de truth in his life. I seed him put on that ar' dratted gown, and ef you believe me, it had a tail as long as my gown, too,' and the old lady looked fierce. Not a smile appeared on any face. Tom said he was dying to have a good laugh over it. But the fun of the whole thing was its absolute sobriety and ludicrous solemnity. 'Waal,' drawled the old man, 'you see it was this way: He was here one night jist as you be to-night, and mam and I went into that 'ar bed right there, and he into this bed right here. Afore he got in he stooped down as if he was a gwine to pray. "Hisht," sez I, "mam, our Congressman is kinder pious." Jist then he opens his saddlebags and I peeped out to see what it was. And I'll be goll darned if it wasn't a woman's shirt with a tail a mile long, and into it he clim and popped into bed and jist looked like ole woman for all the world.'

"'You and I,' droned the farmer, 'Mr. Corwin, works hard all day in our ole shirts and they is all-fired sweaty sometimes, but we thinks nothin' of sleepin' in 'em. But that darned cuss is so aristocratic that he hez to put on airs and kerry his wife's shirt around with him, and sleeps in hit, darn him. I'll never vote for no sich man.'

Tom had it. He slept little that night. Next day he went forth on his errand of drumming up a crowd for his night meeting.

At the meeting he opened thus: "My friends, it was thought there was no issue in this campaign. I know my opponent claims there is none. But I tell you there is. It is a very solemn one, too. It is *the Shirt-tail issue.*" And then he went on, amid peals of laughter to tell the story, and carried the crowd with him. Night after night he told that yarn to crowds, who serenaded it with yells of laughter. Tom carried the district and went to Congress.

"While Tom Corwin was telling that very story," said General Garfield, "and just as he reached the climax and was on his feet vociferating that comical speech about the shirt, his head drooped a little, his countenance turned ashey, and he started to fall, but I caught him in my arms, *and so Tom Corwin died!*"

The Weigh of the Transgress.

By almost universal consent, the lightweight championship is conceded to dealers in coal. As water unto milk, and glucose to the lager beer, so are the platform scales to the coal cart. It would be unjust to large numbers of honest and reputable dealers to say that their coal is like the fellow who said that when he was mad he weighed a ton, but the conduct of disreputable and dishonest dealers has a tendency to throw suspicion upon all of them. According to the statement of one who has tried it, it requires the spirit of a martyr to be an honest dealer, at least in New York. He tells a doleful story of the difficulties, not to say the dangers, he encountered in trying to deliver 2,000 pounds for a ton to his costumers. He began by announcing that any one buying coal of him could test its weight at any of the public scales. The result was astonishing. Orders came in from all directions and not more than one in ten ever wanted to test it. When cartmen came from other yards he had to enlarge their carts. For these offenses he was set upon by a member of the Coal Association and beaten; his cartmen were got away from him; they tried to prevent his vessels from landing; broke his derricks, and he had good reason to think that they either shot at him or had him shot at. So that it is not the weigh of transgressor, but the other man's, that is hard.

ONE of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from the skepticism of the elders, and works up into small mythologies of its own.

Do'st thou love life?—Then do not squander valuable time—for that is the stuff life is made of—but procure at once a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for your Cough and be cured. Your druggist keeps it.

What Volcanoes Are Not.

"What is a volcano?" This is a familiar question, often addressed to us in our youth, which "Catechisms of Universal Knowledge" and similar school manuals have taught us to reply to in some such terms as the following:

"A volcano is a burning mountain, from the summit of which issues smoke and flames."

This description, says Professor Judd, is not merely incomplete and inadequate as a whole, but each individual proposition of which it is made up is grossly inadequate and, what is worse, perversely misleading.

In the first place, the action which takes place at volcanoes is not "burning," or combustion, and bears, indeed, no relation whatever to that well-known process. Nor are volcanoes necessarily "mountains" at all; essentially, they are just the reverse—namely, holes in the earth's crust, or outer portion, by means of which a communication is kept up between the surface and the interior of our globe. When mountains do exist at centers of volcanic activity, they are simply the heaps of materials thrown out of these holes, and must, therefore, be regarded not as the causes, but as the consequences of volcanic action. Neither does this action always take place at the "summits" of volcanic mountains when such exist, for eruptions occur quite as frequently on their sides or at their bases. That, too, which popular fancy regards as "smoke" is really condensing steam or watery vapor, and the supposed raging "flames" are nothing more than the glowing light of a mass of molten material reflected from these vapor clouds.

The name of volcano has been borrowed from the mountain Vulcano, in the Lapari Islands, where the ancients believed that Hephæstus, or Vulcan, had his forge. Volcanic phenomena have been at all times regarded with a superstitious awe, which has resulted in the generation of such myths as the one just mentioned, or of that in which Ætna was said to have been formed by the mountains, under which an angry god had buried the rebellious Typhon. These stories changed their form, but not their essence, under a Christian dispensation, and Vulcano became regarded as the place of punishment of the Arian Emperor Theodosius, and Ætna as that of Anne Boleyn, who had sinned by perverting the faith of King Henry III.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

"BECAME SOUND AND WELL."

HATCHER'S STATION, GA., March 27, 1876.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.

Yours truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN.

A YOUNG member of the bar thought he would adopt a motto for himself, and, after much reflection, wrote in large letters, and posted up against the wall, the following, "*Sum Cuique*," which may be translated, "Let every one have his own." A country client, coming in, expressed himself much gratified with the maxim, but added, "You don't spell it right." "Indeed! Then how ought it to be spelt?" The visitor replied, "Sue 'em quick."

SICK and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

A YOUNG wife lost her husband who was about 70 years of age. "But how did you ever happen to marry a man of that age?" asked one of her friends. "Why," said the young widow, "you see I only had the choice between two old men, and of course I took the oldest."

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow," remarked a bald old bachelor to a pretty girl, as he told her good-night. "I should smile," she replied, glancing upon his hairlessness and wondering how he ever did it.

YOUNG men, and middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, send three stamps for Part VII. of Dime Series Books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"MA," REMARKED a New Haven belle, "do you know what has become of that old trunk lid of grandma's? It would make a beautiful hat for the theater, with a few feathers on it."

Almost Young Again.

My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three mouths ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady in Providence, R. I.—*Journal.*

A NEW JERSEY man can take a load of pine saw-dust and transform it into a gallon of good whisky, and if science can go any further than that let her slide.

He Had Bronchitis.

A prominent physician of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I owe my life to Piso's Cure." He had bronchitis.

Messrs. Crum & Bro., Cook's Mills, Ill., say that "Piso's Cure for Consumption sells readily, and is giving universal satisfaction."

J. T. Bledsoe, Francesville, Ind., writes: "Piso's Cure is giving general satisfaction. My sales last year increased about one-half over former years."

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

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.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the PERUVIAN EFFERVESCENT ELIXIR OF CALISAYA BARK, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from fever, or other sickness it has no equal.

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

If you are hairless and crippled there is one way and no more by which you may be made careless and happy—use CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, it will positively make new hair grow.

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

A. BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES.—Magnificent holiday presents; square grand pianofortes, four very handsome round corners, rosewood cases, three unisons, Beatty's machines from frames, stool, book, cover, boxes, $229.75 to $297.50; catalogue prices, $900 to $1000; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, after one year's use; Upright Pianofortes, $125 to $255; catalogue prices $500 to $800; standard pianofortes of the universe, as thousands testify; write for nanmmoth list of testimonials. Beatty's Unbiased ORGANS, cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, $30 upward. Visitors welcome; free carriage meets passengers; illustrated catalogue (holiday edition) free. Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE

Is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits. Price, 25 cents.

DR. GREENE'S OXYGENATED BITTERS

Is the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, and Diseases of the Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF cures all affections of the mucous membrane, of the head and throat.

DR. MOTT'S LIVER PILLS are the best Cathartic Regulators.

Get Out Doors.

The close confinement of all factory work gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best medicine, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost but a trifle. See another column.—*Christian Recorder.*

PAUL H. HAYNE was wealthy before the war, but now he is very poor, and too ill to work. His residence is little more than a hut, standing alone in a clump of scrub oak on a sandy knoll, twenty miles from Atlanta, Ga. The commonest necessities of life are all that he can procure; but he goes on rhyming, in a room papered with pictures cut from illustrated newspapers, and on a desk made out of an old work-bench left on the premises by a carpenter.

"The Gods Help

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

THERE is an incorrigible little darky down in Washington, Ga. He is 9 years old, and is known as a horse-thief, as well as being willing to steal anything else. His mother has tried to reform him by whipping him for the first half of the day, and hanging him up in a bag and smoking him the other half, but the inhabitants of Washington despair of his being a trustworthy citizen.

KIDNEY WORT will cure kidney and liver diseases and worst cases of piles.

POOR whisky makes rich divorce lawyers.—*Chronicle Herald.* Now tell us what good whisky does.—*Williamsport Banner.* Well, with the other ingredients, it makes excellent milk punch. It also causes bad headaches, creates a demand for Seltzer water, and makes America ashamed of its Congressmen.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$8 25	@13 00
HOGS	5 00	@ 6 20
COTTON	12	@ 12¼
FLOUR—Superfine	4 10	@ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2, Spring	1 34	@ 1 35
No. 2 Red	1 40	@ 1 41
CORN—Ungraded	68	@ 75
OATS—Mixed Western	48	@ 50
PORK—Mess	17 50	@17 75
LARD	11	@ 11¼
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 75	@ 6 50
Cows and Heifers	2 40	@ 4 00
Medium to Fair	4 40	@ 5 00
HOGS	4 40	@ 6 65
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	7 25	@ 7 50
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	6 00	@ 7 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 25	@ 1 27
No. 3 Spring	1 12	@ 1 14
CORN—No. 2	61	@ 61
OATS—No. 2	44	@ 45
RYE—No. 2	96	@ 97
BARLEY—No. 2	1 02	@ 1 03
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	35	@ 38
EGGS—Fresh	24	@ 25
PORK—Mess	16 75	@17 00
LARD	11	@ 11¼
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 36	@ 1 40
No. 2	1 28	@ 1 29
CORN—No. 2	61	@ 62
OATS—No. 2	41	@ 42
RYE—No. 1	94	@ 95
BARLEY—No. 2	91	@ 92
PORK—Mess	16 50	@16 75
LARD	10¾	@ 11
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 32	@ 1 33
CORN—Mixed	53	@ 61
OATS—No. 2	4¾	@ 46
RYE	94	@ 95
PORK—Mess	17 25	@17 50
LARD	11	@ 11¼
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT	1 36	@ 1 37
CORN	66	@ 67
OATS	47	@ 48
RYE	1 03	@ 1 04
PORK—Mess	16 50	@16 75
LARD	10¾	@ 11
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 30	@ 1 31
No. 2 Red	1 34	@ 1 35
CORN	65	@ 66
OATS	45	@ 46
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice	6 50	@ 9 50
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 33	@ 1 31
CORN—Mixed	64	@ 66
OATS—Mixed	46	@ 47
BARLEY (per cental)	2 00	@ 2 20
PORK—Mess	17 25	@17 50
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 34	@ 1 35
CORN—No. 2	62	@ 64
OATS	46	@ 48
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	6 00	@ 6 25
Fair	5 25	@ 5 50
Common	4 00	@ 5 00
HOGS	5 90	@ 6 45
SHEEP	2 50	@ 4 00

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

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

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