THE HUNGRY BOARDER.

"Oh, husband, what one boarder eats
We'd scarcely miss, not even meats,
Do let me take one—you will see
The profits make you rich and me."

The husband was too wise a man
To argue 'gainst a woman's plan;
Beside, he knew she'd have her way
As usual; so he said, "You may."

But, being wise, he sought a friend
Famed for an appetite. "Come spend
A week with me," he said, "and show
My wife what boarders are, you know."

The table was a sight to see;
The wife, so happy, poured the tea;
The bogus boarder loosed his vest,
Prepared to do his level best.

He quickly got to work, and spread
A pound of butter on his bread;
Put all the sugar in his cup,
And heaped his plate, like mountains, up.

The wife in horror looked aghast
To see her profits go so fast,
And almost fainted on the floor
Each time the boarder called for more.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she squirmed, "will you
Excuse me, but—are you not—through?"
"Through?—Yes!" he grinned; "this lunch? Not I,
I've just commenced—please pass that pie."

"Oh, husband!" groaned the wife that night,
"Do make him go; we're ruined quite."
"I told you so," he laughed, "but, dear,
We can't; you took him for a year."

CROOKED WAYS.

Like a good many young men and women, too, for that matter—I was once badly afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi*. Of course greater evils might have befallen me; I might have been seized with a passion for whisky or gambling; but, still, my *cacoethes scribendi* was serious enough. During my college days the symptoms showed themselves plainly; but the malady did not assume its true and awful proportions until I had taken by degree. Then, forsooth, it fastened upon me like a leech, and, before many months elapsed, it overmastered me completely. In accordance with my mother's wish, I went to Dundas, ostensibly to read law with my uncle, but it was a mere pretense of law-reading, for the mornings that I ought to have spent over Blackstone were devoted to composition of a novel and the afternoon to the polishing of some poems. Uncle Dick shook his head gravely and remonstrated, sometimes in sadness and sometimes in anger.

"That scribbling will never amount to anything," he would say, contemptuously. This was hard to bear; but my lofty aspirations sustained me, and, firm in my belief of ultimate success, I scribbled on and ever, and bombarded all the magazines in the country with my manuscript. The magazines did not open their columns to me, and I fell back at last upon the weekly newspapers, and especially upon the Boston *Weekly Palladium*. That journal printed my essays, and a certain assistant editor, whose initials were "F. B. S.," sent me polite notes from time to time. It was something to see my productions in print; it would have been more had these productions once in a while brought in a check. But they never did; they elicited only polite notes from F. B. S. Finally I wrote a letter to the assistant editor upon the subject, and by return post I received a reply. It was sent to my private box at the post-office, but, to my great amusement, was directed to "Jane Bell" instead of "John." My handwriting was not very distinct, and perhaps a trifle feminine, and the signature, upon which I rather prided myself, certainly left it an open question whether John or Jane were meant. The note, too, began:

"MISS BELL: In reply to your question, I would say that this journal pays its regular corps of writers. We are glad to receive your articles, and perhaps later may make adequate compensation therefor; but, as a young writer, it would be wiser for you to think at present only of securing a foothold. You have an excellent chance of success in the end; but much patience is necessary at the outset.

"Please say whether I shall direct future communications to John Bell, Miss Bell or Mrs. Bell. At present I do not venture to give you any title.

"Very truly yours,
"F. B. SCREVEN."

This letter at once amused and piqued me. It was pleasant and rather encouraging, but it was plain the writer set me down as an impecunious young woman, whereas the truth was I had a very fair income of my own, and was a six-foot, mustached specimen of masculinity. The idea of playing the role of Miss Jane Bell tickled my fancy, and, therefore, giving my imagination free rein, upon the spur of the moment I sat down and wrote as follows:

"F. B. SCREVEN: At present I also am in a quandary, for I do not know whether I ought to address you as madame, monsieur, or mademoiselle. The last title is mine just now, although of course I feel at liberty to change it when I choose, or rather when the proper opportunity offers itself. Perhaps matrimony would be a more profitable speculation than literatnre. Do not, however, suppose I am dependent upon my pen for my bread and butter. In this case, I fear, the butter would be very thin indeed. No; the fates have given me most of the luxuries of life; but these, of course, do not satisfy me. The reason why I wrote as I did about payment for my articles was simply because I thought if they were good enough to print they were good enough to be paid for. It seems I was mistaken; but, to show you that I take your advice, I send you another essay. I will at least try to secure a foothold, and pray that greater success may follow.

"I am, dear Madame, Monsieur, or Mademoiselle Screven, sincerely yours,
"JANE BELL."

Laughing in my sleeve, I sent this communication off, and planned that, if the assistant editor sent me a friendly reply, I would open a correspondence in my role of Miss Jane Bell and fool F. B. Screven as never a man had been fooled before. Judge, then, of my dismay, when I received a letter, in what I knew was Screven's writing, but not written on office paper, and signed Frances Bertram Screven. "A woman, by Jove!" I exclaimed, there and then in the post-office, whereat a small boy, who was standing nigh, nearly swallowed in astonishment the postage-stamp he was licking. I thrust the letter in my pocket and did not read it until I was safely at home. Thus the missive ran:

"DEAR MISS BELL: Your piquant letter prompts me to write you a reply, not as an assistant editor, but as a woman like yourself, who is toiling up the steep path that leads to Parnassus. I might have known you were a woman, and a young one at that, because, although there is a touch of masculine strength in your essays and poems, still there is, too, a sweetness that is only feminine. I think that women more often have this flavor of masculinity than men have anything of that tenderness which is essentially and purely feminine. Were I in a position of authority, I should very soon dismiss the cut-and-dried hack-writers whose contributions, although smooth and polished, lack the freshness, the spontaneity, which is characteristic of the contributions we sometimes receive from unknown writers, and notably from you. But you see I am merely an assistant editor, and a person of no consequence at all, except as I am useful to do the work, all the glory of which goes to the distinguished individuals whose names are emblazoned at the head of the paper. There! that sounds bitter, I am afraid; but, my dear Miss Bell, the fates have not been so kind to me as to you, and it is not for fame I write, but for the wherewithal to keep me fed and clothed. What makes it perhaps harder is that I have known what it is to have my bread and butter fresh and sweet—aye, and honey with it, too—and, therefore, the thin slices that are doled out to me now taste the drier by comparison.

"Forgive me for boring you with so much about myself. Pray, write to me again. Your luxurious stationery, with faint, delicate perfume pervading it, is in itself a delight. Sincerely yours,
"MISS FRANCES BERTRAM SCREVEN."

As I read this letter I felt myself a scoundrel. My first impulse was to write a letter of confession to Miss Screven; but the desire to keep up the correspondence and try my hand at composing letters that should be sweetly feminine overcame my scruples, and I sent off the following reply:

"DEAR MISS SCREVEN: Instead of boring me, the glimpse you gave me of your life interested me more than I can tell. But, at the same time, the contrast between your life and mine made me envious. Perhaps your lot is a hard one, but it is at least brave and independent. Here am I, an only daughter, petted and spoiled to a shameful degree, and bound by fetters of luxury. Yes, I envy you. Sitting this morning in my silly, pink-curtained boudoir, with a Dresden shepherdess simpering at me from the top of my escritoire, I feel my idle, luxurious life hemming me and overpowering me, as the perfume of tuberoses makes heavy and sickening the atmosphere of a room that should be flung open to the fresh air and sunshine. I would change places with you to-day if I could."

When I reached this point of my letter, I read over approvingly what I had written. Arrived at the lines descriptive of my imaginary boudoir, I smiled as my glance fell upon a boot-jack in one corner and the shaving apparatus in another. Glancing at the place where the Dresden shepherdess ought to have been, my eye fell instead upon a pipe, which I took down and filled, and then resumed my writing with considerable complacency:

"This may sound to you rather school-girlish, and I may as well confess that it is not many years—perhaps months would be more accurate—since I left the precincts of a finishing-school. Finishing-school, indeed! Much I learned there beside the art of doing up my hair! However, the defects of my education I must remedy myself, and I try every day to devote a few hours to serious study. But it is very hard to seclude myself long enough to accomplish anything. People call; I must go to garden-parties; I must drive out with my mother; I must hold solemn conclave with the milliner and dress-maker; in short, I have constant demands of a most frivolous nature upon my time.

"All this you will probably laugh at, and, lest I write yet more foolishly, I will bring my letter to a close. If you are not quite disgusted with me, do write again soon. Faithfully yours,
"JANE BELL."

I may as well confess that I thought this letter a successful imitation of some of the epistles that I had myself received from feminine hands. It sounded enthusiastic and very "missish," and I sent it off that afternoon with a bold heart.

"Jack," quoth my uncle, who met me as I came from the postoffice, "I verily believe you are making an ass of yourself over some girl. I don't believe it is the muses you are courting; it is no muse; it is a miss." And with this he passed on, chuckling at his own wit.

As the days went on, however, my uncle's words seemed in a fair way to prove true. I thought only of Miss Screven. My novel I left untouched, and my rhyming dictionary accumulated dust slowly, but surely. Fled were my visions of astonishing the world with my genius. I lived only for the mail from Boston.

As I reread the letters I received from Miss Screven, I can make some excuse for my infatuation. They were frank and outspoken, and sometimes, indeed, tinged with cynicism; but through there breathed a sympathy, a tenderness, that touches me even now as I read them over. Finally, at my solicitation, she sent me her photograph, which showed her to be a regular-featured, large-eyed woman of rather a serious cast of countenance indeed, but with a lurking smile in her mouth, that I could not but confess was a large one. She was not a beauty, I saw that, but she had an earnest, interesting face that grew upon me every day.

Little by little I gave myself up to thoughts of her by day and dreams of her by night. Her letters I awaited with a feverish impatience, and if one were delayed I was in torment. I make no excuses for my folly, dear sir or madam; but pray do not forget that I was only one-and-twenty then, and had fed myself plentifully with novels and poetry. And this was my first love! Coventry Patmore says in one of his poems:

> Well, heaven be thanked, my first love failed,
> As, heaven be thanked, all first loves do!

This was a sentiment I could not echo, for at that time it seemed to me that if I were separated from my fair unseen sweetheart my life would be stale, flat and unprofitable.

The correspondence was kept up all the summer and autumn; but in December there befell what was to me an awful calamity. Miss Screven did not write. I sent imploring letter after letter, but no response gladdened me.

"Has she jilted you?" said Uncle Dick, heartlessly, when he noted my pale face. In truth, I could not sleep nor eat; I was consumed with fear and anxiety. What could have befallen her?

I endured it just ten days, and then I packed my sachel and went to Boston. Bah! what a day it was when I got there. It had snowed a little, and then a thin, cold rain began to drizzle down despairingly. The weather suited me better then the garish splendor of the hotel, and I wandered forth that evening, half-unconsciously wending my way toward the street in which Miss Screven boarded. I found myself opposite the house. From an upper window a light struggled feebly between the closed shutters and thrilled me through and through. Perhaps she was there, ill and alone, uncared for, save by the mercenary landlady, or, worse still, by a slatternly servant. I went up the steps and rang the bell. A slip of a girl opened the door to me, and I handed her my card, saying mechanically, "Ask Miss Screven if she will see me."

I trusted that the name John Bell would, perhaps, lead her to suppose that I was a cousin or the father of her friend.

The slip of a servant-maid looked at the card, and then looked at me. "Frances Screven?" she said, interrogatively.

"Yes," I replied. Then I took the card, ran my pencil through the engraved name, and scrawled my illegible signature below it. The servant took the card again and skurried away, leaving me standing alone in the cold, dark entry.

It was several minutes before she reappeared, and then it was only to say in a singing tone, "Three flights up; first door to the right."

I went up the three flights, and rapped at the first door to the right.

A voice called out, "Come in."

I entered a medium-sized, plainly-furnished room that was redolent of tobacco, with which was mingled a faint smell of whisky. There were two armchairs, a large table covered with a faded cloth, and an old-fashioned horse-hair lounge, from which, as I entered, a young man rose. He was thin and hollow-eyed, and a beard of several days' growth made him look, to say the least, unkempt. "Mr. Bell, I presume," he said, offering me his hand, and then drawing up a chair for me.

"I have called to see Miss Screven," said I.

"Have you, indeed?" he replied, in a nasty, sneering way.

It flashed through me at once. It was her husband! She has deceived me!

"May I ask if you are any relation to Miss Jane Bell, of Dundas, Washington county, N. Y., Postoffice box 462?" he continued, in the same sneering way.

I stuttered and stammered, tried to lie, and nearly choked myself to death. I wanted to be diplomatic; I wanted to shield her from his anger.

"Who the devil are you, anyway?" he exclaimed.

"I—I am John Bell," I answered; "and I have called to see your sister. Is she ill?"

"I haven't any sister," said he nonchalantly; "that is, I am my own sister, and she has just escaped pneumonia."

The truth flashed upon me. "You are an impostor, sir," I exclaimed.

"*Your* sister doesn't think so," said he complacently.

"I haven't any sister," said I, in my turn.

He wheeled sharply about: "Who is Miss Bell, then?"

"I am all the Miss Bell that exists," I answered grimly.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you are the petted darling who wanted to be a poet and an essayist and Lord only knows what all? You are the only child of wealthy parents? You are the lovely creature who sits in a pink boudoir and writes verses with a gold pen and on perfumed paper?"

"Yes," said I desperately.

Screven dropped into a chair and roared. "A sell all round!" said he. And then he laughed until he cried, while I quietly stole away back to the hotel, a sadder but a wiser man.

USEFUL HINTS.

PIMPLES.

The following is recommended for pimples: Take an ounce of barley meal (the finer the better), one ounce of powdered bitter almonds, and a sufficient quantity of honey to make them into a smooth paste, and apply this frequently. You had also better consult a good physician as to medicine to clear the blood.

REMOVAL OF STAINS AND SPOTS.

Master Adhering Mechanically—Beating, brushing and currents of water either on the upper or under sides.

Gum, Sugar, etc.—Simple washing with water at a hand heat.

Grease—White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lyes. Colored cottons, wash with lukewarm soap lyes. Colored woolens the same, or ammonia. Silks, absorb with French chalk or fuller's earth, and dissolve away with benzine or ether.

Oil Colors, Varnish and Resins—On white or colored linens, cottons or woolens, use rectified oil of turpentine, alcohol, lye and then soap. On silks, use benzine, ether and mild soap, very cautiously.

Blood and Albuminoid Matters—Steeping in lukewarm water. If pepsine, or the juice of *Carica papaya*, can be procured, the spots are first softened with lukewarm water, and then either of these substances is applied.

Iron Spots and Black Ink—White goods, hot oxalic acid, dilute muriatic acid, with little fragments of tin. On fast dyed cottons and woolens, citric acid is cautiously and repeatedly applied. Silks, impossible.

Lime and Alkalies—White goods, simple washing. Colored cottons, woolens and silks are moistened, and very dilute citric acid is applied with the finger end.

Acids, Vinegar, Sour Wine, Must, Sour Fruits—White goods, simple washing, followed up by chlorine water, if a fast color accompanies the acid. Colored cottons, woolens and silks are very carefully moistened with dilute ammonia, with the finger end. [In case of delicate colors it will be found preferable to make some prepared chalk into a thin paste, with water, and apply it to the spots.]

Tanning from Chestnuts, Green Walnuts, etc., or Leather—White goods, hot chlorine water and concentrated tartaric acid. Colored cottons, woolens and silks, apply dilute chlorine water cautiously to the spot, washing it away and reapplying it several times.

Tar, Cart-Wheel Grease, Mixtures of Fat, Resin, Carbon, and Acetic Acid—On white goods, soap and oil of turpentine, alternating with streams of water. Colored cottons and woolens, rub in with lard, let lie, soap, let lie again, and treat alternately with oil of turpentine and water. Silks the same, more carefully, using benzine instead of oil of turpentine.

Scorching—White goods, rub well with linen rags dipped in chlorine water. Colored cottons, redye if possible, or in woolens raise a fresh surface. Silks, no remedy.

The Golden Ladder of Charity.

There are eight degrees of steps, says Maimonides, in the duty of charity.

The first and lowest degree is to give, but with reluctance or regret. This is the gift of the hand but not of the heart.

The second is to give cheerfully, but not proportionately to the distress of the sufferer.

The third is to give cheerfully and proportionately, but not until we are solicited.

The fourth is to give proportionately, cheerfully, and even unsolicited; but to put it in the poor man's hand, thereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame.

The fifth is to give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty and know their benefactor without their being known to him. Such was the conduct of some of our ancestors who used to convey their charitable gifts into poor people's dwellings, taking care that their own persons and names should remain unknown.

The seventh is still more meritorious, namely, to bestow charity in such a way that the benefactor may not know the relieved objects, nor they the name of their benefactor, as was done by our charitable forefathers during the existence of the temple. For there was in that holy building a place called the Chamber of Silence or Incstentation, wherein the good deposited secretly whatever their generous hearts suggested, and from which the most respectable poor families were maintained with equal secrecy.

Lastly, the eighth and the most meritorious of all is to anticipate charity, by preventing poverty; namely, to assist the reduced brother either by a considerable gift or a loan of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in the way of business, so that he may earn an honest livelihood, and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding up his hand for charity.—*After the Talmud.*

An English Robber at Home.

A gentleman was standing in one of the shadowy arcades of the Coliseum at Rome, where he was somewhat hurriedly hustled by a passing figure. With a quick instinct he clapped his hand to his watch pocket. His watch was gone! He darted after the thief, who turned sharply round, at the same time clutching a watch. "Give me that watch!" A dash!—the stolen property was recovered. The startled robber disappeared, and the gentleman went home to boast of his adventure and his prowess. What was his consternation, on entering his bedroom, to find his own watch, which he had forgotten to put on, staring him in the face from the mantelpiece! He had been the thief and the other wretched man had stumbled over him in the dark, and when overtaken and stopped was merely clutching his own watch, which he had, not the nerve to rescue from the tourist. That tourist is now known to a wide and admiring circle of friends as the "Bandit of the Coliseum."—*London Truth.*

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Mr. Logan introduced in the Senate, on the 16th inst., a bill to pay Mrs. Abraham Lincoln $15,000 as arrears of pension for five years, and it was referred to the Pension Committee. The House bill appropriating $540,000 for the census deficiency was passed. The feature of the day was a debate on the resolution for the repeal of the Pension-Arrearages act. Mr. Voorhees declared the measure an honest one; Mr. Beck argued against the scheme at great length, and Mr. Logan expressed his willingness to vote $1,000,000,000 to the soldiers. In the House, a bill was introduced by Mr. Cullen, of Illinois, to appropriate $100,000 for the construction of locks and dams so as to insure six feet of water in the channel of the Illinois river at low water, and also for the enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan canal to a breadth of not less than 150 feet and a depth of not less than eight feet from Joliet to Chicago. Representative Townsend introduced a new national bankrupt law, which he claims is in every way superior to the old one. Mr. Wheeler presented a bill to prevent the introduction of infectious diseases, and Mr. Farwell an act to sweep away bank taxes. Mr. Hazeltine handed in a measure for the issue of fractional currency, and Mr. Williams a proposition for the erection of a monument over the grave of Zachary Taylor. Mr. Garrison moved to pass the bill for the erection of the Garfield Memorial Hospital in the District of Columbia, but a debate of half an hour developed strong objections, and the House refused to suspend the rules.

Mr. Garland introduced a bill in the Senate, on the 17th, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase the Freedmen's Bank property, and Mr. Davis offered a measure for the retirement of Justice Ward Hunt. Mr. Blair presented a bill granting a pension of $5,000 per year to Mrs. Garfield. Mr. Plumb presented a petition from citizens of Kansas favoring woman suffrage. Mr. Beck continued his criticism of the Ingalls resolution touching the Pension-Arrears law. He showed that in 1879 the Pension Commissioner had reported that frauds on the Pension Bureau had resulted from the Arrears-of-Pension law. The Sherman Funding bill was discussed. Mr. Plumb argued that the redemption fund for United States notes ought to be diminished, and all bonds redeemed up to the limits of $100,000,000. He advocated currency versus bank circulation. Mr. Teller was opposed to the bill because he disliked this "everlasting tinkering with the finances," and was in favor of silver coinage. The President sent the following nominations to the Senate: Postmasters—Thomas C. Moore, Metropolis City, Ill.; Robert Huston, Braidwood, Ill.; John B. Hay, Belleville, Ill.; Warner L. Vestal, Storm Lake, Iowa; Lorenzo D. Myers, Columbus, Ohio; William S. Linge, Lafayette, Ind.; Milo Blair, Sedalia, Mo. To be Indian Agents—Cyrus P. Luse, of Illinois, White Earth Agency, Minn.; Jacob B. Mitchell, of Kansas, Western Shoshone Agency, Nevada. In the House, Mr. Armfield offered a resolution for a committee to investigate internal-revenue abuses in the Sixth district of North Carolina. Mr. Belmont presented a resolution calling for the correspondence relative to efforts to secure peace between Chili, Peru and Bolivia. Mr. Harris called for similar information in regard to the Chiriqui coaling stations. Mr. Robeson called up the report of the Committee on Rules, and stated that the thirteen committees whose membership it was proposed to increase had before them nearly 90 per cent. of all the business of the House. A prolonged debate took place, after which a motion to table the report was lost.

A favorable report was made in the Senate, on the 18th inst., on the bill to permit the retirement of Justice Hunt. A resolution was adopted that the Committee on Public Lands inquire into the administration of the land laws and report recommendations. On his resolution against the withdrawal of silver certificates, Mr. Brown argued at great length in favor of bimetallism. The Sherman Funding bill was taken up, and Mr. Morgan insisted that the Government can in eleven years take up the outstanding bonds without drawing a cent from the surplus revenues. Mr. Ferry introduced a bill to fix the compensation of letter carriers. In the House, Mr. Haskell announced that the Committee on Claims had 600 bills under consideration. Mr. Neal offered a resolution for printing 3,000 copies of the report of the Guiteau trial, for the use of members. In the course of a debate on rules, Mr. Horr said that one-fifth of the session had been frittered away on technical questions.

The bill to retire from the United States Supreme Bench Justice Hunt, who has for a long time been totally incapable of discharging the duties of the position, passed the Senate, on the 19th, by a vote of 41 to 14. The President pro tem. submitted the response of the Secretary of the Interior to the resolution of inquiry as to the lapsing of the Northern Pacific land grant, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Resolutions from the Legislature of West Virginia were presented, asking that producers of leaf tobacco be not required to take out a license. After prolonged debate on the 3-per-cent. Funding bill, Mr. Ingalls moved to lay the measure on the table. Almost the entire day in the House was spent in discussing the report of the Committee on Rules contemplating additions to numerous standing committees, and the end of it was that the report, along with the amendments that had been offered, was recommitted to the same committee. A bill to appropriate $5,000 for transporting agricultural and mineral specimens from the Atlanta exposition was passed. Monday afternoon was set apart for eulogies upon Senator Burnside. The Speaker announced that two additional volumes of the speeches of President Theirs had been contributed to the library. Mr. Bayne reported a bill for a home for indigent soldiers and sailors at Erie, Pa.

The House of Representatives went into committee of the whole on the private calendar, on the 20th, and considered six bills. The Fortification Appropriation bill was reported, and an adjournment taken to Monday, 23d. The Senate was not in session.

Guiteau's Suppressed Speech.

Guiteau, the assassin, furnished the Associated Press with a brief of his proposed address to the jury. It is like his usual drivel about the Deity having inspired the dastardly act. It is a combination of bombast, egotism and blasphemy. He starts out by saying: "If the court please, gentlemen of the jury, I am a patriot. To-day I suffer in bonds as a patriot. Washington was a patriot; Grant was a patriot. Washington led the armies of the Revolution through eight years of bloody war to victory and glory; Grant led the armies of the Union to victory and glory; and to-day my nation is prosperous and happy. To-day—Christmas, 1881—I suffer in bonds as a patriot because I had the inspiration and nerve to unite a great political party, to the end that the nation might be saved from another devastating war. To-day I suffer in bonds as a patriot. There is not the first element of murder in this case."

After harping at considerable length upon the old plea of inspiration, quoting Beecher, Talmage and other clergymen, and declaring that when he became President in 1884 he would clean out the Mormons right speedily, he closes thus to the jury:

"To hang a man in my mental condition on July 2, when I fired on the President, would be a lasting disgrace to the American people. The mothers and daughters of the republic are praying that you will vindicate my inspiration. I beg you do not get the Deity down on you by meddling with this case. I beg, for your own sake, and for the sake of the American people, and for the sake of generations yet unborn, that you let this case alone. You cannot afford to touch it. Let your verdict be that it was Deity's act, not mine. When the President was shot his Cabinet telegraphed to foreign nations that it was the act of a 'madman;' and it will be far better in every way that it be officially decided that it was the act of a 'madman.'"

Five People Burned to Death.

A dispatch from Clinton, Mo., says the house of George C. Smith, at Lewis, five miles north of there, burned at 3 o'clock in the morning, and five of the inmates perished, viz.: Elizabeth Smith, aged 17; Rachel, aged 13; Eilen, aged 6; Theodore, aged 16, and the mother, aged 42. The fire is supposed to have started from clothing hanging by the kitchen stove, or from a coal-oil explosion. Mrs. Smith was first to awaken, when she aroused her husband, who made his escape with the little girl of a neighbor who was staying there for the night, and one of his own daughters, aged about 8. Smith and his daughter were seriously burned. The house was a story and a half, and the family were all sleeping in the second story. A Mr. White, who was the suitor of Elizabeth Smith, was at the house until after 1 o'clock, and thinks the fire caught in the kitchen from clothing by the stove. Miss Smith was to have been married in a few weeks. An inquest was held, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts. Mr. Smith was employed by the Osage Coal and Mining Company

Waking a Sleeper.

A certain good brother, Obadiah Turner, of Lynn, Mass., once kept a journal, in which, under date "1646, June ye 3d," he thus describes the "method" adopted by a zealous special officer in the church ministered unto by Rev. Samuel Whiting: "Allen Bridges hath been chosen to wake ye sleepers in meeting, and, being much proud of his place, must need have a fox taile fixed to ye end of a long staff, wherewith he may brush the faces of them yt will have naps in time of discourse; likewise a sharp thorne wherewith he may prickle such as may be most sounde. On the last Lord his day, as he stagnted about ye meeting-house, he did spy Mr. Thomas sleeping with much comfort, his head being steadied by being in ye corner, and his hand grasping ye rail. And so spying, Allen did quickly thrust his staff behind David Ballond and gave him a grievous prick upon ye hand, whereupon Mr. Thomas did spring up much above ye floor, and with terrible force strike his head against ye wall, and also to ye great wonder of all, prophanilie crying out in a loud voice, he dreaming, as it seemed, yt a woodchuck had bit his hand. But on coming to know where he was, and ye grate scandall he had committed, he seemed much abashed, but did not speak. And I think he will not soon again go to sleep in meeting. Ye women may sometime sleepe and none know it, by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whiting doth pleasantlie say yt from ye pulpit he doth seem to be preaching to stacks of straw, with men jotting here and there among them."

Lynch Law in Washington Territory.

A telegram from Seattle, in Washington Territory, says: James Sullivan and William Howard were arrested here to-day on a charge of the murder of George R. Reynolds, a young man whom they waylaid and shot last night. The prisoners were brought before a magistrate for preliminary examination. Evidence of their guilt is most conclusive. The feeling was intense, and at the close of the examination a Committee of Safety forced its way into the court-room, and, overpowering the officers, took the prisoners. Sullivan and Howard were taken a short distance and hanged. Their bodies were left suspended, and a crowd numbering 400 then proceeded to the county jail, and, overpowering the guards and breaking down the doors of a cell, took out Benjamin Payne, who was confined for the murder of Police-Officer Sears. He was taken to the place where the bodies of Sullivan and Howard were suspended, and hanged.

The bodies were left hanging some time, and then given over to the Coroner. The Committee of Safety continues its organization, and have issued a notice that persons guilty of highway robbery in the city will, if arrested, receive the penalty of death in a summary manner.

An Entire Family Slaughtered.

A blood-curdling tragedy was enacted near Lancaster, Gerrard county, Ky. James A. Wilmot, a farmer in good circumstances, was rendered temporarily insane by brooding over a debt of $400 which he owed to a neighbor. His insanity assumed the homicidal type, and culminated in the wholesale slaughter of the members of his family. Getting out of bed during the night, the maniac sought an ax, and with this weapon slew his aged mother, his wife and two daughters, and wound up by hanging himself in his barn. A son, aged 20 years, escaped by outrunning the maniac father. He alarmed the neighbors, who repaired to the Wilmot mansion and found the body of James A. Wilmot hanging in his barn, the dead bodies of Elizabeth Wilmot, his mother, aged 89 years; Mattie and Mary Wilmot, his daughters, aged 19 and 15 years, lying in their beds, with one awful cut across the neck and blows from a new, sharp ax, found lying on the floor of the room; also the body of Elizabeth Wilmot, his wife, lying on her face on the floor, with three or four gashes in her head and back, made with the same death-dealing ax. The deadly blows had evidently been dealt while the victims were sleeping.

The Head Waiter.

Oh, no, my son, that dignified gentleman who looks down upon you with such majestic complacency, who possesses the grace of Apollo Belvidere, the proud front of Jove and the equanimity of the mummified remains of Rameses the First—that sublime personage, my son, is not an Emperor, King, Prince or President of some powerful nation, neither is he the owner of countless millions, nor the landlord of this caravansary. He is far above all thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers. He is mightiest in the mightiest. Look at him, my son, and tremble. Behold the head waiter, and shrink into nothingness before his transcendent grandeur and—cheek.—*Boston Transcript.*

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 "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," 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.

SEE advertisem't regarding Magnetic Insoles.

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.

SEE advertisem't regarding Magnetic Insoles

NO PREPARATION ever discovered except CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will really produce new hair on bald heads. It will be a happy day when the great army of bald heads fully understand this.

SEE advertisem't regarding Magnetic Insoles.

THE light-colored or petroleum grease penetrates through the hub and loosens the spokes. Use the Frazer Grease and avoid this injury to the wheel.

SEE advertisem't regarding Magnetic Insoles.

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

Hasty Judgment.

Nothing is more unjust than to judge of a man by too short an acquaintance, and too slight inspection; for it often happens that in the loose and thoughtless and dissipated there is a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation. To imagine that every one who is not completely good is irrevocably abandoned, is to suppose that all are capable of the same degree of excellence. It is, indeed, to exact from all that perfection which one can ever attain. And, since the purest virtue is consistent with some vice, and the virtue of the greatest number with almost an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too hastily conclude that all goodness is lost, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for most minds are the slaves of external circumstances and conform to any hand that undertakes to mold them, roll down any torrent of custom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard against them.—*Samuel Johnson.*

THERE is no ivory waste. Even the powder is sold for making jelly. It is said that one leading cutlery firm in Sheffield made a calculation that to supply themselves with the ivory needed for their business they needed 1,280 elephants every year and that, even with this number, the tusks were each estimated to weigh 23½ pounds.

THE difference between our forefathers and some of their descendants, is, that the former were called on to strike for their rights, and the latter to write for their strikes. There is considerable of a variation.—*Steubenville Herald.*

AFTER all the arguments about cheapness and quality it appears that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy for the cure of Coughs and Colds ever offered to the public. The price is only 25 cents a bottle, and every druggist in the land sells and recommends it.

"MADE NEW AGAIN."

MRS. WM. D. RUCKMAN, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' for the last three months, and find myself—(what shall I say?)—*made new again*, are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

A DISTINGUISHED minister, lately dead, having engaged to publish a sermon, was waited upon by the printer with the first proof, which, of course contained the text, in which a most singular mistake was made. The text was from the second chapter of Job, "Skin for skin; yea, all that man hath will he give for his life." The printer's blunder consisted in substituting a *w* for the *l* in the last word, which presented a very different meaning from the original text. The minister smiled at the mistake, and simply wrote on the margin, "N. B.—This depends upon circumstances."

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully, JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale Mich.

GARNER up pleasant thoughts in your mind; for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives. Strive to see all you can of the good and the beautiful, so that bright, cheerful pictures may be impressed on memory's tablets, and give you materials of which to think sunny and lovely thoughts.

PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

COUNT POTOCKI's mansion in Paris is built entirely of stone brought from the Jura, and the materials used in its construction cost 6,000,000 francs. A like sum will be spent on the interior decorations.

A Willing Endorser.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 30, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & CO.: *Sirs*—I can recommend your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and you can cheerfully use my name. MRS. ANN KELLY.

A FRENCH inventor has recently patented a method of improving India rubber and gutta-percha by the addition of a distillate of birch bark. By distilling the outer layers of the bark he obtains a dense, black, gummy matter which possesses the properties of ordinary gutta-percha with the additional quality of resisting both the action of air and the strongest corrosive acids. He claims also that by adding a small proportion of the birch bark gum to gutta-percha or to India rubber (one-twentieth part will suffice), the durability of the rubber or the gutta-percha will be greatly increased the new mixture not being acted upon by the air or by acids.

SEDIMENT or mucous in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort.

A Chapter on Bald Heads.

A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skull, sure.

What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? We meet to part NO more.

Motto for a bald head: Bare and forebare.

However high a position a bald-headed man holds, he will never comb down in the world.

A bald-headed man never dyes.

Advice to bald-headers: Join the Indians, who are the only successful hair raisers.

You never saw a bald-head man with a low forehead.

Shakespeare says: There is a divinity that shapes our ends.

Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world.

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 hosp tal. 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.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

TO EGG Dealers. Preserving process, cost 10c ⅌ 100 doz No handling. Send for circular. W. J. Hines, Dayton, O

WATCHES Catalogue free. Address, Standard American Watch Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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

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GUNS Revolvers. Catalogue free. Address, Great West. Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

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