THE FARMER'S SEVENTY YEARS.

Ah! there he is lad, at the plow;
He beats the boys for work;
Make whatever else they may be,
None ever saw him shirk,
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run o'er with mirthful tears,
Recalling all manner of old-time song
Of the years of his early years.
"Morning, friends!" "It's twelve o'clock;"
"Time for a half hour's rest;"
And Farmer John took out his lunch
And ate it with a zest;
"A harder task is this," he said,
"Than following up these steers
Or mending fences, far for me
To feel my seventy years.
You ask me why I feel so young?
I'm sure, friends, I cannot tell;
But think it is my good wife's fault
Who's kept me up so well;
For women are few as she are scarce
In this poor vale of tears;
She's given me love and hope and strength
For more than forty years.
And then, my boys have all done well
As far as they have gone;
And that thing warms an old man's blood
And helps him up and on.
My girls have never caused a pang
Or raised up anxious fears;
Then wonder not that I feel young
And hale at seventy years.
Why don't my good boys do my work
And let me sit and rest?
Ah! friends, that wouldn't do for me;
I like my own way best.
They have their duty—I have mine;
And till the end appears
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,"
Said the man of seventy years.

A Mount Desert Espisode.

It was at Bar Harbor, and in the month of August.

"He's a supercilious peacock," said Molly, digging her parasol into the sand.

She was sitting on the rocks, below the town, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Randolph. At a little distance was the 5-year-old daughter of the latter, with the indispensable wooden shovel and pail, an irrepressible a little witch as ever lived, nicknamed, in the family, Toots.

"My dear," said Mrs. Randolph, expostulating.

"Yes, a supercilious peacock," repeated Molly, tapping her foot impatiently.

It was only the day before that they had arrived, and already Molly had nearly broken her sister-in-law's heart. This was especially hard on Mrs. Randolph, who had left her favorite Saratoga because Molly had said: "I detest fashion, and want to go to some place where people live sensibly in summer. Mount Desert, everybody says, is just such a spot; let us go there."

So to Mount Desert they had come. They had arrived to find Bar Harbor crowded to overflowing. Gay New Yorkers; well-born Philadelphians; pretty Baltimoreans; dyspeptic Southerners; esthetic Bostonians; young gentlemen in knickerbockers; young ladies in navy blue; all stood crowded on the Rodick House piazza, watching the new arrivals when Mrs. Randolph and her party appeared.

Molly had preceded her sister-in-law a few steps—for the latter had stopped, for a moment, to give directions about the luggage—when suddenly our heroine heard a voice close at her ear.

"By Jove," it said, "what a pretty girl!"

Molly turned angrily, and saw a handsome young man, who looked quite thoroughbred, yet also more contented with himself, staring decidedly, almost rudely, at her.

"The impudent puppy," she said to herself, a hot flush crimsoning her cheek. The next instant the offender, recognizing Mrs. Randolph, advanced eagerly, both hands extended.

"Can I believe my eyes?" he said. "You here, Mrs. Randolph? And outside the pale of civilization, as some people might think? What has induced you to desert Saratoga?"

"Oh, Mr. Peabody! I'm so glad to see you. But thereby hangs, not a tale, but a great many," she replied, laughingly; "I'm too tired, however, to talk. Come to see me this evening, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, I congratulate you that you are without a party, or a dozen debutantes in tow," he said; for he failed to connect Molly with Mrs. Randolph, supposing that our heroine belonged to some other arrivals. "You don't know what it is here. Such swarms of girls seeking husbands," with a shrug of the shoulders. "The grasshopper plague was nothing to it."

Molly heard all this, and, turning, fixed a pair of stern, indignant eyes on the speaker, for was not she a debutante—this the first season since she left school? Fortunately for the young gentleman's peace of mind, he did not see this by-play.

But he was made to realize that something was wrong when in the evening he came to pay his respects to Mrs. Randolph. That lady, after shaking hands again, sank into her arm-chair; and, tapping her fingers with her fan, said, indicating Molly with a little gesture:

"My sister-in-law, Miss Randolph. Molly, Mr. Peabody."

Molly rose and took the offered hand, but frigidly. Her bow was as stiff as the arctic circle.

"Conceited fop," she said to herself; "he thinks he has only to throw his handkerchief, and any girl will be glad to pick it up."

His soliloquy was not any less to the point:

"My beauty of the afternoon! She overheard me, that is plain. What a mess I've made of it! She'll never forgive me."

But neither by sign nor word did he indicate this. He was too much of a veteran in society matters for that. "What," he cried with great effusiveness, "your sister-in-law Miss Randolph, of whom I have heard so much! This is a most delightful surprise. Heretofore whenever I have called I have been told she was at school. And, halloo, here is Toots. Why, Toots, don't you know your old friends?"

And in a moment Toots was in his arms, memories of bon-bons and Mr. Peabody being synonymous in her mind.

"You see, Miss Randolph," said Peabody, addressing the young girl, and quite ignoring her frigid manner, "that Toots and I are fast friends."

"Ah?" replied Molly indifferently. "We all know that the affections of Toots are very elastic."

But the young man, ignoring this decided snub, turned to Mrs. Randolph. "Couldn't I induce you and your sister to try a game of tennis to-morrow? Or, better still, to come out on my buckboard? It will be at any rate a novel experience."

Mrs. Randolph is charmed. But Molly stands the very picture of ill-humor, looking prettier than ever, however. "Thanks," she says, ungraciously, "but I hate lawn-tennis, and I don't care to drive on a buckboard yet." At hearing which Mrs. Randolph is furious, and feels that she would like to box Molly's ears. Peabody then begins to talk of the scenery. "I like coming to Mount Desert," he says, "because all along this coast you see mountain on one hand, and sea on the other; a combination to be found nowhere else on our Atlantic coast. You must ascend Green mountain. The view from it is better, I think, than that from Mount Washington even." But he fails to interest Molly, even in the least, in his talk.

The next morning, Mrs. Randolph, Molly and the ubiquitous Toots go down to the rocks. Mrs. Randolph is quiet for a while; too much so; it is the calm before the storm; and finally she wakes up, and speaks her mind; and then Molly retorts in the words with which we open our story: "Why shouldn't I call him a supercilious peacock?" she says, defiantly. "What on earth is Charlie Peabody to me? I didn't want to drive with him, and I abominate spooning."

"Molly," answered Mrs. Randolph, severely, "you know perfectly well that Charley Peabody is the man of Bar Harbor. It is not of the slightest consequence whether you like him or not. In fact, I much prefer you shouldn't, for he isn't a marrying man, everybody knows." Up goes Molly's head with an air of pride. Mrs. Randolph continues, appealingly. "But it's such a good thing to be seen with him. If he takes you up, you're a success; but there's no hope of that now," and relapses into despondency.

But Molly sits, a delicious little frown on her face, throwing stones, occasionally, in a weak, futile way, at an obstinate patch of seaweed that will bob up and down. "Irma," she exclaims suddenly, "don't let's quarrel. You may just make up your mind that I shall never be a success in society," and she gives a solemn nod. "I haven't the brains for it. As for spending all my life to be civil to one man, because he's 'the thing,' I should be a skeleton in a week. Do let me have a good time and be nice to people I like. Life isn't long enough to fuss over horrid people like this supercilious peacock," and she tilts back her parasol and stamps her foot.

"What's a silious peacock, Aunt Molly?" asks at this juncture a shrill small voice at her elbow, and Molly, turning, sees the irrepressible Toots.

Molly gives a gay laugh. "Toots," says she, solemnly, "come here to your aunt. You saw the big gentleman on the piazza this morning? Well, you thought he was a man, like papa, didn't you?"

A solemn nod from Toots.

"But he wasn't. He was only a supercilious peacock. What's that, you ask? Well, that's a peacock who thinks himself better than others. Come, now, mamma's gone on; we'll be late. Let's have a race. See which will get to her first."

Toots' thin legs spin over the ground, and her mass of brown curls floats out on the wind as she flies along, fairly shrieking with excitement. Molly is not much better in point of dignity, for she gathers up her white skirt in one hand, and gives her big hat an excited push on the back of her head.

Suddenly they turn a sharp corner. "Heavens and earth!" ejaculates Molly, as she sees Irma standing, gracefully composed, talking to Mr. Peabody.

"Oh, Aunt Molly, there it is," screams Toots; "the peacock, the silious peacock!"

"Toots, be quiet," commands the unfortunate relative, cold chills running up and down her back.

"Toots, come here," implores Mrs. Randolph, the horrors of the situation coming in upon her. But Toots, in all her five years of existence, has never known what it is to mind any one; so she rushes up to Mr. Peabody like a small whirlwind. There she pauses, and begins a grave investigation.

"Is you," she says, with her head on one side, like an impertinent little sparrow, "is you really a silious peacock?"

"A what?" repeats Peabody, naturally somewhat astonished, looking down on the small object in front of him. In another instant she will say: "Aunt Molly told me so." Get out of it she must.

As she walks away her prophecies come true. She hears the shrill, childish treble: "Is you—Aunt Molly said so—a silious peacock?"

"Ah!" she hears him answer. "Aunt Molly says I'm a peacock. But I don't quite grasp the adjective."

"Never mind the adjective," thinks Molly, grimly; and then she wonders if there be a corner in this wretched island where she can hide from that man; for, as to ever looking him in the face again, she never can. However, she need not trouble herself about that. He will probably turn his back upon her before she has the chance. She seeks refuge in the dining-room, which is beginning to fill with the crowd of hungry pedestrians. By and by in sail Irma and Mr. Peabody. Toots has disappeared. "Irma has probably garroted her," thinks Molly, with great satisfaction. They seem to be in the best of spirits. As they approach Molly, to her horror she hears Mr. Peabody say, "If you'll allow me, Mrs. Randolph, I'll take this vacant seat next to Miss Randolph." "Is he going to speak or mention it?" she thinks, in an agony.

Peabody seemingly takes no notice of the wretched, blushing little being at his side, at least for some minutes. "Poor little soul," he thinks, "how wretched she is making herself. She shall call me a whole Zoological Garden, if she only won't look like that."

So, half in fun, half in earnest, he leans over her with, "I don't mind a bit, indeed I don't. I dare say you're right; we men *are* wretched creatures." He had a funny, staccato way of speaking which in the morning Molly had decided to be particularly disagreeable. Strange, it doesn't seem so now!

Molly's spirits return. "It's certainly very nice in him," she thinks, "not to be sulky." "Really," says she, laughing, and looking a little bit in earnest through it all, "do you know I think it's very nice of you. I should mind, immensely, if you called me names," giving him a shy glance from under her long lashes.

"Perish the thought! You suggest an impossibility," he retorts.

"How delightful," exclaims Molly, cheerfully. "Perhaps I may like you, then."

"Will you two people eat your dinner?" interrupts Mrs. Randolph, who has been watching this proceeding with the utmost satisfaction. And she says to herself: "Perhaps—supposing if—after all. It would be a capital thing."

But every paradise has its serpent. The serpent at Bar Harbor turns up in the person of Mrs. Crosby, a widow, irreproachable in family, but envious, malicious, gossiping, and with a pale, dejected daughter 30 years old. Mrs. Randolph hears of this arrival with consternation. She rushes up to Molly, who is sitting on the piazza by a dining-room window, chatting with Peabody. "Our good time's over," she cries. "Mrs. Crosby is here, and Maria's with her, and by to-morrow none of us will have any character left." Peabody looks consternation itself. Molly cries: "The slanderous old tabby." She has hardly spoken when a voice from behind the dining-room blinds cries: "Maria, my dear, will you close that window? The clatter outside is so tiresome." And they know they have been overheard. "Gracious Heaven!" cries Mrs. Randolph; "she's there and listening!"

Nothing followed this catastrophe, however, for many days; and Mrs. Randolph began to think they had not been overheard. Peabody even went so far as to begin to pay court to Mrs. Crosby, hoping to cut her fangs, if not to propitiate her. He had been talking to her one day, when he saw Molly in front of the piazza, without hat or parasol. By this time he and she had grown quite intimate, Mrs. Randolph, like a wise woman, looking on and saying nothing. They had ridden, walked and boated together, and had sat for hours side by side on the rocks, watching the sea, off to the south. He now rushed forth with almost an air of proprietorship.

"How can you," he said to Molly, "stand out here, in that way, in the heat! A nut-brown maid is one thing; but a Sioux or Cherokee—"

"Are two," interrupts Molly, gayly. "It's a hopeless case, Mr. Peabody," and she hold out two little brown hands for his inspection and then looks up into his face with laughing eyes. "Are you ashamed of me?"

"I wish you would let me tell you how I do feel toward you," he whispers impetuously, and in an accent he has never dared to use before. Molly blushes furiously. She is utterly taken aback. She had never thought of this. What does he mean? Oh, perhaps he means nothing. She is saved a reply by the approach of Mrs. Randolph.

Peabody is his usual cool-mannered, well-bred self in a moment. "Ah, Mrs. Randolph," he says, "I am the bearer of a flag of truce from her Majesty Mrs. Crosby. She wants to know if you have forgotten her, and if you won't bring up Miss Randolph to talk to her."

"Must we back out of the royal presence when we retire?" says Molly, mischievously.

"Hush," answers Peabody; "here we are."

"A very nice old lady," is Molly's judgment, as she listens to the bland, quiet voice purring away to Irma. Presently she hears: "Is this your first visit to Bar Harbor, Mrs. Randolph? But how then—do tell me—did you know what a happy hunting-ground it was?"

Mrs. Randolph was a courageous little woman, with a very quick temper. In an instant she scented battle, and in another was fully armed and equipped. "But I didn't," she said, with a naive little laugh, "How do you mean? For what kind of game?"

"Game?" rejoined the other, with a sneering laugh. "Good partis, of course. I hear that so far you've been moderately successful."

All the little group around were silent. Molly alone did not take in the meaning of her words. Peabody stood looking, as some one said afterward, as if he were going to murder her. But what could he do? A man interfere between two women? It was impossible. Mrs. Randolph was absolutely white with anger. The coarseness of the attack stunned her for a moment; but only that.

"Yes?" she said, with a lazy, indifferent laugh. "You flatter me, I'm afraid. But you forget that Mr. Randolph still exists; and Molly, you know, is still a child—years and years, I hope, before she will think of anything of that kind. You wouldn't lose your little Maria, would you, yet awhile?"

With which she arose. "Ah, Mr. Peabody, we were going sailing," she said. "I wonder if our boat's ready? You are coming with us, as usual, I suppose? Good by, everybody." And with a bright smile she tripped down the steps, followed by Molly and Peabody.

As they went there was a low buzz, and then Peabody heard his name, coupled with Molly's of course. After that Mrs. Crosby's cat-like voice: "Intentions? Why none, of course."

He heard and so did Molly. But she walked on, her head proudly erect, her face blazing. Peabody dared not look at her. Mrs. Randolph was so angry that she felt absolutely ill. She said abruptly that she could not go boating; they must go without her; and turned back.

Peabody and Molly walked along in profound silence. To this day, Molly can see distinctly the landing, and the very plank on which they stood, while looking around for the boatman; and where, as the wind began to blow fresher, her companion insisted on putting over her knit shawl. It was about 11 o'clock. The sun was beating hotly down upon the planks, which sent out a faint odor of tar—to this day Molly hates tar.

Peabody left her, to signal to one of the little birch canoes bobbing lazily up and down in the water. Across the waters, Harvard men were singing college songs, and their voices came floating to her. Something, she didn't know what, made the tears rise to her eyes. How dreadful it all was. How could she ever speak to Mr. Peabody again? Just then Peabody came toward her. "This way, Miss Molly," he said, in just his usual voice. "Our canoe is here."

As he helped her into the canoe he caught sight of her quivering lips, her tearful eyes. "Don't," he whispered. "My darling, if you do, I shall most certainly kiss you; and think how disgraceful that would be."

Molly ought to have been very angry; but she wasn't—not a bit. Splash! went the paddle. Peabody's ideas of the view must have been vague in the last extreme; for Molly heartlessly interposed her scarlet umbrella between herself and him, leaving him to occupy himself with all kinds of futile conjectures as to how she was looking and what she was doing behind it.

Thump, bang, and they ran up on the little pebbly beach. At one side was a steep hill, thickly wooded with pine trees, whose aromatic fragrance came wafted down to them on the crisp morning air. On the other was a jagged pile of stern gray rocks, with nooks and crevices of delightful shadow.

With the quickness of long practice, Peabody at once selects the most comfortable and the most accessible spot. As Molly was handed to the shore she had a desperate feeling come over her. Escape she must. But how? She stopped and looked back at the canoe. Peabody comprehended what was in her mind. Without a moment's hesitation he stretched out his arms and drew her toward him.

"Molly, dearest," he said, tenderly, "don't you know what I have to tell you?"

Half resisting, half yielding, she stammers out a confused "No."

"Molly, Molly," he went on, "don't say no. It's 'yes' you're going to say to me. Tell me, dearest, is it?"

Molly raised her happy, confused face from his shoulder. "If I could only be sure," she whispered, "that you weren't simply doing this to spite Mrs. Crosby, and that—and that—you didn't think me one of the grasshoppers—"

Peabody, in spite of all, roars with laughter. Finally he sobers down.

"Tell me;" he said, "do you think me a supercilious peacock now?"

The Seat Was Taken.

The travelers in a certain railway car, were amused by a little circus, in which an old gentleman was the chief performer. He came in as the car started, carrying a heavy valise. Evidently he had been running a race with time, was out of much breath, and probably in with little good temper. Every seat was taken, but near the front end of the car two high-dickey young men occupied one chair and their feet and luggage the next chair. The elderly man asked if the chair with the feet on it was engaged, and the young men said that it appeared to be, and went on with their private conversation. The old gentleman's color and choler arose, and he expressed his determination to occupy that chair. The young men stared, moved not, but continued their confidential whisper. A moment after, four feet was seen in the air, a hat-box was spinning down the aisle, two bundles of canes and umbrellas and two sachels tumbled on the floor, the back of the chair was reversed, and in the chair sat immediately an elderly man quietly reading a newspaper.—*Providence Journal.*

TEXAS has a vote, population of nearly 400,000.

THE IRON TRADE.

It Is Represented to Be in a Very Depressed Condition.

The Secretary of the American Association Thinks the Reports Exaggerated.

A number of iron and steel mills in all parts of the country are to close down within a month or two for reasons which may be divided into two classes: First, the depression in the iron and steel traffic; and, second, the anticipation of free-trade legislation on the part of the next Congress. As to the latter consideration, Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, says that the next session of Congress can not extend beyond seventy days, and that even were the Committee on Ways and Means disposed to reform the tariff it would be an impossibility to get a bill through in the time that would be left after disposing of the appropriation bills and the hundreds of measures that will necessarily encumber the Speaker's table. In reference to the depression in the business Ethan A. Hitchcock, President of the St. Louis Ore and Steel Company, says: The price of steel rails has fallen from $60 to $45 per ton, and pig iron only from $25.50 to $24. The fall in steel rails was due, he said, to overproduction. In one year the estimated capacity of the steel mills of the United States had increased 900,000 tons. The probable demand for next year would be about 1,000,000 tons, as against a possible output of 2,150,000 tons. If the demand should prove to be 50 per cent. of the capacity, all the mills could not work full time. And the probability was that next year there would be but little railroad building, and rails would be needed for reconstruction and repair alone.

Gloomy apprehensions are entertained by other firms. The manager of the Bethlehem (Pa.) Iron and Steel Works says the materials produced at his works are about as low as they can go, and the outlook is a dull one. Gen. Lilly, of Mauch Chunk, says the business outlook is gloomy, orders given for bar iron having been countermanded in a large number of instances, and there being uncertainty on all sides. The President of the Thomas Iron Company, in Pennsylvania, reports a similar condition of things at Catasauqua and Hokendauqua. The large works of the Lackawanna Company, of Scranton, Pa., have shortened their time schedule. The laborers throughout the Lehigh valley are anxious about the future.

These apprehensions are not shared, however, by all the manufacturers. The Tyrone (Pa.) forges resume operations next week, and will run on full time. In Coatesville, Pa., though the proprietors consider the outlook gloomy, all the mills are busy and plenty of orders are on hand. The output of the Edgar Thompson steel works, Pittsburgh, has been reduced to two-thirds of their capacity, and the company say that among the manufacturers the question is the survival of the fittest, or, rather, the fattest, pocket. They could sell at $42 a ton if they could get coke and ore and wages down, but had never gone below $45. In Bridgeton, N. J., the iron foundries are very busy. The Cleveland (Ohio) rolling-mills are not to be shut down, and the Bay View works, near Milwaukee, which have not made any steel rails for some time and shut down the iron-rail mill three weeks ago, will not be affected except through the sympathy inevitable to all lines of the iron business. The North Chicago, the Union Iron and Steel mills, the Joliet and the Vulcan mill of St. Louis are still running, but will have a conference with their hands about Jan. 1 relative to wages for the ensuing year, when the employers will probably demand a decrease of from 20 to 25 per cent. on present rates. The trouble is attributed in Chicago to the Scranton company, which cut prices from $45 to $42 a ton, since which time sales have been made at $40, the price at which they are now quoted in Eastern circulars, and at which the President of the Union Iron and Steel Company says they cannot be made here.

A Philadelphia dispatch says: Thorough inquiry all over the city and in all the leading manufacturing centres of the State of Pennsylvania does not warrant the opinion that the iron and steel trade is in as bad condition as has been represented. Indeed, James M. Swank, the Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association, and one of the best-informed men in the country, said to-day: "It has been greatly exaggerated. The steel-rail industry is in a very depressed condition, and the demand for other iron and steel products is not equal to the expectations of a few months ago, but there is no occasion for any excitement or alarm. Prices have been gradually declining since last spring; there has been no sudden decline, not even in steel rails. I do not believe that the present Congress, nor the Congress which has just been elected, will be so unwise as greatly to reduce the duties upon iron and steel, and hence I feel entirely hopeful of the future of those industries. Low prices are not necessarily an evil."

A Washington dispatch states that it is believed there "by many Congressmen and others who favor a revision of the tariff laws that the sensational reports of a general suspension of steel production are designed to influence Congress against any reduction of the enormous measures of protection which the iron and steel interests already enjoy. Indications are not lacking to show that there is a good deal of method and system in the attempt to frighten the country into the conviction that nothing short of a prohibitory tariff will prevent a general collapse of the iron and steel manufactories of the United States."

ABOUT THE CUSTOMS.

Supervising Agent Martin's Annual Report.

Supervising Special Agent Martin, of the Treasury Department, in his annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882, shows that the amount recovered on account of seizures, fines and suits was $89,579; increased duties, $769,446; miscellaneous, $12,-15; number of seizures, 217; appraised value, $91,475; reduction in expenses recommended, $18,322; number of arrests, 54; number of reports received, 2,976. Of these reports, 58 relate to smuggling, 319 to undervaluation, 2 to misconduct of customs officers, 182 to seizures, 129 to inspection of customs districts, 15 to suits commenced, and 2,299 to miscellaneous subjects. The Supervising Special Agent says: "To secure more efficient and honest administration of customs service throughout the country, a consolidation of collection districts and abolition of a large number of ports, at some of which there are no duties collected, and at others where the expenses are largely in excess of the receipts, would seem absolutely necessary, and in this connection it is gratifying to know that during the last session of Congress a bill for the consolidation of all fees and giving the Collectors fixed salaries was introduced by a member of the House, who was formerly a special agent and familiar with the wants of the service." Respecting smuggling, he says: "Through the activity and vigilance of the officers of the service, assisted largely by loyal customs officers, smuggling has been confined to very narrow limits. The seizure on the night of the 3d of January last of nearly a ton of opium valued at $26,000, while an attempt was being made to land it from the steamship City of Tokio at the wharf of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, is the largest and most important case of smuggling discovered during the year. It is reported that the business of opium smuggling on the Pacific coast has been carried on by an organized company, which includes capitalists, Custom House employes, steamship employes, local politicians and Chinamen. All customs officers suspected of complicity with smugglers have been dismissed from the service." On the subject of undervaluation, Mr. Martin says: "Investigation has shown that, upon the advice of an agent, foreign manufacturers often invoice consigned goods far below the cost of production. It is estimated that less than 40 per cent. of the 60 per centum ad-valorem duty on silk is collected in consequence of the undervaluation of that article."

STEAMBOAT INSPECTION.

Gen. Dumont's Report of the Operation of His Bureau.

Supervising Inspector General Dumont, in his annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30 last, gives the following statistics of the steamboat inspection service: Number of vessels inspected, 5,117; tonnage of same, 1,228,564; officers licensed, 20,467, showing an increase over the previous year in the number of vessels, of 528, in tonnage of 74,561, and the number of licensed officers, 2,669. The total receipts from all sources during the year were $270,889.30; total expenditures, $227,615.63; receipts over expenditures, $52,273.67. The total number of accidents to steam vessels during the year, resulting in loss of life, were forty-nine. Lives lost from accidents to steam vessels 205, of which but fifty-six were lives of passengers. Total persons carried during the year, 354,070,447. This number divided by 205, the number of lives lost, shows one life lost to each 1,727,172 persons carried, as against one life lost in each 55,714 persons carried in the fifty-one years previous to the enactment of the first efficient steamboat laws, in the year last-named there were 20,000,000 passengers carried, and 700 lives lost.

By means of a chemical refrigerator corpses are now frozen as hard as blocks of marble before they are laid out for inspection in the Paris morgue.

The Phrenological Journal calls attention to the fact that women have not yet secured the right to whistle. It thinks that they ought to have this right on several grounds. The practice of whistling tends to promote cheerfulness in the whistler, and also to strengthen the lungs. Women need cheerfulness and good lungs just as much as men do, and, therefore, the question is, as the *Journal* says, why should not women whistle "as they rock the cradle or perform their household duties?"

J. J. Johnson, of Richmond, Ind., writes: "If every man knew what a good medicine Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is, there would be fewer invalids. It cured me of dyspepsia. It cured my wife of general ill health. I think it the best medicine I ever used."

A Cincinnati society reporter has mysteriously disappeared, and foul play is suspected, although it is possible that he is hiding somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, as he is well supplied with railroad passes. His last article was an account of the marriage of a pork-packer's daughter, in which he used the term "swell wedding." It came out in the papers "swill wedding."—*Philadelphia News.*

Man's superiority over the brute creation is illustrated by the fact that man is a laughing animal; but the wisest men are not the greatest laughers. You remember what Goldsmith said, "the loud laugh that bespoke the vacant mind." Wherefore, then, this whiteness?—*Boston Transcript.*

The London *Truth* says: "It is only by corporal punishment, liberally administered, that the horrible brutality of modern roughs, both young and old, can be checked. The efficacy of the 'cat' in repressing a tendency to crime was proved by the remarkable effect it had in garroting."

Happy Consummation.

Discovered, the means by which any lady may wear slippers or shoes one or two sizes smaller than usual. Every one who has used Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is pleased with the result. Very few persons are exempt from suffering great discomfort and pain from corns, but corns are of small importance when they may be removed by a few applications of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Beware of substitutes and bad counterfeits. Sure, prompt and painless. Sold everywhere by druggists. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

A reporter interviewed a prize fat woman whose weight is 730 pounds. When asked, "Do you still claim to be the largest fat woman in the world?" she frigidly replied, "Excuse me sir, but I do not recognize the title. I am said to be the largest living lady on exhibition."

Personal!—To Men Only!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

A man made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire-engine. He was asked, "What are the means in your village for extinguishing fires?" "Well, it rains sometimes," he replied.

Notice.

We invite attention to the prospectus published in another column of "Golden Days," a bright juvenile weekly. It is also issued in monthly parts, and the yearly volume, beautifully bound, sold at four dollars, postage free. The second volume and the weekly for 1883, together, for only three dollars, and any boy or girl sending three subscribers and nine dollars will receive the second volume, bound, as a premium. The third volume is just ready—makes an exquisite Holiday Gift. This and the Weekly one year will be sent for six dollars, postage paid.

A man advertised for "a helpmate, who shall be a companion of my heart, my head, my lot." A candidate for the situation wrote: "I don't care to know anything about your head or heart; but how big is your lot?"

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; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Both ends of life is shrouded in mystery. A man don't know when he's born or when he dies. Dar's nothin' in dat number, between dese two acks ter get in a mighty heap of debitment.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Could I but see Carboline made,
And view the process o'er,
No bald-head pate would make afraid,
Nor gray hairs fright me more.
As now improved and perfected,
No oil was ere so sure,
All skin disease, of limb or head,
It never fails to cure.

Playing foot-ball by electric light has been tried in London without success. The players throw themselves by kicking at the shadows of other players' heads.

Free to All Ministers of Churches.

I will send one bottle of White Wine of Tar Syrup, gratis, to any minister that will recommend it to his friends after giving it a fair test, and it proves satisfactory for coughs, colds, throat or lung diseases.

Dr. C. D. Warner, Reading, Mich.

A miner fell in love with a girl at first sight, she was easily smitten with him, and the entire courtship was, "My pet?" "You bet!"

That Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Health Renewer. $1.

Don't Dine at Green House. "Bought on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, 15c.

A woman was offered $1,000 if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "Isn't the time nearly up?" and thus lost.

Five Thousand Letters

Have been received by proprietor of the White Wine of Tar Syrup, from parties claiming to be cured of consumption by its use.

"This is a base insinuation," said the tramp, as he sailed out of a front gate on the bow a No. 12 double-soled boot.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Common colds neglected cause one-half the deaths. Consumption lurks in every cough, often using as a mask the ruddy cheek and sparkling eye till its deadly seeds are deeply planted in the system. Eilert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry will surely cure colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchial complaints, and ward off consumption.

The *Popular Science Monthly* asks: "What are crowds?" The science of love says the third party is a large crowd.—*New Haven Register.*

Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup is just the medicine for mothers to have in the house for the children. It will cure colds, coughs, sore throat, and regulate the bowels. Do not fail to give it a trial, you will be pleased with its charming effect. Sold by all druggists.

We sneer at the Siamese for worshiping the elephant; but think of the money that is spent here annually just to see it!—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Uncle Sam's Condition Powders should be used by every one owning or having the care of horses, cattle, hogs or poultry. It improves the appetite, promotes the growth, and restores the sick. Sold by all druggists.

A Cleveland man has invented a "vacuum gun." This is bad. It is always the empty gun that kills the small boy.

The Howe Scales have all the latest improvements. It is true economy to buy the best. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

A Chicago policeman shot eleven times at a burglar and each time missed. He made the serious mistake of aiming at the fellow.

Young men from the best families in the city are attending H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College.

Set men and set hens are sometimes alike. They are on nest.

One pair of boots or shoes saved every year by using Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

In spite of protests the waltz still holds its own. Love rules the whirled.

Try the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

Marriage makes men thoughtful. About half their time is spent in forming excuses.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1878 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.

BAKER'S PAIN-PANACEA cures pain in Man or Beast. For use externally or internally.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beeves	$9.00 @12.50
Hogs	6.60 @7.15
Cotton	.10½@ .10¾
Flour—Superfine	2.20 @3.75
Wheat—No. 1 White	1.07 @1.08
No. 2 Red	1.07 @1.09
Corn—No. 2	.88 @ .90
Oats—No. 2	.46 @ .47
Pork—Mess	20.75 @21.00
Lard	.11½@ .11¾
CHICAGO.	
Beeves—Good to Fancy Steers	5.25 @6.40
Cows and Heifers	2.75 @3.90
Medium to Fair	4.00 @5.15
Hogs	5.90 @5.95
Flour—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5.50 @5.75
Good to Choice Sp'g Ex.	5.00 @5.50
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	.92 @ .93
No. 2 Red Winter	.94 @ .95
Corn—No. 2	.64 @ .67
Oats—No. 2	.35 @ .36
Rye—No. 2	.57 @ .58
Barley—No. 2	.82 @ .83
Butter—Choice Creamery	.35 @ .36
Eggs—Fresh	.26 @ .27
Pork—Mess	17.00 @17.25
Lard	.10¾@ .11
MILWAUKEE.	
Wheat—No. 2	.93 @ .94
Corn—No. 2	.66 @ .67
Oats—No. 2	.33 @ .33
Rye—No. 2	.55 @ .56
Barley—No. 2	.72 @ .74
Pork—Mess	17.00 @17.25
Lard	.11 @ .11¼
ST. LOUIS.	
Wheat—No. 2 Red	.94 @ .95
Corn—Mixed	.66 @ .67
Oats—No. 2	.34 @ .36
Rye	.56 @ .57
Pork—Mess	18.25 @18.50
Lard	.11 @ .11¼
CINCINNATI.	
Wheat—No. 2 Red	.97 @ .98
Corn	.67 @ .68
Oats	.38 @ .39
Rye	.62 @ .63
Pork—Mess	18.00 @19.00
Lard	.10¾@ .11
TOLEDO.	
Wheat—No. 2 Red	.97 @ .98
Corn	.72 @ .73
Oats—No. 2	.37 @ .38
DETROIT.	
Flour	5.50 @ 6.00
Wheat—No. 1 White	1.00 @ 1.01
Corn—No. 2	.74 @ .75
Oats—Mixed	.39 @ .40
Pork—Mess	19.00 @19.50
INDIANAPOLIS.	
Wheat—No. 2 Red	.95 @ .96
Corn—No. 2	.68 @ .69
Oats—Mixed	.34 @ .35
EAST LIBERTY, PA.	
Cattle—Best	6.50 @ 7.00
Fair	5.50 @ 6.00
Common	4.00 @ 4.50
Hogs	6.55 @ 6.90
Sheep	3.25 @ 4.25

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