DAT YALLER GOWN.

Dat's de cutes' pickaninny
Ebber bo'n in dis heah town;
Des's none sich in ole Indiany
As him in that yaller gown.

Yo' nebber see a chile so fearful
'Bout his close; dey's al'us clean;
Jes' to speck 'em hurts 'im fearful—
De proudes' chile yo' ebber seen!

Bress his heart! Jes' heah 'im holler!
Han'sum, ain't he? Like his dad;
De gander, now, he's tryin' to foller;
Down he goes! Dat makes him mad.

Jump up spry, now, Alexander;
Kearful! Doan ye see dat mud?
Heah me, chile! Yo'll riz my dander,
If ye s'ile dat bran new dud!

Stop dis instep! Stop dat sprawlin'!
Hi! yo' Alexander Brown!
Dar's a puddle, an' yer crawlin'
To'ard it with yer yaller gown!

See yo'self, now, jes a-drippin'
Wid dat black degustful sile,
Keeps me half de time a-strippin'
Of yer close, ye nasty chile.

Pay distenshun when I holler!
'Fo' de Lawd! chile, suah's yer bo'n,
If I ebber see yo' waller
In dat hole agin, yer gone.

Come dis way! Yes, dat's my t'ankin.
Nex' time look out whar ye go;
Yer desarvin' sich a spankin'
As yer nebber had befo'!

Ain't yer 'shamed, yeh good-fo'-nuffin'
Little niggah? I'd sarved ye right,
'Case yer al'us inter suffin'
S' lin', if it's in yer sight.

Dar; now what's de good in bawlin'?
Dat won't slick yer gown ag'in;
Yo' air de wustest 'coon fer crawlin'
In de mud I ebber seen.

—*Charles H. Turner.*

AN UNDERGRADUATE'S AUNT.

Frederick Flushington belonged to a small college, and in doing so conferred upon it one of the few distinctions it could boast—namely, that of possessing the very bashfulest man in the whole university.

But his college did not confer upon him any special adulation on that account, probably from a prudent fear of rubbing the bloom off his modesty; they allowed him to blush unseen—which was the condition in which he preferred to blush.

He felt himself oppressed by a paucity of ideas and a difficulty in knowing which way to look in the presence of his fellow men, which made him never so happy as when he had fastened his outer door and secured himself from all possibility of intrusion, though it was almost an unnecessary precaution, for nobody ever thought of coming to see Flushington.

In appearance he was a man of middle height, with a long, scraggy neck and a large head, which gave him the air of being much shorter than he really was; he had little, weak eyes, a nose and mouth of no particular shape, and very smooth hair of no definite color. He had a timid, deprecating air, which seemed due to the consciousness that he was an uninteresting anomaly, and he certainly was as impervious to the ordinary influence of his surroundings as any undergraduate well could be. He lived a colorless, aimless life in his little rooms under the roof, reading every morning from 9 till 2, with a superstitiously mechanical regularity, though very often his books completely failed to convey any idea whatever to his brain, which was not a particularly powerful organ.

If the afternoon was fine, he generally sought out his one friend, who was a few degrees less shy than himself, and they went a monosyllabic walk together; or, if it was wet, he read the papers at the Union, and, in the evenings after hall, he studied "general literature"—a graceful term for novels—or laboriously spelled out a sonata upon his piano, a habit which did not increase his popularity.

Fortunately for Flushington he had no gyp, or his life might have been made a positive burden to him, and with his bedmaker he was rather a favorite as "a gentleman what gave no trouble"—meaning that when he observed his sherry unaccountably sinking, like the water in a lock when the sluices are up, Flushington was too delicate to refer to the phenomenon.

He was sitting one afternoon, over his modest lunch of bread and butter, potted meat and lemonade, when all at once he heard a sound of unusual voices and a strange flutter of dresses coming up the winding stone staircase outside, and was instantly seized with a cold dread.

There was no particular reason for being alarmed, although there were certainly ladies mounting the steps—probably they were friends of the man opposite, who was always having his people up. But still Flushington had that odd presentiment which nervous people have sometimes that something unpleasant is on its way to them, and he half rose from his chair to shut his outer oak.

It was too late. The dresses were rustling now in his very passage—there was a pause, a few faint, smothered laughs, and little feminine coughs—then two taps at the door.

"Come in," cried Flushington, faintly; he wished he had been reading anything but the work by M. Zola, which was propped up in front of him. It is your mild man who frequently has a taste for seeing the less reputable side of life in this second-hand way, and Flushington would toil manfully through the voluminous pages, hunting up every third word in the dictionary, with a sense of injury when, as was often the case, it was not often to be found. Still there was a sort of intellectual orgie about it which had strong fascinations for him, while he knew enough of the language to be aware when the incidents approached the improper, though he was not always able to see quite clearly in what this impropriety consisted.

The door opened, and his heart seemed to stop, and all the blood rushed violently to his head, as a large lady came sweeping in, her face rippling with a broad smile of affection.

She horrified Flushington, who knew nobody with the least claim to smile at him so expansively as that; he drank lemonade to conceal his confusion.

"You don't know me, my dear Fred?" she said easily. "Of course not—how should you? I'm—for goodness sake, my dear boy, don't look so terribly frightened! I'm your aunt—your aunt Amelia, come over from Australia!"

The shock was a severe one to Flushington, who had not even known he possessed such a relative; he could only say "Oh!" which he felt even then was scarcely a warm greeting to give an aunt from the antipodes.

"Oh, but," she added, cheerily, "that's not all; I've another surprise for you; the dear girls would insist on coming up too, to see their grand college cousin; they're just outside. I'll call them in—shall I?"

In another second Flushington's small room was overrun by a horde of female relatives, while he looked on gasping.

They were pretty girls, too, many of them; but that was all the more dreadful to him; he did not mind the plainer ones half so much; a combination of beauty and intellect reduced him to a condition of absolute imbecility.

He was once caught and introduced to a charming young lady from Newnham, and all he could do was to back feebly into a corner and murmur "Thank you," repeatedly.

He was very little better than that then as his aunt singled out one girl after another. "We won't have any formal nonsense between cousins," she said; "you know them all by name already, I dare say—this is Milly, that's Jane, here's Flora, and Kitty, and Margaret, and that's my little Thomasina over there by the book-case."

Poor Flushington ducked blindly in the direction of each, and then to them all collectively; he had not presence of mind to offer them chairs, or cake, or anything; and, beside, there was not nearly enough of anything for all of them.

Meanwhile his aunt had spread herself comfortably out in his arm-chair, and was untying her bonnet strings and beaming at him until he was ready to expire with confusion. "I do think," she observed at last, "that when an old aunt all the way from Australia takes the trouble to come and see you like this, you might spare her just one kiss!"

Flushington dared not refuse; he tottered up and kissed her somewhere about the face, after which he did not know which way to look, he was so terribly afraid that he might have to go through the same ceremony with the cousins, which he simply could not have survived.

Happily for him, they did not appear to expect it, and he balanced a chair on its hind legs and, resting one knee upon it, waited patiently for them to deign a conversation; he could not have uttered a single word.

The aunt came to his rescue: "You don't ask after your Uncle Samuel, who used to send you the beetles?" she said reprovingly.

"No," said Flushington, who had forgotten Uncle Samuel and his beetles too; "no; how is Uncle Samuel—quite well, I hope?"

"Only terribly so, thank you, Fred; you see, he never got over his great loss."

"No," said Flushington, desperately, "of course not; it was a—a large sum of money to lose all at once."

"I was not referring to money," said she, with a slight touch of stoniness in her manner; "I was alluding to the death of your cousin John."

Flushington had felt himself getting on rather well just before that, but this awkward mistake—for he could not recollect having heard of cousin John before—threw him off his balance again; he collapsed in silence once more, inwardly resolving to be lured into no more questions concerning relatives.

His ignorance seemed to have aroused pathetic sentiments in his aunt. "I ought to have known," she said, shaking her head, "they'd soon forget us in the old country; here's my own sister's son, and he doesn't remember his cousin's death! Well, well, we're here, we must see if we can't know one another a little better. Fred, you must take the girls and me everywhere, and show us everything, like a good nephew, you know."

Flushington had a horrible mental vision of himself careering about all Cambridge, followed by a long procession of female relatives—a fearful possibility to so shy a man. "Shall you be here long?" he asked.

"Only a week or so; we're at the 'Bull,' very near to you, you see; and I'm afraid you think us very bold beggars, Fred, but we're going to ask you to give us something to eat. I've set my heart, so have the girls (haven't you, dears?), on lunching once with a college student in his own room."

"There's nothing so extraordinary in it, I assure you," protested Flushington, "and—and I'm afraid there is very little for you to eat. The kitchen and buttery are closed" (he said this at a venture, as he felt absolutely unequal to facing the college cook and ordering lunch from that tremend us personage; he would rather order it from his tutor even). "But if you don't mind potted ham, there's a little at the bottom of this tin, and there's some bread and an inch of butter, and marmalade, and a few biscuits. And there was some sherry this morning."

The girls all professed themselves very hungry, and contented with anything; so they sat around the table, and poor Flushington served out meager rations of all the provisions he could find, even to his figs and French plums; but there was not nearly enough to go round, and they lunched with evident disillusionment, thinking that the college luxury, of which they had heard so much, had been greatly exaggerated.

During luncheon the aunt began to study Flushington's features attentively. "There's a strong look of poor dear Simon about him when he smiles," she said, looking at him through her gold double glasses. "There, did you catch it, girls? Just his mother's profile (turn your face a leetle more toward the window, so as to get the light on your nose); don't you see the likeness to your aunt's portrait, girls?"

And Flushington had to sit still with all the girls' charming eyes fixed critically upon his crimson countenance; he longed to be able to slide down under the table and evade them, but of course he was obliged to remain above.

"He's got dear Caroline's nose!" the aunt went on triumphantly; and the cousins agreed that he certainly had Caroline's nose, which made Flushington feel vaguely that he ought at least to offer to return it.

Presently one of the girls whispered to her mother, who laughed indulgently. "What do you think this silly child wants me to ask you now, Fred?" she said. "She says she would so like to see what you look like with your college cap and gown on! Will you put them on, just to please her?"

So Flushington had to put them on, and walk slowly up and down the room in them, feeling all the time what a dismal spectacle he was making of himself, while the girls were plainly disappointed, and remarked that somehow they had thought the academical costume more becoming.

Then began a hotly-maintained catechism upon his studies, his amusements, his friends, and his mode of life generally; which he met with uneasy shiftings and short, timid answers that they did not appear to think altogether satisfactory.

Indeed, the aunt, who had by this time felt the potted ham beginning to disagree with her, asked him, with something of severity in her tone, whether he went to church regularly: and he said that he didn't go to church, but was always regular at chapel.

On this she observed coldly that she was sorry to hear her nephew was a Dissenter; and Flushington was much too shy to attempt to explain the misunderstanding; he sat quiet and felt miserable, while there was another uncomfortable pause.

The cousins were whispering together and laughing over little private jokes, and he after the manner of sensitive men, of course, imagined they were laughing at him—and perhaps he was not far wrong on this occasion. So he was growing hotter and hotter every second, inwardly cursing his whole race, and wishing that his father had been a foundling—when there came another tap at the door.

"Why, that must be poor old Sophy!" said his aunt. "Fred, you remember old Sophy—no, you can't, you were only a baby when she came to live with us, but she'll remember you. She begged so hard to be taken, and so we told her she might come on here slowly after us."

And then an old person in a black bonnet came feebly in and was considerably affected when she saw Flushington. "To think," she quavered, "to think as my dim old eyes should see the child as I've nursed on my lap grown out into a college gentleman!" And she hugged Flushington and wept on his shoulder, till he was almost cataleptic with confusion.

But as she grew calmer she became more critical; she confessed to a certain feeling of disappointment with Flushington; he had not filled out, she said, "so fine as he'd promised to fill out." And when she asked if he recollected how he wouldn't be washed unless they put his little wooden horse on the washstand, and what a business it was to make him swallow his castor-oil, it made Flushington feel like a fool.

This was quite bad enough; but at last the girls began to go round his rooms, exclaiming at everything, admiring his pipe and umbrella racks, his buffalo horns, and his quaint wooden kettle-holder, until they happened to come across his French novel; and, being unsophisticated colonial girls, with a healthy ignorance of such literature, they wanted Flushington to tell them what it was all about.

His presence of mind had gone long before, and this demand threw him into a violent perspiration. He could not invent, and he was painfully racking his brain to find some portion of the tale which would bear repetition, when there was another knock at the door.

At this Flushington was perfectly dumb with horror; he prepared himself blankly for another aunt with a fresh relay of female cousins, or more old family servants who had washed him in his infancy, and he sat there cowering.

But, when the door opened, a tall, fair-haired, good-looking young fellow, who, from his costume, had evidently just come up from the tennis-court, came bursting in impulsively.

"Oh, I say!" he began, "have you heard—have you seen? Oh, beg pardon, didn't see, you know!" he added, as he noticed the extraordinary fact that Flushington had people up.

"Oh, let me introduce you," said Flushington, with a vague idea that this was the proper thing to do. "Mr. Lushington, Mrs.—no, I don't know her name—my aunt—my cousins."

The young man, who had just been about to retire, bowed and stared with a sudden surprise. "Do you know," he said slowly to the other, "I rather think that's my aunt!"

"I—I'm afraid not," whispered Flushington; "she seems quite sure she's mine."

"Well, I've got an aunt and cousins I've never seen before coming up today," said the new-comer, "and yours is uncommonly like the portrait of mine."

"If they belong to you, do take them away!" said Flushington feebly. "I don't think I can keep up much longer."

"What are you whispering about, Fred?" cried the aunt; "is it something we are not to know?"

"He says he thinks there's been a mistake, and you're not my aunt," explained Flushington.

"Oh, does he," she said, drawing herself up indignantly; "and what does he know about it—I didn't catch his name; who is he?"

"Fred Lushington," he said; "that's my name."

"And what are you, if he's Fred Lushington?" she inquired, turning upon the unfortunate owner of the rooms.

"I'm Frederick Flushington," he stammered; "I'm sorry—but I can't help it!"

"Then you're not my nephew at all, sir!" cried the aunt.

"Thank you very much," said Flushington, gratefully.

"You see," her real nephew was explaining to her, "there isn't much light on the staircase, and you must have thought his name over the door was 'F. Lushington,' so in you went, you know! The porter told me you'd been asking for me, so I looked in here to see if anything had been heard of you, and here you are."

"But why didn't he tell me?" she said, for she was naturally annoyed to find that she had been pouring out all her pent-up affection over a perfect stranger, and she even had a dim idea that she had put herself in rather a ridiculous position, which of course made her feel very angry with Flushington. "Why couldn't he explain before matters had gone so far?"

"How was I to know?" pleaded Flushington; "I daresay I have aunts in Australia, and you said you were one of them. I thought very likely you knew best."

"But you asked after Uncle Samuel?" she said, accusingly; "you must have had some object—I can not say what—in encouraging my mistake; oh, I'm sure of it!"

"You told me to ask after him, and I did," said the unhappy Flushington. "I thought it was all right. What else was I to do?"

The cousins were whispering and laughing together all this time, and regarding their new cousin with shy admiration, very different from the manner in which they had looked at poor Flushington; and the old nurse, too, was overjoyed at the exchange, and declared that she felt sure from the first that her Master Frederick had not turned out so undersized as him, meaning Flushington.

"Yes, yes," said Lushington, hastily, "quite a mistake, on both sides; quite sure Flushington isn't the man to go and intercept any fellow's aunt."

"I wouldn't have done it for worlds, if I had known it!" he protested, very sincerely.

"Well," she said, a little mollified, "I'm very sorry we've all disturbed you like this, Mr.—Mr. Flushington" (the unlucky man said something about not minding it now); "and now, Fred, my boy, perhaps you will show us the way to the right rooms?"

"Come along, then!" said he; "I'll run down and tell them to send up some lunch" (they did not explain that they had lunched already). "You come too, Flushington, and then after lunch you and I will row the ladies up to Byron's Pool!"

"Yes, do come, Mr. Flushington," the ladies said kindly, "just to show you forgive us!"

But Flushington wriggled out of it; to begin with, he did not consider he knew his neighbor sufficiently well, as they had only had a nodding acquaintance before, and beside, he had had enough of female society for one day.

Indeed, long after that, he would be careful in fastening his door about luncheon time and if he saw any person in Cambridge who looked as if she might by any possibility turn out to be a relation, he would flee down a back street.—*F. Anstey, in Belgravia.*

Strange History of a Will.

One has heard of wills written on bed-posts, concealed in hay-lofts and flower pots, and other possible and impossible places, but probably no will has ever passed through stranger vicissitudes than one admitted to probate by Sir James Hannen. The testator was an engineer on board a channel steamer and made his will giving everything to his wife, and gave the will to her. Some time afterward they had a quarrel, during which she tore the will up and threw the pieces into the fire. The husband picked up the pieces and put them into an envelope labeled "poison," but said he would make a new one. However, several years afterward he died of small-pox on his steamer, and, on his clothes being searched before burning, the envelope with the pieces of the will inside it was luckily found and given to his wife. This brand plucked from the burning has now been pieced together and will be deposited at Somerset House; a lesson to all time to wives not to lose their tempers too far if they do not wish also to lose their husbands' property, or to save it only by a lawsuit.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A Remarkable Poem to Which Thirty-Eight Poets Contribute a Line Each.

The following very remarkable little poem is a contribution to the San Francisco *Times* from the pen of H. A. Deming. The reader will see that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of years of laborious search among the voluminous writing of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man's a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die;
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Though all men's lives may seem a tragedy;
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here no man can befall,
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly its peculiar care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh! then, renounce that impious self-esteem!
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years, but actions tell—
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make then, while yet you may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
39. For live we how we can, die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spencer; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Scott; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Trench; 18, Somerville; 19, Thompson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowly; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Devenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Frances Charles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, William Mason; 36, Pill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

Something About Oysters.

It must have been jolly living during the Crustaceous and Jurassic periods, when the length of oysters was measured by the foot. In those days it must have required a small pitchfork to eat oysters off the half-shell. It was then the succulent bivalve reached the culminating point in its existence. Had it retained its size, people now would sit down to a roast oyster as they sit down to a joint of beef or mutton. Signor Salvini would have found it impossible to stand up, as he did at the dinner given him before he last sailed for Europe and swallow an entire bivalve, of the largest size in the market, before an enthusiastic audience. Here is an interesting question for biologists: Did the people of Crustaceous and Jurassic periods eat oysters during the months without an *r*, or was it reserved for the people of this civilized age to yield to a hideous superstition which deprives us four months of the year of the most succulent product of the sea? A question of historical interest has also been raised of recent years. The minute researches of German historians have proved conclusively that on the eventful morning of the ides of March, when Julius Cæsar left his house, he was instructed by Calphurnia to stop at an oyster saloon on the Via Longa and order a "fry in a box" to be sent home to her, that he forgot to do so, and proceeded at once to the Capitol, where he was murdered, and that had he stopped to give the order, a messenger sent to warn him would have overtaken him.

But oysters, besides occupying the attention of grave historians, have inspired poets. Large bivalves were so abundant in New York, early in its history, that no one thought of buying them. This state of the market was enthusiastically versified as follows:

"Crabs, lobsters, mussels, oysters, too, there be
So large this I can scarce balance three
Of those of Europe; and in quantity
No one can reckon."

And not long afterward a colonist, in a poem entitled "New England Prospects," mentions the oyster, along with the lobster and other salt water delicacies, in this manner:

"The luscious lobster, with the crab-fish raw,
The lavish oyster, mussel, periwigge,
And tortoise sought by the Indian squaw,
Which to the flatts dance many a winter's jigge."

Others at the same period wrote of oysters of whose size and sweetness they make special mention. In 1671, Arnoldus Montanus speaks of oysters, "some a foot long, containing pearls, but few of brown color;" while Josselyn mentions some so large that they had to be cut into pieces before they could be eaten.

"Some," he says, "they roast and some they dry as they do oysters, which are delicate breakfast meat so ordered; the oysters are long-shelled. I have had of them nine inches long from the joynt to the toe, containing an oyster like those the Latines called Tridacaun, that were to be cut into three pieces before they could put them into their mouths, very fat and sweet."

They must have been very abundant, too. "There is abundance of brave oysters at Amboy Point and several other places," says one writer; and another speaks of "oysters, I think, would serve all England." Another, in speaking of the advantages of living in New York, claims "one thing more particular to us, which the others want also, which is vast oyster banks, which is the constant fresh victuals, during the winter, to English as well as Indians; of these there are many along our coasts, from the sea as high as against New York, whence they come to fetch them."

Oysters have also formed a subject of legal enactments. Statutes have been passed for the protection of oystermen in their rights, and some States and towns have guarded jealously their oyster beds against citizens of neighboring States and towns. Among the recorded enactments of this kind is one enacted "att the general courtt held att Plymouth the fourth of June, 1661," where is was determined "that five shillings shal bee payed to the Countrey upon every barrell of Oysters that is carryed out of the Gouv'ment, and that the Countrey be not defrauded, hee shall enter them with the Towne Clarke before hee carry them away, or else to forfeit twenty shillings per barrell carryed away not entered."—*Harper's Weekly.*

My friends, we can't all be Washingtons, but we can all be patriots and behave ourselves in a human and Christian manner. When we see a brother going down hill to ruin, let us not give him a push, but let us seize right hold of his coat-tails and draw him back to morality.—*Artemus Ward.*

Talk about your outside kisses. Give us the kiss of the good housewife which is always preceded by a wipe of her mouth by the nice and virtuous kitchen apron. (Of course by this we don't mean the kiss of any other fellow's housewife.) — *Kentucky State Journal.*

An English physician says that a woman who has a great secret and dare not tell it can be made really ill by keeping it.

The General (?) Experience.

Perusing a recent copy of the Chicago *Times*, we observed the following statement from Gen. Leib, of the Chicago *Democrat:* "St. Jacobs Oil is the remedy for rheumatism and neuralgia, without any manner of doubt; and people who suffer from these diseases ought to be made acquainted with that fact. Whenever I had occasion to use the Oil I found it all its proprietors claim for it.

The Ideal Mule.

No wonder the mule is a kicker. Were I a mule, love, I, too, would kick. Every time I got a chance I would lift somebody higher than a kite. I know just what kind of a mule I would be. A bay mule. One of these sad-eyed old fellows that lean back in the breeching and think. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark brown streak down my back, and a paint-brush tail. And my mane cut short, and my foretop banged, and a head as long as a flour barrel, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half in any market, and I'd wear a flat horness and no blinders, and some day when some man hitched me up to a dray, and piled on a ton and a half of pig-iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour, a good load of household goods, and a steamboat boiler, I would start off with it patiently and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade on the new road around North hill, and right about there and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down in a spark of gold and crimson, would scare me all but to death, and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi river six weeks to find all of that load and some of the driver, while in three minutes after the emute I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heights that smile above the silver flowing river. That is the kind of a mule I would be.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Prince of remedies for rheumatism is St. Jacobs Oil. We have seen it tried, and great results accomplished.—*Huntington, Ind., Democrat.*

It Stopped at Cabbage.

A Detroit colored man had occasion to ask the advice of a patrolman as to how he should treat some boys who called him names as he passed a certain corner.

"I wouldn't mind em," was the reply.

"Jist what I reckoned on," said the complainant. "I had my mind made up to treat 'em wid proud disdain. But dar's a nayburo' mine who frows clubs at my dog an' cusses my chill'en. Would you also come de proud disdain over him?"

"Yes, I think so."

"An' dar's a white man libin' round de co'ner who say I stole his ax. I reckon dat proud disdain will fix him if I keep it up long enough?"

"It certainly will."

"Wall, den it am settled dat I doan' talk back in none o' dese cases, but dar am one fing I want understood right heah an' now. De nex' time I am injoyin' an' ebenin' siesta on de doorsteps and a six-pound cabbage hits me on de middle west-button dar won't be no proud disdain to be had in any grocery fur a mile aroun'! I'ze gwine to riz up an' yell fur revenge an' shout fur blood, an' de ossifer who interferes wid me am gwine to be rendered unconscious fur forty-eight days!"

A writer who signs himself "Content," writes: "Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla has cured me of great weakness, disturbing dreams, etc. I am now in perfect health and am never troubled in my sleep; therefore am I content."

The Theater Man and the Newspaper Man.

The theater man is much like the newspaper man. The theatre man may call his brother names which are anything but pretty, so will the newspaper man, but when that brother is in trouble, the theater man, like the newspaper man, rushes to his assistance. I believe, though, there is a truer *esprit de corps* among journalists than among theater people, and yet it may not be so. The journalist can take it out in print. The theater man has no type with which to speak, so must use nature's weapon, the tongue. He is tremendously bitter, as we are on occasions, but let a theater burn and the unlucky one has more offers of practical aid than he knows what to do with. In our world no inhabitant hesitates to use the facilities of a fellow-citizen, though the man upon whom he makes a call may have posted him as a thief and a liar in the morning's issue of his paper.—*Progress.*

The heathen now worship idols made in New England.

"Buchu-paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

For Thick Heads, heavy stomachs, biliousness—Wells' May Apple Pills. 10c and 25c.

Anything but a pleasant trip: Falling over a sidewalk obstruction.

The market is flooded with worthless and vile compounds for the rejuvination of the hair, but Carboline, the great petroleum hair renewer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, still takes the front rank as the best preparation ever offered to the public.

An adage amended: Birds of a feather flock on new bonnets.

The Conductor.

Winona, Minn., Nov. 29, 1879.

I had been suffering with a severe cold for several days, and was so hoarse I could not speak above a whisper. Nov. 16 I met one of Dr. Warner's agents on my train. He handed me a bottle of White Wine of Tar Syrup, and one hour after taking the first dose my hoarseness commenced to leave me. In twenty-four hours my voice was quite clear and natural, and the cold nearly cured. It is the best remedy I ever saw. Respectfully,

C. W. Warren, Conductor,
Chicago and Northwestern R. R.

"When will this car go?" asked a gentleman. "As soon as it has a cargo," was the prompt reply.

Corns! Corns! Corns!

Every one suffering from painful corns will be glad to learn that there is a new and painless remedy discovered by which the very worst class of corns may be removed entirely, in a short time and without pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has already been used by thousands, and each person who has given it a trial becomes anxious to recommend it to others. It is the only sure, prompt and painless cure for corns known. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is sold everywhere. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

Some men are born slight, some achieve slightness, but most men have slights put upon them.

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 New England paragrapher has discovered that a dog's lungs is the seat of its pants.

Increase of Pension.

Thousands entitled under new laws which are more liberal. Also Pensions secured for disabled soldiers, widows, etc. Address, with stamps, Stoddart & Co., 413 G street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

When man talks of his superiority to woman, ask him to find the pocket in a dress

Pure Cod-Liver Oil, made from select livers on the sea-shore, 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.

Definition of a soldier of fortune—A soldier who has none.

The Howe Scale took first premium at Philadelphia, Paris, Sydney, and other exhibitions. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

The poorest borrower can always return thanks.

Chapped Hands, Face, Pimples, and rough Skin, cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

"Come up higher," said the choir leader to the tenor who sat with the congregation.

H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College is the right place for young men to spend their leisure time.

"I never hear anything that's said against me," remarked the deaf man.

25c buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners. Makes a boot or shoe last twice as long.

To a Communist in a saloon the ship of state is a schooner.

Try the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

The journalist, like the carpenter, makes a living by means of his ads.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beeves	$ 4.00	@ 6.90
Hogs	4.20	@ 6.70
Cotton	.10¼	@ .10¾
Flour—Superfine	3.25	@ 3.90
Wheat—No. 1 White	1.06	@ 1.07
No. 2 Red	1.09	@ 1.11
Corn—No. 2	.65	@ .66
Oats—No. 2	.40	@ .43
Pork—Mess	19.75	@ 20.00
Lard	.11¼	@ .11½
CHICAGO.		
Beeves—Good to Fancy Steers	5.00	@ 6.50
Cows and Heifers	2.65	@ 4.00
Medium to Fair	4.40	@ 4.90
Hogs	5.00	@ 6.75
Flour—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5.50	@ 5.75
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5.00	@ 5.50
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	.24	@ .75
No. 2 Red Winter	.94	@ .95
Corn—No. 2	.55	@ .56
Oats—No. 2	.36	@ .36
Rye—No. 2	.56	@ .57
Barley—No. 2	.79	@ .80
Butter—Choice Creamery	.35	@ .37
Eggs—Fresh	.27	@ .28
Pork—Mess	.10	@17.50
Lard	12.25½	@ .10¾
MILWAUKEE.		
Wheat—No. 2	.94	@ .95
Corn—No. 2	.55	@ .51
Oats—No. 2	.35	@ .36
Rye—No. 2	.55	@ .56
Barley—No. 2	.72	@ .73
Pork—Mess	17.25	@17.50
Lard	.10½	@ .10¾
ST. LOUIS.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	.94	@ .95
Corn—Mixed	.51	@ .52
Oats—No. 2	.36	@ .37
Rye	.56	@ .57
Pork—Mess	17.00	@17.25
Lard	.10½	@ .10¾
CINCINNATI.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	.97	@ .98
Corn	.54	@ .55
Oats	.38	@ .39
Rye	.60	@ .61
Pork—Mess	17.50	@18.00
Lard	.10½	@ .10¾
TOLEDO.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	.98	@ .99
Corn	.60	@ .61
Oats—No. 2	.38	@ .39
DETROIT.		
Flour	5.50	@ 6.00
Wheat—No. 1 White	1.01	@ 1.02
Corn—No. 2	.74	@ .75
Oats—Mixed	.40	@ .41
Pork—Mess	18.00	@18.50
INDIANAPOLIS.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	.95	@ .96
Corn—No. 2	.51	@ .52
Oats—Mixed	.34	@ .35
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
Cattle—Best	6.50	@ 7.00
Fair	5.50	@ 6.00
Common	4.00	@ 4.50
Hogs	6.00	@ 7.00
Sheep	2.75	@ 4.75

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

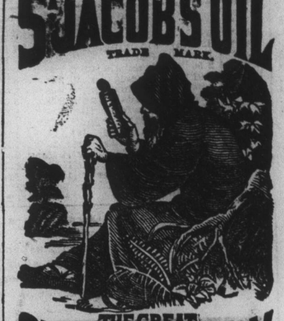
Austin, Texas, February 20, 1881.

To Mr. J. W. Graham, Druggist:

Dear Sir—My case was an acute form of Bronchitis, and was of one and a half year's duration. I employed the best medical aid possible, but failed rapidly, until the doctors said I would die—that my case was incurable. Thrown upon my own resources, I got a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and in six hours felt a decided relief. In three days the cough almost disappeared. Now that my chances of life are good for many years, I earnestly recommend the above to every sufferer of throat or lung disease.

C. G. LATHROP.

JACOB'S OIL
TRADE MARK



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