EACH MOTHER LOVES THE BEST.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother say.
In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet.
With his eyes so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin, he
That sings on the tree,
Dearly may dote on his darlings four,
But I love my one little lamkin more."
So the mother-sheep and the little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
They went to sleep on the hillside so warm,
While my lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat, with her kittens three;
I heard her whispering soft. Said she:
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird in the tree,
And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens from morning till night,
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,
Which of the three for the life of me,
I love them all so well.
So I take up the kittens, the kittens I love,
And we'll lie down beneath the warm stove."
To the kitten lie under the stove so warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the garden and saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten,
She clucked, and she scratched and she bristled away,
And what do you think I heard her say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon and the stars if you please,
But you'll never find such chickens as these,
For lambs nor for kittens I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their knees.
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens sped,
As fast as they could to their warm feather bed;
And there let them lie on their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

MRS. DODD'S PORTIERE.

"I mean to have a *portiere*, sure's you live," announced Mrs. Dodd.

"Lor, what's that?" asked Lucinda. "One of Mrs. Parloa's new recipes? I hope it's something good."

"A *portiere!* child alive! Don't you know what that is? They's curtains, hung up to the doors, and they sweep on the floor—and they're worked with crewels, and yarns and things! Lawyer Browne's folks, over to Hingham, have real satin brocade ones in the best parlor, good enough for a gown. But Mrs. Kitchener, the housekeeper, she took me into her room, and there was nothing but coffee-bagging, if you'll believe it, with bits of colored cotton flannel sewed on 'em: and the bagging ain't over 15 cents a yard."

"I don't see the good of hanging curtains up to the doors; nobody can see through 'em."

"Lor, child, the door is took of, and the *portiere* hangs in its place, and looks mighty grand, and makes you feet as though you was living in a palace."

"I don't believe it'll deceive me," sniffed Lucinda.

"Do get the dictionary down, Lucinda, and look out *portiere*. I want to know how to spell it, and all about it, and when Mrs. Jerry comes in she can't trip me. How cut up she'll be! You know when Brother Ben left me his best woolen carpet she wanted to know if I wasn't afraid of moths getting into the house."

Lucinda took down the consumptive-looking dictionary and pondered over it.

"I don't believe that's the right word," she said presently, "there ain't no such word here."

"No such word! You're just like your Aunt Jerry Dodd—always making folks miserable. Don't you suppose Mrs. Kitchener knows, and she living this twenty year up ter Lawyer Browne's?"

"I daresay she's poking fun at you."

"Poking fun at *me!* Do you think your mother is a person cakilated to hev fun poked at her, Lucindy Dodd?"

"The Duncans have got an unabridged," said Lucinda, waiving the question; "I'll run over and hunt it up."

"But don't let on what you're looking after. I want the neighbors to come in and ask what I've got a hanging up there, and I want to tell 'em 'a *portiere*, to be sure;' and I want to see 'em aturning it over in their minds, dying of curiosity to know what a *portiere* is, but hating to give in that they never heard of the thing before!"

But Mrs. Kitchener, who had been commissioned to buy the coffee-bagging in Hingham, happened over with it the next day,

"Do you know," said Mrs. Dodd, privately, "we've hunted through the dictionary, and Lucindy's looking in the unabridged, and we can't find *portiere*, high or low?"

"Of course you couldn't," answered Mrs. Kitchener. "Why, it's a French word!"

"A French word!" repeated Mrs. Dodd; "a real French word! You don't say so! Why folks'll come from Oldbury and Nearfield and all about to see it, just as if it was a whole menagerie. Mrs. Jerry'll be just fit to die. But I don't know what Tom'll say about takiag the door off the hinges!"

"I guess he'll talk French," put in Lucinda. And he did.

"Take the door off the hinges!" he cried. "What tomfoolery is this, eh? Are you crazy, Pameley? All the neighbors'll be laughing at you. Hang your *portiere*."

"That's just what we want to do," giggled Lucinda.

"The neighbors don't laugh at Lawyer Browne's folks, and there's *portieres* and *portieres* all over the house. I see 'em with my own eyes."

"And the doors took off?" gasped Tom.

"Yes."

"Blest if I ever heard of such a thing! It must be modern progress! Why not take down a side of the house and hang up a curtain? What's it for, any way? It ain't pretty; it looks like a horse-blanket. It'll be mighty nice for rheumatism and influenzy. Why not take the roof off the house instead?"

But for all Tom Dodd's disapproval the door came off, and the *portiere*, brilliant with cotton-flannel dragons, Japanese young men and women, half-moons and hieroglyphics, reigned in its stead. Mrs. Dodd was ready for the neighbors.

"Mercy sakes alive!" ejaculated Mrs. Jerry, who had come in with her darning for a little gossip. "What on earth have you got a-hanging up there? and where's your door gone?"

"That? Oh, that's only a *portiere*," as if a *portiere* in Millvillage was the most common thing in the world.

"A what? It looks like a side-show at the circus, or a poster."

"Everybody don't take to 'em when they first see 'em," tittered Lucinda. "Father didn't. Folks have to be educated up to 'em, like eating tomatoes."

"A *portiere*, did you say? Where'd you get the idear?"

"It's a French word," said Mrs. Tom, as if French were her daily speech. "It came from France."

"Pity it hadn't stayed there. It must let in a sight of cold air."

"We haven't suffered no inconvenience," returned Mrs. Tom, loftily.

"It ain't to be sneezed at," said Lucinda.

As luck would have it, however, a cold snap set in about this time. Mrs. Dodd piled on the coal and shivered surreptitiously.

"Your what-you-may-call-it don't seem to keep out the cold like a door," suggested Mrs. Jerry, in another of her neighborly calls. "I don't believe they'll be popular in Millvillage."

"They're popular at Lawyer Browne's and in the first families to Hingham," returned her sister-in-law.

"Well, I s'pose they have a furnace there, and the price of coal ain't no consequence to 'em. For my part, I couldn't be able to reconcile it to my conscience to waste Jerry's substance in a *portiere*."

If Mrs. Dodd had wished to set the neighborhood agog she succeeded; Millvillage wasn't used to esthetic ideas, and the report that she had taken a door off the hinges and hung up a curtain in its stead seemed to their unenlightened minds the height of absurdity.

"But it really does look ever so pretty," said one genial soul at the sewing-circle, "only my teeth chattered in my head all the time I stayed at Miss Dodd's."

"Lucindy tells me it's a new-fangled notion they got up to Hingham; she says it's all around there, as if it was the measles. It's what they call 'Art Decoration,'" explained Mrs. Lutestring, the milliner.

"Art fiddlesticks," snapped Mrs. Jerry, "the art of taking cold, I reckon. Pameley had the doctor last night and a mustard plaster! I calkilate she's decorated with a blister by this time."

"I'm afeared Miss Dodd's getting dreadful worldly to be so took up with coffee-bagging and cotton-flannel when there's missionary work to be done," sighed old Mrs. Preacher.

"Miss Dodd's got gentility on the brain," put in the village dressmaker. "She wants to lead the fashions in Millvillage."

"I think it's our duty to get up a petition and ask her to have the door hung again, seeing's the sewing society's going to meet there next week; it wouldn't be convenient for all of us to hev the influenzy together," suggested the President of the society.

"It's flying in the face of Providence," persisted Mrs. Jerry.

But before the week ended Aunt Hannah dropped in from Nearfield to make Mrs. Dodd a visit, as the weather had moderated.

"I thought I'd take advantage of the warm spell," she exclaimed. "You see I'm going over to Hingham next week to hev Lawyer Browne make my will, and I thought I'd stop awhile along with you, Pameley, on my way. You know," she continued, dropping into a whisper as though the heirs were all at her elbow, "if I don't make it—and it seems as if I was old enough—everything'll go to his folks! seeing's I'm only your aunt-in-law, having married your own uncle Roger Hill for my first husband and my good-for-nothing cousin Tom Jackman for my second; if I don't make it, you see, not a dollar'd belong to you, as I brought you up till you married Mr. Dodd! Laws is queer, you know; so I thought I wouldn't wait no longer, but take advantage of the thaw and hev Lawyer Browne cut his folks off with a dollar."

But the thaw was followed by another cold wave before Aunt Hannah could start for Hingham.

"It won't last long," Mrs. Dodd consoled her, "and then Tom'll drive you over in the pung."

"It's proper pleasant here," chirruped the old lady, "and I wouldn't grudge staying all winter, if his own folks had only been cut off. How well Ben's woolen carpet wears, and the horse-hair furniture looks so genteel. When you get my legacy—ain't there a door open somewhere, Pameley? I've got cold water a-running down my back ——"

"Do put on this shawl, Aunt Hannah," begged Mrs. Dodd; "I'll stir up the fire and bring my foot-stove and a bottle of hot water; the house is old, you see, and full of cracks."

"When you get my legacy you can have a new one, Pameley. What have you got that counterpane hanging up to the doorway for? To keep out the air?"

"That's a *portiere*, Aunt Hannah."

"Lor', I heard to Nearfield that you had a *portiere*, and folks wondered what it was like, and said they hoped it wasn't nothing catching. I've been meaning to ask you about it ever since I come, but the will and the cold snap put it out of my head. So that's a *portiere*, eh? Can't you afford a door, Pameley?"

"We took it off a-purpose," said Lucinda; "doors ain't anything beside *portieres*, nowadays."

"I'm afraid it ain't wholesome," said Aunt Hannah, her teeth chattering in her head, to speak figuratively. "I believe I'm coming down with one of my colds, as though she had a monopoly of them. "I hope it won't be nothing serious till I see Lawyer Browne; his folks would laugh in their sleeves if they was to come in for all the property. I guess I'll go to bed."

"I'll just slip the warming pan into your bed first, Aunt Hannah, and build a fire in your room and put some pennyroyal to steep. You don't feel feverish, do you?"

But poor Aunt Hannah never reached Hingham, and the will was never made.

"Pride goes before a fall," Tom Dodd reflected aloud. "You paid a pretty price for your *portiere*, Pameley; hope you feel as though you'd got your money's worth."

"It's like locking the stable after the horse is stole," remarked Lucinda when the curtain was taken down and the door replaced.

"I don't never want to hear the name again, Lucinda Dodd; don't talk to me of *portieres*," said her mother; "they oughtn't never to have been invented."
—*Our Continent.*

Testing a Trotting Team.

An Appleton business man wanted a span of horses, and he wanted pretty fast ones, but he didn't know much about that kind of stock. A horse dealer had a team that was reported pretty fast, which he would sell cheap. The merchant took the team to drive a little, and got a friend in with him, and they went up the track, and the friend drove the team around the track while the merchant stood on the judges' stand and timed them. The team went around pretty good, and the merchant looked at his watch and got in the wagon. The friend asked him what time they made, but he said "Never mind." He drove down to the horse dealer and paid him the money for the horses and drove off with his friend, and when they turned a corner and got out of sight of the horse dealer, the merchant said to his friend: "That's the best bargain that was ever made in this State on a pair of horses." The friend looked astonished and asked: "What time did they make, honestly?" The merchant said: "They trotted in three minutes without a break." The friend looked as though he was not much surprised, and finally said: "That is not so bad, but it isn't fast. That is at the rate of a mile in six minutes." The merchant turned pale and said: "Why, how's that?" "Oh!" says the friend, with a yawn, "it is a half-mile track, you know." The friend had to hold the merchant in the buggy seat, he was so faint, and he offered all sorts of chromos if the friend would never say anything about it, and we presume he has not. The team is delivering groceries now, and hauling slabs from a mill.—*Peck's Sun.*

THERE are quite as great objections to living in the northern districts of China as in some of the Western States. The hurricanes, floods and other calamities that afflict the Celestial empire are as fearful as any in this country.

DECORATIVE ART.

CRYSTALIZED ORNAMENTS.

Select a good twig of white or black thorn; wind some loose wool or cotton around the branches, and tie it on with worsted. Suspend this in a basin or deep jar. Dissolve two pounds of alum in a quart of boiling hot water, and pour it over the twig. Allow it to stand twelve hours. Wire baskets may be covered in the same way.

SHAM PILLOW FOR CHILD'S CRIB.

Something new. Make your pillow the required size, stuff it with husk stripped up fine. First cover the pillow with a tight slip of silk; putting a full puff where the white points will come. Make a white slip, just the size of a pillow, cut the edges in deep points, finish with embroidery; work button-holes in the ends of half the points; linen buttons fasten the points together.

LINEN CHEST.

Take a common packing trunk, line the inside with bleached muslin, cover the lid on top with the same quite closely, and then between the wood and the covering stuff a sufficient quantity of curled hair to make the top a good shape; then cover the whole with cretonne or rep. Around the lid lay a wide band of some other goods to correspond, bordering the edges with cord at each corner and in the center or sides of cover; glue on large transfer flowers, round the sides lay a wide band, cord it both sides and finish off with a deep worsted fringe, loop up a cord with tassels, fasten it to the lid, a little distance apart to open it by.

PASSEPARTOUT FRAMES.

Trim the margin of the picture to the size required; have a glass just the size of the picture; the edges must be perfectly smooth. Cut cardboard the size of the glass, about one-half the length. One inch from the sides cut with a knife a small place in the cardboard. Cut two pieces of tape each two inches long and draw the ends through the places cut in the board, leaving enough for a loop on the right side; glue the ends down and glue a small piece of muslin over the ends of the tape. Cut brown paper and black morocco paper pieces one yard long and one inch wide. Hold the glass, picture and cardboard together, glue the brown paper first and bind them, holding them in place at the same time. Let it dry, then bind with the morocco paper. Pictures, with black backgrounds look nicely bound with red. For standard passepartout, take of thick cardboard a piece six and a half inches long, one inch wide at the top, two inches wide at the bottom; take a piece of muslin two inches long, glue part of the muslin on to the small end, the other part to the frame. This is the genuine way to make passepartout. I have made them for the trade.

VALANCES AND LAMBREQUINS.

Mantel valances and bracket lambrequins are made of crochet macrame lace, lined with colored satin, or have a strip of satin ribbon running through the threads, finished at the ends with bows. To make the lace, use a large ivory crochet hook, and cotton sein cord—that which is very firm is the best. I used the unfinished for a cover, but it would not remain in place. Crochet a chain of thirteen stitches, put the thread over the needle twice, put in the first stitch, slip one, then the other, repeat twice, make one chain, then three stitches as before, which complete the shell; nine chains; then in the last stitch of the first row, make a shell the same as the first. Turn and make two chains, one shell, seven chains, one shell. Turn, make two chains, one one shell, five chains, putting the needle in the fifth stitch of the first make nine, throwing the three chains together in the center, four chains, one shell. Turn, two chains, one shell, seven chains, one shell, two chains. Now make a shell of eight stitches in the outer opening of the shell directly underneath, completing the scallop by catching it in the outer opening of the first shell made Put the three over the needle and make a single crochet between each stitch of the scallop, two chains. Then commence again from the beginning; in the small loops at the bottom of the scallop tie fringe.

The lace makes pretty chair backs and cushion covers. It should be fastened to the mantel with small brass tacks.

The Havre Docks.

The *avant-port*, or entrance harbor, is nearly dry at low-water, and our tender, even with her light draught, stirs the mud as she proceeds. But when the tide is in, the large steamers and sailing ships can safely proceed to the docks, that have been dug from the money with an enormous expenditure of land and muscle. The docks and basins of Havre are all of man's creation, and owe their existence to his industry and perseverance. They are eight in number and a ninth, and perhaps a tenth, will be added before long. Altogether the existing docks will accommodate 2,000 vessels, and by crowding them closely another hundred or two might be taken in. The largest is the dock of the Eure, and it has a superficial area of fifty-three acres, with a mile and a quarter of quays. The water in this basin has a depth of thirty feet, and a dry-dock opens from it capable of holding any or the ships that visit the port. Think of the labor necessary for making this dock and building the massive walls that form its sides, and then say if Havre is not deserving of all her present prosperity. An older and smaller dock than this is the *Bassin du Commerce*, which is generally filled with sailing ships, and sometimes has held as many as 200 of them without impeding circulation. At one end of this dock is the square named after Louis XVI., and on pleasant evenings we will find a dense crowd there to enjoy the military or other music, and to lounge under the trees. Beyond the square and in full view from the dock rises the principal theater of Havre, and at the water's edge is the machinery for removing the masts of ships or restoring them to their places. The oldest dock of all is the *Bassin du Roi, or Vieux Bassin*, and it is also the smallest; it was made in 1669, and has latterly been enlarged so as to adapt it to the ships of the present day. It is difficult to ascertain the cost of the docks of Havre, as the old accounts no longer exist, and we have only the modern figures to guide us. Within the last twenty years more than $50,000,000 have been expended on them, and the work is still incomplete.—*Thomas W. Knox, in Harper's Magazine.*

Bismarck and the Tardy Shoemaker.

Herr von Bismarck had a shoemaker who had often broken faith with him, despite his most solemn promises, and he at length resolved to put an end to this sort of thing. One morning at 6 o'clock a messenger was dispatched to the dilatory shoemaker with the simple question: "Are Herr von Bismarck's boots ready?" Being answered in the negative the messenger departed, but in ten minutes there was another ring at the shop door. A second messenger thrust in his head with the inquiry: "Are Herr von Bismarck's boots ready?" And so it went on every ten minutes, the same question all the day through until evening, when at last the boots were finished. Never again did the shoemaker keep Bismarck waiting for his boots.

The Streets of Paris.

The strange and horrible scenes enacted nightly in some of the ordinarily frequented quarters of Paris would make one imagine that the most civilized people of the universe had suddenly become more savage and lawless than the Kuklux Klan of America. It is not an uncommon thing for a foot passenger returning home from the theater to be stayed in his promenade by a human form flung from an upper window and falling lifeless at his feet. Nor is it rare to be accosted by a group of brigands, who pinion their victim behind, while the accomplice rifles his pockets. Even in the aristocratic streets it is dangerous to remain out late at night, and the police are becoming less and less able to compete with the dangerous organization of thieves, who usurp the pavement.

HUMOR.

MANAGING.

Adolphus, just from College home,
Is telling over what he learned;
How in the classics he can roam,
How much of science has discerned

"And now I'm through, have won degree,
And really think were I to bring
My mind to bear," concluded he,
"That I could manage anything."

His father spoke, in voice and face
Sarcasm seemed to slightly lurk,
"I surely hope, if that's the case,
You'll manage, Dolph, to get to work."

A ONE-SIDED affair—Printers' copy.

A MODEL MAN—The pattern-maker.

WHEN a rich Chinaman wants a he buys one. Rich men in China appear to have just as many privileges as widowers in America.

MANY a man who snarls and growls at his wife in public is very loving and tender when no one else is around. He has to be.—*Philadelphia News*

A JURYMAN was asked if the judge had charged him: "Faith," said he, "the man lectured us a good deal, but I don't believe he meant to charge for it."

UPON a writer exclaiming that his works contained much "food for thought," a friend remarked: "That may be so; but it is wretchedly cooked."

A TENNESSEE woman has trained a dog to drink beer and chew tobacco. Now you will see that women will never marry. She has no use for a man around the house.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

ENGLAND has statistics showing that out of 139,143 of her people engaged in literary pursuits only twelve became lunatics. We presume the others were given the benefit of the doubt and called poets.

A GOOD old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to your happiness!"

IT takes from twelve to fifteen yards of cloth to make a woman a dress, and yet a man can make two pairs of trowsers out of less than that, and have one pair with a trail to each leg large enough to pull up over his back and tie around his throat for a necktie.—*Phiadelphia Herald.*

ABOUT 600 years ago a country editor started a joke about a printer who made a mistake in setting up a piece of copy. The next week the editor tried to set up a three-line editorial, and the proof looked like Alexandria after the bombardment, or a rubber overshoe after three years' service.

"'Tis a poor rule that does not work both ways. I was at a dinner party, when a glass of wine was spilled on the table. Henry Meler put some salt on it and no one said a word. Subsegently the salt-dish was capsized and I poured a glass of wine on it, whereupon I came near being thrown out of the house."

"WHY do women so often wander aimlessly in the murky solitudes of the dead past brooding over days forever gone?" asks a correspondent, and we give it up, unless it be that she hopes by ransacking the dead past to find that in the wardrobe of the aforesaid dead past she may find something suitable to work up into a rag carpet.—*Bill Nye.*

A DAY or two ago a passenger on a milk train that had been detained some time on a siding, approached the conductor and accosted him: "Waiting for a blacksmith, conductor?" he asked in a confidential whisper. "No," growled the functionary, "what do we want of a blacksmith?" "I don't know," replied the passenger with a sigh. "I thought perhaps this cow had cast a shoe!"—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

THE pastor's little girl, three years old, had been running up and down the room for some time, when she suddenly tumbled down. Papa looked up from his book, expecting her accustomed yell, when, to his surprise, she repeated in her indescribably droll manner the golden text of the preceding Sundy, "God is the Judge; he putteth down one and setteth up another." Years have passed, but her drollery is still the life of the parsonage.

THERE had been a heavy thunderstorm the night previous, and the school teacher asked little Johnny: "Were you not frightened, Johnny, at the thunder and lightning last night?" "No, sir; not a bit." "That's right, Johnny. You are a good little Sunday-school boy. You know who causes the storm, don't you, Johnny?" "Yes, sir; my grandfather." "Your grandfather! Why, Johnny, I am shocked at you. God makes the thunder and lightning and the storm." "May be so; but the day before the storm came up my old grandfather said he felt it in his bones."
—*Texas Siftings.*

"Une Petite Fleur et une Raisin."

Lucy Hooper tells the following in a Paris letter to the Philadelphia *Telegraph:* One hears very funny things sometimes respecting the odd mistakes made by English-speaking people when they attempt to converse in a foreign tongue, but sometimes our European friends make quite as queer mistakes when they attempt to deal with English, as witness the following incident, which happened to a friend of mine. She was at Baden-Baden last summer, and was stopping at one of the principal hotels there. One evening she was attacked with a pain in her face, which became so severe as to compel her to keep her room. In the course of the evening an American lady friend, who was staying in the same hotel, came to visit her. On learning of her suffering condition, Mrs. X—— declared that she could prepare an application which would cure her at one. So Mrs. X—— rang the bell and requested that the interpreter of the hotel might be sent to her. He came, and she requested him to bring her a little flour and a raisin. He received the order without any remarks and departed. He was gone an immensely long time—so long that the ladies were at a loss to imagine what detained him. Finally he returned, and with a bow presented to them a very small rosebud in a wine glass ("a little flower") and a single grape upon a plate. The ladies laughed so much over this novel rendering of a very simple phrase by *the* English speaking officer *par excellence* of the establishment, that my friend forgot her pain in her amusement.

ACCORDING to the existing Russian law, apostasy from the state religion entails severer penalties than theft or murder. A Russian subject who abandons the orthodox faith for any other whatever, is deprived of his children, his estate is handed over to guardians appointed by the state, and he himself is liable to prosecution by the Holy Synod until he abjures,

Riding Through a Prairie Fire.

A traveler attacked by a prairie fire need fear no danger if he will keep his head and trust his pluck. The old scheme of starting another fire and following it up is not always reliable. A better way is to wrap the horse's head in a blanket and the rider's head in a coat, and make a bold plunge dead at the enemy. A prairie fire may be fifty miles long, but it is only a few feet wide, and protecting the breathing apparatus against flame and smoke is all that is necessary. The horse will carry a man through with a few burns and little other inconvenience.

GAVE instantaneous relief. St. Jacobs Oil. Neuralgia. Prof. Tice.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"Home, Sweet Home."

What a precious possession is that of the elderly lady in Athens who owns the original manuscript of the "Home, Sweet Home," as written by John Howard Payne. The words of the poem, as first written, are all interlined, with here and there an endearing expression from the writer to the lady who now holds it. In the old days Payne was devotedly attached to her, and she has many of his letters that no eye save hers will ever see. She is a noble and high-minded woman, and the fit legatee of the memories of a true poet, and the manuscript of the best-known American poem. She has been offered a large sum for the manuscript, but, of course, no money could buy it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IN the *Times*, of Philadelphia, we observe; Mr. John McGrath, 1236 Christian street, was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of severe rheumatism.

The Eminent Doctor Decided It.

A young blood who is about to enter into the holy estate of matrimony goes to seek the advice of an old friend, his family doctor. "The girl, you see," says the young man, with engaging frankness, "hasn't got any tin now, but she has a rich uncle with the heart disease that—" "I don't know about that," says the doctor, reflectively, "a man with heart disease is apt to live much longer than—" "But it is a serious case. Only this morning they called in your eminent colleague, Dr. X." "Then, if they have, marry her, sir; you haven't a minute to lose."

Thousands of Letters.

The proprietors of that splendid strengthener, Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, have received thousands of letters praising their medicine. From the testimony of many ladies, the fact is proven that as a female medicine it excels all others. It never fails to relieve that sense of bearing down, that feeling of great bodily exhaustion, that depressed and gloomy state of mind incidental to dysmenorrhea. Ask your druggist to get it for you.

KENTUCKY grows over one-third (36 per cent.) of the entire tobacco crop of the country, and fifteen States supply ninety pounds out of every 160 pounds grown; twenty-two other States and Territories report a small amount—together only 1 per cent. The yield varies all the way from 471 pounds per acre in North Carolina to 1,630 pounds per acre in Connecticut, in which State fertilizers are largely used.

The Conductor.

WINONA, Minn., Nov. 29, 1879.

I had been suffering with a severe cold for several days; 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; 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.

"Sold by all druggists."

A YOUNG lady, on being asked where her native place was, replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of the Methodist minister."

Kidney Complaint Cured.

B. Turner, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I have been for one year a year subject to serious disorder of the kidneys, and often unable to attend to business; I procured your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS and was relieved before half a bottle was used. I intend to continue, as I feel confident that they will entirely cure me." Price $1.00.

THERE is an East Indian lady in Paris who can talk in twelve languages. Fortunately she is not married.

Charlatans and Quacks

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has pared to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR proves on what a slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

THE softer your job, the easier it is to get hard money.

JOSEPH DURRINLURGER, Broadway, Buffalo, was induced by his brother to try THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL for a sprained ankle; and with half a dozen applications he was enabled to walk round again all right.

GIRLS should remember, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives."

YOUR health depends on the purity of your blood. People who realize this are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best results.

TO SAVE a dollar is the easiest thing in the world—don't spend it.

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.

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.

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

"ROUGH on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP, for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless. 25c.

ONE trial will convince you that it is the best. Ask your dealer for the Frazer Axle Grease, and take no other. Every box has our trade-mark.

WHERE machinery is used the Drew Oil Cup will save 50 per cent. of oil. Write for circular. Borden, Selleck & Co., Chicago.

CHAPPED Hands, Face, Pimples, and rough Skin, cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

THE habit of running over boots or shoes corrected with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

TRY the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Has met success at home never accorded to any other proprietary medicine. It has successfully combated the strongest competition, and by its superior merit to-day commands the largest sale and the greatest confidence wherever it has been introduced.

The remarkable results in a disease so universal and with such a variety of characteristics as catarrh, prove how effectually Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reach every part of the human system.

"I am under great obligations to you for the benefit I have received by taking only three bottles of your valuable Sarsaparilla. Having been a sufferer from catarrh for six or eight years, and having tried nearly all the wonderful cures, sure cures, inhalers, etc., and spending nearly a hundred dollars without benefit, I accidentally tried Hood's Sarsaparilla; the discharge from my nose was greatly increased the first bottle I took, then it gradually became less, and in taking less than three bottles I find myself so greatly improved that I write to let you know the facts. I think one or two bottles more will make a cure that I would gladly have given a hundred dollars for. Let the sufferers of New England know that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure catarrh."—M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Sold by Druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Perfectly Well Behaved.

A widow stood at the side door of a baggage car watching the stowage of her husband's corpse. As she turned away, another lady, also in mourning, appeared with a dog, which was intrusted to the care of the baggage master. Several times, as the train stopped at stations, the owner of the dog approached the car with solicitous interrogatories about the brute's condition, until the patience of the baggage functionary was about exhausted. At length the widow sidled up with him and asked if the poor dear was all right.

"Yes, confound him!" growled the baggage master without looking around. "And another time you ship your poor dear over the road he goes by freight. I don't mind helping a woman, but I won't have no saffron-colored beast of obscure ancestry spewing around the floor of this car and howling for—"

Just then he turned and saw his blunder.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he continued, stammering. "I thought yours was the dog. I take it all back, ma'am. The corpse has acted like a perfect gentleman."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

A WOMAN forgot to send home some work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told a little girl who lived with her to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the lady's house. "Nobody will see it," she said. "But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunty?" asked the child.

THE sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

A Case Not Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kewanee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one-half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst and had no idea she could recover."

Watson's Neuralgia King.

This is one of the best remedies for Neuralgia ever invented. A lady who had tried many other things, without relief, tried Neuralgia King and was cured.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	$ 5.00	@ 7.25
HOGS	6.00	@ 6.45
COTTON	.10¼	@ .10½
FLOUR—Superfine	3.30	@ 3.75
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1.07	@ 1.09
No. 2 Red	1.07	@ 1.08
CORN—No. 2	.69	@ .70
OATS—No. 2	.45	@ .46
PORK—Mess	18.25	@18.75
LARD	.10½	@ .10¾
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Good to Fancy Steers	5.60	@ 6.75
Cows and Heifers	3.00	@ 4.25
Medium to Fair	4.80	@ 5.50
HOGS	4.25	@ 5.60
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5.25	@ 5.50
Good to Choice Spr'g Ex.	4.75	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.93	@ .94
No. 2 Red Winter	.92	@ .93
CORN—No. 2	.55	@ .56
OATS—No. 2	.39	@ .40
RYE—No. 2	.57	@ .58
BARLEY—No. 2	.79	@ .80
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.38	@ .40
EGGS—Fresh	.26	@ .27
PORK—Mess	17.00	@17.25
LARD	.10¼	@ .10½
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 2	.94	@ .95
CORN—No. 2	.51	@ .52
OATS—No. 2	.35	@ .36
RYE—No. 2	.53	@ .54
BARLEY—No. 2	.73	@ .74
PORK—Mess	17.00	@17.25
LARD	.10¼	@ .10½
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.95	@ .96
CORN—Mixed	.44	@ .45
OATS—No. 2	.34	@ .35
RYE	.67	@ .68
PORK—Mess	16.75	@17.00
LARD	.10	@ .10¼
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.95	@ .96
CORN	.52	@ .54
OATS	.40	@ .41
RYE	.62	@ .63
PORK—Mess	17.25	@17.50
LARD	.10¼	@ .10½
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.96	@ .97
CORN	.57	@ .58
OATS—No. 2	.42	@ .43
DETROIT.		
FLOUR	4.65	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 1 White	.96	@ .97
CORN—No. 2	.51	@ .51
OATS—Mixed	.39	@ .40
PORK—Mess	17.50	@18.00
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.93	@ .94
CORN—No. 2	.48	@ .49
OATS—Mixed	.36	@ .37
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	5.40	@ 5.90
Fair	4.25	@ 5.00
Common	3.60	@ 4.25
HOGS	6.00	@ 6.60
SHEEP	2.50	@ 5.75

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters gives steadiness to the nerves, induces a healthy, natural flow of bile, prevents constipation without unduly purging the bowels, gently stimulates the circulation, and, by promoting a vigorous condition of the physical system, promotes, also, that cheerfulness which is the truest indication of a well-balanced condition of all the animal powers.
For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

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

MAGNETIC Insoles! Warm the feet, perfect the circulation, and prevent colds, rheumatism and disease. MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO., Sole Manufacturers, 28 State St., Chicago, Ill. For sale by all leading Druggists and Shoe Dealers, or sent to any address on receipt of $1 per pair. Send for illustrated paper giving cuts of Magnetic Appliances; have no equal in the world.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
[This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]
A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY!
STRICTLY PURE.
Harmless to the Most Delicate!
By its faithful use CONSUMPTION has been CURED when other remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.
W