WHAT THE ENGINES SAID.

[The following poem was published in the *Overland Monthly* on the occasion of the connection of the Union and Central Pacific.]

What was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching—head to head—
Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind each back!
This is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread!

With a prefatory screech,
In a florid Western speech,
Said the Engine from the West:
"I am from Sierra's crest;
And, if altitude's a test,
Why, I reckon, it's confessed
I've done my level best."

Said the Engine from the East:
They who work best talk the least,
'Spose you whistle down your brakes,
What you've done is no great shakes;
Pretty fair—but let our meeting
Be a different kind of greeting.
Let these folks, with champagne stuffing,
Not their Engines, do their *puffing*.

Listen! Where Atlantic beats,
Shores of snow and summer heats
Paint the woods with wampum dyes,
I have chased the flying sun,
Seeing all he looked upon—
Blessing all that he has blest—
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying heat,
All his clouds about my crest;
And before my flying feet
Every shadow must retreat."

Said the Western Engine, "Phew!"
And a long, low whistle blew,
"Come, now, really that's the oddest
Talk for one so very modest—
You brag of your East? *You* do?

Why, *I* bring the East to *you!*
All the Orient—all Cathay—
Find through me the shortest way,
And the sun you follow here
Rises in my hemisphere.
Really, if one must be rude,
Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

Said the Union: "Don't reflect, or
I'll run over some director."
Said the Central: "I'm Pacific,
But when riled I'm quite terrific.
Yet to-day we shall not quarrel
Just to show these folks this moral,
How two engines in their vision,
Once have met without collision."

This is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread;
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

A TRUE FRIEND.

Why Jack Would Throw Himself into the Fire for Me.

I had a friend named Jack, the same as Offenbach, only that he was not a musician; without that he had every fault. How he became my friend is easily explained: We were boys together. In my day children were children, playing at ball and spinning tops, and not little men discussing finance or the coming of Patti. Whether this was desirable or whether the children of those days were any better than the children of the present day, matters little to my story. One day another boy struck Jack. Jack was small and weak, and, perhaps, rather cowardly; he defended himself but feebly. I arrived and delivered Jack from his assailant, but not without losing a bit of my trousers in the fight; the loss of which caused me to receive a long lecture in the evening upon the folly of my ways. Everyone knows that a little boy who leaves fragments of his pantaloons along the wayside will one of these days bring up on the gallows.

Jack said to me: "You saved my life yesterday." I can not tell you how my heart swelled with pride, at my 10 years of age, to have saved the life of a brother play-fellow. When I say brother, it is rather a figure of speech, for Jack was small, homely, and most unkempt. But no matter, according to the scriptures, he was my brother.

From the eventful day when I saved his life, Jack became my intimate friend. It occasioned not a little remark in my native town that the son of such parents as mine should associate with a shoemaker's child, but my mother always replied with much spirit:

"My son is not proud."

And my father, who, although a gentleman, was born of old regicidal blood, would add:

"All men are equal."

Jack, my friend Jack, thus became my mess-mate at home, and whenever strangers asked who the child was, they were told that it was the little fellow whose life Antoine had saved, and I thus acquired much importance in the eyes of our friends.

From this time, I may as well acknowledge it, I became Jack's victim. At boarding-school I was always obliged to defend him, and, as his temper was violent, I was the recipient of many hard blows from fists and caps; but it could not be avoided, as it was not possible to allow my "protege" to be beaten. Jack was constantly in need of pens, paper, or pencils, and I was forced to deny myself that I might provide all he asked; for one does not save the life of a brother to see him humiliated before his comrades. On leaving school I lost sight of Jack. This was the happiest period of my life; but it was not to be of long duration.

One day as, deep in thought, I was walking up and down my little chamber in the Rue St. Jacques, some one knocked. I opened the door and recognized Jack, whom I had not seen for eight years. He had come to Paris to seek employment. Truly had it been any one but Jack my reception would not have been a cordial one, for, in my position of poet, any intercourse with a clerk engaged in trade would have been out of the question, but Jack was my protege.

"My dear, old friend," said he, "I have come to you to save my life a second time."

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

"Alas, a very simple thing; divide with me as formerly. I am without employment, and I thought——"

"You are quite right," said I to him. "I am in sad circumstances, but when there is not enough for one there is enough for two, my dear Jack, so let us breakfast." Jack ate all my breakfast, but he paid me well.

"You see, Antoine," said he, when he had devoured everything, "I am but a poor devil, not worth my salt. I have neither your genius nor your knowledge, but you know I would throw myself into the fire for you."

Such humility and devotion deeply affected me, and I replied, "My dear Jack, true friendship is the wealth of the poor."

This state of things lasted for eighteen months, Jack saying to me repeatedly: "You know, Antoine, that I would throw myself into the fire for you," and in such accents that I was always touched.

"Poor Jack," I would say to myself, "what a noble nature he has!"

One evening the landlord, Millet—a good man, but there are times when one is out of conceit with all the world—said to me:

"Mr. Antoine, you are an honest fellow, but I cannot always lodge you for nothing. I do not wish to retain any of your effects, but you must find a room elsewhere; you will pay me when you can."

"I will pay you sooner or later," I said, and he replied: "I am sure of that."

I could have embraced him. The good old man! Had I only a pen of a Byron, or of our great poet, Lamartine, to render his name famous, in recognition of his great soul. Very few landlords would have acted so nobly. The next day I would have packed my bundle and have waited for Jack. It was my intention to ask him to assist me in the removal of our goods, but Jack did not make his appearance. I moved alone and most sorrowfully. When one has had another with whom to share the miseries of this life, and then unexpectedly finds one's self alone, it makes the heart heavy and sad indeed!

For more than a year I sought the inspiration of the muse in the Rue Clovis, when one Sunday I spied Jack, evidently gotten up for a holiday. Everything about him was strikingly new, and his boots shone like the sun. I dared not accost him, but he came to me.

"I knew that I was an expense to you," said he, "and so I went away."

"I was very unhappy about it," I replied; "why not have told me you were going?"

"You would have wished me not to leave you, and I could not live at your expense any longer."

"I do not understand your feelings."

"I felt, you see, that I, who would throw myself into the fire for you, could not always deprive you of half your daily bread. Good-by, Antoine, I will see you soon."

"Dear old Jack," I cried to myself, "what a noble heart!"

One day the editor of the *Forban* paid me 47 francs. I can see them now, two Napoleons in gold, one piece of 5 francs in silver, and four pieces of 10 sous, and I was walking the streets with a light heart.

"Why, Jack, dear old fellow," I cried to myself, "why did you leave me? Where are you, now that fortune smiles upon me and glory knocks at my door?"

"Good-day, Antoine," said a timid voice.

It was Jack, but with such a woe-begone appearance! His overcoat had but two buttons on remaining; perhaps, even, it was the two buttons that had no overcoat.

"Where do you come from, my poor fellow?" I cried, taking both his hands in mine.

"I don't know, and I am going back," replied Jack. "The 'Siege de Bagdad' has failed, and I am homeless again."

"Come with me."

"But—"

"Come."

"I will accept, my dear Antoine, and without hesitation, because you know I would throw myself into the fire for you."

Jack stayed with me for some months. One morning I said to him:

"My poor friend, fate is against us. You were engrossed in the trade of new goods, I in the old; the *Forban*, like the 'Seige de Bagdad,' was unsuccessful. We are sorely pressed."

By evening Jack had disappeaed. He was so sensitive he did not wish to remain longer at my expense. This time, alas! real misery came nearer than ever before. The journals wished for known writers only, and to be known one had to make one's self know. What was to become of me? As I was pondering this dreadful question I heard some one ridiculing my personal appearance because (I must admit it) I was so very shabily dressed. Looking around I recognized Jack with two or three other young men.

"Is it you, Antoine?" he cried, "what has befallen you?"

I confess I was about to say some very hard things to him, when he cried out:

"Gentlemen, he who stands before you will be a great man one of these day; mark well my words. Let me introduce a friend who saved my life when we were childen, and who has been a good comrade since we have grown up; he will dine with us."

"Thanks," I replied. "I have dined."

This was very near the truth, as I had taken all the dinner I was accustomed to of late. Jack took me by the arm, and allowed his friends to pass on.

"Come with us," said he.

"No, I am no subject for ridicule."

"Listen, dear friend. I have been employed by the 'Ville de Carcassonne' for two months now, I have not laid up anything as yet, but in another month I shall come to see you, and then"——

"You owe me nothing."

"I owe everything to you. But that does not weigh upon me, for you know, my good Antoine, I would throw myself into the fire for you."

I had no dinner, but I returned home with a joyful heart; it is so delightful to meet with such gratitude!

Nevertheless, Jack did not come. I did not hear of him in any way for eighteen months, and none of his companions knew of his whereabouts. One morning I saw a kind of Chodruc-Duclos slouching along the Champs Elysees. It was Jack.

"Is that you Jack?"

"Yes, my friend: the Valle de Carcassonne failed, and I was afterward with the 'Grand Klebel,' but that has since liquidated."

Did one ever hear of such ill-luck? When misfortune once comes to a man it seem to follow him everywhere, or to speak more truthfully still, it precedes him. I took Jack home with me.

"It is destiny that you should always save my life," said Jack.

"Would you not do the same for me?"

"Oh, surely! I would throw myself into the fire for you."

My situation at this time was somewhat improved, as I had accomplished some work for a bookseller, and an old sharper of the "Place de la Bourse" engaged me to write some verses for an unknown party, paying me 1 sou and selling them for 10 to the satisfaction of everybody. Jack could have assisted me somewhat, as my verses at that time must have been atrocious, but when I alluded in any way to such a desire, he would say:

"I would throw myself into the fire for you, dear Antoine, you know, but do not ever ask me to find a rhyme for you." One day I said to him: "My good Jack, I have worked all night on these papers, will you carry them to the printing office for me?"

He replied: "My dear Antoine, you know that I would throw myself into the fire for you, but notwithstanding my desire to be useful, I can not act as your servant."

This was just, he was quite right. I went to the office myself. The old sharper of the "Place de la Bourse" died at this time, and the book-seller failed. Jack, who as I have already said, was so very delicate in feeling, again disappeared. One morning I found him smoking a cigar at the door of a mercer's shop.

"What are you doing here, Jack?" I inquired.

"This is my home," he replied.

"What do you say?"

"I have married the mistress of the shop."

"Mlle. Minette?"

"The same."

I could not help smiling.

"I know why you smile," cried Jack."

"You mistake me."

"No, I do not. But there is mercy for all sins."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes, business is very good."

"I wish I could say as much."

"My good Antoine," said he, "you know I would throw myself into the fire for you, but you understand that it would be impossible for me to have you here."

He was right. Besides, I must own that I should have been ill at ease with poor Minette. This little shop was anything but happy. Jack soon squandered all of her money, and she was obliged to go back to work in the city again. "My wife was a jade," said Jack, "and I have left her. I wish to live alone hereafter, and I am going into business."

While waiting for said business, Jack lived with me as formerly. I did not feel satisfied with the arrangement, but he was always saying:

"My dear, good Antoine, what should I have done without you? What would have become of me? As a child you fought my battles, as a young man you divided your bread with me; as a man you sheltered me under your roof, your table is mine and your fireside is my refuge; but I am not ungrateful; believe me, I would throw myself into the fire for you."

"Very good," said I one day, "just do me the favor of taking this letter at once to the editor of the *Etoite du Soir;* he offers me a situation as reporter, which I have long desired, and he wishes an immediate reply."

"I will fly with it," cried Jack with enthusiasm.

I dressed myself with care and then hastened to the Odeon, where there was to be a first representation of a great play. During one of the entr'actes I saw the editor among the crowd, and made my way to him in order to express my thanks. "You have nothing to thank me for," said he in the coolest manner. "I asked for an immediate response and you did not reply; so much the worse for yourself, as I have now given the position to Isadore Grattesel." I turned away, utterly crushed.

On entering the house I saw Jack eating plums in the room of our neighbor, Mme. Moreau, and at the same time making a speech to the assembled company.

"Why did you not carry my letter?" I cried, breaking in upon him.

"Friend Antoine," said he, trembling, "I am a man capable of the greatest devotion, but I am not an errand boy. Ask me to throw myself into the fire for you and I will do it, but never ask me to carry a letter."

I wanted to kill him on the spot; but I controlled myself, for that would have been a sin, but who has not sinned once in his life-time?

"Friend Jack," said I, "leave me and go where you please. I want a friend, and as I rarely fall into the fire, I have no need of a fireman."

"I see," replied Jack; "now that you are so successful you desert your friends; even those who would throw themselves into the fire for you!"—*Boston Journal.*

A Leg on a "Tear."

Major Todd, of our place, lost his right leg at the battle of Fredricksburg, and some time ago he purchased an artificial leg from a man in Washington. It contained a system of springs, which enabled the Major to use it in such a natural manner that when he was walking along the street nobody would for a moment supposed that he had not both of his own legs.

On Sunday, while the Major was on his way to church, he slipped up on the ice and gave the store leg a severe wrench. He must have dislocated some of the springs; for after reaching the church and taking his seat, and while the clergyman was reading the Scriptures, the leg suddenly flew up and rested on the back of the seat in front of him. The congregation looked at him in amazement, and he grew very red in the face. As soon as he took it down it jumped up again and wiggled about on the back of the pew, finally kicking Mrs. Thompson's bonnet to rags. Then the Major suppressed it again, and held it down, but it instantly began a convulsive movement in his own pew, during which it upset the stools, plunged around among the hymn books and hats, and hammered the board beneath the seat until it made such a racket that the minister had to stop. The sexton came rushing in to find out what was the matter, and the Major, after explaining the difficulty in a whisper, asked the sexton to let him lean on him while he charged on the front door. As soon as the Major got into the aisle that dislocated leg kicked the sexton sixteen or seventeen times in a most insolent manner, varying the exercises by making eccentric swoops off to one side, during which it kicked eight of the high hats at the pew doors into black silk chaos.

By the time the Major reached the vestibule the leg had become perfectly reckless. It flew up before and it flew up behind. It butted against the good leg and darted out sidewise, and described circles, and tried to insert its toes into the Major's coat-tail pockets, and to whack him on the nose. When the sexton came with the hack and put the Major in it, the leg banged through the window glass, and when the driver got down to see about it, the leg brandished itself in his face, and concluded the exercise by planting a terrible blow in his stomach. Then the Major told the driver he would give him ten dollars to take the leg off and the driver accepted the offer. For several minutes it eluded all his efforts to catch it as it danced about, but finally he got hold of it and hung on while the Major tried to unbuckle the straps. Then it came off and rolled the driver in the mud. He got up to watch it. It writhed and kicked and jumped and throbbed and hopped; and whenever it would make a dash to one side or the other the crowd would scatter in order to give it full play. Finally Ben. Woolley set his dog on it, and a most exciting contest ensued, the leg two or three times running off with the dog; and it seemed likely that the dog would get whipped. Mr. Woolley got a crowbar and aimed a blow at the leg with the intent to smash it. But he missed it and nearly killed the dog. As soon as the dog retired, Mr. Woolley whacked it again and burst it into flinders, and then there was peace. The major drove home and got his crutches, and since then he has confined himself to the use of a wooden leg without springs.—*Bangor Messenger.*

White and Yellow Diamonds.

Some very interesting and important experiments with diamonds have lately been made at the Paris Academy of Science. An experienced diamond merchant bought, not long ago, a fine white diamond for $4,600. One morning he gave it a good washing with soap and water, when what was his consternation to find that it had turned yellow, which sent its value down to $800. The matter was brought to the attention of the academy, and experts submitted a report, which showed that diamond-whitening is a fraud easy to accomplish, and as easy to detect. By plunging a yellow diamond into an aniline violet dye it becomes white, while at the same time it loses neither its transparency nor brilliancy. In fact, on making the experiment, the experts had in a few minutes transformed several yellow stones into what appeared magnificent white stones of five-fold value. Take a yellow diamond, dip it even into no stronger dye than violet ink, wash it with water to remove any discoloration, and the effect is immediate. The dried diamond remains white. But, on the other hand, the illusion is of short duration. Rub the stone even lightly and the yellow tint is seen coming back again, and a little further attrition with the finger restores the pristine hue completely. This discovery may entail upon many persons a rude awakening to the fact that the stones they have are far less value than they supposed, and will necessitate even greater care than that hitherto exercised in purchasing. Douglas Jerrold once raised the question whether any possession really repaid its possessor which entailed anxiety of mind, and diamonds, in one way and another, entail so much that there are many to whom the great value set upon them becomes almost incomprehensible.—*New York Times.*

Law for Farmers.

The country is full of adventurers who prey upon two classes distinctively. First, those who believe that all newspapers are liars, and second, that class who subscribe for the paper that is sold for the least money without reference to the reading matter it contains. Among the most successful swindlers are those who take a promissory note, for some swindle they have to sell, either drawn in such a manner that it may be altered or separable, or else under the pretense that it will not be presented until the article is tested. A good authority says:

A prommissory note is a written agreement to pay a certain sum of money at a certain time. It must be definite and unconditional. It is therefore in the nature of money; being negotiable, and where payable to bearer, the property in it's passes by mere delivery of the paper on which it is written. It is not subject to all the defenses that are good as against other contracts. For example: It is generally good in the hands of an innocent holder, no matter though the maker of it had lost it, or it had been stolen, or obtained from him by fraud. This may be the case, even though it has been altered or "raised," as where I give my note signed in blank to a person, authorizing him to fill in a certain amount as $10, and he fills in a larger amount, as $100, and sells it to an innocent purchaser. I must pay the larger amount, for I it was who enabled the fraud to be committed; and an old maxim of the law holds that where one or two innocent persons must suffer from the wrongful acts of a third, the loss must be borne by the one who enabled such third person to occasion it. The justice of this is obvious, and any sensible man will appreciate the necessity of protecting, in the largest degree, the rights of *bona fide* holders of negotiable instruments, which form part of the currency of the country, and if subject to all the defenses of other written contracts, would be deprived of their main value.

Our advice is never to give a note unless written in ordinary form, and you should know perfectly the contents thereof. The great number of frauds that have been perpetrated on the farmers of Western states and territories by patent right men and worthless agricultural machinery agents, should be a sufficient excuse for you to have nothing to do with men, especially in important transactions, who cannot satisfy your banker, lawyer or merchant that they are all right.

Another fraud is that of conveyance. The following decision is a case in point: Where a party conveys his property to a third party when judgments are outstanding against him, and such conveyance is with the intent to defraud his creditors, and the fraud is participated in by the purchaser, his title will not be protected, even though he paid sufficient consideration. Williams v s. Nachenheim, Sup. Court of Iowa.

So, again, whenever a note is executed by two or more parties, any alteration in it without the consent of all, notwithstanding the alteration was entirely honest and with no fraudulent intent, will be deemed a material one. Craighead vs. McLoney, Sup. Ct. Pa., 39 Leg. Intel. 280.

In relation to mortgages there always has and always will be difficulties. A careful man will never mortgage his home except as a last resort to raise money for legitimate purposes. In this connection, a peculiar system of mortgaging farms in Switzerland will be interesting: A farmer may borrow of a dozen men successfully, the simple record in an official book showing their order. If he fails to pay, a successor is found for him by beginning at the bottom of the list of debtors, and calling on each in his order to assume all the debts and manage the farm, or step aside and lose his claim.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Flush Times in California.

A Californian of the epoch of 1850 writes as follows:

After a few days sojourning in Sacramento we concluded to locate there, and I was to make all the arrangements for business. Not finding any place to suit, I concluded to build, and I wanted a lot to build on.

Next to corner of L street, I think it was, Sam Brannan owned a lot which suited me. The firm of Brannan & Osborn was on the corner, and doing a large business. I went in and asked the price of it.

"Three thousand dollars," said Sam, in a careless, off-hand way, as if he did not care a snap whether you took it or not.

I thought that I would sleep over it; did so, and next day concluded to take it, when lo! it had raised $1,000 in value that night.

"Nothing less than $4,000," says Sam, and he meant it. At this I was quite indignant, but next day, all things considered, I concluded to give the $4,000, and what do you think—the fellow wanted $5,000.

This was a little too heavy on good nature, even if they were flush times, so I concluded to give Sam and his lot a wide berth. Flush times! Certainly they were flush times.

I soon found a lot to suit me on J street, near Third, west side. Built the store at heavy expense; cost, if my memory serves me right, about $25,000. Labor was from $16 to $25 a day; lumber from $400 to $500 a thousand, I forget which. We put a brick chimney in, bricks costing, I know, $70 a thousand. Store complete, I soon had the goods in and opened.

Up to this time it had all been against my partner and myself. It now came our turn. I soon saw that it was no trick to make $300 to $1,000 a day clear profit. I did make one day $1,000 before breakfast, and had my breakfast at 9 a. m. at that. Flush times! You may well believe that they were flush.

We ate watermelons at $3 and $5 apiece; pears, apples and sweet potatoes at from fifty cents to $1 each. You have heard of the tack trade. I realized $1,789 out of one lot that cost me only $30. Screws were almost as profitable. Spring balances an ounce each ($16), cost $4 a dozen.

I will tell you a good story on Prince (Prince of Flushing, L. I.), Prince of Darkness, as the miners used to call him, for the reason he had no mercy on prices when he had the monopoly. Prince got the monopoly on tacks. They went up to $5 a paper. (Can get three papers for twenty-five cents anywhere now.) To get the monopoly he paid me $36 a dozen papers for quite a lot.

One day Prince came into my store and wanted to know whether I had any spring balances—he knew that I had. Yes, I had some. "How many?" said Prince. I could not say (would not say that I had a big lot), for I knew he wanted the monopoly.

"What will you sell all you have for?" "Two hundred dollars a dozen," I answered. After a parley he agreed to take all. I must be certain to put every one in. To this I agreed. Prince now felt extremely happy. He had the "deadwood" on spring balances, which at once went up to $25 each. My bill was over $3,000; cost me about $60. This quantity was quite in excess of what Prince expected I had, but he paid the bill like a man.—*San Francisco Post.*

A MAN in Germany who pulled the signal-line and stopped a train to recover the hat he had lost from a window, was put in prison because he could not pay a heavy fine.

THE Kansas City *Times* reports that its bookkeeper suffered very severely, and for a long time, with rheumatism. He tried St. Jacobs Oil and was cured by one bottle of it.

A Terrible Punishment.

Ever since the man Jones was tarred and feathered in Reno hard cases of all sorts give the town the go-by, and tramps have for the most part avoided it as if there were small-pox in every corner.

"Most people," said a prominent Renoite, "don't know what a terrible punishment tarring and feathering really is. They suppose that it is nothing worse than a badge of infamy, rather uncomfortable, perhaps, but not painful unless the tar gets into the eyes. This is a great mistake. I helped to daub Jones. He was a vile beast, a disgrace to humanity, and he deserved what he got for endeavoring to ruin an innocent young girl, and for grossly insulting respectable women on the streets. But I had no idea until I saw that fellow plastered what a tough deal the process is. We painted him all over pretty thick with a broom, and some enthusiastic vigilante poured a few gallons of tar on his head. Then the feathers, taken from a big pillow, were dusted on him, and he stood out white and fluffy in the starlight, like some huge and grotesque-looking bird. He had to put his clothes on over the whole mess, and then he was ridden on a rail for fifty yards or so, and we put him on board the west-bound train at midnight with instructions not to come back on pain of being hanged.

"I saw him on the train. He was sitting with his head on his arms on the back of the seat in front of him. The tar was so thick on his head that it covered the hair out of sight, and his poll shone in the light of the car lamps like a black rubber ball just dipped in the water. The poor fellow was groaning, and I couldn't help feeling mean at having taken a hand in the job. You see the body is covered with short hair, and when the tar hardens a little the slightest movement causes acute pain, as if one's beard were being pulled out with pincers, hair by hair. Then there is the stoppage of all perspiration, which would soon kill a man if he didn't make lively time in getting scrubbed. Beside, the smell of tar turns the stomach, and about half an hour after a man has been coated he must feel mighty sorry he wasn't hanged. Then comes the scrubbing with oil. It took two Chinamen and a darky three days in Truckee to reduce Jones to a mild brown. The rubbing makes the skin tender, and the body must be as sore as a boil for weeks. No such punishment should be inflicted on a man except for some crime for which death would hardly be too severe a penalty."—*Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.*

THE Ithaca, N. Y., *Ithacan* observes: Our druggists report that St. Jacobs Oil goes off like hot cakes.

A Down-Easter's Trade Philosophy.

"Let me tell you, a fellow's got to have a poor thing to sell a good one by," moralizes a Lewiston trader. "I always try to sell the poor stuff first. I always show it to a customer first. When I show him the good thing I'm sure to put a darn good price on it, so he will be liable to take the cheaper article. When a man comes into my shop and asks for a good barrel of apples, for instance, I show him some of those small ones which I can sell for $2.50 a batrel. If he says he wants a fancy, bang-up article, I ask him if he means business, and show him that handsome fruit over there that I'm getting $3.50 for. There's just as much 'chaw' in the $2.50 barrel as in the other; but when it comes to settin' 'em on the table before company, they're no good."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is very pleasant to take and exhilarating in its effect. It acts as a strengthening cordial and system renovator, effectually cleansing the system of all blood impurities, cancerous affections, and many other ills that human flesh is heir to, restoring and renewing perfect health and strength. Ask your druggist to get it for you.

Hamlet and Yankee Doodle.

While Barry Sullivan was traveling in this country a few years ago and playing "Hamlet," a member of his company who played Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to be, a first-class musician. Hamlet asks him: "Will you play upon this pipe?" "My Lord, I cannot." "I do beseech you." "Well, if your Lordship insists upon it, I shall do as well as I can." And, to Hamlet's confusion and the audience's amusement, he played "Yankee Doodle." It was all he knew.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Moral Power.

Stove-pipes are supposed to move the deepest and most profound desire to swear that it is possible for man to experience. Be that as it may, we venture the opinion that corns produce as many startling exclamations, and the introduction of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR should be hailed as a moral influence in the world, independent of its power of physical suffering. Sold everywhere. Take only Putnam's Extractor. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

THE old saw, "fine words butter no parsnips," is now rendered "elegant diction oleomargarine no pastinaca edulis."

The Conductor.

WINONA, Minn., Nov. 26, 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.

IF Jacob's ladder was a reality, and all were offered free way to heaven, there are thousands who would demand an elevator.

Our Glorious Independence.

What can be more glorious than to be independent of suffering, caused by dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, sick headache, or other diseases emanating from the stomach? This can be easily gained by a timely use of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Price, $1.

THERE is this difference between money and tannin: Money is stringent and tannin is astringent.

Sitting Up Nights.

MRS. E. H. Perkins, Creek Center, N. Y., writes she had been troubled with asthma for four years. Had to sit up night after night with it, and was ultimately cured by two bottles of THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL.

THE politician never acknowledges that he is out of politics until every one else knows it.

Hoop's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs and barks. It gives tone to the stomach and makes the weak strong. Sold by Druggists.

THE boys in one of our grammar schools call their schoolma'am "Experience," because she is a dear teacher.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

ANY person having a bald head and failing to see the benefit to be derived from the great petroleum hair renewer, Carboline, as now improved and perfected, in the face of the vast number of testimonials from our very best citizens, is surely going it blind.

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health, cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1. Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure Corns, warts, bunions.

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.

OVER 200,000 Howe Scales have been sold, and the demand increasing continually. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

THE Frazer is kept by all dealers. One box lasts as long as two of any other. Received medals at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial and Paris Exposition.

LADIES or gents out of work furnished with steady, incrative employment at home. Send 3-cent stamp, for particulars, to Agents' Furnishing Co., P. O. Box No. 1056, Topeka, Kan.

THE most comfortable boot in town is that with Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

TRY the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Our best physicians agree that outward applications never cure rheumatism. The best oils and liniments only alleviate the pains. Rheumatism is a constitutional affection, originating in impure and disordered blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the proper remedy, because in purifying the blood it corrects the acidity in which rheumatism begins to act.

REMARKABLE CASE OF A SEA CAPTAIN.

Capt. Mitchell, of the barque *Antoine Sala*, New York and Havana trade, came home in May, 1882, entirely helpless with rheumatism. He went to the mountains with his wife, at whose request Capt. Mitchell made use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. He commenced to improve right away under the influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was soon able to return to Brooklyn. In two months from his first using Hood's Sarsaparilla his rheumatism was gone, and he sailed in command of his vessel a well man. His wife writes: "My husband is 48 years of age, and his health is now better than it has been for some time; he has gained several pounds in weight." If thy wish to inquire more particularly they can address Mrs. M. L. Mitchell, 794 Monroe street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AN OLD DRUGGIST'S EXPERIENCE.

I am employed in the Chicago N. D. Postoffice as a carrier. During our late wet spell I have suffered from muscular rheumatism. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now I am entirely cured. I am an old druggist myself, having had nearly twenty years' experience. JAMES V. A. PROUDFOOT.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

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

The Secret of Living.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla or Blood and Liver Syrup will cure Scrofulous Taint, Rheumatism, White Swelling, Gout, Goitre, Consumption, Bronchitis, Nervous Debility, Malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood.

The merits of this valuable preparation are so well known that a passing notice is but necessary to remind the readers of this journal of the necessity of always having a bottle of Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup among their stock of family necessities.

Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers and heads of families throughout the land touching it in the highest terms. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we do not hesitate to recommend it.

The haggard, care-worn look of the Nervous Sufferer disappears as he regains power and virile force, through the influence of ALLEN'S BRAIN FOOD. At druggists and at Allen's Pharmacy, 315 1st Ave., N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	$ 5.30	@ 7.00
HOGS	6.30	@ 6.80
COTTON	.10	@ .10¼
FLOUR—Superfine	3.35	@ 3.75
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1.07	@ 1.1
No. 2 Red	1.11	@ 1.14
CORN—No. 2	.69	@ .71
OATS—No. 2	.45	@ .48
PORK—Mess	18.25	@18.50
LARD	.10¼	@ .11
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Good to Fancy Steers	5.50	@ 6.50
Cows and Heifers	3.25	@ 4.40
Medium to Fair	4.85	@ 5.40
HOGS	4.65	@ 5.75
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5.00	@ 5.25
Good to Choice Spr'g Ex.	4.75	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.98	@ .99
No. 2 Red Winter	.98	@ .99
CORN—No. 2	.55	@ .57
OATS—No. 2	.35	@ .36
RYE—No. 2	.58	@ .59
BARLEY—No. 2	.79	@ .80
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.36	@ .39
EGGS—Fresh	.25	@ .27
PORK—Mess	17.25	@17.50
LARD	.10¼	@ .10½
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 2	.97	@ .98
CORN—No. 2	.56	@ .57
OATS—No. 2	.35	@ .36
RYE—No. 2	.54	@ .55
BARLEY—No. 2	.73	@ .74
PORK—Mess	17.75	@17.50
LARD	.10¼	@ .10¼
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.00	@ 1.01
CORN—Mixed	.47	@ .48
OATS—No. 2	.37	@ .39
RYE	.56	@ .57
PORK—Mess	16.75	@17.00
LARD	.10	@ .10¼
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.01	@ 1.02
CORN	.53	@ .54
OATS	.39	@ .40
RYE	.63	@ .64
PORK—Mess	17.25	@17.50
LARD	.10	@ .10¼
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.01	@ 1.02
CORN	.54	@ .55
OATS—No. 2	.38	@ .39
DETROIT.		
FLOUR	4.75	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 1 White	.99	@ 1.00
CORN—No. 2	.53	@ .54
OATS—Mixed	.38	@ .40
PORK—Mess	17.50	@17.75
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.97	@ .98
CORN—No. 2	.46	@ .47
OATS—Mixed	.36	@ .37
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	5.75	@ 6.40
Fair	5.25	@ 5.70
Common	3.75	@ 5.50
HOGS	6.15	@ 6.65
SHEEP	2.50	@ 5.50

HAIR Send postal for Ill'rt'd Catalog. HULL'S Hair Store, 33 & 40 Monroe Chicago.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

1000 Young men wanted. Send 3c stamp for samples of my alphabets. J. W. Seighman, Eagle River, Mich.

Young Men learn TELEGRAPHY here and we will give you a situation. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-Selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., N. Y.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample *free*. Address J. A. Brennan, Detroit, Mich.

THRESHERS. The Best is the cheapest. Illustrated price list free. THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

FREE For information and Maps of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Texas, write to JOHN E. ENNIS, 46 Clark St., Chicago.

DIEP'S BEARD ELIXIR forces luxuriant Mustache, Whiskers or hair on bald heads in 30 to 60 days. Sent prepaid and carefully packed on receipt of $1. Pleasant to the taste. Will prevent or forbid gray hair. Address DIEP'S ELIXIR CO., Sole Agts., Palatine, Ill.

A NOVEL CONTEST.

$400.00 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY

To subscribers of THE PEOPLE'S WEEKLY who subscribe during the months of January and February, 1883, at the regular rate of $2.00 per year. A well-known clergyman of Chicago will select a verse from the gospel according to St. Matthew, and the subscriber whose verse is the same as the one selected by that individual, or is nearest to it in the order of verses, will receive the highest prize; the one next nearest, the second largest prize; and so on to the number of 34 prizes.

For rules and regulations governing the contest, send for a copy of THE PEOPLE'S WEEKLY, inclosing six cents in postage stamps. Address

MANAGER PEOPLE'S WEEKLY,
150 Monroe St., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE Pacific Northwest!

Oregon, Washington & Idaho.

Offers the best field for Emigrants—viz.: a mild, equable and healthy climate; cheap lands of great fertility, producing all varieties of Grain, Fruit and Grasses in wonderful abundance; an inexhaustible supply of Timber; vast Coal F