FARMER JOHNSON IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

"Say, Mister, what makes that there clickin'
And rattlin,' just like a machine?
I'd have asked ye before, but was fearful
You'd think I was mis'able green.
The telegraph did you say, Mister?
Does it make such a click-clickin' noise?
Well, I run! When I get back to the Holler,
I'll have something to tell the boys!

"Kin I jest step inside there a minute,
And take a peep at the thing?
I've heerd a good deal 'bout the telegraph,
But I'm blamed if I don't hope to swing
If ever I had an idea,
'Twas any such lookin' consarn?
But ye know that the old sayin' tell us,
As long as we live we can 'larn.

"Say, how do ye send out the letters?
Do ye fasten 'em onto the wire?
I s'pose then they travel like lightin',
And mebbe a leettle mite spryer.
What! Ain't that the way that ye do it?
Don't laugh at me Mister young man!
For if ye think ye kin insult me,
I'll wallop ye sure, an' I can!

"Oh, of course it's all right; I forgive ye,
If ye didn't mean any offense;
But I know, if I ain't edicated,
I'm a man of good, sound common sense.
Ye don't mean to say that that rattlin'
Is words that the telegraph speak?
And plain as the words I am talkin'?
Well, now, if that don't beat the pekes!

"It must take a long time to larn it,
And a mighty good head, too, I think;
I don't b'eve my old brains could do it,
Not even if I had to sink!
I thought at the first you was foolin',
And feedin' me taffy for fun;
But ye look like an honest young feller,
And so I will take ye for one.

"But when I get back to the Holler,
Won't it make 'em just stick out their eyes
When I tell what I've learned in your office!
I guess it will cause a surprise.
I thank ye for treatin' me kindly,
And I'll take myself out of yer way.
Drop in if ye come to the Holler;
And now I must bid ye good day.

—*H. H. Johnson, in the Operator.*

FOUND IN A WAGON-BOX.

"The bloody villains," muttered Sandy McGovern to himself, as he sat on his horse surveying the scene of desolation and death; "the bloody, murderin' scoundrels!"

In front of a little knoll on which Sandy had reigned his horse in was a confused heap of broken wagons. Here and there a dead horse, already partially stripped by the cayotes, and scattered up and down the line of wagons the bodies of men who evidently died fighting. It did not need the hideous red patches on top of the skulls, where the scalps had been torn off, to tell the old frontiersman that he saw before him all that was left of an emigrant train that had been surprised by Indians. The arrows in the men's bodies, the wanton destruction of the wagons, told the tale but too plainly. Sandy lifted his horse's reign, and the trained animal picked his way down the little descent to where the fight had been. Here the "signs" were plainer than ever, and as Sandy rode slowly along the line where the unavailing battle had been fought, his mind was filled with regret that he, in company with a score of stout fighters like himself, had not been there. Mingled with this was a feeling of desire for vengeance. To his experienced eyes, the slight signs which would have escaped a man new to the plans, told him that the massacre had taken place, at the most, but two days before. The most horrible and yet the surest proof, was the fact that the cayotes had not had time to finish their work of eating the dead.

As he rode slowly along he suddenly heard a faint sound. The silence of the desert is so intense that one becomes accustomed to it, and any noise, however slight, attracts the attention instantly. With his nerves strung by the scene which lay before him, the frontiersman, whose senses were always alert, found his attention attracted at once, and stopping his horse he listened intently. In about a minute he heard it again, and noticed that it came from one of the wagons. Dismounting and walking to the place, he listened once more. In another minute he heard it again. It was something like a faint cry, and it secmed to be smothered in some way. Sandy stood close by the wagon, his hands resting upon the foot-board in front. Again he heard it, and this time more plainly than before. Fairly leaping to the foot-board, he open the long box in front, the top of which forms in a praiaie schooner the driver,s seat, and saw lying in it a little child.

The big frontiersman lifted the baby —for it was scarcely more—out of its strange resting place as tenderly as a mother. He saw that the child was very weak from its long fast, and, placing it gently on his blankets, he began a search for something fit for it to eat. Finding a bag of flour, he made, with a little sugar, a kind of thin gruel, heating it over a fire he had hastily kindled. Taking the baby in his arms, he fed it slowly and cautiously. With infinite patience the big bearded man went through his strange task, until, after some time, he had the satisfaction of seeing the little one refuse to swallow any more. Then sitting on the tongue of the wagon, with the dead lying all around him, Sandy rocked the baby in his arms until it went to sleep.

Placing it in his blankets and covering it up carefully, he examined the box in which he had found it. In the bottom was a rough horse blanket Thrown over the edge was a piece of rope, placed there to prevent the lid shutting tight. Alongside of the child he found half of a bracelet, evidently a cheap imitation one, which looked as though it had been torn off from the other half. At the lower end of the box there was a confused heap of baby clothes, thrust in hastily. All of these things Sandy took. He found even the water in the spring beside which the train had camped, to give his newly discovered treasure a bath, which seemed to do the little one a great deal of good.

For one week Sandy stayed there, spending his whole time looking after the baby. He saw the child grow strong and bright, and he found that the feeding, washing, and dressing of the "kid," us he had already christened it, a source of ever-increasing delight. At the end of time having the broken bracelet carefully stowed away in his saddle-bags, Sandy mounted his horse, and, taking the "kid" in his arms, left the scene of the massecre never to see it again.

* * * * * *

What a wonderful change sixteen years make in men and women. The glossy brown hair may have become thin in that time, and on the once smooth face time may print more than one fine wrinkle telling of the deep furrows to come. Sixteen years have somewhat whitened Sandy McGovern's hair, and his figure is more portly than it was when he rode away from the scene of the desert massacre. And sixteen years have transformed the "kid" into a tall, stalwart lad of 18, full of health and strength. Robert McGovern, as Sandy had called the baby he found in the old wagon-box, looked magnificently as he rode up to the house, crossing the little stream in one easy leap of his horse. For the sixteen years had brought wealth to Sandy with the gray hairs. It really seemed as if everything he touched prospered after he rescued the baby. He made more money in trapping that year than he had in any two before! He got contracts to supply the stage line with horses, and made money out of them. He bought a share in a claim for almost nothing, and it turned out to be enormously rich. "Lucky Sandy," as he was called, began to be noted for his uniform success. Finally he turned his attention to cattle, and purchasing a large tract of land, stocked it, and became a ranchero. He placed the "kid" at school as soon as he was old enough to go, and after giving him a good education, brought him home to live on the ranch and learn to manage it.

"Father," said Bob (Sandy never called him kid unless they were by themselves), "there's a party down there on the road and the stage has broken down. I to'd them I'd ride up here and send a wagon down to bring them up. I said you'd be glad to have them as long as they'd stay."

"That's right, my boy; of course we're glad to have 'em. Here you, Pedro, harness up an' go down to the road. Bring up all the passengers on the coach. How many is there of them, Bob?"

"Five in all. There's the prettiest girl, father, you ever saw, an old lady who kept looking at me, and three gentlemen."

"Well, my boy, we'll try and make 'em comfortable. You better go 'an see 'bout rooms being got readr for 'em, an' I'll ride down to bring 'em up."

Bob dismounted, and throwing the bridle rein over the hitching-post, walked into the house.

Sandy looked after him, and muttering to himself, "I declar' that boy gets better every day," prepared to ride down to the rescue of the passengers. It was not very long before the whole party reached the house, glad enough for the chance of staying there until they could go on with their journey. It consisted of Mrs. Barnston and Mr. Barnston, his niece, Miss Edith Hovee, and two friends of theirs, Messrs. James and Flynn. Sandy's welcome was so cordial, and he was so unaffectedly glad to see them, that all idea of formality vanished, and before supper time the whole party had become as familiar as old friends. Bob seemed to get along very well with Miss Edith, and while Sandy and the other gentlemen chatted together, the young people talked about anything and everything that could furnish a topic of conversation. Both Sandy and Bob noticed that Mrs. Barnston was very silent, and that she did not seem to be able to keep her eyes off the young man's face. She would look at him with a half puzzled and most anxious expression until she saw that she was noticed by the others, when, with an effort, she would join in the general conversation.

After supper the whole party went out upon the piazza, when the men lit their cigars and talked. At length Sandy, who never missed a chance of showing his boy off, called up Bob to sing, and he at once began, in a beautiful tenor voice, some simple melody. As he sang, Mrs. Barnston became more nervous, until suddenly starting up, she hastily left the piazza. Her husband followed her and after a short absence returned. Turning to Sandy, he said:

"You must excuse my wife, Mr. McGovern; but she lost her first husband and her boy many years ago under peculiarly distressing circumstances, and your son's singing has reminded her so of her first husband's voice that she was unable to stay with us."

Sandy paused for a minute before replying, and then in a deep tone said:

"Bob ain't my son."

"Not your son! Why, I thought—but I beg your pardon," said Mr. Barnston.

"Pardon's granted," said Sandy, sententiously. "What I mean is, I ain't Bob's real father. He's my son in affection and in love, but he ain't my natural son."

"Well, if you'll excuse my curiosity, where did you get him?"

"It's 16 years ago now," said Sandy, slowly, "that I was riding along the South Platte. One day I came across a place whar the red devils had been fightin' a train. When I come thar ther' weren't no man alive nor no horses nor nothin'. I rode along an' I hearn a kind o' wail, feeble like. I stopped an' listened, an' then I looked whar the sound come from, and I found Bob thar, nothin' but a kid he were then, in a—

"You found him in the wagon-box! Oh, for God's sake, say you found him there!" and Mrs. Barnston fairly ran from the door in which she was standing, and threw her arms about Bob's neck, turning her head towards Sandy as she spoke.

Sandy started, and half rose from his chair. Then looking at Bob with an eye full of affection for a moment, he allowed his gaze to rest upon the eager face of the woman. Then he said, slowly:

"Thar wer' somethin' as I found alongside o' the little one."

"I know," said Mrs. Barnston, "the half of a bracelet."

Sandy nodded, and in a wild, inarticulate cry of delight, Mrs. Barnston fell fainting on the floor. The spectators of this intensely dramatic scene hastened to her assistance, and when she recovered it was to find the arms of her son around her. She hugged him, kissed him, laughed and cried at the same time over him. She called him her boy, her Willie, her darling—every term of endearment ever heard she lavished upon him. Bob, or Willie Thorndike, as his name really was, behaved very well. While it was impossible for him to realize that he had found a new name and a mother, he yet showed a great deal of affection. He was the first to realize, however, that Sandy had left them.

"Mother," he said, "father must be told that this makes no difference. Come with me."

Mrs. Barnston got up, and holding her son's arm tightly, went with him. They found Sandy walking to and fro outside the house.

"Mother," said Will, "you must speak to father. He has been a true father to me."

At the sound of the title he had so long been accustomed to, Sandy turned towards them.

"Father," continued Will, "I have found a mother, but I have not lost you."

"I do not know what to say to you," began Mrs. Barnston; "words would be poor and weak. God bless you, Mr. McGovern, and He will bless your for what you have done. I cannot thank you, but I can pray to Him that He will. Do not think that I wish to take Will away from you. You have been a father to him, and it is right that he should be your son. But he is my boy, my darling—"

"Wa'al, marm," said Sandy, as his face softened into a smile, as full of pleasantness as a May morning, grasping, as he spoke, Will's hand, "thar ain't no reason, as I knows, why we can't both love this youngster. He's a good boy, as good as they make 'em; and I reckon we can' range things so as to suit all parties. You an' your husband had better stay on the ranch for a month or two an' we'll have plenty of time to talk it all out. I was afeared," continued Sandy, after a pause, "as how I might hev lost the boy long o' your comin', but I sees that ain't so, an' I bless God for the joy He has given you this day. Let's all go into the house and talk it over."

And so it was arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Barnston and Edith stayed at the ranch for three months. During that time Will's mother had a chance to tell how she had been carried off by the Indians and rescued by the United States troops within a week; how she had met her then husband some eight years afterwards and married him, and how she had never ceased thinking about her boy that had died, as she supposed, in the desert. During the three months Will discovered the fact that he was very glad that Edith Hovee was not his relation by blood. When the Barnstons did leave, they did so two days after Mr. and Mrs. William Thorndike had taken the cars on their wedding tour. Sandy gave Will one-half the ranch, stocking it for him, and the last time I saw Will he told me he was going to run for Congress. He was full of the pleasure he expected to have in getting his mother, his wife and babies, and his father, as he always called old Sandy, together once more in his home at Washington.—*Alfred Balch.*

A State Reception at the White House.

A state reception is one to which only officials and prominent private citizens are invited. The supper, however, is served by a caterer. Under the Hayes administration it was provided by Madame Demonet, a curious old Frenchwoman, whose modest shop on Pennsylvania avenue is patronized by the legations and all the leaders of the gay world. The Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, who is now ex-officio master of ceremonies, prepares for the event. He takes the latest edition of the court guide, the "Congressional Directory," and from it prepares the list of official guests. From other sources he obtains the names of those prominent people, transient and resident in the city, who ought to be invited. Sometimes these additional names are very kindly suggested by rural Senators and hayseed Representatives. Sometimes these suggestions are accepted and acted upon; oftener they are not. The list of guests, which seldom contains more than 1,000 names, having been prepared, 10,000 men and women would-be guests having been mortally offended, the supper is ordered and the wines will have to be ordered at the same time.

Then the invitations are prepared and sent out. Those for the Diplomatic Corps are sent through the Secretary of State. The Secretary of the Navy orders the Marine Band to be at the Executive Mansion on the evening of the reception. Crash is laid in the outer hall. One-fourth of the police force of the District is ordered to be at the front door of the house on that particular night, to care for the guests and their carriages. All is ready. On the night of the reception the mansion and its conservatories are brilliantly lighted. Supper is served in the state dining-room. The Marine Band is stationed in the tiled vestibule. Potted shrubs and plants and bouquets and baskets of flowers are everywhere. In the Blue parlor on the south side of the house stands the receiving party—the lady of the mansion and her pretty young assistants. The President, too, is there, and the master of ceremonies.

Leaving your carriage under the great white portico on the north front of the mansion, you pass in through the north door, showing your invitation card as you enter, and are at once surrounded with an all-pervading atmosphere of sweet harmony, scented and brilliantly lighted. As you walk with the throng through the great vestibule to the cloak-room on the right, you pass directly in front of the Marine Band, whose sweet strains fell upon your ear while you were still outside. In the cloak-room the "wraps" of the party are placed in the usual boxes, and the usual satisfactory checks are given in receipt for them. Walking across the broad corridor, which divides the house into a northern and a southern half, and through a small parlor, you enter the Blue room in from fifteen minutes to an hour from the moment when you entered the house. An introduction to the President (if you are comparatively unknown) by the master of ceremonies, and an introduction to the President's wife by the President, complete the formal part of the visit. From that moment you go as you please, and you can turn aside in the Blue room and chat with the friends you find, or you can find others in the Red room or the Green room, or, even on such an occasion as this, in the East room. There is no limit to the magnificence in dress, or to the brilliancy of some of the conversations. They are delightful fields for the exhibition of whatever you have of brains or of bullion. You can remain five minutes or an hour, and you need not make your adieux to the host and hostess, or to either of them.—*Letter to Boston Herald.*

About Drinking Men.

As a drinking man myself, unfortunately known better for that one failing than for my many virtues, let me say a word about drinking men, their modes of thought, their habits, the causes of the disease, habit or vice, as the reader chooses to call it. I am not a believer in the theory of dipsomania. I know that it has a few eminent advocates among medical men. I have sought information from the doctors of several inebriate asylums and hospitals, and have had the privilege of consulting the distinguished Superintendent of one insane asylum upon whom inebriates are forced by the certificates of convenient physicians (signed, patient unseen, as carelessly as a recommendation for office), and I have read a good deal on the, to me, interesting subject. If I was the victim of an uncontrollable appetite I wanted to know it. It was a curious mental problem to me. Perhaps, I thought, if I and a lot of other apparently pretty good fellows I have been cloistered with, are dipsomaniacs, some of us may next develop a homicidal tendency or a desire to burn barns. Well, the result of my observation and reading is that there is no such thing as dipsomania. It is nothing but plain, old-fashioned drunk. The drunkard, ninety-nine times in a hundred, is as much responsible for what he does when he is drunk as the man is who kills another in anger. The so-called dipsomaniac gets drunk because he wants to; he likes the effect of whisky. He may have any one of a dozen reasons for it—poverty, disappointment, toothache, family difficulties, idleness—but none of them should excuse him if, under the influence of liquor, he commits a crime. Like the victims of opium, the habit is often carried to an extent that a sudden cessation of stimulants is almost certain death. No, dipsomania is a sentimental humbug and a social fiction of the scientific parlor fireworks of medical men of the advanced school, men like Dr. Beard and the epigrammatic, if not deep, Dr. Spitzka.—*G. H. Butler.*

Died of Pneumonia.

The bulldozing game don't always pan out well. A stage-driver in the Black Hills undertook to horsewhip the passengers into getting out of the stage and pushing it up hill, but the passengers emptied their revolvers into him a few times, held a coroner's inquest and found that he had died of pneumonia. —*Texas Siftings.*

Cambridge Joke.

"I don't know," said Montmorenci, cuttingly, with a polite smile: "but I know a man who had twins so much alike that the only way to tell them apart was to send one to Harvard and one to Yale. Then one came back a gentleman and one a Connecticut rough.—*Harvard Herald.*

A LITTLE girl in a London Sunday-school, being asked why God made the flowers of the field, replied, "Please, ma'am. I suppose for patterns for artificial flowers."

THE LAUNDRY.

Hints to Housekeepers About Washing and Ironing.

First have the clothes well sorted. Let the table-cloths and napkins be washed by themselves, and each piece looked over carefully in order to see if there are any fruit or coffee stains on the pieces; if so, pour boiling water over the fruit stains, several times if necessary, until they are removed, and soak coffee stains for a little in cold water, which will generally take them out.

Let the sheets, pillow-cases and cotton underwear be washed and boiled together; then the towels and white cotton stockings; white shirts, garments to be starched and handkerchiefs could be put together, then tea towels, and last of all the flannels. That clothes may be washed clean, use a good soap and an abundance of warm water. Clothes will not be white if washed in a little water in the bottom of a tub, and a cheap soap is not economy, and often leaves a disagreeable odor, even after a careful rinsing.

Have the water merely warm in your boiler when the clothes are put in, and rub a little soap on each piece before boiling. Do not boil over fifteen minutes, as a longer time is apt so give the linen a yellow hue. After the clothes are removed from the first boiler, dip out half the water, and pour in enough cold to fill your boiler half full, and go through this process each time. Many servants, unless directed otherwise, are apt to put the second quantity into the boiling water from which they have taken the the first, and then pour in whatever extra amount is needed. But putting the clothes into boiling water will leave them yellow, while the other process is a cleansing one.

After removing from the boiler, rinse them thorougly in a large tub of water, then blue them in another. We have found it well during the winter to have sheets, pillow-cases and cotton underwear washed first, then take linen, as they dry quickly, and are ready to bring into the house, when the starched clothes, which need to hang much longer on the lines, are ready to put out. The starched clothes should be out during the brightest part of the day, and the flannels should be washed so as to have the benefit of the sun also. To keep them soft and nice do not put them all into a tub at one time, but take up each piece separately, wash in as hot suds as you can comfortably bear your hands, then rinse immediately in another tub of hot water, squeeze very dry, snap out, and after pinning on the line, pull them into shape. Flannels should never be ironed.

The plan of soaking clothes over night is not considered the best by experienced laundresses, and rather hinders than expedites the washing.

As there is no odor about a house more disagreeable than that produced from boiling clothes, or the steam from the drying of them in the house, when the day is too stormy to hang them out of doors, let every housekeeper be particular in this matter, not only to keep the doors between the kitchen or laundry and the house closed, but to insist that the windows in the kitchen shall be lowered a few inches from the top, even in the coldest weather, that much of the disagreeable air may escape.

Early rising, systematic planning, good soap, an abundance of water, pure air and a cheerful temper are necessary to make a happy washing day, and the washing and ironing well done add greatly to the comfort of a household. —*Chicago Standard.*

Success in Public Speaking.

When a subject is to be prepared for, give it close, clear thought before reading a word upon it, for a man's first impressions of a subject are valuable, however much he may modify them; read extensively the cream of the best authors upon the subject; then give the best thoughts to applying what has been learned by the first impressions.

In regard to gaining control of the audience it must be borne in mind that there is but little difficulty the first time because mere curiosity and sympathetic interest will assure it. This fact often ruins a speaker by making him over-confident the second time, thus leading to failure. A man should never assume that he is to control his audience without the utmost skill.

One element of Gough's success is that he always appreciates how easy it is to lose his audience. An audience will always give its unreserved attention to any one who is telling something understandingly that they didn't know before. As a permanent investment it is worth infinitely more to impart knowledge clearly and concisely than to tell the most racy stories.

An audience will give its unreserved attention when it is known there is to be something entirely new well told. A man must talk for the sake of his audience, and not for his own sake.

The multitude of talkers are failures because they have no foundation for permanent success, have never acquired intelligent self-control, have not learned to hold an audience. These are not gifts, they are acquisitions. A man must train himself to read widely, think keenly, speak only when he has something worth saying, and say it so concisely and clearly that it is no serions effort for them to take and keep the fact or theory given them.—*A. E. Winship, in Youth's Companion.*

A Blunderer's Wit.

A man can't be wise all the time. Homer must nod now and then. Neither is it permitted for a fool to be always foolish. Sir Boyle Roche was the blunderer of the Irish Parliament, in the days when some Irishman thanked God they had a country to sell and—sold it. He has fathered many a "bull" and mothered a score of mixed metaphors.

Early in his career he was made famous by the remark that he could not be, "like a bird, in two places at once." He added to his reputation by saying, "I would gladly, Mr. Speaker, sacrifice not only a part of the constitution, but the whole of it, to preserve the remainder."

Once, to express his horror at what might happen if the leaders of the Irish rebellion should succeed, he exclaimed, "Our heads will be thrown, Mr. Speaker, upon that table to stare us in the face!"

"I smell a rat, Mr. Speaker," said he one day, trying his hand at a metaphor; "I see him in the air; but I will yet nip him in the bud."

Yet this blunderer, whose "bulls" and metaphors made him the laughing-stock of an Irish Parliament, once gained a victory over Curran, the prince of wits and orators.

"Do not speak of my honor," said Curran to Sir Boyle once, in the Irish House. "I am the guardian of mine own honor." "Faith," replied Roche, "I knew that at some time or other you would accept a sinecure." — *Youth's Companion.*

And He Died.

Two or three days before his death a wealthy but very parsimonious Maine man awoke in the evening and, turning to the watcher at his bedside, asked: "How much do they give you a night?" "Two dollars and a half," was the reply. "Well, you needn't come any more; I can't stand any such sum as that," said the sick man, and he didn't.

AN exchange wants to know, "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls, of course.

MAY the good work begun by St. Jacobs Oil continue until rheumatism and neuralgia have been banished from the earth.—*Albany, N. Y., Press and Knickerbocker.*

Sacred Monkeys.

Victor Jacquemont estimates that the Bengal Presidency alone contains 1,600 monkey asylums, supported chiefly by the very poorer classes of the population. In the rural districts of Nepaul the hanumans have their sacred groves and keep together in troops of fifty or sixty adults, and, in spite of hard times, these associations multiply like the monastic order of mediæval Europe; but they must all be provided for, though the natives should have to eke out their crops with the wild rice of the Jumna swamp jungles.

The strangest part of the superstition is that this charity results by no means from a feeling of benevolence toward animals in general, but from the exclusive veneration of a special subdivision of the monkey tribe. An orthodox Hindoo must not willingly take the life of the humblest fellow-creature; but he would not move a finger to save a starving dog, and has no hesitation in stimulating a beast of burden with a dagger-like goad and other contrivances that would invoke the avenging powers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nor would he shrink from extreme measures in defending his fields from the ravages of low-caste monkeys. Dr. Allen Mackenzie once saw a swarm of excited natives running toward an orchard, where the shaking of branches betrayed the presence of arboreal marauders. Some of them carried slings, others clubs and cane-spears. But soon they came back crestfallen. "What's the matter?" inquired the doctor; "did they get away from you?"

"Kapa-Muni!" was the laconic reply, "sacred monkeys!" Holy baboons that must not be interrupted in their little pastimes. They had expected to find a troop of common makaques, wanderoos or other profane four-handers, and returned on tiptoe, like Marryat's sergeant, who went to arrest an obstreperous drunkard and recognized his commanding officer. Unarmed Europeans cannot afford to brave these prejudices. Capt. Elphinstone's gardener nearly lost his life for shooting a thievish hanuman. A mob of raging bigots chased him from street to street, till he gave them the slip in a Mohammedan suburb, where a sympathizing Unitarian helped him to escape through the back alleys. The interference of his countryman would hardly have saved him, for the crowd increased from minute to minute, and even women joined in the chase and threatened to cure his impiety with a turnip-masher.—*Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

GONE! Inflammatory rheumatism, cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Ira Brown.—*Chicago Tribune.*

All Ashamed to Pick It Up.

Every seat in the cabin of a Fulton Ferry boat was occupied, and many persons stood in the narrow passageway. Fifty persons must have seen the bright new nickel that lay invitingly in the middle of the floor, but nobody picked it up. A young woman would have done so, but her companion whispered to her, and she blushed and pretended not to have seen it. It could hardly have escaped the eye of a small boy who whistled all the way across the river, but he was bashful, or else he feared that it was nailed to the floor. When the boat entered the New York slip the passengers walked over the nickel as they went out. Some had a yearning expression of countenance, but did not yeld. Two men remained in the cabin. One stooped, picked up the nickel and deposited it in his pocket.

"I told yen how it would be," he said to the other. "I knew no one would touch it. Drinks are on you."—*New York Sun.*

MR. F. L. CANEY, of Madison, Ind., writes: "I was completely broken up with rheumatism, and was also suffering from indigestion and piles. My aunt, Mrs. Whalen, living in Louisville, wrote, advising me to try Dr. Drysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. I did so. I also bathed my joints with vinegar and salt. This treatment relieved me of all suffering."

Rattlesnake Vs. Blacksnake.

The rattlesnake was apparently on a journey, and the meeting was quite accidental. At first the rattlesnake sought to avoid a difficulty, but when the blacksnake pressed the matter he halted and folded his length into the coil. The blacksnake glided around in swift circles; the rattlesnake never changed his position. But the circle still diminished its size, and as the blacksnake drew close the rattlesnake appeared to grow confused. His rattle cease to give out its sharp sound, and his head dropped as if vertigo was seizing him. The blacksnake seized, by a lightning movement, the rattler by the throat, and, winding him up in folds, the two rolled over and over together, and in a few moments the rattlesnake ceased to breathe. An examination of the dead body of the rattlesnake revealed a fracture in the spine as complete as if done by a blow with a club. The rattlesnake measured, dead, five feet and three inches.—*Fort Worth Democrat.*

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,
O. W. WARREN, Conductor,
Chicago and Northwestern R. R.

Sold by all druggists.

THE shark is worshiped by some of the dwellers along the African coast. Members of the bar should make a note of this.

Job went pretty heavily into the boil business, and the venture was a complete success. This reminds us that PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR is another success, and that it gives more comfort to the world than Job's boils did. Remember the name, then, for the little playful corn cometh, and the remedy therefore will gladden the heart. Positively sold by all druggists. Wholesale, Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Chicago.

"OH, Lord," prayed an Ohio minister, "Thou hast seen by the morning papers how the Sabbath was desecrated yesterday."

DID you read how Josiah Pitkin, of Chelsea, Vt., was cured of a terrible sore leg by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the blood purifier?

A CORTLAND man who read at the end of friend's marriage notice "No cards" sent him a euchre deck by the first mail.

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.

That Husband of Mine

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

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, 15c.

IMAGINE for a moment the thousands upon thousands of bottles of Carboline, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer, annually sold, and the fact that not a single complaint has been received from all these thousands and you may have some idea of its good qualities.

Galvanized Scales for Creameries, Dairies, Butter Dealers and Grocers. Send for circular. Howe Scale Co., Chicago.

Try the new brand, Spring Tobacco.

A STRANGE REMINISCENCE.

The Escape of a Well-Known ex-Army Surgeon from an Unforeseen Danger.

[Baltimore American.]

Messrs. Editors:

I seldom appear publicly in print, but the facts connected with my experience which follow are so striking, and bear so closely upon the experience of others, that I venture to reproduce them entire.

In the month of September, 1879, I was practicing medicine in New Orleans. The summer had been excessively hot and everybody was complaining of being exhausted and feeling tired. It was not an infrequent occurrence to have patients ask for something to relieve this weary sensation, and that I should also partake of the same universal lassitude or weakness, did not alarm me. I supposed that overwork and exposure had produced a temporary physical prostration; therefore I made a trip to St. Paul, Minn., thinking that a rest of a few weeks in a cooler climate would soon reinvigorate me. Little did I dream, however, what was in store for me. After getting settled in my new quarters I took a short walk every day, and patiently awaited a return of strength, but in spite of all my efforts I seemed to be losing strength; and even any slight exercise became laborious and tiresome. During this time I had frequent dull, aching pains in my head, and through my back and hips, occasional shooting pains in various parts of the body, with soreness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. My feet and hands would be like ice one day and burn with heat the next. I had no desire for food, and what I did eat distressed me; my sleep was distressed with the frequent desire to urinate. The quantity of fluid passed would at one time be small and at another quite profuse. Then for days I would be perf ctly free from this desire and nothing seemed to be the matter; nevertheless my debility gradually increased. My eyelids were puffed out; my bowels were al ernately torpid and too active, the urine would be clear some days, on others it would be of high color and deposit a brick-dust sediment, and at still others there would be a whitish appearance and a thin greasy scum would rise to the top. The pains in my head, back, chest, joints, bowels and bones were horrible in the extreme. I went in vain from place to place and consulted the best medical authorities the country affords; I would have a chill one day and a burning fever the next. I suffered excruciatingly with a numbness of my feet and hands, and at the base of the brain and between my shoulders; at times my limbs and body would bloat and physicians said I was suffering from the dropsy and could not recover.

How I could be so blind to the terrible trouble that was devouring me, I do not know; but there are thousands to-day who are suffering from the same cause and are as ignorant of its nature as I was. My skin was the color of marble at one time, and then again it would be like saffron, and this terrible restlessness, and I might say wildness, was followed by a dull, heavy, drowsy sensation. I was wast d to a mere skeleton except when the dropsical bloat occurred. I tried all the celebrated min ral wate s of this country and Europe; all kinds of medicine and all kinds of doctors. Still no help came. I lay at my hotel in Philadelphia, where I was temporarily sojourning, given up to die by friends and physicians alike, when there providentially came into my hands a little pamphlet, which I carefully read, and from which I got a view of my real condition, which no other agency had revealed. Acting on its advice, I had my water analyzed at once, and, to my surprise, albumen and tube casts were found in large quantities. A skillful physician was sent for and apprised of the fact. He said I had Bright's Disease, and that death was certain. My friends importuned me to take a remedy which had won a great reputation for the cure of all forms of kidney diseases, and I therefore laid aside my prejudice and commenced its use. At first my stomach rejected it and I had to use small quantities; but after the first five days my stomach retained full doses. This was one year ago last October, and my improvement was rapid and permanent. I have regained fifty of the sixty-five pounds of flesh I lost during my illness, and I feel as well to-day as I ever did, and I can unreservedly state that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy I used.

It may seem strange that I, being a physician and an ex-army surgeon, did not test the water analyzed before; but such is the fact. I had the symptoms of every other disease, and I did not suspect that my kidneys were in the least particular out of order; and here is just where I was in the greatest danger, and where most people who read this article are in danger. I find that I am only one of thousands who, from the wrong kidney disorders, which, neglected, surely terminate in Bright's disease. I also know that physicians may treat these disorders for months without knowing clearly what the trouble is, and, even after ascertaining the cause, be unable to prevent it. When death, however, finally overtakes the helpless victim they disguise its real cause, attributing it to heart disease, convulsions, apoplexy, vertigo, paralysis, spinal meningitis, blood and uremic poisoning, etc., etc.

Words, of course, fail to express my thanks to H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., for giving the world such a needed and certain specific as the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, but such as they are I gladly give them; while to the thousands to whom I have lectured upon the laws of health and hygiene I commend this letter most cordially, and warn them to beware of the insidious nature of a disease over which physicians confess they have no control, and which, in one form or another, is carrying more people to untimely graves than any other malady. J. M. PORTER, M. D.

BALTIMORE, Md., 94 Saratoga street.

LADIES or gents out of work furnished with steady, lucrative employment at home. Send 3-cent stamp, for particulars, to Agents' Furnishing Co., P. O. Box No. 1066, Topeka, Kan.

RHEUMATISM QUICKLY CURED!—Send stamp for free prescription. E. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

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 *Antonio 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 trying 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 any wish to inquire more particularly they can address Mrs. M. L. Mitchell, 391 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 MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	$ 6.21	@	6.70
HOGS	4 40	@	7.75
COTTON	.10	@	.10¼
FLOUR—Superfine	3.40	@	3.80
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1.12	@	1.14
No. 2 Red	1.12	@	1.15
CORN—No. 2	.67	@	.68
OATS—No. 2	.45	@	.47
PORK—Mess	18.00	@	18.75
LARD	.11	@	.11¼

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Good to Fancy Steers	5.40	@	6.25
Cows and Heifers	3.25	@	4.35
Medium to Fair	4.75	@	5.25
HOGS	4.70	@	6.40
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5.25	@	5.50
Good to Choice Spr gEx.	4.75	@	5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.98	@	.99
No. 2 Red Winter	.9	@	.99
CORN—No. 2	.62	@	.63
OATS—No. 2	.36	@	.37
RYE—No. 2	.60	@	.61
BARLEY—No. 2	.79	@	.80
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.35	@	.38
EGGS—Fresh	.25	@	.27
PORK—Mess	17.25	@	17.50
LARD	.10½	@	.10¾

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 2	.98	@	.99
CORN—No. 2	.56	@	.57
OATS—No. 2	.34	@	.37
RYE—No. 2	.55	@	.56
BARLEY—No. 2	.74	@	.75
PORK—Mess	17.25	@	17.50
LARD	.10½	@	.10¾

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.01	@	1.2
CORN—Mixed	.48	@	.49
OATS—No. 2	.38	@	.39
RYE	.57	@	.58
PORK—Mess	17.00	@	17.25
LARD	.10¼	@	.10½

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1.01	@