

TOM AND VIC.

Congressman Tom Ochiltree's Visit to Britain's Queen.

"Escorted to the castle by Mr. Lowell," says Mr. Ochiltree, "I was duly presented, and her Majesty was pleased to ask both Mr. Lowell and myself to be seated. I had been previously warned that the Queen was morbidly sensitive about the death of that Scotch attendant, John Brown, and cautioned not in any way to allude to it, or even use the word brown." It would occupy too much space to give the whole interview at length, but the Queen was graciously pleased to "hope that Mr. Ochiltree found his visit to London enjoyable." "Enjoyable, your Imperial Highness; well, I should pause to hesitate," exclaimed the impulsive ranger. "I've been dragged out to dinner after dinner and garden parties galore, until I'm completely done brown." The Queen looked sad and glanced at a portrait over the mantel-piece, which represented a rather hard-visaged, shock-headed man in a Glengary cap, who might have been a Presbyterian elder. Mr. Lowell shifted uneasily in his chair. The conversation was resumed and the Hon. Tom recommends her Majesty to make a trip to the Yellowstone park, assuring her that if she would abandon for a while "her old Balmoral and Frogmore and effete Windsor and try it, she would come back from her trip as bull-headed as a bear and as brown is a berry." "My God!" exclaimed Mr. Lowell, under his breath. "If I only had a dozen New York policemen here to kill this Texas steer as a measure of public safety. They might do it in twenty-four or twenty-five shots." The Queen burst into tears, but, recovering herself, with flattering condescension, said: "Ah, well, Mr. Ochiltree, scenery is all very fine. But, after all, sir, as a statesman, don't you think the grandest thing your country has done was the abolition of slavery, and that dear Mr. Lincoln did it?"

Mr. Lowell turned pale and groaned, for he saw the hidden possibilities involved in the answer to the question. The Queen's question gave the new member of Congress just the opportunity he wanted. "Yes, you are right, Mrs. Guelph," said he, "in saying that the emancipation of the slave was the grandest act of the nineteenth century. It was the grandest act because it cost more lives of white men than all the negroes in the world are, or ever will be, worth. But, madam, you are in supposing that Abraham Lincoln, wise and good man as he was, alone emancipated the negro. Madam, you never heard of old John Brown, did you? John Brown, who died excreted and despised by the people of the South, and regretted only by a few people of his own sort in the North." Mr. Lowell gasped for breath and faintly murmured: "This is simply awful. I don't see how war is to be avoided. What shall I say to Mr. Frelinghuysen for bringing on this entanglement? War, war, war, and we've got no navy." Tom had got going, and he was bound to make a brilliant peroration if it was the last act of his dissipated career. He saw nothing in the plainly apparent emotion of the Queen. "Yes, your Majesty," he continued, "the work begun by John Brown at Harper's Ferry, when he was captured by the marines—" "Sir," interrupted the Queen of England, "Mr. Brown was never in the place you call Harper's Ferry in his life, and if he had been I would like to have caught any marines laying hands on him. I'd have made it hot for them, by mine halidom!" "Oh, yes he was, Highness," said Tom. "I say the work begun by John Brown at Harper's Ferry culminating at the close of our long and bloody struggle. When the echoes of the guns had died away, 100,000 veterans of the army of the Potomac marched down Pennsylvania avenue singing in chorus. I'll try to give you the air:

John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave. But his soul goes marching on.

The Queen uttered one prolonged shriek, and fell fainting to the floor.

Exit Mr. Lowell and Mr. Ochiltree.

No Lead Pencils.

There is no lead pencil; and there has been none for fifty years. There was a time when a sprig of lead, cut from the bar or sheet, sufficed to make marks on white paper or some rougher abrading material. The name of lead pencil came from the old notion that the products of the Cumberland mines, England, were lead, instead of being plumbago or graphite; a carbonate of iron, capable of leaving a lead-colored mark. With the original lead pencil or slip, and with the earlier styles of the "lead" pencil made direct from the Cumberland mine, the wetting of the pencil was a preliminary of writing. But, since it has become a manufacture, the lead pencil is adapted, by numbers of letters, to each particular design. There are grades of hardness, from the pencil that may be sharpened to a needle point, to one that makes a broad mark. Between the two extremes there are a number of gradations that cover all the conveniences of the lead pencil. These gradations are made by taking the original carbonate, and grinding it, and mixing it with a fine quality of clay in differing proportions, regard being had to the use of the pencil. The mixture is thorough, the mass is squeezed through dies to form and size it, is dried and incased in its wood envelope.

Manners.

Young folks should be mannerly. How to be so is the question. Many a good boy and girl feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They feel timid, bashful and self-distrustful, the moment they are addressed by a stranger or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling and acquire graceful and easy manners; that is to do the best they can all the time at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a

kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially for good manners.

Sand Power.

The Mexican arastras has always been a cheap and inexpensive method of extracting placer gold from our canons, but some power was necessary. Mules and burros were used, and sometimes Indian power, but now a new discovery has been made which is being used with great success in Mono and Inyo counties and is run by a flow of sand. It would be of immense value to mines on our deserts which are not now worked on account of dryness, etc., but where there is an overwhelming superfluity of sand. Sufficient water is necessary for drinking purposes and to properly moisten the ore. The arastras are operated by sand, which drives a large overshot wheel. On this wheel sand takes the place of water. The regulator is sand, a pile of which has been raked up to the works. The wind-mill runs a belt containing a great number of buckets, and these carry the sand up to a big tank, just as elevators carry wheat in a flouring-mill. A stream of sand being let out upon the overshot wheel, it revolves just as it would under the weight of streams of water, and the arastras move steadily on at their work. When there is much wind sand is stored up for use when calm prevails, as the arastras are never idle. After a sufficient quantity of sand has once been collected there is no trouble on that score, the same being used over and over. Who will try this inexpensive but promising process in our Southern California places during the dry season?—*Los Angeles Herald*.

How to Escape Lightning.

"What is the best thing to do in order to avoid being struck by lightning?" inquired a reporter of a prominent local scientist. "It is not so much of what to do as of what not to do," was the answer. "In the first place, you want to carry as little metal as possible about your person. When the storm approaches shelter yourself inside the nearest brick or stone building. If none be near, you stand still or lie down on your place, regardless of the rain, which is really a protection. Avoid the shelter of trees and doorways, also outhouses, such as barns or stables, whether of stone or wood, especially of the latter. I consider that open, low, dry, stony ground is safer than high, wet and grassy ground, and that leeward sites are safer than windward ones. On seeking shelter laborers should leave their tools behind, as the metal is apt to attract the electric fluid. The chimneys of a house should be kept clean. Keep clear of fire-places, metals, especially pipes; of walls, especially outer ones; of wires, cisterns, window-bars, mirrors, pianos, gilt frames, etc., etc. All doors and windows should be closed. A building is greatly guarded by paving close around the walls and by dry and well-drained foundations. I would lay special stress upon the danger of carrying metal about the person, or of having it near one, as many persons are killed by their carelessness in this respect."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

Advice to Intending Ministers.

My dear young brother, if you prefer it, if you honestly feel that you have something to say that people must, then preach.

* But:

If you can't do anything else; if you can't plow or reap; if you know not how either to fish or cut bait; if at anything else you would starve, then, in Heaven's name, keep out of the pulpit. The chimney of a house should be kept clean. Keep clear of fire-places, metals, especially pipes; of walls, especially outer ones; of wires, cisterns, window-bars, mirrors, pianos, gilt frames, etc., etc. All doors and windows should be closed. A building is greatly guarded by paving close around the walls and by dry and well-drained foundations. I would lay special stress upon the danger of carrying metal about the person, or of having it near one, as many persons are killed by their carelessness in this respect."—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

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Or, you can edit a newspaper, which is a respectable way of doing the same thing. Anybody can edit a paper. Except the editor. He doesn't know the first principle of his business. Any man whom he has had occasion to bring into the dissecting-room for demonstration will tell you that.—*R. J. Burdette*.

Queen Elizabeth's Gloves.

A pair of gloves once worn by Queen Elizabeth have been preserved in a British museum. They are of very fine white leather, worked with gold thread, but of a size at which our fashionable beauties would stand aghast. Good Queen Bess, however, had hand that was fit to wield a scepter. The thumb of her glove was five inches long, and the palm measure three and one-half inches across. Another royal glove has been preserved in Henry VIII's "hawkes glove," in which, if the original bears any likeness to the illustration, a goodly number of "hawkes" could find a comfortable resting-place.

A LAW applicable to seven counties in Washington Territory provides a penalty against throwing sawdust into streams, as large numbers of fish are killed by the sawdust entering their throats and gills.

THEY are making wrapping-paper out of rice straw and palm leaves in Georgia.

Morning Mists

And night damps generate malarial disorders and rheumatism in those obliged to be abroad in them. The farm laborer, the early rising artisan, and the night toller, find in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters a general protection against the effects of exposure to the weather and damp or frost air, and also a pleasant means of counteracting the effects of excessive fatigue or weariness, induced by the lack of a due measure of "nature's sweet restorer"—sleep. They who work early and late the year round need, occasionally, the health stimulants furnished by a wholesome tonic like us. "All its purity and efficacy make it a remedy and preventive of disease commanding. It checks incipient rheumatism and malarial symptoms, relieves constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness, arrests premature decay of the physical energies, mitigates the infirmities of age and hastens convalescence."

It is said there are two eventful periods of the life of a woman: One when she wonders whom she will have, and the other when she wonders who will have her.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR.

A Well-known Gentleman's Philanthropy and the Commotion Caused by One of His Letters.

[Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.] We published in our local columns yesterday morning a significant letter from a gentleman known personally or by reputation to nearly every person in the land. We have received a number of letters protesting against the use of our columns for such "palpable frauds and misrepresentations," therefore, to confirm beyond the doubt the authenticity of the letter, and the genuineness of its sentiments, a reporter of this paper was commissioned to ascertain all the possible facts in the matter. Accordingly he visited Clifton Springs, was the author of the letter, and with the following result:

Dr. Henry Foster, the gentleman in question, is a coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially for good manners.

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A Druggist's Story.

Mr. Isaac C. Chapman, druggist, Newburg, N. Y., writes us: "I have for the past ten years sold several gross of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I can say of it what I cannot say of any other medicine. I have never heard a customer speak of it but to praise its virtue in the highest manner. I have recommended it in a great many cases of whooping cough, with the happiest effects. I have used it in my own family for many years; in fact, always have a bottle in the medicine closet ready for use."

Carbo-lines.

Full oft we feel the surge of tears, Yet joy has light for all the years. To all whose hair is getting thin, Our Carolina will keep it in.

Mr. A. Nichols. of this place, says he suffered from Catarrh for years. He purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm of us. He is now almost cured, and says you cannot recommend it too highly. We are selling more of Ely's Cream Balm than of all other Catarrh remedies; can hardly keep a supply on hand.—*Evers Bros.*, druggists, Independence, Iowa.

Dr. D. Gaffey. Route agent on the Ft. Wayne branch of the L. & N. & S. Railway, says: Agent at Reading, Mich., got me two bottles of Warner's White Wine of Tar. I never used its equal for throat trouble.

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Never write the word "Inns" backward, it will be a sin if you do.

How can you remain a sufferer from dyspepsia when worse cases than yours are being cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla? Try it.

A STITCH in Time must make the old chap feel sewn.

OTTOUWA, IOWA.—Dr. J. N. Armstrong says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and recommend its use to others."

The balloon that will not go up is not good for ascent.

HUMORS.

The animal fluids of the body, when overabundant, become vitiated and cause eruptions to appear on the skin. They are objectionable from their disfigurement, and vary in character from a constant, uneasy sensation to a positive distress and severe pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla corrects the derangement of the functions, enriches the fluids, purifies the blood, and changes the diseased condition to one of health and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by Druggists & Co. Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

MOTHERS. cure your children. Sold by Druggists & Co.

HALFOPLY FLYNN'S CREAM BALM.

when applied by the finer end of the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal cavity of all virulent causing headache secretions. It relieves inflammation of the nasal passages, and particularly heals the sores, and restores sense of taste and smell.

NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment is agreeable to use. Send for circular.

HAY-FEVER. Hay Fever. Cure by Druggists & Co. Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

SHARP PAINS.

When applied by the finer end of the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal cavity of all virulent causing headache secretions. It relieves inflammation of the nasal passages, and particularly heals the sores, and restores sense of taste and smell.