

speech of the Indiana Statesman before the Democratic Editorial Association, at Indianapolis.

Exports of domestic merchandise.....	\$ 804,224
Imports of foreign merchandise.....	723,180
Total.....	\$1,547,090

Large as this aggregate is, it falls far short of the commerce of Great Britain, which is given for the year 1880 at:

Exports.....	\$1,998,577
Imports.....	1,391,922
Total.....	\$3,390,499

with our extended sea coasts upon the two great oceans, whether we shall have a merchant marine bearing some just proportion to the magnitude of our ocean commerce, or whether we shall be driven within the lines of our coasting trade. You will notice in recalling the fact showing the decline in our shipping interest, that while that decline has been much more rapid in the last twenty years than it was in any like period before that time, yet it has been persistent, and continuous so far back as 1830. Many have sup-

able to elect a Democratic President, which may be true. But, if the solid South and the free-traders of England elect the President, won't they be likely to control the administration? This is a question worthy of most careful consideration by the people."—*Chicago Times*.

"Well, that did you get from Santa Claus," asked the groceryman, of the bad boy as he came into the grocery with a big blue necktie, on which was pinned a piece of beer glass cut in imitation of a diamond. "Santa Claus must have remembered you splendidly," and the grocery man handed the boy a sour orange.

"O! don't talk to me about Santa Claus," said the boy, as he bit into the orange, and then went to the vinegar barrel and drew some vinegar in a glass and took a swallow to sweeten the taste of the orange. "Do you know, I wonder there is a boy in this whole world that does not grow up to be a first-class liar, when they have their parents lie to them the first seven years of their lives about Santa Claus? What can a child think, when told it is wicked to lie, and then find out that its parents have been lying to it, about the Santa Claus business? Do you know, I have watched for Santa Claus to come down chimneys."

"O, that is all right, but what did you get?" said the grocery man.

"I got nice enough things, but haven't got them now. I traded off a lot of my things for presents for some boys down our way, that didn't get anything. I made a change in the Christmas-tree business, at our church. You see, they have been in the habit of getting all the children together the night before Christmas, and having a Christmas-tree, and it is cruel on the poor children. The rich parents put expensive presents on the trees for their children, and the poor children get a 10 cent whistle, or a popcorn ball, or an orange. The poor children began to think Santa Claus showed partiality, and that he was in the employ of rich folks, and they were beginning to get sour on Santa Claus, but this time me and my chum sold all the presents we got at home, and went and bought a whole lot of nice things for the poor boys, and when the man began to distribute the presents, and the poor boys had their mouths made up for popcorn balls, and they got club skates and fur caps, and nice warm mittens, they yelled so the minister was afraid the church would be pulled as a disorderly house. I never had so much fun in all my life as I did to see those poor boys rake in the presents. All I have got left is this necktie and alum diamond, but the fun I had makes this 40-cent diamond look as bright to me as though it was the kohinoor. Do you know what a kohinoor is? It is the biggest diamond in the world."

"That's a good boy," said the groceryman, as he shaded his eyes to look at the bad boy's diamond, and then wet his finger and touched the diamond and put the finger on his tongue to see if it tasted of alum. "But there is one thing I want to talk to you about. I saw you jump on a horse-cart and ride with the firemen at the fire last night, and your pa said you was hanging around the engine-house a good deal. Now, you want to let up on that. Those firemen are pretty tough, and you will be spoiled if you go with them. I wouldn't have anything to do with them, or you will bring your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Firemen are hard citizens."

"When was this that firemen were hard citizens?" asked the boy, indignantly. "They are just as good citizens as you are. If your grocery gets on fire down cellar from the kerosene barrel, what do you do? Do you go down cellar and put it out? Naw, you don't. You grab your insurance policy and light out, and the firemen come and they go right down into your subterranean hell of burning kerosene and squirt water till they are overcome by the smoke, when their partners drag them out by the legs and others take their places, and they keep up the fight until your property is saved, when you come back and kick because they tipped over a barrel of apples. They rush into burning buildings and save the lives of women and children. Do they do it for pay? Naw! All they get is \$75 a month, and you pay that much to the man who drives your grocery wagon. There is not a fireman who gets as much salary as a street car conductor, in any city in the country, and the firemen are the bravest men that live. Why, gol darn you, you haven't got as much sense as a calf."

"But, hold on, Henny. Hear me," and the grocery man tried to stop the bad boy.

"Get out. I am ashamed to know you," says the boy. "You and pa have always told me that we should honor the brave. How do you do it? You pay a fireman, who risks his life every time he runs to a fire, just enough to board and clothe him, and when he is played out and is sick, he is discharged, and you forget him. Every time an alarm sounds, a fireman takes chances of not getting back to the engine-house alive. He protects your property and your life, and now you tell me he is a bad man. I would like to see you jump up at an alarm of fire, slide down a pole with your pants half on, and get on an engine and be driven over a rough pavement half a mile. Your hair would turn gray with fright the first time. I tell you a city ought to pay firemen four hundred dollars a month, and pension them when they get their lungs busted, or get broke up, and support their families. Firemen ought to be loved and respected, and lionized, instead of having old idjits call them bad men," and the bad boy took out his handkerchief and rubbed up his diamond and stood on the front step to flash it in the eye of his girl as she came in after a mackerel, but she didn't see it and he went off feeling hurt, while the groceryman made up his mind to send a turkey to every fireman for New Year's.—Peck's Sun.

Drawing the Line.

"No, Augustus," wrote a kind and indulgent parent to his son at college, "I cannot grant your request. I like

medical treatment. A salt-rheum appears on the hand. An ignorant doctor says, "It is a disease of the skin." He applies an ointment. The eruption disappears. An ulcer appears on the ankle. The ignorant doctor says, "It is a disease of the ankle." He applies a salve. The sore disappears. There is a discharge of matter from the ear. The ignorant doctor says, "The ear-passage is diseased." He prescribes an injection. The discharge stops. A case of nasal catarrh is presented. The ignorant doctor says, "This nose is sick." He prescribes a snuff. The discharge stops. In every case the apparent relief is temporary. The difficulty soon returns, and it is worse than before. Harm has been done. Often other difficulties have been added. In every one of these cases the ignorant doctor has entirely mistaken the seat of the malady. Of course, his prescription is a blunder.

Salt-rheum is not a disease of the skin. It is a disease of the system, showing itself in the skin. Catarrh is not a disease of the man's nose. It is a disease of the man, showing itself in his nose. The blood which is now in my brain is, before I am done writing this sentence, back in my heart again, and off on a visit to my feet, and now it is back in my heart again, and now it is distributed to my liver, stomach, kidneys—every part. Every part of the body is fed every moment from the same blood. Every atom of every organ and tissue is obtained from that blood, and every minute all this blood comes back to the heart to be mixed and intermixed. Now, do you suppose that one part of the body can draw away from the rest, get up a disease and carry on an independent operation of its own, on its own responsibility?

What I have said is not new. This dependence of local upon general disease is a common idea with the people. A young man begins business with a large capital. He falls into dissipation. In ten years it exhausts his fortune. When at last we see him beg for bread, we do not say this exhibition of his poverty is financial disease. His financial constitution has been ruined. The begging is only an unpleasant exhibition of that ruin.

During this course of dissipation the young man not only ruins his *fortune*, but ruins his *health*. His lungs fall into consumption. A doctor may tell you it is a disease of the lungs; but it is no more a disease of the lungs than was begging a malady of the broken-down merchant. In both cases it is only a local exhibition of the constitutional trouble. In brief, a local disease in a living body is an impossibility. Every disease must be systematic before it can assume a local expression. In other words, every local pathological manifestation is an expression of systematic pathological conditions.

But to return to *nasal catarrh*. A man has a catarrhal discharge from his nose. He is an editor, and mostly confined to sedentary habits. His digestion is weak, bowels constipated, head dull, and general condition altogether unsatisfactory. He comes to me with a long story about his catarrh, and finally wishes to know if I have any confidence in the advertised cures for this disgusting affliction; would he be willing to take anything or do anything if he could only get rid of the horrible nuisance, etc.

"Will you do exactly what I advise for a week?"

"Yes; I wouldn't mind standing on my head for that length of time, if I could only reduce myself to the decent use of one pocket-handkerchief a day."

"Eat a dish of oatmeal, one baked potato, and one slice of bread, for your breakfast; a piece of roast beef as large as your hand, with one boiled potato and one slice of bread for dinner; take nothing for supper, and go to bed early. Sleep, if possible, half an hour before dinner. Drink nothing with your meals, nor within two hours afterward. Drink as much cold water on rising in the morning and on lying down at night as you can conveniently swallow, and you may add draughts of cold water, if you wish, before eating your meals. Live four to six hours a day in the open air. Bathe frequently, and every night on going to bed rub the skin hard with hair gloves. In less than a week one handkerchief will do you. And yet you haven't touched your nose in the way of treatment."

To cure nasal catarrh you have only to make your stomach digest well, only to make yourself healthier. Your nose will quickly find it out and adapt itself to the better manners of his companions.—*Dio Lewis' Monthly*.

Over-Trained Princes.

Young princes and princesses must find it irksome to be under tutors, as most of them are, who have never learned the wisdom uttered in the nursery line, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

It is said that Louis II., the present King of Bavaria, took an utter disgust in his boyhood to history and politics, through the indiscreet zeal of a professor who discoursed on these subjects in season and out of season.

He would say, pointing to a haystack, "Can you guess what is the height of that?" "Thirty feet," perhaps the boy would answer.

"Well, does the number thirty remind you of anything? Were there not thirty knights on both sides at the 'Combat des Treute'? Were there not thirty tyrants at Athens? Was there not a 'Thirty Years' War'? And so on till poor little Prince Louis lost all pleasure in the sight of hay stacks.

Napol on III.'s heir was also sorely teased by a couple of too-earnest tutors. One day he had to be sent out to see a regatta on the Seine.

"Well, what have you been doing?" asked his father when he returned home. "Oh, we have been talking of triremes," said the boy, wearily, "and

EUGENE SOPER, a farmer near Greencastle, killed himself. He was formerly in the Hospital for the Insane.

An ear of corn encased in a husk containing no rent, lap, or seam, is a curiosity found recently on a farm near Fountain City.

LAFAYETTE has furnished three United States Senators, viz.: Albert S. White, John Pettit and Joseph E. McDonald.

BOYS skating on Eel river, near Logansport, discovered the body of a woman under the ice. It proved to be a Mrs. Whitney, wife of a commercial traveler.

An old German tailor of Mount Vernon takes his baths in the Ohio river as regularly as the day rolls around. His usual hour is 11 a. m.

A man named Groves is a patient at the Fort Wayne hospital. It is said that he was wounded in a railway accident, obtained \$5,000 damages, and spent it in six weeks.

The Commissioners of Jefferson county have voted \$10,000 stock in the cotton-mill at Madison, in behalf of the county, making \$85,000 now subscribed, and insuring the success of the enterprise.

The Commissioners of Delaware county have informally decided to erect a new courthouse. They will probably issue bonds in March and build the foundation, completing it the following year.

JOHN R. GERHART, who served a term in the Indiana penitentiary for robbing the mails when a postal clerk on the route between Chicago and Toledo, killed himself with strychnine at South Bend.

DR. DOAKS and William Holland got into a quarrel at White Oak school-house, Pike county. Both drew revolvers, and a man named McCormick attempted to separate them. He was fatally shot.

WING LEE, a hideous-looking Chinaman and Nellie Burton, a handsome girl, eloped recently from Louisville and were married by Justice Douglas, of Jeffersonville. Wing came in style, having a carriage and attendants.

GOSHEN has a plucky watchman at one of its factories. The other night a crowd of roughs attacked him, shooting him fatally, as it is thought, but after being shot he showed fight, and seriously wounded two of his assailants, who have been arrested.

JULIAN MONTAGUE has been legally declared dead by the Circuit court of Allen county. He has been absent over five years and his whereabouts is unknown. His estate will be divided among his kindred.

GEO. W. TUDELY negotiated the sale of a lot of bonds for Lawrence county. The Commissioners allowed him \$1,200 for it. Some of the tax-payers resisted, and the court held that the allowance was in violation of law.

MRS. ELIZABETH WILSON, of Muncie, 8 years old, and for a long time an almost helpless invalid, has been cured of rheumatism by the laying on of hands. The cure was effected by a gentleman who was at one time a Reading Clerk in the Legislature.

E. H. WALDRON, of Lafayette, is organizing a joint stock company for the importation and sale of blooded cattle. The articles of association have been completed. He expects to leave shortly for the Jersey islands, Scotland, and Holland, and will make heavy purchases of choice thoroughbred Jerseys, polled Angus and Holsteins.

A REMARKABLE coincidence occurred near Monticello, in which William Brecklin and son of James McKinley, both farmers, each had his right leg broken while chopping wood. About three months ago these same two men each suffered a broken leg, and on the same day and about the same time. They live five miles apart.

A NUMBER of farmers of Payette county are shocked on the presentation of their promises to pay, several calling for near \$300 when they had, as they say, only given a small note to a traveling insurance agent, who promised them indemnity for five years. He sold the notes to banks, who, under Indiana law, are innocent purchasers. The makers will be required to show up or pay up.

PROBABLY the oldest person in this section is Mrs. England. She is 103 years old, an ag spry and active as many others who are not over 60. She often walks and carries her basket from the depot to Mr. England's, which is at least three-quarters of a mile. She is sprightly and happy, with a clear memory. She saw Cincinnati and Louisville long before they began to put on city airs.—*Madison Herald.*

MR. THOMAS STEVENS of New Albany, was born in 1804, moved to Harrison county, Ind. in 1811, and married Miss Olive Crandall in 1822. Nine children were born to them and she died. He married Mrs. Nancy Dear. Nine more children were the result of this marriage. Mr. Stevens is now living with his third wife. He has 100 grandchildren and 76 great-grandchildren. His oldest daughter, Martha Dewess, is on a visit to him from Texas.

In the grave-yard at Southport lie the bones of Bryan, the nephew of the famous Daniel Boone, and wife. Bryan was the founder of Bryan's station, about the first white settlement in Kentucky, and his wife, who, with her husband, came with Boone from North Carolina, was the first white woman known to have set foot north of the Cumberland river. Mr. Bryan at his death was nearly 90 years old.

A MURDER was committed at Muncie sixteen months since. A family named Jenkins lived for several months in Perry township, they were poor. During their residence there a child was missed who was never reported sick or buried, and it has now developed that the child was never married at all and she is said to have refused to marry him unless the boy was disposed of. A daughter says that the boy was afterward brought home and kissed by all, when he was not seen again and it is feared he was murdered. The coroner and assistants found a supposed grave, but no bones were discovered, and the search is not over.

A COUPLE of young ladies at Princeton accepted a peculiar wager from a dry-goods merchant of that place. The merchant agreed to give them each a silk dress if they would drive two horses wanted killed from the premises through the principal part of