

American Tobacco.

The cultivation of the tobacco plant has become a national industry. It is now raised in larger or smaller quantities in every State in the Union. North as far as Vermont, south to the Gulf of Mexico, west to the Pacific, and along the Atlantic coast, with possibly the exception of Maine, we find the planting, the cultivating and care of the crop occupying a portion of the time, energy and means of the farmers of all grades where the cultivation of soil suitable to the undertaking with prospects of success. What was almost experimental north of Virginia, scarcely half a century ago, so far as raising tobacco is concerned, is now, in many States, reduced to actual practice and with beneficial and profitable results. It is not raised for market at first there has been a desire to see how the crop would thrive in the more Northern States, and with that satisfactorily attained, a portion of farms have been set apart to the purpose, until we may be said to be growing tobacco everywhere. Corn, wheat, oats and potatoes are sure to find their place in the soil as well as in the granaries and bins. These necessities give place to no luxuries, however great the demand or profitable the investment. State after State has fallen into line on the tobacco question, and while each is noted for certain productions, as leading, we find that about all include tobacco in their reports of crops to the Agricultural bureau. It is entirely proper, that the grain crops receiving full attention—that we should be known in addition to our other great and varied productions, through the staple of tobacco; that we should be behind no country in quantity, and approach every other country as closely as conditions of climate and soil will admit in quality. While tobacco plants are natives of warm climates, and while they thrive best and reach their greatest perfection there, it is admitted that many of the species attain to fine proportions and flavor in our Northern States where the soil is suitable and they are properly treated and perfectly cured. In many of the Northern States the crop is yet a new one, and inexperience has a great deal to learn in regard to its proper treatment. All the plants possess the narcotic properties on account of which they are so extensively cultivated, but some to a greater extent than others. The Virginia tobacco had been cultivated far north of that State before Columbus discovered this country, and it is questionable whether the use of tobacco as a narcotic was known in the East before that period. While it is claimed that the use of tobacco is of great antiquity among the Chinese, it is received with doubt in many well-informed quarters, for the reason that its use did not extend to neighboring nations. On the other hand, when its soothing properties became known to Europeans, the use of tobacco spread with great rapidity. Its use was common in the West Indies as well as with the Indians in this country when Columbus made his voyage of discovery. In fact, smoking tobacco has been prevalent from unknown antiquity among the American Indians, not only in the Middle States, but as far north as the Canadas. With them, it is well known, it assumed a religious character, and entered into all their important transactions. Smoking the calumet, or pipe of peace, was regarded by them as indispensable to the ratification of a treaty, while it also had an important bearing in their councils upon the question of their going to war or remaining at peace with other tribes. It was regarded as a friendly act, drawing them closer together in bonds of harmony and friendship far more so than the well-spread and well-served table is amongst other nations at the present time.

Wilson's "Prehistoric Man" has this paragraph in regard to the religious rite of smoking, as setting forth its religious character:

"In the belief of the ancient worshippers, the Great Spirit smelled a sweet savor as the smoke of the ancient plant ascended to the heavens, and the homely implement of modern luxury was, in their hands, a sacred censer, from which the hallowed vapor rose with fitting propitiatory odors, as that which perfumes the awful precincts of the cathedral altar, amid the mysteries of the church's high and holy days."

What is now so common and in such general use among all classes, especially in this country, it is difficult to conceive as having been, when introduced in Europe, so expensive that only the wealthy could indulge in its use. Then, as now, it was regarded as an article of luxury, but the price was so high that its use almost amounted to prohibition. Besides that, when it became cheaper, certain of the Popes launched the power of the church against its use. In certain parts as much power was used to prevent the use of tobacco as has been in later years to prevent the use of alcohol. It has been declared a crime to use tobacco by both priests and sultans. King James I. of England thundered against its use, saying that "it was loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black, stinking fumes thereof, nearest resembled the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

All opposition to its use, however, was vain, whether the price was high or whether it was low. The use of tobacco increased, and has continued to increase to the present time, when it is more prevalent than at any other period. It is a luxury of rich and poor, of civilized nations and of savage tribes. It is a luxury so generally indulged in by all classes that it is generally one of the first industries to be called upon to help the revenues of the Government. A light tax in this country yields an immense income, and a medium tax brings out a magnificent revenue to aid Government in time of need. Meetings of those growing and handling the tobacco leaf, like the one held at Janesville, Wis., noticed in last week's issue, at which an organization was effected for mutual benefit and protection, are significant as showing the importance the crop is attaining in that State, while

it is admitted that tobacco enters largely into the great aggregate agricultural industries of the country.—*Cigar and Tobacco World, Chicago.*

Col. Hovey and the Workman.

One day, while work on the fort was being carried on with its accustomed vigor, Col. Hovey, as was usual with him, was around among the boys to see how the work progressed, lending a helping hand now and then, as he saw occasion. Among others, he came across a man who was working with considerable difficulty, by reason of not having the proper tools to use. The man did not recognize the Colonel, who was dressed in a plain way, and looked, it must be confessed, more like a common soldier than like what we would expect to see in the person of the commander of the famous Normal regiment. Col. Hovey noticed the workman a moment, and then asked: "Could you not do that better if you had a good hand-saw to use?" "Why, yes," said the man; "I believe that I could. Say, old chap, won't you go over to the toolhouse and get one for me?" The Colonel trudged off to the toolhouse, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, and promptly returned with a hand-saw. The workman praised him for his promptness and continued his work. The Colonel stood looking on and soon again suggested: "I should think that you could do that better if you had a good ax to use." "Yes, I never thought of that; won't you run over to the other side of the fort and see if you can find one for me?" Col. Hovey went as before, and soon returned with the desired tool. His apt suggestions and willingness had completely won the workingman's good will. "Well, old hoss," said he, in his warmest, friendliest manner, "you are a mighty handy chap, and if you will come around and see me this evening I will go with you to headquarters and have you assigned to help me as carpenter, and you will then get better wages than you do now as a common laborer."

At this time, seeing that some of those who knew him were beginning to notice the interesting interview, Col. Hovey passed to some other part of the work. The honest workman's astonishment, when informed who his "handy-chap" actually was, can be well imagined.—"Army Life," by A. O. Marshall.

Camphor.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub on a large iron pot, partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and heating the chips generates oil and camphor. Of course, the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs, with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two departments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer which catches and holds the camphor in crystal deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and is ready for the market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

The Watcher in the Pew

His neck is fitted on a globe-socket, and turns clear around. He sees everything that goes on. The man who comes in late does not escape him, and it is vain for the tenor to think he got that little note to the alto, conveyed between the leaves of a hymn-book, unobserved. The watcher saw it. He sees the hole in the quarter that Elder Skinner dropped in the plate. He sees that Deacon Slowby has but one cuff. If the door swings, he looks around; if the window moves noiselessly, he looks up. He sees the stranger in his neighbor's pew, and he sees Brother Badman, sitting away back under the gallery, furtively take a chew of the inhibited fine-cut. All things that nobody wants him to see, the watcher sees. He sees so much that he has no time to listen.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

\$20,000 Gone!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The *Chronicle* publishes in substance the following marvel: Capt. W. F. Swasey, the oldest pioneer of the coast, makes a statement of the intense suffering of his friend, Col. D. J. Williamson, an army officer of distinction and an ex-U. S. Consul, who was attacked in the winter of 1861-2 with violent rheumatism. So great was his agony in after years he became a helpless cripple, and after trying numberless remedies, the baths of other countries and spending a fortune of \$20,000, the disease seemed to assume a more virulent type. Finally he was accused in a criminal trial. It worked a miracle of pain. In a letter to the *Chronicle* he confirms Capt. Swasey's statement and adds: "I cheerfully give my unqualified attestation to the truthfulness of the statement, because I feel perfectly certain that a knowledge of my cure by St. Jacobs Oil, will prove the means of relieving hundreds of sufferers."

His Share.

"Well, old fellow, I hear that your grandmother is dead." "Yes," replied the "old fellow," somewhat sadly, "she died yesterday." "It is the way of the world. We must all die some time, and the old lady was well advanced in years. She left a last will and testament, of course?" I have understood she was very wealthy." "Oh, yes, she left will and testament," still more sadly. "You were always a favorite of hers. Your name was mentioned, of course?" "Yes," he replied, and the tears began to stream down his cheeks, my name was mentioned. I'm to have the testament."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MAN gives off 4.08 per cent. carbonic gas of the air he respites; respires 10,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in twenty-four hours; consumes 20,000 cubic feet of oxygen in twenty-four hours, equal to 125 cubic inches of common air.

"I AM stamping the town," says the beggar with wooden legs.

A DANGEROUS AMBUSHACADE.

Discovered Barely in Time—The Most Deceptive and Luring of Modern Evils Graphically Described.

[Syracuse Journal.]

Something of a sensation was caused in this city yesterday by a rumor that one of our best known citizens was about to publish a statement concerning some unusual experiences during his residence in Syracuse. How the rumor originated it is impossible to say, but a reporter immediately sought Dr. S. G. Martin, the gentleman in question, and secured the following interview:

"What about this rumor, Doctor, that you are going to make a public statement of some important matters?"

"Just about the same as you will find in all rumors—some truth; some fiction. I had contemplated making a publication of some remarkable episodes that have occurred in my life, but have not completed it as yet."

"What is the nature of it, may I inquire?"

"Why, the fact that I am a human being instead of a spirit. I have passed through one of the most wonderful ordeals that perhaps ever occurred to any man. The first intimation I had of it was several years ago, when I began to feel chilly at night, and restless after retiring. Occasionally this would be very sorely the case. The pain would be so great that it was only a cold, and so paid as little attention to it as possible. Shortly after this I noticed a peculiar catarrhal trouble, and my throat also became inflamed. As if this were not variety enough I felt sharp pains in my chest, and a constant tendency to headache."

"No, I should not like my name to be used publicly, but you may say," said the jurist, "that the only medicine I use is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.—a most excellent preparation, which I always warmly commend to my friends everywhere." The Favorite Remedy has been twenty years in use, and it is said that it is pleasant to take, cures in 90 per cent. of cases, and can harm no one. It challenges the failings of all other remedies.

"It is purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and can be used with the utmost safety by children and adults. We do not wonder that it has the cordial endorsement of the best physicians and the public."

"Why didn't you take the matter in hand and check it right where it was?"

"Why doesn't everybody do so? Simply because they think it is only some trifling and passing disorder. These troubles did not come all at once, and I thought it unmanly to heed them. I have found, though, that every physical neglect must be paid for with large interest. Men cannot draw drafts on their constitution without honoring them some time. These minor symptoms I have had for years, and I have not paid much attention to them. I became more nervous; had a strange fluttering of the heart, an inability to draw a long breath and an occasional numbness that was terribly suggestive of paralysis. How I could have been so blind as not to understand what this meant I cannot imagine."

"And did you do nothing?"

"Yes, I traveled. In the spring of 1879 I went to Kansas and Colorado, and, while in Denver, I was attacked with a mysterious hemorrhage of the urinary organs and lost twenty pounds of flesh in three weeks. One day after my return I had a severe attack with a terrible chill, and at once advanced to a very severe attack of pneumonia. My left lung soon entirely filled with water and my body became twice their natural size. I was obliged to sit upright in bed for several weeks in the midst of the severest agony, with my arms over my head, and in constant fear of suffocation."

"And did you still make no attempt to save yourself?"

"Yes, I made frantic efforts. I tried everything that seemed to offer the least prospect of relief. I called a council of doctors and had them make an examination and diagnosis, and an operation, extraction of my condition. Five of the best physicians of Syracuse and several from another city said I must die!"

"It seemed as though their assertion was true for my feet became cold, my mouth parched, my eyes were a fixed glassy stare, my body was covered with a cold, clammy death sweat, and I read my fate in the anxious expressions of my family and friends."

"But the finale?"

"Came at last. My wife aroused to desperation began to administer a remedy upon her own responsibility, and while I grew better very slowly, I gained ground surely until, in brief, I have no doubt of the specific Bright's Disease. Dye will make good as new. They are perfect. Get druggists—be economical. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

"CONSULT me, I'm well-posted," says the theatrical bill.

J. W. FOSHEE, of Bluff Springs, Ala., says:

"Samaritan Nervee cured me of fits."

A PIG in a poke—the one that sits before you in the theater and monopolizes the view.

Petroleum V. Nasby.

D. R. Locke, Petroleum V. Nasby, editor *Toledo Blade*, writes: "I had on a forefinger of my right hand one of those pleasant pets, a 'run-round.' The finger became inflamed to a degree unbearable and swollen to nearly twice its natural size. A friend gave me Henry's Carbolic Salve, and in twenty minutes the pain had so much subsided as to give me a fair night's rest, which I had not had before for a week. The inflammation left the finger in a day. I consider it a most valuable article."

Indorsed by the Clergy.

We take pleasure in recommending Dr. Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup to any public speaker that may be troubled with throat or ear disease.

Rev. M. L. Bodner, pastor *Prestyterian Church*, Rev. J. T. Iddings, Albion, Mich. Rev. V. L. Lockwood, Ann Arbor, Mich.

A CURE AT LAST FOR CATARRH.—The evidence is overwhelming that Ely's Cream Balm goes more directly to any other to the cure of this disease, and has resulted in more cures than all other remedies. *Wileman's Cure* (Put.) *Union Leader*. (Not a liquid or snuff, see adv't.)

Cured Clergymen.

Rev. L. S. Caulton, of Circleville, Kas., says: Dr. Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup has been in my family and found to be all and even more than you claim of it. It is a speedy cure for all Throat and Lung diseases.

PURE Cod-Liver Oil, made from selected livers on the sea-shore, is by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely pure and strong. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

PETROLEUM is a natural production, and as such never makes a mistake. Carboline, made from pure petroleum, is a certain invigilator for diseases and sickly hair, and where once used will never be substituted by any other.

I HAVE been a sufferer for years with Catarrh, and under a physician's treatment for over a year. Ely's Cream Balm gave me immediate relief. I believe I am entirely cured. —G. S. DAVIS, First National Bank, Elizabeth, N. J.

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

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

CONSUMPTIVE given up by doctors have been cured by Piso's Cure, 25 cents.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice, 15c.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, tasteless, 25c.

"Rough on Coughs" Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

WELL'S May-Apple (Liver) Pills, 10c.

"Rough on Toothache," instant relief, 15c.

"Bachu-palbs," Great Kidney and Urinary Cure, \$1.

"Rough on Corns," for Corns, Warts, Bunions, 15c.

WELL'S Health Renewer cures Diarrhoea, Impotence.

The "Rough on" Tooth Powder, elegant, 15c.

CONSUMPTION in any stage may be cured by Piso's Cure, 25 cents a bottle.

PATCHWORK SILK: largest variety; samples 12c.

Young Men with TELLZOPHY and earache, nimbled. Circulars free. Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

POOR people have become rich working for me, which is easy to learn—only paying large sums of money in profits.

Everyone is willing to work for me.

Men and girls are making fortunes.

The "Rough on" Tooth Powder, elegant, 15c.

CONSUMPTION in any stage may be cured by Piso's Cure, 25 cents a bottle.

Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Hay Fever, &c.

Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail.

E. T. HAZELTON, J. W. HYATT, W. H. NASSAU, N. Y.

C. N. U.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

FOR TWENTY YEARS.

An Important Opinion by an Eminent New York Jurist.

A correspondent of the Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal sends his paper an interesting interview with one of the leading Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, from which we quote:

"Yes, sir; I have been on the bench for twenty years, and have never missed an appointment through physical debilities."

"What is the secret of it, may I inquire?"

"The man did not recognize the Colonel, who was dressed in a plain way, and looked, it must be confessed, more like a common soldier than like what we would expect to see in the person of the commander of the famous Normal regiment. Col. Hovey noticed the workman a moment, and then asked: "Could you not do that better if you had a good hand-saw to use?" "Why, yes," said the man; "I believe that I could. Say, old chap, won't you go over to the toolhouse and get one for me?" The Colonel trudged off to the toolhouse, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, and promptly returned with a hand-saw. The workman praised him for his promptness and continued his work. The Colonel stood looking on and soon again suggested: "I should think that you could do that better if you had a good ax to use."

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