

Changes in Smoking.

It is estimated that one man in every five uses tobacco in some form or other. The soothing influence of the weed on the nerves has been made the subject of many newspaper articles. The habit of smoking has also been the subject of numerous discussions as to its injurious effect on the health of those who indulge in it freely. But notwithstanding the numerous discussions and the appalling effects pictured of its terribly deteriorating influence, lovers of smoking will continue to invest their small change in tobacco only to see it vanish in delicate wreaths of smoke, while it gratifies a taste strongly formed. It is still a question as to whether smoking has any effect whatever on the possible longevity of man. A centenarian will die and his unusual longevity will be recorded by the press, together with a statement of his personal habits and appearance. If he had been a continuous smoker then the advocates of smoking will immediately cite his longevity in support of their theory that smoking prolongs life. On the other hand, if a centenarian's death is recorded, and the fact mentioned that he never used tobacco in any form during his life, the anti-tobaccoists, with surprising suddenness, will deduce the argument that, owing to his abstinence from tobacco, his days upon the earth were lengthened.

Smoking may be classified in three different classes—cigars, pipes, and cigarettes. The latter, a comparatively new innovation, but which has taken a strong hold not only on the younger men but on those of middle-age and even a few gray-bearded men indulge in the delicate whiffs and pleasing inhalations of the penny-paper cigars, as they are termed by the votaries of the violent pipe and the fragrant cigar.

A conversation with a cigar dealer recently developed the fact that styles in smoking change as frequently and as radically as do styles of dress.

"Ten years ago," said this dealer, "the sale of meerschaum pipes was very large, but lately the sales of this commodity have fallen off so that but few are now sold or even kept in stock by tobaccoconists." As the style of smokers is seldom noticed by an unobservant person, the statement at first seems strange, but when considered for a moment its truth is very apparent. It does not take a very old man to remember the time when the pride of the veteran smoker was his favorite meerschaum. He would cherish it carefully, and closely watch it each succeeding day to notice the high color which he was so anxious should embellish the bowl of the pipe gradually increase in strength.

After long and continuous use it would be seen that the bowl of the pipe presented a repulsive, shining, black surface, dotted with large brown specks, making the bowl resemble a highly polished negro's face which had been sun-burned.

The owner would show it to his friends as a priceless treasure, and would extol it on the magnificent color attained, but the friend perhaps never considered a colored meerschaum a very high degree of art, while ladies would promptly express themselves on its beauty by naming it a nasty, horrid, dirty thing.

But the days of meerschaums have passed, and now the great mass of smokers indulge in the fragrant cigar.

In cigars the style has changed somewhat, but not so radically as the change from pipe to cigar smoking. Domestic cigars are more sought for than formerly among those who wish to enjoy a good smoke and are willing to pay for it. They are manufactured in this country of alleged Havana fillers, and wrapped with a leaf selected for its bright or dark looks, according to the grade of the cigar being made, its free burning qualities, and its absence of veins.

Formerly the naming of cigars consisted of good American names of "Domestic Five-Cents," and "Havana," at all prices. But in the latter-day style it taxes the brain of the most ingenious to devise high-sounding and musical titles for the different brands of cigars. The price seems to correspond to the beauty of the name.

Cigar smokers indulge more in smoking through a cigar holder than formerly, and the sale of them has reached large proportions.

Within a few years cigarette smoking has reached enormous proportions. Probably no innovation has met with more popular prejudice than the introduction of the smoking of cigarettes. A great howl arose that they were terribly injurious to the health of those who indulged in them, and everything conceivable was brought about to suppress their use. But it was unsuccessful, and the consumption of cigarettes is steadily increasing. The peculiar charm to many cigarette smokers comes from the inhalation of the smoke by which every whiff is carried to the lungs before being exhaled. The taste left is exceedingly pleasant, and in it consists the whole charm of smoking them.

No set of smokers, are more fastidious than cigarette smokers and none more enthusiastic for their favorite brands. A whole host of different brands have been introduced, but the best brands are made of a delicate quality of tobacco wrapped with pure rice paper.—*Cigar and Tobacco World*.

Carp in Tennessee.

A farmer in Lincoln County, Tennessee, gives his experience with these fish as follows: "I had been in the fish business about five years trying to accomplish something in that line, but without success, with the common fish of our country, when my attention was drawn to carp, and I obtained from the Commissioner at Washington six mirror carp and placed them in my ponds Dec. 1, 1880, the fish being about five inches in length. I drained my ponds Sept. 10, 1881, caught the fish, and found them eighteen inches long and weighing four pounds each, accidentally killing two of them. In the spring of 1882 they commenced spawning, beginning in April, and spawning once a month for five or six months. In November, 1882, I again drained my ponds and found I had about 20,000 young fish of five or six sizes. I reserved 600 of the largest, and sold the rest to parties for

stock fish. My old ones then weighed eight pounds each, and were over two feet long. Again, on Nov. 1, 1883, I drained my ponds, and I had about 4,000 young fish, 500 yearling fish, and a surplus of 2,500 of both ages. My old fish now weigh ten or twelve pounds each, the two sexes being different in size. The young fish are all uniform in size. I had several of them on the table in the spring, and, in my opinion, they can not be excelled for eating in the winter and spring. In the summer, like other fish, they are not good, the water becoming impure, and they lose their flavor, but continue to grow with plenty of water and room. They are not expensive to raise, are vegetable feeders, and will thrive on anything a pig will do well. They need attention, of course.

Andy Johnson's Last Letter.

There was found on the desk of the late ex-President Andrew Johnson a letter which he was engaged in writing when he was stricken with paralysis. His death came soon afterward, and the letter was left lying where it was found until sent by the family to the late Judge John M. Carmack, of West Tennessee, to whom it was addressed. The letter reads as follows:

GREENEVILLE, Tenn., June 6, 1875.
JOHN M. CARMACK, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 8th ult. has been received and read. I confess I was somewhat surprised when I received your account of Vice President Wilson's conversation with Governor Isham Harris and others in regard to what would have been the policy of President Lincoln, if he had lived, etc. In your letter you state that H. Wilson, Vice President—

Here came the fatal stroke. The word "President" was the last ever written by the hand of Andrew Johnson.

The letter was written with a lead pencil on ordinary printing paper, such as is generally used for "copy" in newspaper offices, and the ex-President was evidently preparing it with the expectation that it would be published. What an interesting chapter of the history of that exciting time it would have been. Anything he might have said as to the probable policy of the administration, if Mr. Lincoln had not been assassinated, would have been of the greatest value. A few moments more and it would have been given to the world. But it was not to be.

By Judge Carmack, who naturally regarded it as a historical relic of great interest, the letter was left to his nephew, Mr. John T. Miller, of Jackson, and the latter will have it deposited among the papers of the Tennessee Historical Society.—*Nashville American*.

Balzac's First Book.

When Balzac was at the beginning of his career and known only to the few who had chanced upon his brilliant sketches in the Paris newspapers, it so happened that one of these sparkling effusions fell in the way of a Paris bookseller, and was published. The bookseller had or thought he had, from long experience, a shrewd idea of what would take with the Parisian public. He folded the paper and laid it down with an air of decision, saying as he did so: "I will offer that fellow three thousand francs for a novel. I may have to pay more, but I'll try three thousand to start with." Next morning the bookseller started out to find Balzac. His quest took him into an obscure street in one of the oldest and poorest parts of the city. As he turned into the dingy thoroughfare he said to himself as he looked about: "Ah, indeed, he must be a plebeian; I will offer him two thousand francs—no more." Somewhat weary, the bookseller at length found the house; it was high, dingy, and not too clean. "Oho, I shall say fifteen hundred," was his resolve, as he crossed the threshold. M. Balzac lived on the fourth floor, and as his visitor climbed the rickety stairs, "Aha, a thousand francs, not a sou more," was his mental determination. But when he stepped into the shabby room and saw a young man dipping a penny roll into a glass of water, three hundred francs, just one-tenth the sum first intended, was the offer that sprang to his lips, and for this amount he received the manuscript of what was afterward considered a masterpiece.—*Brooklyn Times*.

He Always Held a Good Hand.

Two years ago a good-looking young fellow came to town, and stuck out his shingle as a physician. Somebody invited him to play, and just for accommodation, he did so. He won. He played again, and he won. The hands that man used to hold were paralyzing. He was in bad luck if he didn't have at least an ace full. One night, after he had been here about three weeks and was about \$2,000 winner, he sat down to a game with some gentlemen, when Col. J. H. C., a prominent State official, lounged into the room. Instantly the doctor arose and started for the door. He was gone before any one could stop him. Then the Colonel told what the doctor's little game was, and how he detected him. The doctor's hands were very large, and in the palm of his left hand he kept a bit of sticking-plaster. He would slip in three cards, which the sticking-plaster kept in place. The rest was easy enough to an adept. The Colonel detected him after he had been beaten out of several hundred dollars. The doctor suddenly and mysteriously disappeared the next day.—*Frankfort Cor. Boston Herald*.

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A HUNTER'S STORY.

How He Was Overcome, and the Way by Which He Was Finally Saved.

[Correspondence Spirit of the Times.] An unusual adventure which recently occurred to your correspondent while hunting at Brookmore, in this State, is so timely and contains so much that can be made valuable to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire:

The day was most inclement one and the snow quite deep. Rabbit tracks were plentiful, but they principally led in the direction of large streams, in which the rabbits could run without difficulty, but the hunter constantly broke through the thin ice, sinking into the half-frozen mere to his knees. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer had persevered, although a very small bag of game was the result. While tramping about through a particularly malarial portion of the swamp, a middle-aged man suddenly came into view, carrying a muzzle-loading shotgun, and completely loaded down with game of the finest description. Natural curiosity, aside from the involuntary envy that instinctively arose, prompted the writer to enter into conversation with the man, with the following result:

"You've had fine success; where did you get all that game?"

"Right here in the swamp."

"It's pretty rough hunting in these parts, especially when a man goes up to his waist every other step."

"Yes, it's not very pleasant, but I am used to it, and don't mind it."

"How long have you hunted hereabouts?"

"Why, bless you, I have lived here most of my life and hunted up to ten years ago every year."

"How does it happen you omitted the last ten years?"

"Because I was scarcely able to move, much less hunt."

"Well, you see, about ten years ago, after I had been tramping around all day in this same swamp, I felt quite a pain in my ankle. I didn't notice it very much, but it kept troubling me for a day or two, and continued as it kept increasing. The next thing I knew I felt the same kind of a pain in my shoulder, and it pained me to move my arm. This thing kept going on and increasing, and though I tried to shake off the feeling and make myself think it was only a little temporary trouble, I found that it did not go. Shortly after this my joints began to ache at the knees and I finally became so bad that I had to remain in the house most of the time."

"And you had to give up all that to the fact that you had pain in this swamp?"

"No, I didn't know what to do to it, but I knew that I was in misery. My joints swelled up in the night, and when I got up in the morning I could not come near me, or even stand up in my chair. While all this was going on, I felt an awful burning heat and fever, with occasional chills running all over my body, but especially along my back and through my shoulders. Then again my blood seemed to be boiling and my brain to be on fire."

" Didn't you try to prevent all this agony?"

" Try? I should think I did try. I tried every doctor that came within my reach and all the proprietary medicines I could hear of, but they were of no use, and I am still in pain."

"Well, you talk in a very strange manner like this, and in a swamp like this. How in the world do you dare to do it?"

"Because I am completely well and as sound as a dollar. It may seem strange, but it is true that I was entirely cured; the rheumatism all driven out of my blood; my joints reduced to their natural size and my strength made as great as ever before, by means of that great and simple remedy, Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which I believe saved my life."

"And so you now have no fear of rheumatism?"

"Why, no. Even if it should come on, I can easily get rid of it by using the same remedy."

The writer turned to leave, as it was growing dark, but before I had reached the city precisely the same symptoms I had just had described came upon me with great violence. Impressed with the writer's story, and the same symptoms I had experienced twenty-four hours all pain and inflammation had disappeared. If any reader is suffering from any manner of rheumatic or neuralgic troubles, and desires relief, let him by all means, try this same great remedy. And if any readers doubt the truth of the above incident of its statements, let them write to A. A. Coates, Brocknere, N. Y., who was the man with whom the writer conversed, and convince themselves of its truth or falsity.

J. H. C.

Changes in Niagara's Name.

A Buffalo paper says that the name Niagara has passed through many orthographical changes in the last 200 years. In 1687 it was written Oniagragi. In 1688 Gov. Dongan appeared uncertain about it, and spelled it Ohniagro, Onyagara, and Onyagro.

The French in 1688 to 1709 wrote it Niaguro, Onyagore, Onyagra, and Onyegra. Philip Livingston wrote it in 1720, to 1730 Octijagra, Jagera, and Yagerah, and Schuyler and Livingston, Commissioners of Indian Affairs, wrote it in 1720 Onjayera, Ochajagara, etc. In 1721 it was written Onjagora, Oniagara, and accidentally, probably, Niagara, as at present. Lieut. Lindsay wrote it Niagara in 1751. So did Capt. De Laney (son of Gov. De Laney), who was an officer in the English army that captured Fort Niagara from the French in 1759.

MR. PETER MALLEY, 212 W. Twenty-fourth street, New York, says that he suffered six years with rheumatism and found no relief until St. Jacobs Oil, the sovereign remedy, was applied, which cured him completely.

Only a Humble Instrument.

"Are you captain of this craft?" asked a gentleman of an Irishman who sat on the deck of a canal-boat, puffing a short black pipe.

"No, sir. I'm not, begorra. I'm only the dhurn."

"The drum! What do you mean by that?"

"Faith, Oi dunno. Ax the owl woman there; she's the feller what beats me."—*Texas Siftings*.

Endorsements of the People's Remedy.

When skillful and cautious medical men give over their own signatures a favorable opinion of the soothing and vitalizing effects of a preparation, the public tends to believe in them. The voluminous and emphatic professional testimony in favor of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as a specific for all disorders of the stomach and bowels, for liver complaint, intermitent and remittent fevers, and the thousand ills that wait upon dyspepsia, must convince the most skeptical. Aside, however, from the testimony of the faculty, there is a large mass of evidence from patients in every walk of life, all showing that this great preventive and restorative is of inestimable value to the sick and the debilitated. The Bitters are suited to all climates, and are universally endorsed as a preventive of disorders caused by mismanagement and improvidence.

THE shark does business on a large scale.—*Newman Independent*.

Officeholders.

The office held by the Kidneys is of importance. They act as nature's sluice-way to carry off the extra liquids from the system and with them the impurities both those that are taken into the stomach and those that are formed in the blood. Any clogging or inaction of these organs is therefore important. Kidney-Wort is nature's efficient assistant in keeping the kidneys in good working order, and inducing healthy action. If you would get well and keep well, take Kidney-Wort.

"Light is gradually breaking—me," remarked the man when he paid a gas-bill twice as large as usual.

Farmers—Try It.

Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color will be found to be the only oil color that will not become rancid. Test it and you will prove it. It will not color the butter-milk; it gives the brightest color of any made, and is the strongest and therefore the cheapest.

CARLYLE said everybody should have an aim in life. Some of the early settlers of Texas had two names in life.—*Texas Siftings*.

DECORATIVE ART.

Explicit directions for every use are given with Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Hair, etc. 10c. Druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

LINIMENT.

OF HUMAN FLESH.

Burns, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color will be found to be the only oil color that will not become rancid. Test it and you will prove it. It will not color the butter-milk; it gives the brightest color of any made, and is the strongest and therefore the cheapest.

CONSUMPTION.

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