

Flowers in the Tropics.

There can be no greater mistake than to assume that the flowers of the tropical forests are chiefly odorous, and that tropical birds have no song. It is only necessary to read Humboldt, Waterton, and other great travelers, to have this impression removed. If one live for months in those southern forests, as the writer has done, he will find that the air is overlaid with the perfume of flowers, and frequently vocal with the song of birds.

"A light breeze from the forest," writes one who has climbed to the Mexican table-land, "often conveys a perfect cloud of most delicious odors to the wanderer." Odors of orange, lime and citron, tuberoses, violets, and magnolias, permeate the air, especially in the gardens of the coast and the temperate region.

Almost the first greeting extended to Cortez, when he entered the walled city of Campana, was accompanied with a present of flowers, and the Mexican nobles always carried nosegays in which they took great delight.

In the religious ceremonies of the Mexicans, even in the bloody rites of the Aztecs, flowers played an important part. Flowers and fruit were the offerings made in the worship taught by the culture-hero, Quetzalcoatl.

The Spanish priests, in their anxiety to secure converts, in the years succeeding the conquest, allowed the Indians to retain many of their ancient forms of worship, least objectionable of which was the expression of their adoration through the medium of flowers.

It is related that long after the overthrow of the Aztec war god, the terrible Huitzilopochtli, the Indians would visit him by stealth and decorate his temple with garlands of flowers.

The markets of Mexico are filled with flowers. They bloom here all the year round; from the high plains of Tlascala to the borders of the sea may be traced that blossoming of the beautiful that pervades all nature, whether the country be visited in January or in June, in August, or December. This love for flowers, this redeeming trait of the Aztec character, has survived oppression of three hundred years—three centuries of Spanish taskmasters have failed to efface it.

The Aztecs had feasts of flowers, as well as the ancients of Europe and the East, and for every plant they had a name, in which its peculiar quality or virtue was expressed. The Mexican artists painted them so accurately that these pictures served the learned Hernandez in the formation of his great work on the flora of Mexico, a work that has stood the criticisms of all writers to the present day.

So desirous were the Mexican rulers to possess all the rare and beautiful plants in their kingdom, that they formed gardens and conservatories, and made long expeditions in search of them. A single flower was the cause of war between Montezuma and Malinalli, lord of the Miztecs, in 1507, if we may believe the Aztec traditions.

Among the many flowers which embellish the meads and adorn the gardens of Mexico, there is one which was considered sacred by the Aztecs, and is to-day one of the most curiously shaped in the world. It is called the Macphalochoitl, or "hand flower." It is of the shape of a bird's foot, or the hand of a monkey, and is, or was recently, still shown in the botanic garden of Mexico as a great curiosity.—Fred A. Ober, in *Good Cheer*.

The Home of the Codfish.

What a marvelous influence upon civilization and human progress the humble but nutritious codfish has had. He has been a mine of wealth to a vast population. It seems that good Mother Nature, foreseeing the needs of humanity, has made special preparations for a good supply of this very necessary article of food for body and brain, and floated her icebergs, which were filled with the sandy bottom of Northern seas, down to the Gulf Stream, where they melted and deposited their debris, forming the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. It was the work, the slow and toilsome work, of ages. Every spring thousands of these bergs, one-third above the water and two-thirds below, the upper part clear, sparkling and translucent, reflecting the sunshine and giving it back to the enraptured eye with that prodigality and brilliancy of coloring which only nature can afford, the lower part mixed with the coast bottom of Greenland and Labrador, to the extent of thousands of cartloads, came floating down majestically through Davis Strait, and, meeting the warm air and warm water of the Gulf Stream, melted and deposited their contributions until those immense shoals were formed, where the cod and halibut swarm. And it is said that these sand-banks have huge depressions like vast valleys, which serve as aquaria, and that when a vessel is lucky enough to anchor over one of them, it can fill its hold and deck with as many as it can carry. For generations, the inhabitants of Newfoundland, and the venturesome folks who live all along the New England coast, get their daily bread or lay up a competency from this never-failing source of wealth. What a vast number of people on the globe get their living out of and subsist principally on the invaluable cod, and what vast quantities have been landed by the fishing fleet of Gloucester since her fishermen first engaged in the business.—*Fisher-man's Own Book*.

Lincoln's Nomination Over Seward.

It is one of the contradictions not infrequently exhibited in the movement of partisan bodies, that Mr. Seward was defeated because of his radical expressions on the slavery question, while Mr. Lincoln was chosen in spite of expressions far more radical than those of Mr. Seward. The "irrepressible conflict" announced by Mr. Seward, at Rochester, did not go so far as Mr. Lincoln's declaration, at Springfield, that "the Union could not exist half slave, half free." Neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Lincoln contemplated the destruction of the Government, and yet thousands had been made to believe that Mr. Seward made the existence of the Union depend on the abolition of slavery. Mr. Lincoln had announced the same doctrine in advance of Mr. Seward, with a directness and blunt-

ness which could not be found in the more polished phrase of the New York Senator. Despite these facts, a large number of delegates from doubtful States—delegates who held the control of the convention—supported Mr. Lincoln, on the distinct ground that the anti-slavery sentiment which they represented was not sufficiently radical to support the author of the speech in which had been proclaimed the doctrine of an "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery.—*Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress*.

"Jack," the Evangelist.

Some years ago there lived in Hannibal, Mo., an old lame darky named Jack, who made frequent excursions to the surrounding country to preach the gospel to the colored population.

One Sunday, after having preached an eloquent discourse, he raised one of his big scaly, splay feet and rested it upon a bench in front of him and said: "De ole man hab walked fifteen miles over stones and grabbed jes' fo' de good of yo' souls, an' he dusseen spec' nuffin fur it in dis town, but if you would jus' lone him a pair ob ole shoes de Lord will breesh an' proshab."

The brethren not having brought any shoes to church took up a collection and handed him the proceeds. After pronouncing the benediction he placed his old "yaller" saddle-bags across his arm and hobbled off toward Hannibal.

Having traversed a mile or two of the distance he diverged from the road among the timber. One of the brethren a short distance in the rear, noticing the maneuver, followed, and found Jack standing beside a hollow stump, with his hands resting upon his hips and his mouth stretched from ear to ear with laughter, looking at his feet. "Well, dat's jus' a little ole curristit ting I lebbah seed in all my bo' day's. I run a groun' squirrel into dat stump, an' pokin' my han' in aftah him, an' it lit slap dab right onto dem shoes. An' de funniest ting is days jis' zackly de ole man's fit. Brudder Johnsing, de fingah ob Providence mus' hab rected me to dat stump."—*Chicago Herald*.

Fishing with a Flock of Geese.

In Scotland they have a curious way of fishing that takes the medal for the ease and repose with which it is conducted. The fisherman we will say is after pike. Selecting a big goose from his barnyard, or half a dozen geese, as the case may be, he ties a baited hook and line about five feet long to their feet, and on reaching the water turns them in. The birds of course swim out, and the fisherman lights his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish sees the bait and seizes it, giving the geese a good pull. The bird starts for shore at full tilt, frightened half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank, when it is unhooked. The line being rebaited, the feathered fisherman again sent out to try its luck. A flock of geese can make quite a haul in the course of a day, the human fishermen having only to take off the game and bait the hooks, the pulling in and hooking being done by the birds. In Washington Territory, in the great salmon river, pigs have been seen to chase fish, diving for them under water. Pigs are not naturally lively under water, but they are said to pick up dead salmon in ten feet of water by diving.—*New York Sun*.

Minature Trees.

The dwarf trees of China are the great curiosities of forestry. Every child knows how the Chinese cramp their women's feet by bandaging them when they are infants, and thus render it impossible for them to walk. It is, however, wonderful to see miniature oaks, chestnuts, pines, and cedars growing in flower-pots, 50 years old and yet not a foot high. A friend of mine, who is an invalid and confined to his room, has been, during several years past, amusing himself, among other matters, with the cultivation of dwarf trees, and he has succeeded admirably. He takes a young plant, cuts off its tap-root, and places it in a basin in which there is good soil kept well watered. If it grows too rapidly he digs down and shortens in several roots. Every year the leaves grow smaller, and the little dwarf trees make interesting pets, just as some people raise canary birds, and others, squirrels.

Living on \$2.65 a Week.

I earn \$2.40 a week, and the rent of my machine brings it up to \$2.65. Out of this I pay 75 cents for rent and 40 cents for food, clothes, medicine, car fare, theater tickets, and a box at the opera. Seriously, though, I buy a quarter of a pound of tea, a half a pound of sugar, one pound of oatmeal, one pint of beans, two 10-cent loaves of bread, one soup bone, and perhaps it costs a couple of cents a week for salt, pepper, and herbs for my soup. I buy a quarter of a pound of butter a week, and sometimes I get a little milk for my tea.—*Sewing woman's statement in New York World*.

Take Care of Your Eyes.

Sight is too priceless a gift to be abused with impunity, yet how frequently do we see adults as well as children straining their eyes over books or work in the dim twilight. Both eyes should always be exposed to an equal degree of light, whose rays should pass over the shoulder on to the book or work engaging the attention.

The Tarboro Southerner says that a pea-vine in that section, grown from an ordinary black pea, covers over two hundred square feet of ground. One-half the peas had been gathered, which numbered about 5,700 and measured a little more than three pints. This gives an increase from a single pea, provided the remaining portions of the vine were equally productive, of more than ten thousand fold. Whether the large yield was due to the prolificacy of the pea as a variety, or to the fertility of the soil is not stated, but it is demonstrated that we should not be content with the average yield in the face of such results.

STORIES first heard at a mother's knee are never forgotten. It is the same with some other things received at a mother's knee, which will readily occur to our readers.

Reform in Home Life.

Prof. Adler, of New York, wants to reform home life so that there will be less drudgery for woman, and more time and strength to devote to her own improvement and the "soul life" of her children. He thinks that some form of co-operative housekeeping may be devised to liberate the mother from her present slavery. It is possible that the labor of housekeeping might be considerably reduced by some form of cooperation, as it is now by the employment of public laundries; but it is not certain that the liberation of woman from labor would universally conduce to the moral and mental improvement of herself and her children. This is not a slur upon woman. Men who do not work are very liable to degenerate mentally, morally, and physically. The greatest help for woman would be to reduce the exactions of society, fashion, and custom, if such a thing could be done. Every new feature in modern society entails labor upon her. The more sewing machines, the more tucks and frills. The more bric-a-brac, the more sweeping and dusting. The more acquaintances, the more time wasted in formal calls. The truth of the matter is that the wife and mother, who really loves her children, does not ask to be relieved of the cares which make her habitation a home. She would rather work hard than make her house a phalanstery, and any improvement in housekeeping which tends to make her family any less a family, she would reject. The housewife earns her half of the family income, and until the husband is able to procure an income without labor the true wife will not shirk her share of the burden.—*Springfield Union*.

A Lucky Kangaroo Hunter.

One of the most daring kangaroo hunters of Australia, and his stag hounds, were terribly lacerated by a wounded kangaroo on the great sheep ranch of Mr. Alfred Huon, Boonoomoona, N. S. W., and were entirely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. Mr. Hay writes that it is the greatest pain cure ever introduced for man or beast.

Two of a Kind.

They were talking about Gus De St. Jacobs and Kosciusko Murphy in the Fizzletop family. Col. Fizzletop said that he considered them two of the brightest young men in Austin. Little Johnny spoke up and said:

"Why, pa, Mr. De Smith hasn't got any sense. The other day he thought I was a chip, and Mr. Murphy can't count two."

What do you mean, Johnny?"

"Well, pa, I was riding out on my little donkey the other day, and I met Gus De Smith and Mr. Murphy. Mr. De Smith looked at me and said I was a chip of the old block."

And what did Mr. Murphy say?"

"He put his hand on the donkey and said there were two chips of the old block. Now, if I was a chip of the old block, how did he come to say there were two chips? The donkey isn't a chip of the old block, too, is he?"

The "old block," or rather Fizzletop, has not quite as good an opinion of those young men as he formerly had.—*Texas Sittings*.

A Common Act of Folly.

committed by persons whose stomachs are disordered by the presence of bile, is to attempt to cause retching, and thus to eject it. A wineglassful or two of that wholesome medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will tranquillize the digestive organs, and the Bitter's subsequent cathartic effect upon the bowels will render the relief complete. Nausea, fur upon the tongue, headache, yellowness of the skin, costiveness, pain in the region of the liver and constipation, the right shoulder blade, are the well-known *indicia* of liver complaint, and it is wise to persevere with the searching remedy before any judgment is pronounced. The well-known disordered of the stomach, indigestion, is also overcome by the Bitters, and it is a specific of acknowledged efficacy for fever and ague, bilious rheumatism and troubles of the kidneys and bladder. It is also highly beneficial in rheumatism, and it comes into an system which requires building up. Reasonable persistence in its use insures the end in view.

NO LASTING power can be founded upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. Sometimes these vices may have a temporary success, and for a season appear to be flourishing; but time will dissolve the delusion, and demonstrate that the terrible and continued apprehension will be realized that a final ruin will be brought about by such means as caused their elevation.

CREDIT is the thing that keeps a man in debt. This is not from the Persian.—*Puck*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

A VALUABLE NERVE TONIC. Dr. C. C. Olmstead, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "I have used it in my practice ten years, and consider it a valuable nerve tonic."

THE BOSS copywriter—the proof-reader.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Refrained requests have induced the proprietors of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to send by mail to various lady correspondents large mounted portraits of Mrs. Pinkham; and now many a household wall is adorned by the familiar, motherly face of the Massachusetts woman who has done so much for all women.

It is hard to back a horse or a business man when he is overloaded.—*Boston Transcript*.

Another Life Saved.

J. C. Gray, of Davieville, Ala., writes us: "I have been using your Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and I can say, of a truth, it is far superior to any other lung preparation in the world. My mother was confined to her bed four weeks with a cough, and had every attention by a good physician, but he failed to effect a cure; and when I got one bottle of your Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs she began to mend right away. I can say in truth that it was the means of saving her life. I know of five cases that Dr. Wm. Hall's Unison has cured, and my mother is better than she has been for twenty years."

Tons of Silver.

Five thousand tons is a good deal of silver for the Government to keep in its vaults, especially so when every single dollar could be invested in Carboline pro bono publico.

CHAPPED Hands, Face, Pimples and rough Skin, cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., NEW YORK.

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