

The Quaker Poet.

The Friends have been always an important element of the population in Rhode Island, and the Newport Yearly Meeting is a kind of annual convocation or general assembly of that silent communion which is very familiar. In the older days, when the narrow streets of the town were filled with the plain garb of the brethren and sisters from all parts of the country, how true seemed the gracious words: "The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil, and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily, and when they come up in bands to their Whitman conferences, whitening the eastern streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show the troops of the Shining Ones."

If the young Whittier was ever brought to the May meeting in old Newport, he would have thought it a soft diabolical enticement if some fancy had whispered to him that one day he would be held in reverence and honor as a writer of verses, and that his portrait would be cherished among the chief ornaments of a school of his unworldly fraternity. The Muses were but pagan goddesses to the older Quakers. James Naylor and George Fox would have put aside the sweet solicitations of color and of song, as St. Anthony avoided the blandishments of the lovely siren whom he knew to be the devil. But gently the modern Quakers have been won over. The grim austerity, as of the Puritan, has yielded to kindly sympathies, and the wholesome graces of life are not disowned by the quietists. Nay, even in a severer day was there not a certain elegance of taste in Friends' raiment? If the bonnet were rigidly of the Quaker type, was it not of exquisite texture? Was not the fabric of the dress as delicate and soft as if woven in Persian looms? Was a sense of Quaker aristocracy unknown, and has no Quaker equipage been seen which rolled with an air as superior as that of a cardinal's carriage?

But what a delightful character the Quaker tradition imparted to everything that it touched! A certain grave and sweet simplicity, an air of candor and of plain rectitude, a frank and fraternal heartiness—these were all distinctively Quaker. They were imitated to base ends, indeed, and no rogue so roguish as a counterfeited Quaker; no stories of such snug duplicity as those which were told of the smooth knaves in drab. But it was only the homage to virtue. Knaves wore the Quaker garb because the Quaker garb was justly identified with honesty. Those whose early youth was familiar with Friends, as with them and among them, but not of them, still delight in the recollection, and associate with them still a refined superiority.

That the rigid traditions have been relaxed is apparent from the very incident that we have mentioned. The Muses have penetrated the Friends' Boarding School. There is a piano in the hall. There are busts and portraits of famous Friends. There are eloquence and poetry in commemoration of a Quaker poet. There were universal affection and gratitude for the singer and his song. Bernard Barton was a Quaker poet. But Whittier is the Quaker poet. It was a curious illustration of the happy fusing of differing creeds in a generous human sympathy and admiration that at the Puritan dinner in New York on Forefathers' Day, some years ago, a Roman Catholic, James T. Brady, the famous advocate, said to the Easy Chair, "My poet of poets is Whittier." John Bright has publicly testified his honor and regard. And who does not? That purity and simplicity and native dignity of life blending with the pure and tender and humane song—they are a national possession, they are ennobling and inspiring. That example in the sight of all American youth, that steady fidelity to plain living and high thinking, is inexpressibly valuable. It is not appropriated, and it can not be, by the tranquil religious community to which the poet belongs. It is a common benefit.—Geo. William Curtis, in *Harper's Magazine*.

The Narwhal's Horn.

In the upper jaw of the young narwhal are found two small tusks, which in the female regularly remain undeveloped throughout her life. In the male the left tusk grows into a spirally grooved rod, sometimes attaining the length of ten feet. A large narwhal's tusk has no small commercial value, for the ivory is very hard and solid, will take a high polish, and keeps its beautiful whiteness a long time. Several ingenious speculations have been made in regard to the use of this remarkable growth; killing fish for food and breaking breathing-holes through the ice are two uses suggested which fail to account for the long tusk being confined to the males. The females certainly can not live on air alone, nor without air, and they can not count on always having a male near to wait upon them. It is more probable to be accounted for by the same reasons which explain the possession of horns, tusks, or mane by the males only of some land mammals. Rarely the right tusk is developed instead of the left, and sometimes the female has a weapon like that of her mate. One female has been taken with both tusks developed, one being seven feet in length, the other five inches longer. Like his fellow-gladiators of the sea, the narwhal will occasionally thrust his gigantic foil into the side of a ship, where it usually breaks off, and, fitting the hole like a plug, seldom causes a leak. Narwhals are generally seen in herds of fifteen or twenty; they will come close about a ship, apparently from curiosity, and it is one of the most entertaining sights of the northern seas to watch them plunging about, spouting spray from their blow-holes, and clashing their long weapons together as if fencing.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

ing-wax does not contain a particle of wax; the tuberose is not a rose, but a polyanth; the strawberry is not a berry; Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths at all; whalebone is not bone, and contains not any of its properties.

Good Old New England Life.

That which gave New England such prominence, such peace and honor in her early history, over the continent and across the seas, was not the culture of her schools and colleges half so much as the character of her homes. You may say that schools and colleges make the home, but the truth is homes with their stanch integrity and unflattering fidelity gave birth to these educational advantages, creating a necessity for them. Never on the face of the whole earth was there found a deeper devotion to principle, a loftier conception of the marriage covenant, a sublimer vision and confession of mutual relations than in the early homes of New England. It was then that husbands and wives rested in each other; then that children grew up in habits of thrift and virtue, as impossible of escape as memory itself.

We sometimes talk about the forbidding features of those times, as if the homes of our fathers were forlorn, freezing every affection, checking every aspiration, holding to sternness and stoicism. To me, as I look back, and as I read history, and as I reason from causes to consequences, the grandeur of home life in the days of our fathers has never been equaled, certainly never surpassed. Those households, which some sneeringly call "Puritan," held in them the germ of our national greatness, and dark will be the day when we despise them.

Two generations ago marriage was a union so sacred as to receive announcement in the church of God on Sunday, weeks before its consummation. The family was so sacred that its peculiar wants were presented for remembrance in public prayer. The children had something more than lodging and boarding in the home. All the inmates there, of whatever age or occupation, came together in pleasurable intercourse and worship. Have you forgotten the Thanksgiving days, and the anniversary gatherings of your fathers, when parents and children and grandchildren played together? Have you forgotten the churches of your fathers, when parents and children and grandchildren sat together in the old family pew? There were not parties then for the "old folks," and the "children," and the "babies." The healthful influence of parents was felt on children in their sports and studies, and the exhilarating influence of youth was felt on age. The home was never forgotten, whatever the pleasure or toil. There, by the open fire-place, was the center of love, cheer, hope, life. The highest joys, the highest helps, the sweetest rest were found at home; and so all parties were comparatively safe.—*Golden Rule*.

Bald Heads in the Senate.

Senator Edmunds, the presiding officer of the Senate, has fallen into the habit of wearing a black silk skull cap. He is very bald, and the air of the Senate Chamber is uncomfortably cool to exposed cranial surfaces, causing colds and the consequent inconveniences. So he wears this little black cap all the day, in the committee-rooms, in the Vice President's chamber and in the chair of the Senate as its presiding officer. And there are some other heads in the chamber quite as bald as his. The nearest approach to the system which Senator Edmunds has inaugurated is the course of Senator Williams, the hero of Cerro Gordon. He wears a wig. It is very neat and very well-fitting, but he has a way when he has occasion to stroke one side of it of taking hold of the opposite side to keep it in place, thus giving the illusion away at once. Senator Coke, of Texas, is one of the baldest men in the Senate. There is a vast expanse of "forehead," extending away over the top of his head and down in the rear so far that there is only a fringe of gray hair running round from one ear to the other. Indeed, the fringe may be said to run clear around, for it is heavier in front, where there is a bunch of white beard. Cameron, of Wisconsin, is quite as destitute of capillary covering as those mentioned. His rather small head and retreating forehead fairly glisten in their polished nakedness, while on his face, in marked contrast, is a full growth of snowy white beard. Senator Harris, of Tennessee, is another bald one. He has a peculiarly shaped head, very wide at the back and narrow in front. The fringe of hair running around the vast expanse of baldness is white as the driven snow. Lapham and Sawyer are also baldheads, but the other Senators are fairly well supplied with head covering.—*Baltimore American*.

Humorous Definitions.

A smart, pithy or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. A boy once said that "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out." A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warm off with," and a monkey, "a small boy with a tail"; salt, "what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on"; wakefulness, "eyes all the time becoming unbuttoned"; and ice, "water that staid out in the cold too late and went to sleep." A schoolboy, asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out: "It means when a fellow don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself." A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of "responsibility," so he said: "Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers, and one came off, all the responsibility would rest on the other button."

An Accomplished Actress.

They were discussing amateur theatricals.

"We would give the play if we could only have a storm scene," said the stage manager.

"I think I can help you out," suggested Mr. Brown. "Mrs. Brown can take that part."—*New York Graphic*.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Never let your children come to the table until you are quite sure that they won't undertake to do all the talking. Then you should make a law when you have company. Tell the company there isn't room for them. You are never safe with the children at the table. If there is anything you don't want known it will be told them. The boy who never noticed that the spoons were plated will shout, as though giving you valuable information:

"O, see the gold coming through the spoons!

And that same boy will say he wished it was Sunday, and when your guests ask him why, he will reply:

"Because we always have pie Sunday."

You will find out he knows a great deal that you never suspected he knew, and you will be at a loss to ascertain how he ever equipped himself with the facts. A boy at the table is a well-spring of displeasure. If his sister is kissed by any one he is always the person to witness the performance, and tells of it at the table before a crowd. He is always the one to give to the world the fact that his sister uses powder, wears false teeth, and is 32 years old. If there is a mortgage on the place, the boy hears you speak of it, and then goes around talking about it as though it were something to be pointed to with pride and pleasure. Everything you say in the bosom of your family should not be repeated the boy repeats, and he always has the faculty of repeating it at the wrong time and to the wrong person.

If you say the clergyman's sermons are too long or to dry, the boy will take it all in, and say nothing until the clergyman comes around to make his regular visit, and then he will let it out just after you have entered the room. If you say the doctor is not fit to cure, he will jump up on the doctor's knee, when he calls, and cunningly say: "O, doctor, mamma says you ain't fit to cure him!"

If you say the steel wire spring-beds have been shipped to New Zealand. The natives are tired of fying missionaries on forked sticks.

The Worst Urethral Strictures

speedily cured by our new radical methoda.

Pamphlet, references and terms, two leitor

stamp. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

REFERRING to the hot water craze the Boston Post remarks that some people are always in hot water.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot; 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator, Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stage, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

SWEET are the uses of adversity, but most people prefer sugar.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IN CONSTIPATION.

Dr. J. N. Robinson, Medina, O., says: "In cases of indigestion, constipation and nervous prostration, its results are happy."

BRECHES of promise—those the tailor said he would have finished Saturday.

THE medical profession are slow (and rightly so) to endorse every new medicine that is advertised and sold; but honest men consider the fair-minded after a reasonable time. Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the cure of female weaknesses.

THE man at the wheel has a stern duty to perform.

"Put up" at the *Gault House*.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the *Gault House*, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This fair-minded hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

HOYT & GATES, Proprietors.

* Write for a Copy.

If you would like to know all about the remarkable curative agent called Compound Oxygen, write to Dr. Starkey & Taren, 1109 Girard st., Philadelphia; for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen. Sent free.

A Sore Throat or Cough.

If suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

SKEPTICISM has invaded the domain of human thought, but Athelphorus has proved a conqueror over all doubts as to the power of medical science in dealing with those distressing maladies—rheumatism and neuralgia. Rev. Wm. P. Corbit, of the St. George's Methodist Church, New Haven, pronounces the remedy infallible, and he speaks from experience. Price, \$1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athelphorus Co., 112 Wall Street, N. Y.

The Chicago Standard is publishing in its columns a series of valuable maps showing the situation in the Soudan and the progress of the struggle there. The Standard is a sterling religious newspaper, and, while it ably represents the Baptist denomination, is worthy of a place in any family.

There was a young man so well bred

That the hair would not stay on his head,

But the Carboilino

Put new hair on the soil,

And now with an heiress he's wed.

Knocked Out by Disease.

The most vigorous physique and adamantine endurance cannot hold out unaided against climatic and other influences prejudicial to health. No one can consistently breathe vitiated or miasmic air, eat unwholesome food, indulge in excess, or toll unceasingly without eventually falling a prey to disease. One of the surest defensive measures against it is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. But potent as this auxiliary of health is, it would be preposterous to expect it to maintain a sanitary condition of the system if they who seek its aid willfully abandon every other precaution against disease, and thus thwart its operation.

Sobriety, the avoidance of exciting cause, are important elements in health maintenance. A regard being had to these a system fortified by the Bitters will be exempt from malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and other maladies.

Crazy on Pumpkins.

A man started to ride home from San Jose, Cal. His road lay for miles through fields of pumpkins and squashes. The constant pumpkin panorama finally dethroned his reason, and he reached home a maniac, crying: "See the squashes, see the squashes!" He had to be strait-jacketed and sent to the asylum.—*Exchange*.

CONKLING, when at Utica, attends Trinity Episcopal Church. Just across the aisle from him sits an old gentleman named Sherman, for years a prominent politician. He and Mr. Conkling are not on speaking terms. One day, during the recital of the Apostles' Creed, Mr. Sherman paid particular attention to see whether Roscoe bowed his head at the customary place. Mr. Sherman says: "Well, sir, he stood there with his head erect, and an expression on his face which said louder than words: 'If the Almighty wants me to how to him, he must bow first.'"

MISS-FORTUNE—failing to "strike" the lottery.

"SAY, why is everything
Elther at sixes or sevens?"

Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the back ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pier's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

OUR Prophylactic Ointment cures nervous debility, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, &c.

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FOR THE CURE OF

FEVER and AGUE

Or CHILLS and FEVER,

AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated med-

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MANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills

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ing. He refers to the entire Western and

Southern country to bear him testimony to

the truth of the assertion that in no case

whatever will it fail to cure if the direc-

tions are strictly followed and carried out.

In a great many cases a single dose has

been sufficient for a cure, and whole fami-

lies have been cured by a single bottle, with

a perfect restoration of the general health.

It is, however, prudent, and in every case

more certain to cure, if its use is continued

in smaller doses for a week or two after the

initial cure has been effected.

It is difficult to say nothing but the best ingre-

dients. **DR. JOHN BULL'S LUNG BAL-**

SAM, which for twenty-five years has been fa-

vorably known as one of the best and pure