

The Old-fashioned Fireplace.

There is something about an old-fashioned fireplace that takes a body by the hand without waiting for an introduction. It don't keep a man standing out in the hall till his nails turn blue, and he sighs a regret that he didn't bring his ear-muffs along; but before he can tell how it is done, he has made him feel right at home, and is communing with him like an old friend with whom he hopes never to part again. It puts him in the best chair and is on the way to the cellar for cider before he can get his hat off. And as he sits there rubbing his hands with an ecstatic sort of feeling to which no word in our language can give full expression, he feels like giving the bulk of his property to the poor before he has been there two minutes. It warms him up with a glow that makes him feel benevolent from his teeth to his toe-nails; quickens up his blood till he almost feels his hair grow, and takes away the fear of death, or gives a fascination to fire, which amounts to about the same thing. It matters nothing to him how cold it is outside; in fact, the colder the better, for the more cheer it gives to the vault of flame before him, and at that moment it wouldn't make him wince to know that every pipe in town was frozen up ever so much tighter than the times, unless he was a plumber; but, bless your soul, a plumber never gets time to go near a fire, except to melt his solder, if he happens to get started on a job before cold weather sets in. The old-fashioned fireplace, with its wide jamb, to take in logs bigger than a half-grown boy; its high mantel, with a dish of apples on one end, a pitcher of cider on the other, and a panful of nuts in the middle, while a fire, like dream of love, roars and crackles, and sputters and pops, just back of the glowing hearth, on which stands the dutch-oven throwing out the suggestion of mince pie, that seems the very quintessence of toothsome cookery every time the lid is raised, to say nothing of the smell of joy to famine that comes from the mammoth caldron swinging on the crane, and just fairly begging of you to drop in some time when you are hungry. Is there anything in cast-iron that can throw out rapture like this? Will nickel-plated trimmings do it, or bring heaven down the chimney equal to it? Can a dark, bleak hole in the floor—no matter how it may try to scorch and smother you—crowd your home with sunshine on a cloudy day, and make you feel as rich as a pork-packer, when you may in reality be swamped in debt up to your eyebrows? Can a gridiron stack of steam pipe in one corner of the room fill your home with the joyous music of childhood? Can it renew your youth and make sweet cider taste like gin a hundred years old? Can it carry you back to the good old days when you could get a barrel of flour for \$3, and wear your wedding suit thirty years for genteel use? Can any of these things take the rheumatism out of a man's legs, and make him feel like dancing a hornpipe even on Sunday? Can they bring back his hair, restore failing eyesight, or put teeth in his mouth equal to any emergency? Can they quicken up his imagination, and make him tell yarns about the good old times when he shouldered a saw-log and made himself bow-legged for life, and other stories of similar import, that no one under forty will believe? Indeed they can not, and nothing short of an old-fashioned fireplace on a cold day can do it. —Chicago Ledger.

Eighty Tons of Popcorn.

"Novelties in popcorn? Yes, sir," said Boston's only manufacturer of this toothsome commodity. "There's what we call 'boss popcorn candy.' It is of assorted flavors—strawberry, chocolate and vanilla—and such cake is put up in white-waxed paper. We sell it in lots to suit, and it retails for 5 cents per cake. Then we have a heavy-sugared corn in assorted flavors, called 'crumbs of comfort.' As a novelty, also, we get up large guess corn-balls, of any size, for church and society fairs. We made one some time ago containing three bushels of corn, and one quite recently containing over a bushel."

"Any more novelties?"

"Yes, we make what we call 'a return corn-ball,' with elastic attached, which retails for a penny. And we are putting corn of assorted flavors into lace bags of many colors. These retail at 5 cents per bag. In the last four years we have gotten up no less than eight different styles of penny popcorn prize-packages. For Christmas we get up plain white and red and white sugared corn, of assorted flavors, for stringing. These strings of corn, as you know, are largely used for decorating Christmas trees. We have also what are called coarse corn cakes, made with pure Porto Rico molasses, and put up in glass-front cans, and a ground or fine corn cake, also made with molasses, and put up in tin boxes. The latter are especially for the Southern and Western trade, but there is also a large demand for them in New England."

"Do you sell many goods in the West?"

"We have been in the habit of sending goods to the wholesale grocers and confectioners of St. Louis and Chicago, but owing to the high price of corn for the past year or two, have had to sell them direct to the jobbers or middlemen nearer home. We bought seventy tons of corn from one seed house in Chicago last year, and used altogether perhaps eighty tons. We employ about ten hands all the year round." —Boston Globe.

An Express-Messenger Caught.

"Did you know Ross?" said the express messenger. "No? Well, he was one of those jovial fellows who could laugh himself out of scrapes which lose other men their places. He had charge of a cage with two deer in it; one of his packages turned up missing, and Mr. Sloan asked Ross to account for it. Ross scratched his head awhile, and said, 'Well, the fact is, Mr. Sloan, I put that package on top of that cage of deer and the deer ate it up.'

"You are sure the deer ate it, are you?"

"Oh, yes, I know they did."

"It is rather expensive to feed deer

on bundles worth \$16, isn't it?" said Mr. Sloan.

"Yes, it is; but I couldn't help it." Mr. Sloan got Ross down fine, so that he instead the deer had eaten the package, and then he handed him the bill for the goods. It was for four solid ivory billiard balls at \$4 apiece. We only had to ask Ross how many billiard balls a deer could eat to shut him up." —Terre Haute Express.

Room for Immigration.

With advancing spring the railroad companies of the West are preparing for the immigration of 1855, which bids fair to assume enormous proportions. The question naturally arises in the minds of those unacquainted with the country as to where so many people are to find settlement. Years ago the alarm was sounded that the available limits of the great West had been reached, that the agricultural lands were about all taken, and that all that lay beyond was a rainless region, fit only for uncertain grazing grounds for the venturesome herder and shepherd. But the settler has kept steadily encroaching upon the boundaries of this vast region until he has finally pushed his corn and wheat fields into the very center of the mythical Great American Desert, exploding the theories of the explorer and spoiling the map of the geography.

The Government lands of Dakota have been rapidly disappearing until all of the free lands south of the forty-sixth parallel are for the most part confined to the counties of Campbell, McPherson, Walworth, Potter, and the recently opened Crow Creek Reservation. These comprise some of the finest and most productive lands to be found in the great valley of the Missouri, and the present season will no doubt see the entry of the last available acre in South Dakota, lying east of the Missouri River. However, this will be far from exhausting Dakota's homes for the poor. The Mouse River District in the north is in itself a State in extent of territory, of wheat lands excelled by neither the Red nor the Jim River valleys, while in the Black Hills region are to be found some of the most fertile valleys in the whole West.

Northwestern Nebraska, which is best reached by the Sioux City and Pacific Railroad, is the latest scope of country opened to settlement by railway construction, and the indications are that within the coming eighteen months but little of the Government lands in that part of the State will remain unclaimed. But it is many miles from the Wyoming line to the mountains beyond, and so long as the free lands of the Government domain prove to be productive so long will settlers, in thousands, continue to flock to this rich and fertile section of the West.

How to Eat an Orange.

I beg of you to implore your friends never again to insult such noble fruit as to eat it with a spoon. Let them adhere strictly to the following directions as to how to eat an orange: Place the orange on a nice, clean white plate, then quarter it with a silver knife. Take one of the quarters in your fingers and loosen the peel from each end at the same time, until there is but a quarter of an inch of the peel adhering to the center of the section. Then seize the two points of peel with your left thumb and forefinger, and hold it as you would a tuberose; with the right hand draw the blade through the center of the fruit, as far as the peel; if all the seeds do not drop out, why, then just pick them out with the knife. Then raise the fruit gently to your mouth, nip off one of the little juicy lumps, and you will never say spoons again. —New Orleans letter.

A Business Transaction.

Sam Oppenheimer, of San Antonio, was one of the passengers on the San Saba stage that was robbed a few weeks ago.

"Shell out your money, or off goes the top of your head," remarked one of the robbers, holding a pistol under Sam's nose.

"Three hundred dollars vash every cent I got, so hellup me schimmy grashus."

"Hand 'em over."

Sam did so, keeping back six dollars.

"What are you keeping back them six dollars for?" mildly inquired the robber, pressing the pistol against Sam's head.

"Mine Gott, don't you let a man take out two per cent. when he advances money mitout securities?" asked Sam. —Texas Siftings.

Suicide or Murder.

Coroner—You say that the deceased, in your judgment, committed suicide?

Witness—There can be no doubt of it.

Coroner—Why, he was seen to enter a restaurant, and was apparently well an hour ago. Do you think he took arsenic?

Witness—No; he deliberately entered a railroad restaurant and ate half of a mince-pie.

Coroner—The jury will render a verdict of willful suicide. —Newman Independent.

Of Course He Was Sorry.

"What is repentance?" queried the Sunday-school teacher.

"To be sorry for doing wrong," said the good boy.

"Were you ever sorry for anything you did?"

"Yes'm," said the bad boy.

"What made you sorry?"

"Great Jehosaphat! Wasn't you ever spanked?" —Newman Independent.

Agreeable to Everybody.

Col. Robert G. King, for ten years Deputy Collector Internal Revenue, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I endorse the Red Star Cough Cure. I have used it in my family for a violent cough, and found it excellent. Its use was entirely free from the depressing effects of other cough remedies. It can readily be taken, and agrees with and benefits everybody suffering from throat and lung troubles. The relief is permanent, and there is no reaction."

If anything is harder to find than an honest gas meter, it must be something you have put away so carefully it will never more turn up."

"It is rather expensive to feed deer

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S BROTHER

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has three brothers living. One of these is the Rev. Charles Beecher, known as the writer of some of the most quaint and touching hymns in the English language. Another is the Rev. Edward Beecher, a profound theologian, far advanced in years, and living in Brooklyn, where he preaches from time to time. A third brother is the Rev. William Henry Beecher, who is spending the serene years of a mellow old age at his home, 6 Honore street, Chicago. Mr. Beecher is 84 years old, and with the exception of the natural infirmities of age, is a hearty and vigorous gentleman.

A gentleman who recently visited Mr. Beecher at his home, found him in an exceedingly frail frame of mind and by no means indisposed to talk about the relief he had obtained from the rheumatism, which for many years had been a source of trouble to him. In reply to a question, the venerable gentleman remarked: "Why, you want to know about Athelphorus. He is the greatest medicine in the world for rheumatism. I had suffered with that disease for fifteen years. My hands and my joints were swelled. I had aches and many sleepless nights. It took my pain away, and gave me power to sleep. Do not understand me to say that my rheumatism is all gone. It would be a miracle if rheumatism could be entirely driven away from an old man like me, who has had it for years. I have some of it left, and occasionally I feel its pains. Then I take more Athelphorus, and the pains are driven away. Even if it can't entirely drive out the cause of pain from a man who has it so long, it takes the pain away, and that is a great deal. Sometimes I had frightful pains at night, before going to bed. Then I would take a dose of Athelphorus, and I soon find the pain all gone, so that I could enjoy a calm and refreshing night's rest."

"I believe Athelphorus will cure chronic rheumatism. I know that is saying a great deal for it; but I say it. A tough old case of rheumatism like mine is very hard to cure, I know. But see my hands; they are no longer swelled as they were. I am free from the pains I used to have. I sleep well, and what more could a man ask for?"

Mr. Beecher's daughter fully confirmed what her father had said, and gave her testimony to the great advantages he had received from the use of Athelphorus.

For a number of years, Mr. C. L. Wetmore, of the well-known wholesale clothing house of Messrs. Thompson & Wetmore, 151 and 153 Fifth Ave., Chicago, was greatly afflicted with rheumatism, which interfered not only with his personal comfort, but also with his ability to attend to business. He is now well.

Calling on Mr. Wetmore, at his store on Fifth avenue, the gentleman, found him willing to confide as to his experience in regard to rheumatism.

"I am told, Mr. Wetmore, that you got rid of your rheumatism by the help of Athelphorus. Is that true?"

"Well, I had been for a long while troubled with rheumatism, and I had tried almost everything in the line of medicine. I may fairly say that Athelphorus finished the rheumatism, and finally overcame it. Some of the other remedies had given me relief, which proved only temporary and incomplete. But it was not so with the Athelphorus. Since then I have found that I have no more rheumatism, either day or night, by day or to interfere with my sleep at night. My rheumatism was at times very severe, and my joints were swollen, and were very painful. I was detained at home sometimes as much as a month at a time, suffering acutely and unable to attend to business. Now that Athelphorus has finished the rheumatism, I am happy to say that my sleep is good, my appetite is regular and healthy, and I am every day attending to business."

If you cannot get ATHELPHORUS of your druggist, we will send you a sample, on receipt of a small price— one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed.

ATHELPHORUS CO., 112 Wall street, New York.

A Father who has put his boy into a law office, speaks of him as his son-in-law. —Boston Star.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

INVALUABLE AS A TONIC.

Dr. J. L. Pratt, Greenfield, Ill., says: "It is all that it claims to be—valuable as a tonic in any case where an acid tonic is indicated."

PARTING is reported to be a sweet sorrow. The divorce courts are full of it. —Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

"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 far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot.

Elevator; all appointments first-class.

HOYT & GATES, Proprietors.

Why Suffer Pain?

When by using Dr. Sharpe's Compound Oxygen Treatment of Dr. Sharpe & Paley, 1109 Grand st., Philadelphia, the cure is all in favor of your getting relief; especially if the pain has its origin in nervous derangements, in Neuralgia, sick headache, and the various affections of which these are among the most distressing; this new treatment acts with remarkable promptness. Write for pamphlet giving information about this Treatment.

Sudden Changes of Weather

are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc. There is no more effectual relief in these diseases to be found than in the use of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Price 15cts.

"EUREKA! I have found it." Happy the man who suddenly finds a long-lost treasure, and this is how W. C. Field, of 1232 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, felt when, after suffering thirty years with rheumatism, he found Athelphorus, the sovereign cure. It is what he had been looking for, and now his joints are free from pain. Price, \$1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athelphorus Co., 112 Wall street, N. Y.

IMAGINE for a moment the thousands upon thousands of bottles of Carboline, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer, annually sold, and the fact that not a single complaint has been received from all these thousands, and you may have some idea of its good qualities.

Beset on All Sides

By malaria, how shall we escape the dread infection? Is the question which the denizens of fever and ague districts ask themselves. The answer comes from former sufferers who for years have escaped the visitations of the periodic scourge, through the protecting influence of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When the necessity for using preventive measures arises, use this means of prevention at once. It regulates the liver, facilitates digestion, and liberates impurities from the system, when such exist, by promoting healthful action of the bowels and kidneys. Act early. In all regions where malaria prevails, the best protection is to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When the necessity for using preventive measures arises, use this means of prevention at once. It regulates the liver, facilitates digestion, and liberates impurities from the system, when such exist, by promoting healthful action of the bowels and kidneys.

His "petite mamma" was dreadfully ill, and the "little Jesus" who brings the Christmas love to all good children did not dare to do it this time.

Bob, after rubbing his eyes early next morning, goes toward the fireplace and finds near his shoe surrounded by all sorts of lovely dainties, a little brother, rosy from top to toe, in a little cradle that is as white as white can be.

Bob opens his eyes very wide before this unexpected treasure, and is running toward his pale mamma, who is lying in her bed. He cries:

"Mamma look here—the little Jesus, couldn't climb back up to Heaven!"

"I Feel So Well."

"I want to thank you for telling me of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorable Prescription,'" writes a lady to her friend. "I on my part I was unit to attend to the work of my household. I kept about, but I felt thoroughly bad. I had terrible backaches and bearing down sensations across me, and was quite weak and discouraged. I sent and got some of the medicine, after receiving your letter, and it has cured me. I hardly know myself. I feel so well."

It's a cold day when the small boy remains in the house voluntarily.

POLICEMEN are not socially inclined. Each one has a little club of his own.

WILD NAN

DR. JOHN BULL'S

SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,

BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,

The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 681 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Quaker Testimony.

Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, a Quaker lady, of Philadelphia, has done a great deal to make ladies there the great value of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a cure for their troubles and diseases. She writes as follows: "A young lady of this city, while bathing some years ago, was thrown violently against the life line, and the injuries received resulted in an ovarian tumor which grew and enlarged until death seemed certain. Her physician finally advised her to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound. She did so, and in a short time the tumor was dissolved or caused to slough off, and she is now in perfect health. I also know of many cases where the medicine has been of great value in preventing miscarriage and alleviating the pains and dangers of childbirth. Philadelphia ladies appreciate the worth of this medicine and its great value."