THE CALMAR

VOL. 1. CALMA

AUNTIE'S VISIT.

I know I laffed, last summer
  At them city folks who came
Out here a rusticatin,
  When they asked if cows was tame,

If pertaters grew on bushes,
  And strawberries grew on trees,
An' was so s'prised that honey
  Was made by the stingin bees.

But I've found out that a vistor
  From the country may appear
As green to city people
  As they do to us out here.

My niece, you 'member Susan
  What lived with us for awhile;
Her home is in the city,
  And you oughter see the style.

She's allus been a teasin
  Fur me to come there a spell.
So my folks said I'd better,
  Seein how's I wasn't well.

Sue wrote 'twas change I needed
  And she'd meet me at the train
Whatever day I'd mention,
  No matter if it did rain.

On our way up from the depo
  Sue hed to stop to a store,
An' it was bigger'n queerer
  Than any I'd seen before.

But one room was as leetle
  As my clothes press, I declare,
An' we was in and seated
  On a sort of sofy there,

When the thing began agoin;
  I hollered, an' held on tight.
Sue said she'd oughter told me
  'Fore it give me such a fright.

That evenin I "retired"
  And put all the lights out soon,
To gaze forth from my winder
  At the shinin' of the moon.

'Twas hid by a big steeple,
  So I couldn't see its face.
I stood for an hour watchin,
  But it stayed in that same place.

When I told Sue, next mornin,
  She said 'twas a cloudy night
And I had been a gazin
  At the rays of lectric light.

I kept still then a minit,
  But I heard a tinklin bell,
An' asked where was the pasture.
  Sue listened, an then—then—well,

She laffed, and said: "Why, Auntie,
  That little bell, which you hear,
Is only one on a street car
  Which passes the corner here."

I mistook a leetle wash bowl
  Which they allus used to pass
After we'd been a eatin,
  For a sort of drinkin glass.

Them's some of my mistakins;
  I can't begin to tell all.
Some of 'em I've forgotten,
  And some I can't just recall.

Yes, mebbe Sue was wishin'
  I'd go, every single day;
But if she was she needn't
  Kep' urgin of me to stay.

One thing, I've learned a lesson.
  No
  Th

dently possessed of a lofty intelligence, and refined.

"Miss Markham," he said, "I have a theory. Will you do exactly as I say, crush out all fear and take your chances with me?"

"I will," she said in a desperate tone that convinced him.

"Then my first duty is to tie you to the bench." He took a long rope, evidently of the new fire-escape pattern, and lashed her firmly and quickly to the bench. Then he sat very close to her and lashed himself, leaving the arms and legs of each entirely free. He glanced at his watch. "I estimate," he said, "that in five or ten minutes the great whirlwind which is sweeping those cinders and burning *debris* miles through the air will have its vortex very near us. Do not be scared but gather calmness from me."

He lighted a fresh cigar and puffed away in great enjoyment. The weed was delicious.

"Won't you let me hold your hand," she said, "it will give me some of your bravery. It will ease away the terrors of death."

There was a sudden and fearful rush of hot wind. It swept along with cyclonic strength knocking over chimneys and walls. As the square in which the pair were sitting was engulfed in a sea of flame, the whirl

SHE LOOKED AROUND IN A STUPEFIED WAY.

wind gathered up the bench and its occupants and in an instant they were sailing miles up in the air, far above the vast area of fire. At the moment of departure the man clasped the girl in his arms, placed her head on his breast and whispered, softly: "We have escaped. Have no fears now."

"I no longer fear," she said. Disengaging herself she looked back and tears came to her eyes. "Yonder is the destruction of all my hopes in life, all I valued, my worldly wealth, my friends, my relatives and kin."

"And your husband!"

"No; I am not married; only out in society a year."

"How is it that one so lovely and so brave a girl as yourself has escaped matrimony

but in the mouth of a river.
stood on the shore. As t
proached a gentleman in c
came out and met them on the
"Are you a clergyman?"
Kingman.
"I am," was the reply,
ashore.
"Just the man we want," s
man. "We came over fro
purpose to get married."
WM. Ho

GOING ON THE

Grandfather Lickshin-le Ou ure on the Cockro

"I have been invited to de before the Yale faculty on t said Grandfather Lickshin City *Derrick* man, "and if not to print them I don't mi a few points of it. In the will trace the pedigree of back to the ark and throw sponsibility upon Noah. I avoid this, for the reason th pretty well with the people and to deliberately build against him is not a pleasa Still, I think Noah did wron ping on Sir and Madam Co they marched arm in arm, the gang-plank. In fixing bility I will hew to the chips fall where th at the same time I justice with mercy, a down as easy as possible. in taking advantage of a m made one rash step; or, a because he did *not* make and, as I intimated before, on top of these roaches. have a great deal to say do not know of any young acquaintance who has been more scandal and gossip. well-meaning people blan woe and heartache, not t weather and short crops. my lecture that Eve is a person, and that the cockr seat of sorrow. The cockr the dark sorrel cockroach, son of the seventh son Mrs. Sad-eyed Sorrow, town, N. J. I have be these people myself, and I I affirm. Passing rapidly and times of the cockroac

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4. The cockroach in the

I will endeaver to extr out of the cockroach in simply reporting the p pass between the boarder lady when the biscuit is o purpose to divide cockro classes. 1. The cockroach or the domestic cockroa

EXCHANGES & BARGAINS.

Under the above head we will insert Exchanges and Bargains of thirty words or less for 10 cents; over thirty wotds one-half cent per word each insertion. Subscribers free.

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We will publish in this column each month receipts that will be of great value to working agents.

Commercial Writing Ink.—Galls 1 ounce, cloves, ½ ounce; sulphate of iron, ½ ounce; water, 8 ounces. Digest by frequent shaking till it has sufficient color. This is a good, durable ink, and will stand diluting.

***

Bay Rum equal to the Best Imported.—Oil of bay, fine, 1½ drachms; oil of neroli (bigard) 10 drops; either, acetic, 2 drachms; alcohol, deod (strong), 3 pints; water, 2½ pints; caromel sufficient to tingle. Let it stand two weeks and filter.

***

Silver Plating Fluid—Take 1 ounce of precipitate of silver to ½ ounce of cynate of potash and ¼ ounce of hyposulphate of soda; put all in a quart of water, add a little whiting and shake before using. Apply with a soft rag. Put up in ounce bottles, and retails at 25 cents. The secret is worth $100 to an agent to sell to families.

***

Imperial Onguent, for forcing Whiskers and Mustache to Grow—Made as follows: 2 drachms of benzoin comp.; 2 drachms tincture of cantharides; 6 ounces castor oil; 9½ ounces of alcohol; 1 drachm oil of bergamot. Mix well, bottle and label. Apply the onguent night and morning. Circulation should be stimulated with a rough towel.

BOARDING-HOUSE CHAT.

Why Some Otherwise Harmless People Are Objectionable Boarders.

"We never board people who write. No objection to you, personally, but can not take you."

The speaker was a stout woman, the proprietress of a boarding-house on the West side. The applicant was a New York *Mail and Express* reporter. After reflecting a moment he asked her why she objected to writers.

"They always have something to say at the table and generally at the expense of the food. My boarders would soon become demoralized. I had one of your set, a young fellow who wrote rhymes. After the last one he wrote I gave him notice to leave. It was this slander:

Oh, if you want to feel
  Like a salt and peppered eel,
Or a clam in a butter tub,
  Just tackle Mrs. Blank's best grub.

"He did not get a chance to tackle any more of my grub."

A landlady near Madison Square, who has four or five boarding-houses and has been in the business twenty years, gave some interesting information on the subject. She said: "The most objectionable boarder is the one who finds fault at the table. It becomes contagious and finally I begin to lose my boarders. If these precious high-palate epicures would only communicate with the head of the house without raising a row at the table, there would be some excuse. Well, I do not let the cobwebs grow upon their stay, but get them out of the house at once. I always give a week's notice to leave in ordinary cases, and nine cases out of ten the person either has pride enough or gets angry and leaves immediately. In cases of improper conduct I give only a few hours' notice. If I could write a book it would be on rules to guide boarders. The men, old as well as young, are too prone to flirt with the waitresses if they are good looking. Homely servant girls are in demand."

"You must have had some queer experiences?"

Didn't K

"I didn't want boy to his school-t
"I didn't, really
"Didn't want t you talking abou so?" questioned th
"I didn't wante it, ma'am," ejacu his sobs.
"Made you do w what you mean."
"Made me b—b—
"Butt a goat!
me!"
"I—I—I didn't
ted, ma'am."

J. S.
Physician
CALM

ISAAC
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VA.

ihre zuckenden Lippen. Dann sank sie aufseufzend an der Steinbank nieder.

Da fanden sie nachher Sophie und die Müllerin bewußtlos liegend. Sie trugen sie in das Haus, machten schnell heißen Thee und flößten ihr den ein. Anne-Marie kam auch sogleich wieder zur vollen Besinnung; aber auf Sophiechens Vorschlag blieben beide bis zum Dunkelwerden in der sogenannten guten Stube der Müllerin, damit sich niemand über das verweinte Gesicht der Freundin zu wundern brauchte. Zu Hause angekommen, gelang es Anne-Marie dann auch, ungesehen auf ihr Zimmerchen zu flüchten.

Beate war noch wach und hatte augenscheinlich auf sie gewartet. Vor ihrem liebevoll bittenden Blicke hielt Anne-Maries Fassung nicht lange stand, sie kauerte sich an ihrer Seite nieder und barg den Kopf in dem Schoß der Schwester. Und während Beate beruhigend über das schöne blonde Haar strich, schüttete Anne-Marie all das Leid und Wehe, das ihre Brust zu ersticken drohte, in das teilnehmende Schwesterherz aus. Spät, sehr spät erst suchten und fanden die beiden Schwestern dann die Ruhe.

Ein unterbrochener Sonntagsbesuch.

Still und traurig ging Anne-Marie die ersten Tage nach dem plötzlichen Abschiede ihres geliebten Lorenz umher, dann kam ihr aber allmälich die alte Frische und Fröhlichkeit wieder zurück. Was schadete es schließlich, wenn sie noch ein oder auch mehrere Jahre warten mußten mit ihrer Heirat, war es nicht schon ein großes Glück, daß sie sich beide so lieb hatten, und daß sie so felsenfest auf ihren Schatz vertrauen durfte! Nein, sie durfte nicht schwächer sein wie er, ihm war der Entschluß, fortzugehen, auch nicht leicht geworden. Sie wollte seiner harren in Liebe und Geduld, wenn er auch vorderhand, so lange seine Aussichten noch gänzlich ungewiß waren, kein Lebenszeichen von sich gab, wie er gesagt hatte.

Dem Frömmlingerbauern schien auch eine große Last vom Herzen gefallen zu sein, seitdem er den Verhaßten und Gefürchteten fern wußte.

Am Mittwoch abend war er sehr aufgeregt nach Hause gekommen und hatte ganz unvermittelt zu seiner Tochter gesagt:

„Der Steinberg ist nicht mehr beim Krämer Jahns, hab' ich heute von Meinecke gehört." Und als seine Tochter kein Wort darauf erwiderte: „Nun, Anne-Marie, Du antwortest und wunderst Dich gar nicht. Hast's etwa schon gewußt?"

„Ja, Vater," sagte Anne-Marie, welche sich eifrig in dem weniger beleuchteten Teile des Zimmers zu schaffen machte.

„Und von wem denn, wenn ich fragen darf?"

„Von ihm selbst, Vater."

„I, da müßt' ja doch gleich das Wetter dreinfahren! Hast wirklich den sauberen Patron erst noch gesprochen? Habt euch wohl gar ein Stelldichein gegeben hinter meinem Rücken, was? Das ist mir ja eine nette Geschichte! — Nun, hast's nicht gehört, daß ich Dich gefragt hab', wirst mir endlich eine Antwort geben?"

Beate zitterte vor Schrecken und vor Angst um die Schwester so, daß ihre schmalen Hände fast nicht das Strickzeug halten konnten. Doch Anne-Marie sagte ruhig wie vorher:

„Ja, Vater, ich will's nicht leugnen."

„Ja, Vater, ja, Vater," wiederholte er ärgerlich ihre Worte. „Mach mich nicht wild, Mädel, mit Deinem ‚ja, Vater'."

„Du hast mich doch aber gefragt —"

„Ach was, schweig stille! — Was habt ihr denn da mit einander verhandelt, wenn ich fragen darf. Bist endlich vernünftig geworden und hast dem Bengel den Laufpaß gegeben? He?"

„Nein, Vater; ich hab' ihm mein Wort gegeben, auf ihn zu warten, bis er wieder kommt. Er hat übrigens seinen Kaufmannsstand aufgegeben und will noch Landmann werden, weil sein alter Vater schwach und krank ist und auf dem Totenbette liegt und die beiden jungen Brüder den Hof noch nicht bewirtschaften können."

„Aha," lachte der Großbauer höhnisch. „Pfeift der Wind aus der Luke! Da könnte das schlaue Herrchen sich denn aber doch verrechnet haben."

„Was willst Du damit sagen, Vater," rief Anne-Marie erschrocken und trat dicht vor denselben hin.

„Was ich damit sagen will? Nun, daß Dein schmucker Lorenz denkt, 's lebte sich gewiß ganz gut auf meinem Hofe. Hahaha! Noch bin ich aber da!"

„Hör auf, Vater," rief Anne-Marie flammenden Auges und ganz dunkelrot vor Zorn und Empörung, „ich leid's nicht, daß einer so über den Lorenz spricht, auch von Dir nicht, Vater! Lorenz Steinberg ist arm, ja; aber er ist ein kreuzbraver, ehrenhafter Bursch, in dessen Seele kein unredlicher Gedanke kommt, und niemand hat ein Recht, ihn so zu verdächtigen. Und daß Du's nur weißt, Vater, er hat mir wollen freiwillig mein Wort zurückgeben, weil er schon gemeint hat, Du könntest ihm vielleicht solch nichtswürdige Absichten zutrauen. Ich hab's aber nicht angenommen, weil —"

„Dann bist Du dumm genug gewesen," fiel der Bauer ihr trockenen Tons ins Wort.

„O, Vater," sagte Anne-Marie traurig, „Du bist sonst so gut und gerecht gegen jedermann; warum hast Du Dich nur ganz und gar von den Leuten gegen den einnehmen lassen, der mir doch der liebste ist auf der Welt."

Wenn Anne-Marie den Vater mit so traurigen Augen ansah, dann wurde es ihm stets sehr unbehaglich zu Mute.

„Ach was, mach keine Flausen, dummes Mädel," brummte er deshalb. „Wirst auch schon noch andern Sinnes werden. Nicht allzu lange, hoff' ich, dann heißt's auch bei Dir: Aus den Augen aus dem Sinn."

„Nein, Vater, niemals," sagte sie bestimmt und hob den blonden Kopf stolz und trotzig zu ihm auf. „Und, Väterchen, ich müßte ja nicht Deine Tochter sein, wenn ich ein so erbärmlich wankelmütiges Herz haben sollte!"

„Dummes Zeug! Sieh mich nicht so wunderlich an, Mädel," schalt er; aber er ließ die Sache heute auf sich beruhen, weil er sich freute, daß die größte Gefahr, die seinen Zukunftsplänen drohte, vorläufig aus dem Wege geräumt war und noch dazu so ganz ohne jegliches Zuthun von seiner Seite.

Infolge dieser guten Laune hatte man den Rest der Woche so ruhig und behaglich auf dem Frömmlingerhof verlebt, wie seit langer Zeit nicht.

Sonntags pflegte sich stets der eine oder andere gute Freund zu einem Plauderstündchen dort einzustellen, manchmal am Nachmittag, manchmal erst zum Abend, das war ein stillschweigendes Uebereinkommen schon von alters her.

Nachbar Meinecke und der Wockstetter mit seiner Frau waren zum Beispiel am Sonntag Stammgäste in dem gastfreien Hause, oft kamen der Freihofbauer, der Schulze Arnsdorf dazu und in letzter Zeit regelmäßig auch Fridolin Horrdörfer; letzterer natürlich zu Anne-Maries größtem Aerger.

Die alte Fieke mußte immer gleich nach Tische die große Messing-Familienkanne voll Kaffee besorgen, und nachher trank ein jeder davon, wann und so viel er Lust hatte. Umstände pflegte die Bäuerin weiter nicht zu machen, und außer den Festtagen gab es auch nur trockenen Zwieback dazu. Das nötige Rauchgeschirr brachten die Männer selbst mit, Fridolin Horrdörfer, als der Vornehmere, Cigarren, die anderen meist ihre kurzen oder langen Pfeifen.

So war es auch am nächsten Sonntage. Die Frauen saßen an dem großen Eichentische, und die Männer hatten sich's an dem warmen Ofeneckchen bequem gemacht.

Da wurde hastig an die Thür geklopft, und gleich darauf stürzte Nachtwächter Holzendorf mit ganz verstörtem Gesicht herein.

„Ist denn der Schulze vielleicht hier bei Euch, Frömmlinger," fragte er, weil er selbst nicht durch die dicken Tabakswolken hindurch sehen konnte.

„Na, ja, ich bin hier. Aber was soll's denn nur schon wieder, Holzendorf," brummte der kleine, runde Mann unmutig. „Könnt Ihr einem denn nicht 'mal am Sonntag sein bißchen Ruhe gönnen."

„Ach, 's hat ja ein Unglück gegeben, Schulze," stieß der also Angeredete hervor; „kommt nur rasch 'mal mit. Die Magd vom Krämer, die Kathrin, die hat sich's Leben genommen und ist in unserem Dorfteich ins Wasser gegangen."

„Ach, du lieber Gott! — Mensch, warum sagt Ihr denn das nicht gleich! Lebt sie denn noch? Wo habt Ihr sie denn hingebracht — vielleicht zu ihrem Brotherrn, dem alten Jahns, oder liegt sie noch draußen? Wer hat sie denn überhaupt herausgezogen aus dem Wasser? Holt nur gleich warme Decken von meiner Frau, oder, wenn es nicht anders ist, bringen wir sie zu mir ins Gemeindehaus. Am Ende kann man sie noch wieder ins Leben zurückbringen. Ist denn der Barbier, der alte Stöcklein, schon gerufen?"

So sprudelte der kleine, gutmütige Mann Frage über Frage hervor, ohne eine Antwort darauf abzuwarten. Seine behagliche Ruhe war für den Augenblick vollständig verschwunden, und ohne einen Gruß für die Zurückbleibenden stürmte er hinaus, geradewegs nach der Unglücksstätte.

„Bringt doch nachher 'mal Bescheid, Arnsdorf," rief ihm der Frömmlinger nach, „was aus dem Unglücksmädel geworden ist." Aber da war er schon längst mit Holzendorf um die nächste Straßenecke verschwunden.

„Ich will lieber 'mal hinter ihm herlaufen," erbot sich Nachbar Meinecke, „man will doch auch gern wissen, was daraus wird, wenn's auch wohl für mich nichts mehr zu helfen gibt."

Man ließ ihn gehen und sah sich voll Entsetzen über das Gehörte an, nur der Horrdörfer starrte angelegentlichst durch das Fenster in die Dunkelheit. Nach einer ganzen Pause erst drehte er sich wieder um.

„Na ja," meinte er dann, „bis Meinecke zurückkommt, will ich noch hier bleiben, dann muß ich aber fort. Und, daß ich's nicht ganz vergesse in dem Schreck, Frömmlinger, ich wollt' Euch sagen: kommt doch heute über acht Tage zu mir auf den Unterhof; ich hab' neulich ein Fäßchen Wein gekriegt, vom Rhein her, das sollt Ihr mit probiren. Und Ihr auch, Wockstetter, hört Ihr."

„Können wir machen, Herr Vetter. Werden uns pünktlich einstellen. Am Abend doch, nicht wahr? Na, schön, wir werden kommen."

„'s ist doch 'ne wahre Schande," lamentirte inzwi die Wockstetterin gegen die anderen ernst und schwei dasitzenden Frauen. „Ist das in dieser Welt jetzt Wirtschaft! Keine Zucht und keine Ehrbarkeit mehr u den Mädchen. So ein schändliches, liederliches Geſch eine Selbstmörderin! Ja, ja, das kennt man schon, der Schande den Kopf abgebissen, und dann geht's Wasser. So ein kleiner Sprung, denken sie, dann alles vorbei."

„In die Erd' hinein solltet Ihr Euch schämen, W stetterin," rief Anne-Marie Frömmlinger flamme Auges, ehe noch Beate oder die Mutter etwas auf lieblose, giftige Urteil antworten konnte. „Habt denn nur gar kein Fünkchen von Mitleid in der B und meint Ihr wirklich, es sei etwas so Leichtes Lustiges — so ein Sprung ins Wasser! O, Tante W stetter, wie konntet Ihr so etwas sagen!"

„Na, na, Kindchen, ereifere Dich nur nicht. Hm, b wohl gehört, wie es mit der ehrvergessenen Dirne ge den hat."

„Jetzt kann sie sich nicht mehr verteidigen, da Ihr leicht schmähen, und ich mein', grad im Tod müßte wohl aller Haß und Schimpf und Hohn verst men. Wie kann denn jetzt noch ein Mensch wissen, verzweifelt das arme Wesen gewesen ist und — wer vielleicht in den Tod hineingetrieben hat!"

„Nicht wahr, Jumpfer Anne-Marie," meint Fridolin Horrdörfer, in dessen Brust bei Anne-Ma warmer Verteidigung wieder einmal alle bösen Lei schaften entfesselt wurden. „Ja, ja, stille Wasse tief, das ist 'ne alte Regel," fuhr er fort, „und Ih recht; wenn es so ist, wie die Wockstetterin meint, hat das Mädel vielleicht nicht die meiste Schuld. Na, er ist ja aber seit Montag über alle Berge, Kathrin ihr sauberer Schatz, da hat sie gewiß geda läßt sie nun doch sitzen."

Man sah, der junge Bauer war in furchtbarer regung und seine breite Brust keuchte förmlich, als Worte hervorstieß. Die stahlgrauen Augen hatten einen grünlich schillernden Schein angenommen.

Zum erstenmale empfand auch Beate einen Sch vor der wilden, zügellosen Leidenschaft dieses Mann

„Wir sind ja nicht zu ihrem Richter bestellt, und barmherzige Gott wird ihrer armen, verzweifelten S wohl gnädig sein," sagte sie dann sanft und beruhigen der empörten Wockstetterin.

Anne-Marie war bei Fridolin Horrdörfers Wo bleich geworden bis in die Lippen. Ihrer selbst nicht m mächtig, trat sie nun dicht vor ihn hin, so daß sie anderen den Rücken zuwandte.

„Pfui, Horrdörfer," sagte sie leise, aber mit grenzen Verachtung in der Stimme, „pfui über den Mann, de solchen Mitteln greift, um seinen Nebenbuhler zu ü winden! Ihr wißt so gut wie ich, daß mein Geli der Lorenz Steinberg, den Ihr ja nur meinen könnt, Schuld hat an dem Tode der armen Kathrin; und würde es für eine Sünde halten, wenn ich auch nur Augenblick an ihm zweifeln wollte. Wenn ich Euch mit gleicher Münze heimzahlen wollte," fuhr sie noch le nur ihm allein verständlich fort, „dann könnt' ich erzählen, daß mir die Leute schon vor Wochen einen andern Mann genannt haben, der mit falschen We das Herz der armen, jungen Dienstmagd bethört Soll ich Euch seinen Namen nennen, Fridolin Horrdö oder wißt Ihr so, wen ich meine?" fügte sie lang jedes Wort betonend, hinzu, indem ihre blauen A durchdringend auf den wutentstellten Zügen des ju Großbauern ruhten.

„Hütet Euch, Anne-Marie," knirschte er zwischen Zähnen, „reizt mich nicht zum Aeußersten. Ich habe viel zu gute gehalten, aber 'mal könnte meine Lang doch auch ein Ende nehmen, und dann —"

„Dann sollte es mir lieb sein, Horrdörfer, ich wü nichts sehnlicher," unterbrach sie ihn kalt. „Und was arme Kathrin und ihren Schatz anbetrifft — Ihr bra keine Angst zu haben, daß ich das Gered' vielleicht w schwatze, das Geklatsch ist mir zu erbärmlich und schmu

„Das sollst Du büßen, Hoffärtige, so wahr ich dolin Horrdörfer heiße," wütete er in seinem G während doch kein Laut über seine Lippen kam, als A Marie Frömmlinger ihm jetzt den Rücken wandte und den Tisch zu den anderen zurückging.

Frau Karoline war inzwischen mit dem Frömmli auf die Straße gegangen, um etwas Näheres darüb Erfahrung zu bringen, wie sich das Unglück zugetr hatte. Jetzt kamen sie mit Meinecke zusammen wi herein.

Der sonst so lustige Nachbar war leichenblaß zitterte am ganzen Körper vor Entsetzen.

„Kinder, sie ist wirklich tot," stammelte er, „ich sie auch gesehen. Schrecklich, sage ich euch, und no ein blutjunges Ding. Sie haben sie vorläufig nach A doris Hause gebracht, weil die Krämersleute sie wieder bei sich aufnehmen wollten. Alle Achtung abe dem Schulzen seiner Frau; sie hat sich redlich um arme Geschöpf bemüht."

Eine lange, traurige Pause folgte diesen mitleiderü Worten des kleinen Mannes.

THE CALMAR EXCHANGE.

VOL. 1. CALMAR, IOWA, JANUARY, 1888. NO. 1.

AUNTIE'S VISIT.

I know I laffed, last summer
At them city folks who came
Out here a rusticatin,
When they asked if cows was tame,

If pertaters grew on bushes,
And strawberries grew on trees,
An' was so s'prised that honey
Was made by the stingin bees.

But I've found out that a vistor
From the country may appear
As green to city people
As they do to us out here.

My niece, you 'member Susan
What lived with us for awhile;
Her home is in the city,
And you oughter see the style.

She's allus been a teasin
Fur me to come there a spell.
So my folks said I'd better,
Seein how's I wasn't well.

Sue wrote 'twas change I needed
And she'd meet me at the train
Whatever day I'd mention,
No matter if it did rain.

On our way up from the depo
Sue hed to stop to a store,
An' it was bigger'n queerer
Than any I'd seen before.

But one room was as leetle
As my clothes press, I declare,
An' we was in and seated
On a sort of sofy there,

When the thing began agoin;
I hollered, an' held on tight.
Sue said she'd oughter told me
'Fore it give me such a fright.

That evenin I "retired"
And put all the lights out soon,
To gaze forth from my winder
At the shinin' of the moon.

'Twas hid by a big steeple,
So I couldn't see its face.
I stood for an hour watchin,
But it stayed in that same place.

When I told Sue, next mornin,
She said 'twas a cloudy night
And I had been a gazin
At the rays of lectric light.

I kept still then a minit,
But I heard a tinklin bell,
An' asked where was the pasture.
Sue listened, an then—then—well,

She laffed, and said: "Why, Auntie,
That little bell, which you hear,
Is only one on a street car
Which passes the corner here."

I mistook a leetle wash bowl
Which they allus used to pass
After we'd been a eatin,
For a sort of drinkin glass.

Them's some of my m'stakins;
I can't begin to tell all.
Some of 'em I've forgotten,
And some I can't just recall.

Yes, mebbe Sue was w'shin'
I'd go, every single day;
But if she was she needn't
Kep' urgin of me to stay.

One thing, I've learned a lesson,
Not allus taught in schools:
The folks as asks queer questions
Aint allus the biggest fools.

SARAH A. BENEDICT.

AN AERIAL COURTSHIP.

A Romance of Modern Times More Strange Than True.

ALMOST the entire city was in flames. On the top of the roof of a dwelling-house sat Mr. Charles Kingman, a young *literateur* of wide celebrity. He was seated on a bench placed there for the occupants of the house to use during warm summer nights. A few squares around him were still untouched by the fire, but it was evident that these, in the very center of the sea of flame must soon be consumed. Mr. Kingman calmly smoked a cigar and watched with interest the sublime spectacle of many square miles of fearful sheets of fire. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was about ten in the evening. Occasionally he thrust his hands in his pockets and sauntered aimlessly around taking a mental image of the picture.

"What a chance for a descriptive bit of effort here," he mused. "Hang it! how unlucky to have no friends along who are capable of appreciating such grandeur."

Over on a neighboring roof he heard the sound of a falling scuttle-door. He glanced in the direction and observed a young woman emerge. She looked around in a stupified way, saw him and sprang to meet him.

"Oh, sir, is it not terrible! Can you not save me? Are we cut off from all hope of rescue?"

"Terrible, Miss! It is terribly sublime, if you will permit the expression. Come and sit down with me and enjoy the spectacle."

"But we shall perish in a few minutes. See, the flames are approaching us on four sides with fearful rapidity. We shall perish!"

"What of it?"

"Are you not afraid?"

"Of what?"

"Death."

"Got to die sometime, Miss."

"Miss Markham. Hester Markham."

"Well, Miss Markham, sit down. There, now, make yourself comfortable and enjoy the spectacle. Did you ever see such an ocean of flame! and look way up in the zenith. There are myriads of sparks and timbers floating in flames miles high—isn't it glorious?"

"You are a brave man and compel me to be calm. Yes, it is the most sublime spectacle Chicago ever witnessed. So we must die enjoying it."

"Perhaps not."

"Oh, sir! is there hope of escape?"

"One chance in a million."

"Please tell me what it is."

"Wonderful how a woman's curiosity is permanent even in times of excitement. Do you really wish to be saved from a glorious death like this?"

"More than I ever wished for any thing in my life."

He turned and scrutinized the girl closely. He first gazed at the back of her neck to see if the base of the hair pleased him. There was something about a sallow neck underneath the hair at this point which invariably turned him from women. Miss Markham, however, was an exception. She had not overlooked the back of her neck where the hair was as beautifully arranged as in front. Then he examined the face, the contour of the head and the bumps over the eyes. They were all pleasing objects. She was quite beautiful and evidently possessed of a lofty intelligence, and refined.

"Miss Markham," he said, "I have a theory. Will you do exactly as I say, crush out all fear and take your chances with me?"

"I will," she said in a desperate tone that convinced him.

"Then my first duty is to tie you to the bench." He took a long rope, evidently of the new fire-escape pattern, and lashed her firmly and quickly to the bench. Then he sat very close to her and lashed himself, leaving the arms and legs of each entirely free. He glanced at his watch. "I estimate," he said, "that in five or ten minutes the great whirlwind which is sweeping those cinders and burning *debris* miles through the air will have its vortex very near us. Do not be scared but gather calmness from me."

He lighted a fresh cigar and puffed away in great enjoyment. The weed was delicious.

"Won't you let me hold your hand," she said, "it will give me some of your bravery. It will ease away the terrors of death."

There was a sudden and fearful rush of hot wind. It swept along with cyclonic strength knocking over chimneys and walls. As the square in which the pair were sitting was engulfed in a sea of flame, the whirl

SHE LOOKED AROUND IN A STUPEFIED WAY.

wind gathered up the bench and its occupants and in an instant they were sailing miles up in the air, far above the vast area of fire. At the moment of departure the man clasped the girl in his arms, placed her head on his breast and whispered, softly: "We have escaped. Have no fears now."

"I no longer fear," she said. Disengaging herself she looked back and tears came to her eyes. "Yonder is the destruction of all my hopes in life, all I valued, my worldly wealth, my friends, my relatives and kin."

"And your husband?"

"No; I am not married; only out in society a year."

"How is it that one so lovely and so brave a girl as yourself has escaped matrimony even a year?"

"Perhaps I have been foolish, but I love a man I have never seen."

"What is that I hear?"

"I have been reading the works of an author and love him though unknown to me."

"That is somewhat extraordinary. Might I inquire his name."

"It is but a foolish passion. I ought not to have referred to it."

"Can you not trust me after the events of to-night?"

"With all my heart; besides we are likely to break our necks when we strike the earth. We can not float forever at this altitude—and it won't make any difference then."

"I see you are becoming philosophic, which excites my admiration. I assure you our necks are safe. We shall descend into Lake Michigan and paddle ashore. His name please?"

"Charles Kingman."

"Extraordinary! May I inquire what qualification you possess for the wife of a *literateur*?"

"I am thoroughly in sympathy with his work. I think in the same line he does and complete all his undeveloped lines of thought."

"But it is usual for men of genius to marry fools. You are too good for the wife of a *literateur*."

"I can tell you why they marry fools."

"Why?" taking her hand.

"Because girls think it policy to express opposition views to such men and they, having so much opposition, draw themselves into their shells as it were."

"That is right. I always felt, though I knew the young ladies were merely displaying their intelligence, that I never could or would marry a woman who paraded with my enemies and opposers. I get nothing but opposition in life and certainly would not marry in to a nest of it. No wonder such men marry fools in preference

"I NO LONGER FEAR," SHE SAID.

I thought I should not marry at all because I never met a girl who sympathized with me."

"You? a genius or a *literateur*?

"So you say."

"Me?" withdrawing her hand.

"Yes. Let me hold your hand, dear. I feel the cold air of the lake. We are settling fast."

"I said you were a genius?"

"You said you loved Charles Kingman and gave such reasons for it and have conducted yourself so bravely and shown yourself to be such a true and helpful companion to him that he loves you in return." Taking her in his arms.

"Are you Charles Kingman?" she whispered, rapturously.

"Yes, dearest," cutting the ropes and drawing her completely on the bench.

Splash!

The man calmly paddled with one hand. Daylight broke. They were not in the lake, but in the mouth of a river. A big house stood on the shore. As the bench approached a gentleman in clerical attire came out and met them on the beach.

"Are you a clergyman?" queried Mr. Kingman.

"I am," was the reply, helping them ashore.

"Just the man we want," said Mr. Kingman. "We came over from Chicago on purpose to get married."

WM. HOSEA BALLOU.

GOING ON THE ROAD.

Grandfather Lickshingle Outlines a Lecture on the Cockroach.

"I have been invited to deliver a lecture before the Yale faculty on the cockroach," said Grandfather Lickshingle to an Oil City *Derrick* man, "and if you promise not to print them I don't mind giving you a few points of it. In the first place, I will trace the pedigree of the cockroach back to the ark and throw the whole responsibility upon Noah. I would rather avoid this, for the reason that Noah stands pretty well with the people now on earth, and to deliberately build up a prejudice against him is not a pleasant thing to do. Still, I think Noah did wrong in not stepping on Sir and Madam Cockroach when they marched arm in arm, so to say, over the gang-plank. In fixing this responsibility I will hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may; but at the same time I will temper justice with mercy, and let Noah down as easy as possible. I do not believe in taking advantage of a man, because he made one rash step; or, as in this case, because he did *not* make one rash step, and, as I intimated before, locate it right on top of these roaches. Some people have a great deal to say against Eve. I do not know of any young person of my acquaintance who has been the subject of more scandal and gossip. I have heard well-meaning people blame her for all woe and heartache, not to mention dry weather and short crops. I will show in my lecture that Eve is a greatly-abused person, and that the cockroach is the real seat of sorrow. The cockroach, especially the dark sorrel cockroach, is the seventh son of the seventh son of the Mr. and Mrs. Sad-eyed Sorrow, of Sorrowtown, N. J. I have been a guest of these people myself, and I know whereof I affirm. Passing rapidly along the lives and times of the cockroach I will treat of:

1. The cockroach in society.
2. The cockroach in politics.
3. The cockroach in the cupboard, and
4. The cockroach in the biscuit.

I will endeavor to extract some humor out of the cockroach in the biscuit, by simply reporting the pleasantries that pass between the boarder and the landlady when the biscuit is opened. It is my purpose to divide cockroaches into two classes. 1. The cockroach of the fireside, or the domestic cockroach. 2. The cockroach of commerce, or the office cockroach. I have already declined large sums of money to make favorable mention in my lecture of certain brands of roach exterminators, but I can't conscientiously do it. Away down in my heart of hearts I know there is no way to kill the cockroach of modern times except to place dynamite under him and explode it with a sledge."

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

An Amusing Dialogue Between a Deaf Old Lady and Her Waiter.

An honored guest at one of the up-town hotels recently was a portly and dignified old lady, says the New York *Tribune*. She was dressed in rustling black silk and a stiff white cap, and even the clerk was awed by her presence and conversation. It was a highly-edifying sight at meal hours to watch the head waiter obsequiously conveying this piece of ancient respectability across the dining-hall to a seat. Increasing deafness led the old lady always to carry an ear-trumpet with her, but the presence of that implement did not detract from the impressiveness of the scene. The ceremony of seating having been duly performed, she would order her meal, and the waiter having humbly dropped a few words of explanation or suggestion into the business end of the trumpet would depart on his mission.

It happened, however, a few mornings ago that the old lady reached the breakfast table without her trumpet. She did not seem troubled at forgetting it, but adjusting her glasses inspected the bill of fare and ordered breakfast, concluding with a request for some fish-balls.

"There ain't any fish-balls, ma'am," said the waiter, respectfully.

"I prefer them done brown," she said.

"There ain't any fish-balls this morning."

"And I wish you would tell the cook not to fry them in lard. Use a little piece of salt pork."

"There ain't any—"

"And wait a moment. Tell her to be very careful not to use halibut for fish-balls instead of codfish. I understand it is frequently done."

"There ain't any fish-balls to-day," reported the waiter, in loud tones.

"You really ought not to serve fish-balls every day, John," she said, pleasantly. "The old New England way was to have them for Sunday breakfasts."

"There ain't any fish-balls," shouted the waiter.

"Yes, serve them with parsley."

The unfortunate waiter glanced helplessly about, and then bending down to the old lady's ear, in tones that proclaimed it to the entire dining-room, he roared out again: "There ain't no fish-balls to-day!"

"Why didn't you say so, then? John," she added, gazing at the flushed waiter severely over her spectacles, "I think you have been drinking. You have been muttering to yourself there for the last five minutes. Never mind about the fish-balls, but I shall report you to the clerk."

The Lawyer's Joke.

A well-known Maine lawyer recently told a story about Hon. Lewis Barker, which illustrates that gentleman's ability and tact. Many years ago Mr. Barker went into a Western court to defend a boy who was accused of stealing. He took advantage of the latitude which is given to practice in some Western courts to make a demonstration on which he would hardly have ventured in the East. He made a warm and eloquent plea for the respondent, and he thought he enlisted the sympathies of all the jurors but one. When he reached the climax of his plea he sprang back, as if to avoid a falling rock, threw up his arms, and exclaimed: "Every man of you who thinks that boy is innocent, stand up!" All the jurors but one actually arose from their chairs as if the court had given the order. Mr. Barker then devoted his energies to the odd juror and won his case.—*Lewiston Journal.*

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

But They Brought Peace to a Crushed and Sorrowing Soul.

IT WAS the closing hour of a bright June day. The straying zephyrs stooped to kiss the verdant earth and, rising, stole away laden with perfume. A mighty river, rolling on between its rocky banks, was spanned by many a shadow bridge cast by o'erhanging trees. At the foot of an aged and gnarly oak sat a woman perhaps twenty years of age. Her clothing, of rich material, was tastefully made, and her whole appearance betokened wealth and refinement, yet the bowed head, drooping shoulders and tightly-clasped hands spoke of sorrow and despair. A sunbeam darting through the tangled branches fell upon her unbound tresses and set them glowing like powdered gold.

The touch of warm, soft fingers laid against her face caused her to start up with a half-frightened, half-defiant air, but it changed quickly to one of pleased surprise, as standing timidly by her side she beheld what, to her troubled mind, appeared a being from another world. It was only a child, a pretty little girl whose great questioning eyes had looked upon not more than five years of this world's existence. One tiny hand upheld her apron filled with wild-wood flowers, the other but half drawn back from the caress which childish sympathy had prompted her to offer. Her hat of straw was pushed back from her snowy brow and hung by its loosely-knotted ribbons upon her dimpled shoulders, and in the face, on which the finger of time had as yet left no cruel marks, there dwelt the light of budding thought which made it truly beautiful. Starting suddenly forward she poured the flowers into the lap of the woman, saying softly: "Please take them. See, I gathered them all. Are they not beautiful? I love flowers." Tears sprang to the eyes of the desponding creature who, but a moment since, had thought herself forsaken by all mankind. She opened her arms as though she would have clasped the child to her heart, but the memory of what she was swept over her, chilling her soul and causing her to shrink again within herself. The cloud settled once more on her fair face, and turning toward the river she resumed her former attitude of despair. There were no tears in the great brown eyes now; their light was hard and cold, and rested on the dark water in a way that made the child shiver, she knew not why. Presently she said, pleadingly:

"Please come with me; I do not like the river; it frightens me. Come, and I will show you many pretty flowers, prettier than any I have gathered; come." The woman arose, scarce knowing why, and, giving her hand to the child, allowed herself to be led away. The child hurried onward, as though fleeing from some impending evil, her face turning often upward to the sorrow-clouded one, then backward to the river, as fearful it would follow them. The woman followed as one asleep, neither knowing or caring whither she was being led, yet careful of her guide.

They came presently into an open glade, green and inviting. A single tree stood al-

"PLEASE COME WITH ME."

most in its center, and leaning against its trunk stood a woman, matronly looking, yet young.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried the little girl, "'tis my new friend, come and kiss her."

The mother came quickly forward, and taking her child's companion's trembling hands between her own quiet ones bent down and kissed the troubled brow.

As a rugged cedar in a tempest falls ere yet 'tis scarcely bent, so fell the sorrowing creature at a lady's feet, crying piteously:

"Save me! save me, lady! I am lost! I am lost!"

The matron raised the stricken creature in her arms, and soothing her with gentle, loving words, led her away.

That night the light burned late in the home of the little girl, but ere it was extinguished another and holier light had been kindled in the heart of one more of those unto whom the world has closed its doors, and that light was to shine on to the end of time.

* * * * * * *

To-day a woman clad in soft gray, with a sad, sweet face, which chastened sorrow has made noble, may be seen going in and out of the hovels of want and woe which abound in every city.

In the dark cheerless tenement, up under the grim rafters where death and life fight for mastery and gaunt want waits on both; by the bedside of the hardened criminal, unrelentant though he be, or bending above those who, suffering, lie on couches gaudy with the product of their shame, she labors constantly. With gentle fingers she smoothes the fevered brow and holds to the parched and blistered lips the cooling draught. Her nimble fingers stitch together the gaping spread and beneath her mystic touch the hard and rumpled pillow becomes soft and restful.

Everywhere that sin has wrought innocent beings into the forsaken and debased, she may be found, and no face there but grows brighter at her approach and is more human and hopeful when she has gone. The air is holy where she moves and in her presence even death is robbed of half his terrors. The ragged children stop their play and stand in silent anticipation for a touch of her gentle hand, and silently listen to the music of her voice.

At night she goes back to that home where the light burned many years ago but enters it not before seeking a little mound at the foot of the oak to which she was led to meet sweet hope by a small, dimpled hand, a hand she since has seen, through blinding tears, become as lifeless wax. With no monument but that aged oak o'er which a rosebush climbs, the little pilgrim sleeps and when at eventide the setting sun casts shadows as of old across the flowing river, she kneels beneath that tree and waters with her tears the flowers growing there. And unto those who, selfish, close the door on all their heart's best thoughts, and pass unheeding by the worlds unfortunate, to those I say that every tear that falls upon that grave adds still another jewel to the crown of that child-angel who so simply taught the old, old lesson to one gone astray and thereby gave to earthly woe a gentle minister. The little hands are plucking flowers yet and their fragrance lingers around the hearth of half a thousand homes.

CHAS. EUGENE BANKS.

TWO BONNETS.

Some Funny Things That Happened in a Millinery Store.

One of the most troublesome and perplexing things a woman is obliged to do in this world of care and fashion is to select a bonnet. In order to have it cheap, stylish, and becoming, she must give her whole mind to it, and even then it is not infrequently a failure.

A man rushes into a hat store at the last hour of daylight, and says breathlessly.

"Gimme a brown Derby—narro brim—No. 7¼ dollar'n-half like the last one—correct!"

He knows it is what he wants, and that it will fit. There are no colors to decide on, no strings to tie, no bows to adjust.

But with a woman it is very different.

I once witnessed a funny scene in a fashionable millinery store. Two ladies—strangers to each other—entered at the same moment and proceeded to try on bonnets. Lady No. 1 took off her bonnet and laid it aside preparatory to trying on a new one. Lady No. 2, who had not observed this proceeding, also removed her bonnet. Then she turned and picked up the one belonging to the other lady. Calmly putting it on, she tied the strings under her chin and began to jam the brim into a more becoming shape.

Then she picked up a hand-glass and proceeded to inspect the back.

"It's r-a-ather too old for me," she said, "but if I can get it cheap I might take it for an intermediate."

Meanwhile the owner of the bonnet was dancing a war-dance around it.

"I'll take that bonnet, madam," she said, in a crushing voice.

"Not if I know it," was the startling answer. Then to the saleswoman: "You may send it home this afternoon—you have my number. First, however, you can change this bow."

To describe the expression upon the face of the woman who owned the bonnet would have taxed the pencil of a Hogarth. But the saleswoman with commercial tact explained the matter, and the coveted bonnet was returned to its owner.

My own experience on one occasion satisfied me for a lifetime. I had discovered in Chicago a little French milliner, who made pretty, becoming headgear at a most reasonable price, and for years I went nowhere else. Then I left the city for some months, and on returning went at once to hunt up Madame Joli. But she had moved—gone into a very unfashionable part of the city, a long way out from the business center. Two lines of street-cars were necessary to get there. But when did a woman hesitate if a new bonnet awaited her? I went at once, in the midday heat of a July sun, and found the place, but Madame Joli was in New York. A stupid girl waited on me, and, much disappointed, I listlessly tried on some of the bonnets, but I missed the intelligent fingers of madame, and could not persuade myself that any of them were becoming.

So I reluctantly deferred the matter, took my parasol and shopping-bag and left the store just in time to get an open car that was passing.

The passengers—especially the women—stared at me in an unaccountable manner. The conductor asked me rudely to sit in the front seat.

"With the smokers! Certainly not," I said, much annoyed and inwardly wondering at the man's insolence.

I not only wondered, but worried; and when the car had gone a couple of blocks and I saw another millinery establishment, I made it an excuse to get off.

The conductor actually grinned. The passengers were evidently amusing themselves at my expense.

I hurried into the store, and a little smiling lady who was waiting on a customer greeted me pleasantly, and asked me to wait a moment.

I looked at the bonnets and hats and found a black chip and lace chapeau that was really very pretty.

"I would like to try this on."

"Certainly; I can wait on you now, madam," and the pleasant little milliner hurried forward to assist me.

I put up my hands to take off my bonnet—there was nothing on my head—I was bonnetless. When I had recovered sufficiently to speak I asked the milliner what she thought when she saw me coming in.

But she only smiled and shook her head. She was not going to tell me to my face that she took me for an escaped lunatic.

I bought the chip hat in self defense and wore it back to Madame Joli's establishment. The stupid girl had not even noticed my bonnet, which lay on the show case.

But for years after I would clap my hands to my head in an agony of apprehension fearful that I had again forgotten that most important part of a woman's toilet.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Four Dollars for a One-Cent Washer.

"Did the plumber come here to-day?" asked a gentleman of his wife on entering the home in the evening.

"I should say he did. He sat round the kitchen, smoking a dirty pipe and flirting with the cook all the morning," replied his spouse.

"Did he fix the faucet?"

"Yes."

"How much did he charge?"

"Four dollars."

"It looks like the same faucet. What did he do to it?"

"I think he said he put in a new leather washer."

Sublime Self-Complacency.

"That was a very fine notice you received about your book the other day in the *Onionville Squirt's* literary review," remarked Flipkins to Rev. Pompous Cassock, as they found themselves on the same sofa at Mrs. Titterby's reception.

"Read well, did it?" queried the reverend.

"Very flattering, indeed, I thought."

"S-s-s-sh! I imitated the worthy example of olden-time geniuses—Southey, Landor, Wordsworth, Dr. Johnson and Shakespeare, whispered the divine.

"Excuse me, sir, but I fail to comprehend your point."

"S-s-sh! I wrote that myself. See!"

UNSELFISH FRIENDS.

Are Men or Women the Most Sincere and Faithful?

Interesting Opinions Submitted by Wives and Maidens—The Experience of a Number of Ladies—Conclusions Reached by a Noted Woman.

In a room full of ladies I heard the question discussed not long ago whether men or women are the truest and most unselfish friends, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Philadelphia *Press*. The majority of unmarried women expressed quite unanimously an opinion in favor of the men. The married ladies were less outspoken, but the greater number of them were not enthusiastic in their faith in man's friendship for woman.

I heard one young lady, who had fought a single-handed battle with the world and achieved success, declare that the question was not even open to discussion in her mind.

"I think no one is a better judge of the matter," she said, "than a woman who has had to make her own way in life. I received appreciation and encouragement from men, when women gave me only indifference or neglect. Men predicted my success, while women feared I would fail. Men praised what they termed my courage, while women criticised what they termed my boldness."

Another lady declared that she would invariably go to a man were she in need of friendship or protection in time of trouble.

"If I were placed in a compromising situation, for instance," she said, "and wished to confide in some one, and had only my own words to prove my innocence, do you think I would trust myself to the mercy of a woman? No, indeed. And if I had done wrong and needed a confessor and counselor, surely I would go to a man. Women are so cruel to their own sex."

At this juncture I remarked that a man would always protect a woman against every man but himself. He would defend her from the censorious comments of the world quicker than another woman would—and then spoil it all by compromising her name himself.

Hereupon a happy-looking married lady expressed her opinion.

"You have all given your theories," quoth she; "now listen to my experience: No girl ever possessed more gentleman friends than I. My career was a self-made and self-supporting one, also. I, too, found men far readier with praise and encouragement than women were. Men proffered advice and aid, while women gave it if asked. Yet, as time advanced, I found men far more selfish in their friendship than women were. The interest of my most platonic male friends noticeably lessened after my marriage, and in several cases turned into enmity, while women regarded me with increased favor.

"Men whose respect and admiration, unmixed with any tender sentiment, I would have sworn I had won—did not hesitate to shrug their shoulders and sneer when I made an excellent marriage and no longer needed their occasional advice. I really think a man's friendship for an unmarried woman is always, even if unconsciously to himself, selfish. While she belongs to no one he imagines she belongs in some degree to himself, and rejoices in her prosperity. When she belongs to another man all this ceases. Women are less enthusiastic in the beginning, but their friendship wears better."

A young girl who had once published a little book and sold it on the street to passers-by said: "Men are far kinder-hearted than women. Women looked upon me as if I were doing some dreadful and improper act; men looked at me with sympathy and interest. In any time of distress women look at you as if you were lying to them; men wait until they catch you in a lie, and then they tell you of it. They forget and forgive a wrong, too, far sooner than women do."

I think if you can once remove all idea of possible rivalry from a woman's mind she makes a better friend than any man living. Tell a woman your successes and she may show jealousy; but tell her your sorrows and your failures she is moved to befriend you. On the contrary, tell a man of your successes and you win his admiring regard; while if you tell him your troubles you weary him.

One lady said she thought men were more prompt and agreeable, as a rule, than our own sex in their manner of bestowing favors, and it was because they were educated to business methods. A woman often wounded your feelings from no lack of kind impulses, but merely from her awkwardness in dealing with any matter outside of parlor or kitchen.

When I pondered over all that I had heard and placed my own personal experiences and impressions along with the other testimony, my conclusions might be classified something as follows:

1. Men are more enthusiastic and ready to espouse the cause of woman than her sister women are.

2. Women, when their interest is finally won, are more lasting in their friendships.

3. There is an instinctive rivalry between women, which until it is overcome by the bonds of sympathy is a bar to true, unselfish friendship.

4. There is an instinctive attraction between men and women which is a bar to safe and unselfish friendship.

5. Men expect more in return for their favors than women do.

6. Men are far more agreeable to approach in any matter requiring courtesy and politeness.

7. Women are far safer and more reliable friends in the long run.

8. The friendship of men noticeably decreases after a woman marries.

9. The friendship of women noticeably strengthens after a woman marries.

Rubber-Boot Chowder.

"Waiter, is this what you term clam chowder?" questioned a hotel guest of his sable attendant.

"Yessah."

"What are these gristly substances?" again inquired the gentlemen, as he pointed to several hard, white lumps he had deposited on a side dish.

"Whitleatha, sah; jess whitleatha, dat's all. Dey woan' hu't yo', sah."

"Glad to know it. I swallowed one or two thinking they were parts of a clam, then I got frightened for fear they were pieces of a rubber-boot."

A Desperate Fight.

An aged farmer of East Sullivan, Me., annoyed by the depredations of a bear, set a spring gun for him. When he visited the gun he found the bear there, badly wounded. The old man tried to kill it with an axe, but the bear knocked him down, and was in a fair way to kill him, when a neighbor arrived with a gun and killed the bear.

The Calmar Exchange.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY · · CIRCULATION 1000

S. C. SCOTT · EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

SUBSCRIPTION.

1 year..... 25 cents
6 months..... 15 cents
Single copies..... 5 cents

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ten cents per line. $1 per inch each insertion. Ten per cent. discount for three months insertion. For longer time and larger space, send for special rates. All advertising matter must be in by the 20th of each month to insure insertion in next issue. We reserve the right to reject any advertisements.

A cross opposite this paragraph means that your subscription has expired.

This notice marked signifies that your contract for advertising runs out with this issue.

Letters of inquiry must contain stamp. Remittances may be made by postal note, or we will expect one and two cent stamps.

Subscribers wishing to change their postoffice address, will please send old as well as new address.

All postage is prepaid by the publisher to all parts of the United States or Canada.

We enter the names of all subscribers on our books as soon as received, and send first copy of paper by return mail.

Address all communications, either business or otherwise, to the publisher, S. C. SCOTT, Lock Box 11. Calmar, Iowa.

This paper was printed by THE INDEX PUBLISHING COMPANY, KANKAKEE, ILL. Send to them for Estimates.

READ all advertisements in this issue.

STAMPS taken same as cash for any sum under one dollar.

WE shall have a Calmar Business Directory in the February number.

IF you receive a copy of this paper consider it an invitation to subscribe.

TRY an "ad" in the February number of this paper. It will pay you big.

TRY the CALMAR EXCHANGE, six months for 15 cents. You will never regret it.

WE guarantee a larger circulation for Feburary, at least 4,000, so send in your ads.

ALL who answer any advertisements in this paper, kindly mention CALMAR EXCHANGE.

WE would like very much to see the Agent's Guide of Washington, or the American Agent.

WHO will tell us how many Amateur, Agents' and Advertiser's papers are published in Iowa?

SEND us the names of your friends and we will mail them free sample copies of THE EXCHANGE.

WE will have the C M & St P R R time card and also a Calmar Business Directory in our next issue.

ONLY two collectors papers published in Nebraska. How many are there in the Hawkeye state?

EVERY yearly subscriber will get 12 numbers, one every month. There will be no double numbers.

THIS paper is published promptly on the first of each month. Be sure to have your ads in by the 20th.

ALL kinds of job work will be done neatly and promptly. Send for estimates on job work desired. Send now.

THE "Bridal Veil" is the largest and cheapest matrimonial paper issued. It is published at Susquehanna, Pa.

IF you intend to discontinue your publication, write to us and we will fill your subscription list at a very low rate.

WHEN writing to advertisers whose advertisements appear in this paper, always mention THE CALMAR EXCHANGE.

WE wish to exchange with every Amateur's, Collector's, Advertiser's and Agent's paper published. Quite modest arn't we?

WE shall endeavor to make the Exchange a valuable advertising medium and also give our subscribers lots of good reading matter.

LOOK at our advertising columns. They contain the ads of the most prominent, reliable and most successful advertisers in the U. S.

WE would like very much to club with several amateur agents and in fact, any paper published Kindly send us your lowest club rates.

ANY person who receives more than one copy of this paper, or who does not feel interested in its contents, will oblige us by handing it too some friend.

IF you know a good thing when you see it, you will subscribe for THE CALMAR EXCHANGE, a large 4 page 24 column monthly. Circulation 1000. Price 25 cents per year.

HAVE your name inserted in our "Mammoth Agents Directory" and see the quality of mail matter you will receive *free*. It will astonish you. Try it. 10 cents a month, 3 months for 20 cents.

YEARLY subscribers to the EXCHANGE can have their names inserted one month in our mammoth Agents Directory, and also have the privilege of using the Exchange Department free.

THE "Philatelic Journal of America," "The Philatelic Gazette," "The Western Philatelist," "International Philatelic Advertiser" and "The Stamp Collectors Figaro" are the finest stamp papers published.

ANY advertiser who will favor us with a sample of the article advertised will receive a local notice of not exceeding eight lines, free. That is, if the article is of merit. This is a cheap way of obtaining a valuable notice.

ADVERTISERS want to remember that this paper goes into *every* state and territory in the United States and also to the Dominion of Canada. It is therefore an excellent advertising medium. Try us and be convinced.

A LARGE number of papers have the word "Agent" prefixed to their heading, as the following: The Agents Gazette, Call, Guide, Reporter, Journal, Flag, World, Calendar, Advertiser, Record, Star, Home, Companion, Era, Leader and Herald.

How would it do to start a "Philatelic Department" in this paper? We are somewhat in doubt wheather two or three columns monthly would pay, or even prove interesting to our readers. There's so many first class papers devoted to stamp collectors and collecting published. We are afraid it would not pay, yet we may give it a trial at a future date.

WE have seen copies of The Mohawk Standard, Exchange Journal, The Stamp, Quaker City Philatelist, Plain talk, The Collectors Aid, The Autograph, The Old Curiosity Shop, Stamp Collector's Figaro, The Witch City Philatelist, Geologists Gazette, and the International Collector and consider them fine papers. We would like to exchange with them all.

EXCHANGES.

We have sent out over 300 exchanges this month.

ADVERTISERS.

All advertisers who receive a copy of THE EXCHANGE are invited to send in their ads.

Cash Commissions to Subscribers.

We allow all our subscribers a *cash* commission of 25 per cent. for each new subscriber sent us.

3,000! 3,000!! 3,000!!!

All our advertisers will get the benefit of the above circulation so you should send in your ad. at once.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of The Exchange will be kept at this office. Those of our readers wishing back numbers can get them at 3 cents per copy.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Any publisher wishing to discontinue their publication, can have their subscription list filled by us at an extremely low rate. Correspondence solicited.

SAMPLE COPIES.

With this, our first issue, we send out over 1,000 sample copies. Please examine the copy sent you, and if satisfactory, then send us 25 cents for a years subscription.

FREE.

Our Exchange Department is free to subscribers only. Will insert all other bargain and exchange notices, forty words for ten cents; over forty words, one cent each additional word.

NEXT MONTH.

Look out for the February number of this paper. It will be chock full of good reading and interesting information. After reading this number please hand it to some friend, as it may get us a new subscriber.

JOB PRINTING.

Any one wishing any fine job printing done, will find it to their interest to call or write us. We guarantee first class work which will be done neatly and promptly. Apply for our estimates.

THIS FOR YOU.

Send twenty-five cents and we will insert your name and address in our large Agents Directory. You will get hundreds of papers, samples, etc., free, and we will also mail you one copy of the EXCHANGE regularly every month. Now is the time to subscribe.

TO ADVERTISERS.

It will pay you to advertise in this paper. Will you not give us a trial ad. for February. It is all we ask for we know it will pay you. As to circulation you all get the benefit of 3,000 circulation. We also say that this paper goes into every state and territory in the U S.

FREE TO AGENTS.

The Exchange three months on trial, if you send 10 cents to have your name inserted in the Star Agents Directory. You will receive thousands of free samples, picture cards, novelties, circulars, etc., free, and also a good paper with a large circulation, free. Address, S. C. Scott, Lock box 11, Calmar, Iowa.

ADVERTISE.

In THE EXCHANGE, a large 4 page, 24 column, monthly, devoted to the interests of agents, advertisers and general public. Has a large circulation in every state and territory in the United States. Has a large Agents Directory, also Exchange Department which is free to subscribers. Send for sample copy. Address, S C SCOTT, Lock Box, 11, Calmar, Ia.

ASTONISH THE NATIVES.

By the quantity of mail you receive daily, all because your name is inserted in our Star Agents Directory [10 cents per month, 75 cents per year] which goes to publishers and novelty dealers all over the United States and Canada. Now is your chance. Improve it. Send 10 cents and we will insert your name in Directory and send you The Exchange, a large four page, twenty-four column monthly, 3 months free. Address, S. C. Scott, Lock box 11, Calmar, Iowa.

STAMP PAPERS.

There are also a large number of Philatelic papers with "Philatelic" prefixed, as the Philatelic Gazette, Herald, Times, Review, Record, Fortnightly, Magazine, Journal, Medium, Headlight, and The Philatelic Journal of America and quite a few have Philatelist suffixed, as we notice on going through our books, such as the Quaker City, Buckeye State, Witch City, Badge State, Empire State, Halifax, Knickerbocker, Western, Charleston and Niagara Falls, Philalelisit.

ITALIAN BRIGANDS.

They Cut Off Ears, Toes and Fingers of Captives Held for Ransom.

In one of the last kidnaping cases which took place in the kingdom of Naples, when the traveler held in bondage was a wealthy English gentleman, the General commanding the Italian forces offered to send whole brigades of infantry and cavalry and whole batteries of artillery against the brigands if the relatives of the kidnaped gentleman would only undertake not to enter into negotiations with the "Cattiva Gente," says a London paper. The contention of the Italian General was ostensibly logical. He explained to the Englishman's family that the brigands would not dare to harm a hair of their relative's head, because if they ventured to do so the entire divisional command, horse, foot and dragoons, would be down upon them and utterly annihilate them. The family replied quite as logically that if the bandits did not get the ransom the chances were in favor of their murdering the English gentleman "*pour encourager les autres*," and that afterward they would quietly disperse in the hope of evading the pursuit of the Government troops.

Sometimes the brigands, when they had got a wealthy prisoner into their clutches, would, by their emissaries, send to his family fragments of his corporeal structure—one day, an ear; the next, a toe; the third a finger; the fourth, two front teeth, carefully wrapped up as a parcel, with a polite warning that if the ransom were not forthcoming the traveler's eyes, and then his legs, and ultimately his head, would follow.

These barbarous processes for raising the wind, however, were only resorted to in cases when wealthy Italian farmers or shopkeepers were the victims. The brigands knew fullwell the surest way of conquering the penuriousness of the prisoner's family. They knew that they would only "part" when absolutely forced to do so by ocular testimony of the treatment inflicted on their kinsman.

AGENTS' DIRECTORY.

Agents' names inserted under this head one time, 10 cents; three months, 30 cents.

The parties below mentioned have requested us to insert their names and addresses, and they would be pleased to receive sample copies of your publications, with terms to agents, premium list, catalogues, samples, etc. We think you can obtain some good, active agents from the list.

We guarantee that the insertion of every name has been paid for.

F M Hale, Box 2204, Rockford, Ill.
Miss Lina Daughters, Keokuk, Iowa.
J W Manning, Box 177, Lanark, Ill.
Ernst Meinshausen, Fort Bowie, Arizona Territory.
Annie E Talent, Schell City, Missouri.
Emma L Gardner, Westerly, R I.
H F Hovland, Norman, Iowa.
Mrs Albert McMurtry, Mt Erie, Ill.
J R Cook, Greenup, Ill.
John F Enloe, Enon, Missouri.
D T Hoff, Box 105, Emmitsburg, Md.
L Eichenbauer, 251 Central Ave, Brooklyn, N Y.
F A Russell, P O Box, 405. New Haven, Conn.
Coleman Mrienether, 1062 3 St, Louisville, Ky.
Mr A McDonal, Eureka, Cal.
Mrs D Cookson, P O Box 88, Eureka, California.
Mrs M Curtis, Hudson, Ohio.
H M Oliver, 433 Fox St, Aurora, Ill.
Charles Berthold, Box 504, North Attleboro, Mass.
Adam R Link, Box 793, Silver Cliff, Col.
Miss Nannie Chandler, Bells Station, Tenn.
G F Swaringen, Albemarle, N C.
Lydia Steinbach, 111 Elliot St, Evansville, Ind.
H W Freeman, Rocky Hill, N J.
Barbara Belsly, Knox Seminary, Galesburg, Ill.
Merret Snyder, Tiffin, Ohio.
T D Myers, Stonewall, Miss.
Will T Lindsey, Walnut Grove, Miss.
H G Ferree, Yorklyn, Delaware.
Henry T Dart, Franklin, Mich.
T E Smith, Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellow Stone Park, Wyoming Ter.
Alonza H. Steele, Devereaux, Mich.
Miss Nellie A Antonison, 99 Staniford St, Boston, Mass.
Jesse H Halstead, Santa Cruz, Cal.
Louisa Blanson, Box 153, Manston, Wis.
Effie S Tarbox, Yorkville, Ill.
L D Brooks, Orchard Place, Cook Co, Ill.
B F Chenoweth, Darke, Darke Co, Ohio.
L P Gaston, Blair P O, Randolph Co, Ill.
John M Oakerson, Goodview, Ind.
Robert Anderson, Jr, Steubenville, Ohio.
A H Hinkle. Hays City, Ellis Co, Kan.
J A Fletcher, Traverse City, Mich.
Thos Owen, Clyde, Kan.
W D Richards, Belleflower, Ill.
John Dempsey, Warfield, Ky.
Rush H Willis, Warfield, Ky.
Chas B Todd, Clifton City, Mo.
Dr J Dewey, 311 Sommerest St, St. Paul Minn.
Wm Pack, Louisa, Lawrence county, Ky.
C A Mabus, Ackerman, Choctau county, Miss.
Jas Hiney, 1414 Clarion St Philadelphia, Penn.
Howard S Dean, Box 86, Collinsville, Ohio.
B M Hill, Franklin, Mills, Fleming Co. Ky.
L H Faber, Capay, Tolo Co. Cal.
Martin Snityler, De Pere, Wis.
J W Munron, Lock Box 261, Carthage, Mo.
Jno H Cummens, Mount Ary, Hamilton Co, O.
N H Johnson, Sacred Heart P O, Renville Co Minn.
O M Lovett, Loogootee, Ill.
David Willis, Toluca, Cleveland county, N. C.
J M Bolkeom, Seeleyville Pa.
H. P. Bohlen, Holland, Neb.
F A Schlenker, Lock Box 22, Eaton, O.
E E Gahan, Box 49, Baring, Me.
Joe Schlorff, Pesotum, Ill.
Ed Tyre, Corinth, Saratoga county N Y.
C A Botleman, Afton, Union county, Iowa.
Pearl Miller, Osceola, Polk county, Neb.
W S Green, Colbert Station, Indian Territory.
Wm Gall, Kirksville, Adair county, Mo.
Louis C Downs, Vanatta, Licking county Ohio.
Whit Campbell, Glass, Tenn.
J B Tait, Deseronto, Ontario, Canada.
Albert C Roberts, Lakeville, Conn.
F M Phelps, Lakeville, Conn.
Albert U Martin P O Box 139, Lakeville Conn.
Capt M McDonald, Davis School, La Grange, N C.
Otto Gumon, Roudell, Brown county, Dakota.
Georgia A Roscho, Keene, Issamine Co. Ky.
J W Simons, Shirland, Win. county, Ill.
Geo C Lee, Conway, Mass.
Dr J M Silliman, Palestine, Texas.
Frank Larway, Scars P O, Osceola county, Mich.
C L Fagle, Woodsboro, Md.
Chas Perry, Lakeville, Conn.
C W Hamilton, Bavaria, Saline county, Kan.
Jas Cook, Greenup, Ill.
Arthur Church, Vernon Center, N Y.
Geo Elholm, 811 Washington Ave, Racine, Wis.
Mrs Alice Neal, Dayton, Sebastian county Ark.
C Flanagan, Brownsville, Heywood Co Tenn.
Lina Zeigler, Marcellus, Mich.
Howard Higgins, Beechy Mire, Union county, Ind.
Ralph Woodman, 226 Sumner St, Auburn, Me.
I S Forrest, P O Box 73, Hanover, York Co, Pa.
Brocker & Brocker, 498 Wells St, Chicago Ill.
H V Knierien, North Branch, New Jersey.
L M Drake, North Victory, Cayuga Co, N Y.
Minnie I Distin, 701 Main St, Poughkeepsie N Y.
Jas Chandler, Frankfort, Kan.
Wm Randolph, Box 850, Hyde Park, Mass
V F Fabian, Keystone, Kan.
Anderson Newline, Wrightville, Wis
R E Davenport, Long Grove, Hardin Co Ky.
Alexander Frazer, 69 St Antoine St, Montreal, Canada.
Miss Emma A Germain, Broadalbin, N Y.
F H Horn, Edina. Mo.
Chas E McAtee, Dudley, Ohio.
C N Pandler, Roscoe, Ohio.
James Orr, Deep River, Mich.
M L Ballard, Scottsville, Ark.
J W Fowler, Jr, Cox Station, Md.
C W Smiley, Santa Fe, Kan.
F A Russell, Fair Haven, Conn.
Martin Glaser, Jr, agent, 436 Carondelet St, New Orleans, La.
Fred Brown, Hendy Creek, N Y.
L C Clayton, Whitewright, Texas.
E O Shafer, Richland, Dak.
G. A. Dickinson, Radnor, Ind.
W H Gibbs, Evanston, Ill.
R E McBride, Thibodeaux, La.
F D VanEvery, 503, Baker street, Detroit, Mich.
Corry H Goodrich, Box 213, Mankato, Minn.
R D Almond, Oberon, Benson Co, Dak.
C Holt, Arkins, Larimer county, Cal.
John McArthur, Coeur D Alene City, Idaho Terr.
E F Heller, Box 20, White Bear, Minn.
J J Elder, Woodstock. New Brunswick.
F J Bird, Balliett P O, Venango county, Pa.
John Sauerwein, Ellsville, Ill.
Chas W Palmer, Cameron, Ohio.
L B Flowers, Fort Gaines, Clay county, Ga.
Mrs Ruby A Sargent, Amherst, N H.
W J Deck, Shenandoah, Pa.
J Chrisman Hartley, Wooodstock, New Brunswick.
C Benton Sargent, Amherst, N H.
L C S, Lock Box 11, Calmar, Ia.
Frank L Snyder, Kankakee, Ill.
Lock Box 32, Kankakee, Ill.
A H Hilliker, Kankakee, Ill.

AN IMMENSE FEE.

How a Lawyer's Claim of $1,500 Made Him a Many Times Millionaire.

A young gentleman of prepossessing appearance, who is well known in Louisville society and is a familiar figure at Alexander's Hotel, where he is temporarily residing, is Mr. Sherwood Williams, a wealthy Californian. Mr. Williams, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is bright, genial and companionable. He has been in Louisville for several months, and as he is fond of Kentucky his stay here may be said to be indefinite.

It is entirely natural for the young Californian to love Kentucky and to feel at home here. His father, Thomas H. Williams, was a native of Wayne County, this State, who went to California in 1849. The elder Williams settled in Virginia City, where he was, after a few years, elected to the office of prosecuting attorney. Mr. Williams was retained as the general attorney for a large mining company, whose headquarters were at Virginia City. This company became heavily involved and was on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Williams learned its condition, and, as he had a claim of $1,500 against the company for legal services, he brought suit and attached its property. His attachment made him a preferred creditor, and when the property of the company, consisting solely of its mines, was sold, Mr. Williams purchased it, bidding no more than the amount of his judgment. He secured a perfect title to the property, but made no attempt to develop or dispose of it.

Years passed away, and Mr. Williams had been elected to the office of Attorney-General of California. One day he was approached by a representative of Flood, Mackay & O'Brien, and asked if he was not the owner of certain mining property near Virginia City.

"I am," said Mr. Williams.

"Do you wish to sell it!" inquired the agent.

"I do not," was the reply.

"Will you take $100,000 for it!"

"I will not," returned Mr. Williams, who knew the difference between a cowboy and a cartwheel.

"I will give you $250,000," said the agent.

"The property is not for sale," said Mr. Williams.

The agent left but the next day he came back and offered Mr. Williams $500,000 for the property. The offer was declined.

The negotiations were then taken up by a member of the firm of Flood, Mackay & O'Brien. As a result Mr. Williams put his property into the firm, taking in return a big block of stock. That stock begun to fly like a kite. About the time it was at its highest Mr. Williams sent for his partners and told them he was going to sell his shares.

"If you want them," said he, "you can take them, at regular market quotations." They wanted them and they took them. When the stock had been transferred, the firm of Flood, Mackay & O'Brien gave Mr. Williams a check for $6,000,000. He had waited a good while to collect his attorney's fee from the insolvent mining company, but when it did come it was a crusher.

It was by very considerable odds the largest fee ever realized by an attorney in the history of this country.

Real Nice and Neighborly.

The family had just moved into the neighborhood, and their social status had not yet been defined, when a small boy appeared at the nearest house and politely said:

"Ma's complerments, an' ken yer loan her a fryin' pan!"

The frying pan was duly loaned, and in a few moments back came the boy.

"Ma's complerments—kin yer let her hev a pound of pork to grease the pan!"

After some deliberation the pork was given, and the neighbors were rehearsing the circumstance when again the small boy:

"Ma's complerments, an' hev yer a sup of tea to wash down the pork!"

But they drew the line at tea.—*Omaha World.*

A GRAND SHAVING MATCH.

Jerry Wick and Tim Loughran Celebrate the Opening of a New Barber-Shop by a Competitive Shaving Match for $25 and the Championship of the United States.

There was a new barber-shop opened the othernight on South Halsted street, says the Chicago *Tribune*. This important event in South Halsted street history might have passed wholly unnoticed but for the fact that Jerry Wick and Tim Loughran were engaged to celebrate the event by a competitive shaving-match for $25 and the championship of the United States. Jerry Wick is the John L. Sullivan of the barber trade. Not that Jerry is a slugger—quite the contrary, indeed—but Jerry is to the barber business what Mr. Sullivan is to the manly art of pugilism. Barber Jerry with his razor is quite as big as John the Slugger is with his slug. Jerry can shave more square yards of face in less minutes than any other barber this side of London.

Tim Loughran is also a champion barber and is an Irishman. Tim heard that an "English jood" named Wick had been going around boasting of being the fastest barber in Chicago. Tim got hot about it. "Upon what mate dost this nose-seizer feed that he should get so flip?" said Tim. Tim had been reading Donnelly's revised edition.

Billie Lakeman, the well-known sporting and athletic gentleman, heard about Tim and Jerry and at once arranged a match. It is a cold Saturday night when Mr. Lakeman isn't umpiring a match of some sort. He has brought more champion pie-eaters, and champion rat-killers, and champion one-legged wrestlers, and champion hard-boiled-egg-eaters, and champion smokers, and champion this, and that, and the other together than any other man in this fair city.

There wasn't much of a crowd, only about forty people there, and when the vote was canvassed it was found that only twenty-three were willing to be shaved in the contest. The intention was to have fifty faces shaved by each contestant, but as faces were at a premium it was decided that the champions should shave a dozen each, Mr. Lakeman offering himself as a sacrifice in order to complete the two dozen.

Mr. James McMurtha was appointed timekeeper.

"Got a watch, Jim?" asked Mr. Lakeman.

"D'ye take me for a jewelry store?" said Mr. McMurtha, facetiously.

"No; but I thought you might be a pawnshop," replied Mr. Lakeman.

A boy named Jimmy mixed a bucket of lather and stirred it around with a whitewash brush, Mr. Wick superintending the operation. The men to be shaved were placed in a row on a long form and their faces lathered at one fell swoop. Jimmy lathered their chins as one whitewashes a fence-rail. When they opened their mouths to protest Jimmy put on another coat, so that the row of faces were lathered both inside and out. One man swore the lather was too salty, and another said there was resin in it, but Jimmy said it was his day to play landlady, and they had got to take their custard.

Time was called at 9:30. Mr. Wick was clad in a red smoking-jacket, a clean white shirt, a neat collar and tie, a two-ounce diamond, and a good deal of hair oil. Come to think of it, he must also have worn pantaloons of some sort. His opponent, Mr. Loughran, did not put on so much style. Mr. Wick is a Mephistophelean-looking individual, with mustaches long enough to throw over his ears.

THE CONTEST UNDER WAY.

"Get ready," said Mr. Lakeman, spitting out a mouthful of lather.

Two of the men who were lathered got into the chairs and had their heads fixed in position. The barbers whetted their razors some more. The dozen men whom he had to operate on—they were chosen by lot—were placed in a close row ready to tumble into the chair one by one as quickly as Mr. Wick was ready for them. They looked at the big razor and then they looked at Jerry. They looked, too, as if they would be glad to have it over.

"All ready? Let 'er go," said Mr. Lakeman.

Then Jerry swooped down like the wolf on the fold, his razor all gleaming like silver and gold, and the sheen of his diamond like stars on the sea when the blue wave rolls nightly on Lake Genevee. One down, t'other come on. The first man was shaved in one minute and forty-seven seconds. The second was shaved in one minute and nine seconds. The third took almost two minutes.

Meantime Tim was working like a candidate on election-day. His first man took him two minutes and ten seconds. The second was finished in less than two minutes. The third ——

Well, the third at that moment jumped clean out of the chair and swore an oath that would make a pot boil. He said his throat was cut from ear to ear, and that the murdering son of a gun that did it couldn't fight him fair.

"What's the matter, John?" asked Mr. Lakeman.

For answer the man displayed his throat and pointed to red spot the size of a dime, from which blood was trickling.

"He shaved off that wart," said John.

"That's bad," said Mr. Lakeman, sympathetically. "Is that the wart you used for a collar button?"

The more Jerry Wick shaved the faster his speed grew. The seventh man was shaved in fifty-six seconds. He didn't put on any airs, Jerry didn't; he just caught his man by the nose, swept the razor first down one cheek, then down the other cheek, then up and across the throat, then with a circumflex swoop around the chin, then a touch or two where corners had been missed, and the job was done.

"Next!"

And as the one man rolled out of the chair another rolled in. Jimmy kept his whitewash brush walloping all the time. There was plenty of lather and Jimmy had no need to be economical. He wasn't, either. Some of the men had their vests lathered, and all of them got a whack of it across their shirts.

Jerry Wick had his twelve men shaved in eighteen and a half minutes, and might have finished sooner had he been pressed. Lunghran was working on his seventh man when Jerry finished. Indeed, Jerry's work was so wonderful that Lunghran stopped to admire it.

"Sufferin' Ireland!" he exclaimed. "The bloody Sassenach, look at him, will yez—his elbow goin' like a lamb's tail on a May morn'in'."

Mr. Jerry Wick still claims the championship of America.

HOW TO GET CLOTHES.

Peculiar Business Carried On by a Shrewd New York Jewess.

...s a great many New York women ...w about the umbrella bargain shop, ...the New York *World;* it does not advertise itself, and those who are in the se... are too shrewd to spread the secret ...thereby lessen their own chances for ...triumph dear to the female heart. ...woman, at least, whose income is ...ited, makes that bargain shop stand ...in good stead, and manages, by the ...of a skillful seamstress who comes to ...by the day, to dress better than women with twice her income. The shop itself ...arried on in about this fashion: Down ...ira is an umbrella shop, where ...little old Hebrew does a meager ...iness. Above there are three or ...r rooms, where his wife, a little ...Hebrew lady, carries on the real busi...s of the establishment. In cedar ...ets, ranged all about the walls, are ...geous costumes in various stages of ...shness and good repair, shoes, slippers, ...nets, furs, great boxes of long gloves, ...derwear, vinaigrets—every thing that ...men wear. The old Hebrew lady gets ...d of these things in all sorts of ways. ...ny of them are wardrobes of people ...o have had to go suddenly into mourn...; others are sold out each season by ...men who want to get rid of all their old ...gs and get something towards the ...s for the new, and others, again, per...ly fresh and unworn, have a curious ...tory.

...here are women of wealth whose hus...nds will pay unlimited milliners' bills, ...will not give them ready money, and ...en they need the latter they ...pply order home costumes, bon...s, furs or gloves, the bill ...which their husbands will pay, and ...goods are sold to the old bargain...ker for ready cash, though far below ...ir original value. These the afore...d skillful woman buys at a bargain ...d by the aid of a seamstress remodels, ...its and makes over the dresses for her ...n wear. She gets gloves in the same ...y sometimes, and bonnets, and man...s to drive many a good bargain with ...e. Umbrella. Second-rate actresses ...o buy from the old woman, and, with ...ittle relooping and furbishing, manage ...look very stylish and presentable in ...se second-hand clothes. Some of the ...m ones buy the gowns of fat dowagers ...d find enough material to make two ...sses from one. Meanwhile, Mme. ...mbrella is making a fortune.

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40 English Needles, eleven kinds, 25 cents. Agents wanted. Pioneer Novelty Co., New ...ford, Mass. 3

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A beautiful Machine, perfectly finished, improvement on the Singer pattern, Black Walnut Furniture, containing a full set of latest improved *Attachments.* Warranted perfect. Save money.

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A $2 WASHING MACHINE FREE!

Last year we placed upon the market the greatest labor-saving invention of the 19th century. It was a self-operating Washing Machine. It washes the clothing clean WITHOUT THE WASHBOARD OR ANY RUBBING WHATEVER. We advertised a few hundred free to introduce them, and through these free samples sold over 80,000. One lady in Chicago (Mrs. McDermott, 338 W. 15th St.,) was so well pleased with her sample that she became an agent and sold over 1200 in four months. W. C. Hamill, Box 357, Toronto, Ont., ordered over 600 after testing his sample. We have scores of just such examples as this. It pays "to cast your bread upon the waters." OUR GREAT OFFER. This year we intend to sell not less than ONE MILLION WASHERS, and to do this we will first start off by GIVING AWAY 100 samples. All we ask of those who receive one is that they will give it a good trial, and if satisfactory recommend it to their friends. Agents are coining money. We have several who are making $10 per day and upwards. "First come, first served." So if you want one from the box we are going to give away, send us your name and address at once. Address, MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 420 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Mention paper.)

To introduce our Solid Gold and Silver Watch and Jewelry we offer as a **Leader** our new Solid 3 oz. German Silver Hercules Watch. This watch is entirely new goods, not worthless bankrupt stock dear at any price; they are open-face style, duplex winder; have a genuine Solid German-Silver Case, giving them the same appearance as solid coin silver; they have fine **French enamel dials** protected by a heavy French flat crystal. The works is entirely new, of Swiss make, accurately finished and adjusted, finely jeweled. The winding part, which is protected by patent, is noted for its simplicity and durability, and is not found in any other watch—no complicated parts to get out of order. This is a regular $6 Watch and will not be sent for $2.50 unless the person ordering will honestly endeavor to make sales from our large illustrated catalogue that we send with it. Will send C. O. D. subject to full examination, if 50 cents is sent with order as a guarantee of good faith. This is the best selling watch in the market, all complete and fully warranted, **$2.50** only. Plated Chain and Charm free with every order. Address

WM. WILLIAMS, 121 Halsted Street, Chicago.

We recommend this watch to any one who desires a low priced watch that combines SERVICE with DURABILITY. Kindly mention this paper when you order.

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1000 Brewster's Safety Rein Holders GIVEN AWAY to introduce them. Every horse owner buys 1 to 6. Lines never under horses' feet. Send 30 one cent stamps to pay postage and packing for a NICKEL PLATED SAMPLE that sells for 65 cents. AGENTS WANTED. Address, BREWSTER M'FG. CO., HOLLY, MICH.

FREE Samples beautifully colored Rug Patterns to introduce. Send 10c. for postage and packing, to GIBBS MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill. Agents Wanted.

GOOD BOOKS FOR ALL!

The following books, each one of which contains a complete first-class novel or other work by a well known popular author, are published in neat pamphlet form, printed from good readable type on good paper, and many of them handsomely illustrated. They comprise some of the finest works ever written by some of the greatest and most popular writers, both of America and Europe, and place the best literature of the day within the reach of the masses of the people. Please look the list carefully over, and see if you do not find therein many that you desire to possess. Each one is complete in itself:

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No. 133. **The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.** A Novel. By R. L. STEVENSON.
No. 139. **A Wicked Girl.** A Novel. By MARY CECIL HAY.
No. 144. **Lady Valworth's Diamonds.** A Novel. By "THE DUCHESS."
No. 141. **Between Two Sins.** A Novel. By the author of "Dora Thorne." *Illustrated.*
No. 145. **The Nine of Hearts.** A Novel. By B. L. FARJEON.
No. 146. **Doris's Fortune.** A Novel. By FLORENCE WARDEN.
No. 136. **A Low Marriage.** A Novel. By MISS MULOCK. *Illustrated.*
No. 135. **The Guilty River.** A

EXCHANGES & BARGAINS.

Under the above head we will insert Exchanges and Bargains of thirty words or less for 10 cents; over thirty words one-half cent per word each insertion. Subscribers free.

A bargain. For 20 cents silver we will send a pack of chromo cards and our catalogue and give you your choice of any article in it. P Schow, St Joseph, Ill.

Will exchange package Household Treasures, for 20 cents, ladder puzzle for 25 cts, pure Glycerine soap for 25 cents, 250 receipts for 4 cents. PIONEER NOVELTY CO. New Bedford, Mass.

Fine Guitar; will trade for Banjo. Receipe to keep ink rollers clean at no expense. Simple; easy done, only 15 cents. Printing press, 3x5, will exchange for Organette. J BRADFIELD, Economy Ind.

Will exchange gold filled watch and chain, violin, violin case, guitar, stylographic pen, books and miscellaneous articles for job printing. I want 6x9 circulars printed on both sides. Make me an offer. Address L. M. Edwards, Lock 26, Knightstown, Ind.

RECEIPT COLUMN.

We will publish in this column each month receipts that will be of great value to working agents.

Commercial Writing Ink.—Galls 1 ounce, cloves, ½ ounce; sulphate of iron, ½ ounce; water, 8 ounces. Digest by frequent shaking till it has sufficient color. This is a good, durable ink, and will stand diluting.

***

Bay Rum equal to the Best Imported.—Oil of bay, fine, 1½ drachms; oil of neroli (bigard) 10 drops; either, acetic, 2 drachms; alcohol, deod (strong), 3 pints; water, 2½ pints; caromel sufficient to tingle. Let it stand two weeks and filter.

***

Silver Plating Fluid—Take 1 ounce of precipitate of silver to ½ ounce of cynate of potash and ¼ ounce of hyposulphate of soda; put all in a quart of water, add a little whiting and shake before using. Apply with a soft rag. Put up in ounce bottles, and retails at 25 cents. The secret is worth $100 to an agent to sell to families.

***

Imperial Onguent, for forcing Whiskers and Mustache to Grow—Made as follows: 2 drachms of benzoin comp.; 2 drachms tincture of cantharides; 6 ounces castor oil; 9½ ounces of alcohol; 1 drachm oil of bergamot. Mix well, bottle and label. Apply the onguent night and morning. Circulation should be stimulated with a rough towel.

BOARDING-HOUSE CHAT.

Why Some Otherwise Harmless People Are Objectionable Boarders.

"We never board people who write. No objection to you, personally, but can not take you."

The speaker was a stout woman, the proprietress of a boarding-house on the West side. The applicant was a New York *Mail and Express* reporter. After reflecting a moment he asked her why she objected to writers.

"They always have something to say at the table and generally at the expense of the food. My boarders would soon become demoralized. I had one of your set, a young fellow who wrote rhymes. After the last one he wrote I gave him notice to leave. It was this slander:

Oh, if you want to feel
Like a salt and peppered eel,
Or a clam in a butter tub,
Just tackle Mrs. Blank's best grub.

"He did not get a chance to tackle any more of my grub."

A landlady near Madison Square, who has four or five boarding-houses and has been in the business twenty years, gave some interesting information on the subject. She said: "The most objectionable boarder is the one who finds fault at the table. It becomes contagious and finally I begin to lose my boarders. If these precious high-palate epicures would only communicate with the head of the house without raising a row at the table, there would be some excuse. Well, I do not let the cobwebs grow upon their stay, but get them out of the house at once. I always give a week's notice to leave in ordinary cases, and nine cases out of ten the person either has pride enough or gets angry and leaves immediately. In cases of improper conduct I give only a few hours' notice. If I could write a book it would lay on rules to guide boarders. The men, old as well as young, are too prone to flirt with the waitresses if they are good looking. Homely servant girls are in demand."

"You must have had some queer experiences?"

"I have; and some of the incidents that have occurred in my boarding-houses would make romantic reading. One of the most polished bank burglars in the profession boarded with me three months. We thought he was very pious. He always had plenty of money, gave good references when he came to board—though I afterward learned these were forgeries—and soon became a favorite with the young ladies in the house. He finally married a young and beautiful girl. He professed to be a commercial traveler. He was frequently absent two or three weeks from his wife, and during that time she never received more than two letters. When he departed he never permitted his wife to assist him in packing his valise. He said it was his humor to pack his valise, because women were forgetful. One day he went on one of his usual trips, saying he would return in two weeks. Two weeks passed, and two months, and he did not return or write to the almost distracted wife. He had often told her never to go down town to the business house and bother his employers when he was absent. She had never even gone to his place of business when he was at home. Disregarding his injunction in her alarm about his absence, she went to the firm and found that no such man as her husband had ever been connected with the house. She then consulted the police, and found that over a month after her husband left her he was captured and convicted of robbing a bank, and was then in Sing Sing serving a ten years' sentence. Did she pine and die? No. She procured a divorce, and married again. Her present husband is wealthy, and he idolizes his pretty wife. He knows, too, his wife's history. They move in good circles."

Didn't Know She Butted.

"I didn't wanter, ma'am!" said a little boy to his school-teacher.

"I didn't, really, ma'am."

"Didn't want to what? Why what are you talking about. What makes you cry so?" questioned the school-teacher.

"I didn't wanter. Ther boys made me do it, ma'am," ejaculated the youth between his sobs.

"Made you do what? I don't understand what you mean."

"Made me b—b—bu—butt a goat."

"Butt a goat! Why didn't you come to me?"

"I—I—I didn't know you b—b—bu—butted, ma'am."

J. S. ROOME,
Physician and Surgeon,
CALMAR, IOWA.

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Painting, Graining, Paper Hanging and Calsomining
A Specialty. All business will receive prompt attention.
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A Clean Shave for all. Call and see me.
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DENTAL -:- ROOMS,
Over McEwen & Stiles' Drug Store,
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All work guaranteed. Gold Filling a Specialty.

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Interest Allowed on Deposits.
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Exchange Bought and Sold.

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FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.
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The Cleanest Shave in the City.
Hair Cutting and Shampooing.
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PICTURES AND FRAMES,
STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS, CHROMOS, ETC., ETC.,
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THE - FINEST - HOTEL - IN - THE - CITY.
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OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
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Opposite C., M. & St. P. Depot.
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Lunches for Travelers a Specialty.
Meals at all Hours.

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RED STAR RESTAURANT.
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Warm Meals Served at all Hours

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Robes and Blankets of all Kinds,
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FURNITURE DEALERS
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Furniture of all Kinds Constantly on Hand
Repairing Promptly Attended to.

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MEAT MARKET.
ALL KINDS OF
FRESH AND SALTED MEATS AND FISH
Constantly on hand. Also
HAMS AND BACON.
Will pay the highest cash prices for Beef, Hides and Tallow.
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MAKER OF
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,
Repairing Done Neatly and Promptly.
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Has for sale a large amount of City Property, besides a one-fourth interest in the property of Miller, Geising & Co., a paying manufactory established in 1867. Also have
CITY PROPERTY FOR RENT
Will buy and sell Real Estate on reasonable commissions.

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-:-TAILOR-:-
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THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.
Funerals Promptly Attended to. Good Outfits and Careful Drivers.
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Teas, Coffees, Spices, Vegetables, Etc.
ALSO A FINE STOCK OF
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—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
A Complete Stock of
DRY GOODS,
Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Crockery and Glassware.
Call and examine our Goods and get our Prices. We shall endeavor to meet any competition in prices and quality of goods.
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—DEALER IN—
PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS,
HARDWARE
OF ALL KINDS.
Dealer in Hard and Soft Coal
CALMAR, IOWA.

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—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE
PAINTS AND OILS.
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WAGONS AND SLEIGHS.
CALMAR, IOWA.

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DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES
AT UNHEARD OF PRICES.
THIS INCLUDES AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE LOT OF
CLOTHING
Crockery and Glassware Very Low.
Groceries at Bed-Rock Prices.
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—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
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DRESS GOODS!
Now on hand. All Lines of
Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes
A Fresh Line of GROCERIES Constantly on Hand.

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—DEALERS IN—
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware
ARTISTS' MATERIALS,
CALL AND SEE US.
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VOL. 1. FEBRUARY, 1888. NO. 2.

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Collections Promptly Attended to.
Exchange Bought and Sold.

FOR EXCHANGE.

Pair of Boxing Gloves, Typewriter, etc. Almost anything. Largest exchange agency in Northern Ohio. Let us hear from you. Enclose a 2c. stamp. List 1c. Buckeye Ex. Union, W. S. Kinzer, Sec'y, Wooster, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

We guarantee $50.00 profit a week to right persons selling our goods. Send stamps for price list. Address Globe Watch Co., Box 337, Newark, N. J.

One Pint of Ink, any color and one fountain pen for 10cts. Geo. Bunce, 523 4th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Agents wanted.

GET MARRIED

A sample copy of the largest marriage paper published will be mailed you free. Address, The Correspondent, 22 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

THE PHILATELIC JOURNAL OF OHIO

is one of the best papers of its kind published. Sample copy and 10 unused foreign stamps only 4c.
W. S. Kinzer, Wooster, Ohio.

ONLY 40 CENTS.

In postage stamps for a new Nickle Plated Stem Winder and Stem Setter Watch, just patented. Address ROY JACKSON, Box 15, 311 East 104th street, N. Y. City. Mention this paper.

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THE COLLECTOR

a monthly journal devoted to autographs. Send for sample copy.

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"Art of Self-Defense" "Club Swinging" "Art of Curve Pitching" Correct Sporting Rules." Price by mail, 25cts. each.

W. H. ROBERTSON, 296 Broadway, New York.

STAMPS on APPROVAL

To parties furnishing good reference or deposit. War Department complete and unused, only 75 cts. List of U. S. and Foreign stamps, 2 cents. Address, N. E. CARTER Delavan, Wis.

GOLDEN HOURS.

A 4 page, 8 column Monthly, containing Philatelic Department, Short and Long Stories, Poems and everything of interest to its readers a whole year and your name inserted in Golden Hours Agents' Directory, for 25 cents in silver. WM. BUNNING, 727 East 9th Street, N. Y. City. (Editors insert above for space.)

A Dream Interpreter,

amusing for everybody, and often of great value; a calendar for 1888; the science of Palmistry, the greatest character reader of the age, and of great value to everybody; a book of popular songs, and your name and address inserted in the new edition of our **People's and Agent's Directory,** which "whirls" everywhere, and will bring you hundreds of sample papers, catalogues, books, agents' circulars, etc., *all* for only 25 cents silver, or 12 cents stamps. We have been established 10 years. Four complete lots of the above and four names inserted for 30 cents. Please read above again, and show it to your friends. Address,

S. M. BOWLES, Woodford, Vermont.

EVERY COLLECTOR

in the Hawkeye state should send 25c. for a year's subscription to the "Hawkeye State Collector" a semi-monthly 8-page and cover. Adv. rates 40 cents per inch, and receive a copy of the

"PEERLESS DIRECTORY"

a large 30 page volume containing the addresses of over 500 collectors of stamps, curiosities, etc., besides dozens of articles written by eminent writers showing you how to collect and keep your collections. Every collector should have one. Can be purchased by either Marshall or Tourtellot for only 10 cents. Address,

MARSHALL & TOURTELLOT, Wyoming, Iowa.

PHILATELIC DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by

Edgar D. Melville, Chester, Pa.

The Progressive Youth, of Albion, N. Y., is a first-class monthly publication.

We are glad to see that *The Gem* of Logansville, Ohio has enlarged. Success to you, Mr. Ellis.

The Youth's Leisure Hour, published monthly by F. C. Johnson, Boonville, N. Y., has now a puzzle department.

The World of Nature is a new one from Newport, R. I. It is a monthly journal devoted to nearly every branch of collecting.

If publishers will send copies of their papers to the editor of this department they will receive due notice in this column.

The initial No. of *The Science Observer* of Vineland, N. J., received. It is an illustrated monthly journal and is first class in every respect.

The editor of this department is prepared to furnish Mss. of all kinds at very reasonable prices. Philatelic, Amateur and Puzzle departments a speciality.

One of the finest philatelic journals published is *The American Philatelist*, published monthly and edited by The Literary Board of the American Philatelic Association.

We have received from Riverside, Cal., the initial No. of the *Collectors' Illustrated Magazine*, edited and published by E. M. Haight. The Jan. No. contained sixteen pages with a nice cover. May your magazine meet with success.

Mr. H. B. Lyon, the enterprising editor of *The Family Progress* of Newark, N. J. has started a puzzle department in his paper. This paper contains at present four different departments together with serial stories, sketches, etc.

Mr. Anton Dworak, of Lincoln, Neb., is about to publish *The Collectors' Hand-Book*, devoted to collectors and dealers of coins, stamps, curiosities, minerals, autographs, indian relics and birds' eggs. The price of the book is a silver dime.

Mr. Will. M. Clemens, the enterprising dealer and philatelic writer is now the sole proprietor of *The Curiosity Shop* of Jamestown, N. Y. Mr. W. B. Brockway having retired from philatelic journalism in order to give more attention to his large stamp business.

We extract the following from a late No. of *The Quaker City Philatelist*, of Philadelphia, Pa.:

"THE DEALERS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—We have here, we think, something that will be of interest for all dealers, great and small. We see that they have one in England, which appears to work to a charm, certainly it appears to be certain that something must be done to protect them from the ever increasing horde of swindlers of various types who prey upon dealers. With all due respect to the American Philatelic Association, it has not done as much in this way as was expected from it. Our idea of this Association is that dues be fixed so as to pay for expenses in the way of publishing bulletins, for the use of the members only, giving standing of all approval sheet swindlers, worthless checks, etc. By issuing this bulletin in this form, not for the public at large, but for members only, it becomes a privileged communication and consequently, cannot act to the disadvantage of any member by libel suit. Bulletins could be published every month and mailed to members by the secretary. Let our readers who are dealers write us what they think of the idea. Most of us here stand ready to enter into it.

AGENTS' DIRECTORY.

Agents' names inserted under this head one time, 10 cents; three months, 20 cts.

The parties below mentioned have requested us to insert their names and addresses, and they would be pleased to receive sample copies of your publications, with terms to agents, premium list, catalogues, samples, etc. We think you can obtain some good, active agents from the list.

J. V. Ramirez, Box 1, Saltillo, Mex. *via* Laredo, Texas.

S. N. Oleson, Box 238, Calmar, Ia.

S. C. Scott, Lock Box 11, Calmar, Ia.

Leon W. George, Calmar, Ia

"Chandler" { T. C. E.—11— Calmar, Ia.

Martin Glaser, Jr., Agt., 436 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La.

J. N. Phillips, Box 26, Sylvia, Kans.

F. J. H., care of M. B. S. & Co., Calmer, Ia.

OUR REVIEW TABLE.

The *Index* has enlarged from a 4 to a 6 column paper.

The *Midget* is a neat little paper, 4½x3, published at Racine, Wis.

The *Monthly Gem* has enlarged. Quite an improvement, Bro. Ellis.

A neat little journal the *Autograph*. It is devoted to autograph collecting.

There are 2 *Wild Wests*, one published at Ritchie, Kans. and one at Redington, Neb.

The *Buckeye State Collector*, is a bright and newsy little paper from Portsmouth, Ohio.

The *Progressive Youth* is a neat little paper devoted to the interests of young people.

American Boys and Girls will be discontinued for the present, so Mr. Hudson informs us.

The *Spindle City Youth* has found its way to our Review Table. We hope it has come to stay.

The *Badger State Philatelist* comes out with 12 pages for Jan. Quite an improvement on the last issue.

Nulli Secundus and *Etching's* are fine papers. Neat and attractive in appearance, and well printed.

Wedding Bells is one of the largest matrimonial papers published. Always interesting and only 50 cents per year.

The Bee is Topeka's first amateur monthly, and is a lively little 4-page paper. Would be pleased to exchange.

Mr. Townsend, of Rochester, N. Y., informs us that about the 1st of next month he will publish the *Agents' Pilot*.

Common Sense has lately added a cover which improves its appearance.

The *American Amateur Printer*, is reported from Newark, N. J. Yet we can not say positively having never seen a copy.

We have received *The International Collector*. California papers are growing scarce. We should like to have it as a regular visitor.

Vol. 1, No. 1, of the *Hawkeye Ornithologist and Oologist*, presents a handsome appearance, and 16 pages of interesting reading. Success to the *O. and O.*

The Dec. and Jan'y numbers of the *Mohawk Standard*, is at hand. It is an interesting paper, neat and well edited. We hope it will continue to find its way to our table.

RUBBER STAMPS!

Best made, Lowest prices. Name Stamps, Ink Pads, etc., complete only 25 cts., regular price $1.00. Name and address, 2 lines complete, only 37 cts., regular price $1.40. Name, Business and Address, 3 lines complete only 48 cts, regular price $1.60. Nickel Plated self inking pencil stamp, 2 lines complete 34 cents. Illustrated Specimen Book and Confidential terms to agents for 5 cents. Circulars free.

AGENT'S WANTED.

Special reduced prices to Publishers offering our stamps as premiums. JAS. R. OGAN & SON, Troy, Ind.

OUR HOWL.

The Cheapest, Brightest and Best Amateur Paper in existence. Contains the Best Productions of Amateur Authors, also Puzzle Box and Amateur Political News. Published monthly. 12 pages and cover. Subscription 25 cents per year; sample copy free. Our "Howl" Publishing Co., 37 West 57th, New York.

(Editors insert above for same space. Notify by letter.)

The Mohawk Standard

Begins volume III with March 1888. It has met with unprecedented success, which has been attributed to its originality and punctuality and always giving the editors for every dollar received. No collector should be without it as it can be procured for 25 cents per year with premium **free.** Your name inserted in our **Agent's Directory** for only 3 cents, which will be worth to you that amount to you. **We say subscribe before you forgot it.**

SMITH & VLOCK,

DELTA, N. Y.

THE TRAVELING AGENT.

Is a large matrimonial paper published monthly, from full of young men and ladies wanting correspondents. Subscription only 25 cents a year. Correspondent advertising rates of 50 words, 15 cents for gents and 10 for ladies. Trade advertising rates 5 cents per line, 65 cents per inch. Large circulation. To press on the 20th of each month. Address, Wm. H. Richmond, Publisher, Mountain View, N. C.

Editors copying this and above will be given the space in the Traveling Agent.

The Philatelic Herald.

A Monthly for Stamp Collectors. A Monthly Paper of 8 pages, 7½x10, devoted exclusively to the interests of stamp collecting; established 1884. Edited by F. W. Walker. Exchange and correspondence column open to subscribers free. 25 cents per year. Send for sample copy, which will be mailed free. The HERALD is a good advertising medium. Monthly circulation 2000. Rates furnished on application. Address all communications to W. W. Jewett, Publisher, 604 Congress Street, Portland, Me.

(Philatelic and amateur papers with a circulation of 500 or over per issue, please insert the above three times in 25 inch space and send copy for space for equal value in the F. H.)

A Big Offer.

We will send the Agent's Advocate, a large 20 column monthly containing agents directory, exchange and bargain column, four months on trial, and have your name inserted in one of the best directories published, from which you will receive thousands of samples and piles of good reading matter, circulars, etc., free, all for only 10c silver. Try us. Only one dime. Agents' Advocate, Spring Mills, Pa.

Editors insert this and above for same space.

ıow She Butted.
r, ma'am!" said a little
ıacher.
ma'am."
› what? Why what are
. What makes you cry
e school-teacher.
. Ther boys made me do
lated the youth between
ıat? I don't understand
-bu—butt a goat."
Why didn't you come to
now you b—b—bu—but-

ROOME,
and Surgeon,
IAR, IOWA.

HARVEY,
per Hanging and Galsomining
siness will receive prompt
tention.
IAR, IOWA.

:. HAMMER,
AL -:- ARTIST.
or all. Call and see me.
IAR, IOWA.

RGE HOUSE,
AR, IOWA.
N RIGGLES, Prop.

LD, D. D. S.,
-:- ROOMS,
& Stiles' Drug Store,
AR, IOWA.
Gold Filling a Specialty.

SCOTT,
KER,
AR IOWA.
ı Deposits.
mptly Attended to.
ange Bought and Sold.

INDGREN,
TY STARE"
AND TOBACCOS.
AR. IOWA.

y Constantly on Hand.
Very Low.

ON HOUSE,
M. & St. P. Depot.
R, IOWA.

GUSON, Proprietor.

IOREHOUSE,
BLE BARBER
Shave in the City.
and Shampooing.
AR, IOWA.

BORLANG,
IOTOGRAPHER
EALER IN
AND FRAMES,
, CHROMOS, ETC., ETC.,
AR, IOWA.

VILSON,
IETOR OF
ROAD HOUSE,
TEL - IN - THE - CITY.

A. DOSTAL,
Notary Public and Collection Agent
CALMAR, IOWA.
All business shall receive prompt attention.

J. H. CONSTANTINE,
DEALER IN
Leather and Fine Harness,
SADDLES,
Horse Collars and Whips,
Robes and Blankets of all Kinds,
Curry Combs, Brushes.
CALMAR. - IOWA.

H. O. FLASKERUD & CO.,
FURNITURE DEALERS
Contractors and Builders,
Furniture of all Kinds Constantly on Hand
Repairing Promptly Attended to.

CHRIST. JAEGER,
MEAT MARKET.
ALL KINDS OF
FRESH AND SALTED MEATS AND FISH
Constantly on hand. Also
HAMS AND BACON.
Will pay the highest cash prices for Beef, Hides and Tallow.
CALMAR, · IOWA.

G. G. WINGER
MAKER OF
FINE BOOTS
AND SHOES,
Repairing Done Neatly and Promptly.
CALMAR, IOWA.

JOHN B. KAYE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.
Has for sale a large amount of City Property, besides a one-fourth interest in the property of Miller, Geising & Co., a paying manufactory established in 1867. Also have
CITY PROPERTY FOR RENT
Will buy and sell Real Estate on reasonable commissions.

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MERCHANT
-:-TAILOR-:-
A Fine Suit and a Good Fit
GUARANTEED.
CALMAR. · IOWA.

JOHN SCOTT
DRUGGIST
CALMAR, IOWA.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED
PATENT - MEDICINES
OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS ON HAND.
TOILET ARTICLES A SPECIALTY.

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Livery, Feed and Sale Stable
PARICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO
THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.
Funerals Promptly Attended to. Good Outfits and Careful Drivers.
Give us a call.
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McEWEN & STILES,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS
WALL PAPER AND PAINTS.
FINEST STOCK OF
CIGARS
IN THE CITY.
CALMAR, IOWA.

WAITE BROS.,
DEALERS IN
-GROCERIES-
AND PROVISIONS,
Teas, Coffees, Spices, Vegetables, Etc.
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CIGARS & TOBACCOS
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
GOODS DELIVERED IN CITY FREE.
CALMAR, - : IOWA.

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—DEALER IN—
PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS.
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OF ALL KINDS.
Dealer in Hard and Soft Coal
CALMAR, IOWA.

MILLER, GEISING & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE
PAINTS AND OILS.
FARM - MACHINERY
MANUFACTURERS OF
WAGONS AND SLEIGHS.
CALMAR, IOWA.

WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS ALL GRADES OF
DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES
AT UNHEARD OF PRICES.
THIS INCLUDES AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE LOT OF
CLOTHING
Crockery and Glassware Very Low.
Groceries at Bed-Rock Prices.
MEYER & DOSTAL,
GERERAL MERCHANDISE,
CALMAR, - - - - - IOW

L. O. MOEN,
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDI

THE CALMAR EXCHANGE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ALL ADVERTISERS.

VOL. 1. FEBRUARY, 1888. NO. 2.

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BANKER,

CALMAR, IOWA.

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Pair of Boxing Gloves, Typewriter, etc. Almost anything. Largest exchange agency in Northern Ohio. Let us hear from you. Enclose a 2c. stamp. List 1c. Buckeye Ex. Union, W. S. Kinzer, Sec'y, Wooster, Ohio.

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We guarantee $50.00 profit a week to right persons selling our goods. Send stamps for price list. Address Globe Watch Co., Box 337, Newark, N. J.

One Pint of Ink, any color and one fountain pen for 10cts. Geo. Bunce, 523 4th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Agents wanted.

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A sample copy of the largest marriage paper published will be mailed you free. Address, The Correspondent, 52 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

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is one of the best papers of its kind published. Sample copy and 10 unused foreign stamps only 4c.
W. S. Kinzer, Wooster, Ohio.

ONLY 40 CENTS.

In postage stamps for a new Nickle Plated Stem Winder and Stem Setter Watch, just patented. Address ROY JACKSON, Box 15, 311 East 104th street, N. Y. City. Mention this paper.

YOU CAN Publish a Newspaper without any outlay whatever for Press, Type, or other material. Specimen Papers and particulars for Stamp. PRESS, Flushing, Michigan.

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a monthly journal devoted to autographs. Send for sample copy.

W. R. Benjamin,

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W. H. ROBERTSON, 296 Broadway, New York.

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To parties furnishing good reference or deposit. War department complete and unused, only 75 cts. List of U. S. and Foreign stamps, 2 cents. Address, N. E. CARTER Delavan, Wis.

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A 4 page, 8 column Monthly, containing Philatelic Department, Short and Long Stories, Poems and everything of interest to its readers a whole year and your name inserted in Golden Hours Agents' Directory, for 25 cents in silver. WM. BUNNING, 727 East 9th Street, N. Y. City. (Editors insert above for space.)

A Dream Interpreter,

Amusing for everybody, and often of great value; a calendar for 1888; the science of Palmistry, the greatest character reader of the age, and of great value to everybody; a book of popular songs, and your name and address inserted in the new edition of our **People's** and **Agent's Directory**, which "whirls" everywhere, and will bring you hundreds of sample papers, catalogues, books, agents' circulars, etc., *all* for only 10 cents silver, or 12 cents stamps. We have been established 10 years. Four complete lots of the above and four names inserted for 30 cents. Please read above again, and show it to your friends. Address,

S. M. BOWLES, Woodford, Vermont.

EVERY COLLECTOR

in the Hawkeye state should send 25c. for a year's subscription to the "Hawkeye State Collector" a semi-monthly 8-page and cover. Adv. rates 40 cents per inch, and receive a copy of the

"PEERLESS DIRECTORY"

a large 30 page volume containing the addresses of over 800 collectors of stamps, curiosities, etc., besides dozens of articles written by eminent writers showing you how to collect and keep your collections. Every collector should have one. Can be purchased by either Marshall or Tourtellot for only 10 cents. Address,

MARSHALL & TOURTELLOT, Wyoming, Iowa.

PHILATELIC DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by

Edgar D. Melville, Chester, Pa.

The Progressive Youth, of Albion, N. Y., is a first-class monthly publication.

We are glad to see that *The Gem* of Logansville, Ohio has enlarged. Success to you, Mr. Ellis.

The Youth's Leisure Hour, published monthly by F. C. Johnson, Boonville, N. Y., has now a puzzle department.

The World of Nature is a new one from Newport, R. I. It is a monthly journal devoted to nearly every branch of collecting.

If publishers will send copies of their papers to the editor of this department they will receive due notice in this column.

The initial No. of *The Science Observer* of Vineland, N. J., received. It is an illustrated monthly journal and is first-class in every respect.

The editor of this department is prepared to furnish Mss. of all kinds at very reasonable prices. Philatelic, Amateur and Puzzle departments a speciality.

One of the finest philatelic journals published is *The American Philatelist*, published monthly and edited by The Literary Board of the American Philatelic Association.

We have received from Riverside, Cal., the initial No. of the *Collectors' Illustrated Magazine*, edited and published by E. M. Haight. The Jan. No. contained sixteen pages with a nice cover. May your magazine meet with success.

Mr. H. B. Lyon, the enterprising editor of *The Family Progress* of Newark, N. J. has started a puzzle department in his paper. This paper contains at present four different departments together with serial stories, sketches, etc.

Mr. Anton Dworak, of Lincoln, Neb., is about to publish *The Collectors' Hand-Book*, devoted to collectors and dealers of coins, stamps, curiosities, minerals, autographs, indian relics and birds' eggs. The price of the book is a silver dime.

Mr. Will. M. Clemens, the enterprising dealer and philatelic writer is now the sole proprietor of *The Curiosity Shop* of Jamestown, N. Y. Mr. W. B. Brockway having retired from philatelic journalism in order to give more attention to his large stamp business.

We extract the following from a late No. of *The Quaker City Philatelist*, of Philadelphia, Pa.:

"THE DEALERS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—We have here, we think, something that will be of interest for all dealers, great and small. We see that they have one in England, which appears to work to a charm, certainly it appears to be certain that something must be done to protect them from the ever increasing horde of swindlers of various types who prey upon dealers. With all due respect to the American Philatelic Association, it has not done as much in this way as was expected from it. Our idea of this Association is that dues be fixed so as to pay for expenses in the way of publishing bulletins, for the use of the members only, giving standing of all approval sheet swindlers, worthless checks, etc. By issuing this bulletin in this form, not for the public at large, but for members only, it becomes a privileged communication and consequently, cannot act to the disadvantage of any member by libel suit. Bulletins could be published every month and mailed to members by the secretary. Let our readers who are dealers write us what they think of the idea. Most of us here stand ready to enter into it.

AGENTS' DIRECTORY.

Agents' names inserted under this head one time, 10 cents; three months, 20 cts.

The parties below mentioned have requested us to insert their names and addresses, and they would be pleased to receive sample copies of your publications, with terms to agents, premium list, catalogues, samples, etc. We think you can obtain some good, active agents from the list.

J. V. Ramirez, Box 1, Saltillo, Mex. *via* Laredo, Texas.

S. N. Oleson, Box 238, Calmar, Ia.

S. C. Scott, Lock Box 11, Calmar, Ia.

Leon W. George, Calmar, Ia.

"Chandler" { T. C. E.—11—Calmar, Ia.

Martin Glaser, Jr., Agt., 436 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La.

J. N. Phillips, Box 26, Sylvia, Kans.

F. J. H., care of M. B. S. & Co., Calmer, Ia.

OUR REVIEW TABLE.

The *Index* has enlarged from a 4 to a 6 column paper.

The *Midget* is a neat little paper, 4½x3, published at Racine, Wis.

The *Monthly Gem* has enlarged. Quite an improvement, Bro. Ellis.

A neat little journal the *Autograph*. It is devoted to autograph collecting.

There are 2 *Wild-Wests*, one published at Ritchie, Kans. and one at Redington, Neb.

The *Buckeye State Collector*, is a bright and newsy little paper from Portsmouth, Ohio.

The *Progressive Youth* is a neat little paper devoted to the interests of young people.

American Boys and Girls will be discontinued for the present, so Mr. Hudson informs us.

The *Spindle City Youth* has found its way to our Review Table. We hope it has come to stay.

The *Badger State Philatelist* comes out with 12 pages for Jan. Quite an improvement on the last issue.

Nulli Secundus and *Etching's* are fine papers. Neat and attractive in appearance, and well printed.

Wedding Bells is one of the largest matrimonial papers published. Always interesting and only 50 cents per year.

The Bee is Topeka's first amateur monthly, and is a lively little 4-page paper. Would be pleased to exchange.

Mr. Townsend, of Rochester, N. Y., informs us that about the 1st of next month he will publish the *Agents' Pilot*.

Common Sense has lately added a cover which improves its appearance.

The *American Amateur Printer*, is reported from Newark, N. J. Yet we can not say positively having never seen a copy.

We have received *The International Collector*. California papers are growing scarce. We should like to have it as a regular visitor.

Vol. 1, No. 1, of the *Hawkeye Ornithologist and Oologist*, presents a handsome appearance, and 16 pages of interesting reading. Success to the *O. and O.*

The Dec. and Jan'y numbers of the *Mohawk Standard*, is at hand. It is an interesting paper, neat and well edited. We hope it will continue to find its way to our table.

RUBBER STAMPS!

Best made, Lowest prices. Name Stamps, Ink Pads, etc., complete only 25 cts., regular price $1.00. Name and address, 2 lines complete, only 37 cts., regular price $1.40; Name, Business and Address, 3 lines complete only 48 cts, regular price $1.60; Nickel Plated self-inking pencil stamp, 2 lines complete 34 cents; Illustrated Specimen Book and Confidential terms to agents for 5 cents. Circulars free.

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Editors insert this and above for same space.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

R. M. RULISON, Publisher.

FLUSHING, - - MICHIGAN.

LOST.

BY WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.

The sunlight is slanting through woodlands uplifting
Their merry, green garlands beside the blue sea,
The songs of the happy young reapers are drifting
Out over the harvest fields hither to me.

Once in a miracle-morning together
This landscape was limned in our eager young eyes,
While over the far cliffs, all fringy with heather,
We saw a white sail blossom out of the skies.

It bore to our beautiful manse a bright stranger,
As handsome as any young god on a throne,
And, fool that I was! I was dreamless of danger,
Believing your tenderful heart was my own!

Did I reproach you, O, wonderful woman!
When you surrendered your soul to this lust?
Never! For, knowing your passions were human,
I threw you a rose where you lay in the dust—

I threw you a rose I had kissed, and departed
Again to the world that was worthless to me—
Forever from trust and from tenderness parted,
A proud and passionless cynic to be!

IT WAS NOT TO BE.

BY A. URBAN EVERETTE.

"John, when will you order the new carpets?" I want them ready to put down as soon as we get through with our house-cleaning.

"Georgie, I wish you would put off that bit of expense a few years longer. Really——"

"Put it off! Not put down new carpets this spring? Keep them old things through another summer? You don't think of it, or if you do, I don't. Look at Grace Fulton's room. Do you want your house to look worse than theirs? Certainly you can afford the expense as well as Sam Fulton can."

"For that matter, my dear wife, I think I can afford it better than Sam can; for he is in debt, and I am not."

"There! What did I tell you? I knew you could afford it. And now we'll have the carpets. Don't be mean. Don't for mercy's sake let our house be a fright to everybody any longer."

"Georgie, our rooms are, at this moment, far better, in every way—better furnished, and better carpeted, and far more inviting, than were those of our parents, which you and I in our childhood, thought so grand. Carpets, they had none. And further, those carpets are not worn to look badly at all. Not a worn spot is to be seen. In fact, they are as good and as serviceable as they were when first put down."

"O, bah! One thing you can depend upon; those things will come up when we begin to clean and paint, and they won't go down again!" And the feminine foot came down with a stamp, and the feminine lips were shut with an emphatic tightness.

"Georgie, have you any idea what good Brussels carpets will cost?"

"I don't know, and I don't care! If we can't have 'em we can go without. I can stand it if you can."

"Georgie," still calmly and kindly, but with a mighty effort for self-control, "it required very nearly eighty yards of carpet for our two best rooms. They are very large. You know Brussels carpeting is not a yard wide. For rooms and stairs we may safely estimate one hundred yards. Between forty and fifty pounds will be the expense. One more thought and I give it into your hands for you to do with it as you please. You know that I have a settled antipathy against so-called life assurance or insurance. Never mind what my objections are. They are so strong—so much a part of my nature—that I cannot overcome them. But I will do what is better, if you will help me. You know that I do not squander money. I have no expensive habits beyond the absolute necessaries of life. Every pound I can save will be put in the bank, there to remain and accumulate until a need not to be otherwise met, shall demand its withdrawal. Really and truly, the money it would save is for my little ones. Every penny now laid away will be in store for future use; I do not like to talk of dying; yet we must meet the fate when the call comes. If I am called first, it will brighten the passage more than I can tell, to know that I leave my little ones in comfort; that is the one thought that influence me when I look to the regulation of my expenses. So my own dear wife, it is not I alone who must pay for the luxuries of our home. It comes from the bank account of the family. Don't say any more now, please. Think of it. Sleep upon it."

And thus speaking, he arose and left the room—and left the house.

The speakers were John and Georgie Mellen, husband and wife. The former was 30 years of age, holding the responsible position of cashier in one of the large city banks; the latter was two years his junior, and one of the very best and most efficient of housekeepers. They had been married seven years, and had three children—three bright-eyed, happy, healthful, laughter-loving children, the light and joy of the home. There had been another occupant of the room, and a listener—Aunt Jane Sleeper—Georgie's aunt, John's aunt, and everybody's aunt who knew her. She was a widow, sister of Georgie's mother, her snowy hair and deepening furrows indicating a near approach to the late evening of life.

"Georgie, I am going to tell you a story that I have never yet told—something that only your mother and myself ever knew. And it seems to me that Providence had directed that I should hear this conversation between you and John in order that I might tell you the story. Will you hear it?"

"Of course, I'll hear it, aunty. I'm glad to hear anything you have to tell—always."

Ordinarily Aunt Jane talked while her busy fingers plied the knitting-needles; but now she laid aside her knitting and folded her hands in her lap as she spoke.

"My dear child, oh how well I remember the scene!—a conversation between my father and mother almost exactly like that which you and John have just held. With a difference in language, the spirit and meaning of the conversations are the same. It was in the autumn instead of the spring and my mother had set her heart upon a new pony carriage and a new set of silver-mounted harness. One of our neighbors, not so well off as our father was, had got a new carriage and new harness. Mother saw this new turnout for the first time at church.

"Well, mother that moment was dissatisfied with the old double-seated carriage that had served her ever since I could remember, and which was just as good then as ever it was. At any rate, it was just as good for service. Your mother and I were then girls of 12 and 14; and we were present when my mother gave her final order—an order it amounted to—just as a want pressed by you, and adhered to, is an order to your loving husband. Father tried all he knew to persuade her away from the idea. He gave exactly the reason for his wish that John gave you; and I could see that he had to struggle hard to keep the tears from coming. But mother would not give in. She got the carriage and the old one was laid aside.

"Georgie, you know father was the first one called from our family circle. Our neighbors had supposed him not only free-handed, but really wealthy; and he ought to have saved more than he did. He was not a careless man; he was by nature thrifty and saving; and had he had help, he might have saved a goodly sum. As it was, he left the place free from mortgage, and there was ready money to pay every debt, but not much more. After every bill was paid, we could command one hundred pounds in cash—no more. The farm was one of the best, but small, and our buildings in good repair.

"There were three of us—our mother, and we two girls. I was then just 20, and your mother was 18. I will not tell you how we managed; but it was to me a very painful time. Mother had no thought of reducing our expenses by curtailing her society enjoyments, and bidding farewell to the behests of fashion. Your mother and I made old dresses into new ones; but we had not the heart to suggest such a thing to mother.

"I remember well, I had started one day to take from our little strong-box five pounds, for the purpose of paying a bill which was over-due.

"Mother asked me how much would be left if I took that away. I told her a little over two pounds. Oh, not for the world would she let me take that money! Her dress-maker was coming on the morrow and she must purchase trimmings, and so on, for her new silk dress. And even then I did not attempt to thwart her. But other bills were growing. However, let them go, and let me come to the incident I wish to give you.

"One stormy, disagreeable day your mother and I were ransacking pa's old desk, where he kept his private papers and old letters and account-books, and by-and-by we came across a small book that we had never before noticed. It was a little blank book, such as traders use for pass-books. I found it, and upon opening it and letting the leaves slip off my thumb, I found only four or five of the first pages written on; and this was what I read at the head of the first page, written in father's fullest, roundest hand. It was dated and then went on:

" 'Sums of money I might have saved for my loved ones if only I could have had help.'

"It was dated, as I very soon found out, at the time of the purchase of the new carriage and the silver-mounted harness, but he had set down many times that had been bought before that. Let me tell you how he wrote down about the carriage, and that will show you how fairly he kept the account. The sum set down on that occasion which he might have saved was forty pounds, because, if he had waited one year, he could have purchased Mr. Dalton's whole new turnout for less than one-half what it cost. Then he reckoned what the money would have been worth to him during the year in which the old carriage and harness would have answered every purpose.

"Georgie, when I looked at the end of that account, and had added it up—for father had not done that—I was thunder struck. At first I thought myself at fault in reckoning. The amount was over two thousand pounds. But, mind you, mother did not come in for all of it. No, no. Nan and I were down for our share. I had never dreamed what the grand parties had cost which we used to give, and which always fretted my father so much. The biggest item was our trip to London. We didn't enjoy it. We were like fishes out of water all the time we were there, and we were glad when we got back home.

"But I won't dwell upon it. You can imagine whether your mother and I shed any tears or not as we looked over that book. Poor father! Something told him that he would be the first one called away; and every item had been set down in bitterness of spirit. Not for himself did he grieve; for while he lived his revenue would be sure; but for the loved ones he must leave behind—for them he grieved deeply. We looked at that simple record and thought what might have been! But it was too late. We gave the little book one last look, then kissed it, then gave it to the flames; for we would not have mother see it for the world and we never told her of its existence.

"Georgie, I thought of that when I heard you reading aloud to your husband that sweet poem in which occurs these lines:

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

"Not long after that I was married, and within a year from that time the farm was sold, and mother came to live with me. Our mother lived to a good old age and lived happily. Whether a knowledge of that little old account-book with its private memoranda, would have detracted from her enjoyment or not I cannot say; but I was very thankful nevertheless that she never saw it.

"That is all, my dear. Don't say anything now. Take my story to bed with you and sleep over it."

"Georgie's only response was an affectionate kiss, after which she went quietly about her work.

On the morning of the following day, after John had eaten his breakfast, Georgie suddenly threw her arms around his neck and softly whispered, "John, I have slept and dreamed, and a new light has dawned upon me. We shall not want new carpets this year, nor shall I require very much in the way of dress. Instead of going to Birmingham with the Chesters, I may spend a few weeks at the old farm-house with Aunt Jane. So, dear, you may make your bank account as big as you please."

"Georgie!"

"Hush! I mean what I say. I shall be happier, so——"

"But, my own—my blessed! are you sure you will be satisfied?"

"More than satisfied. Entirely happy! I'll tell you all about it sometime. There! One last kiss! Now, good-bye!"

And John went to his daily task as happy as could be; and all the day long tried to think how he could best make his wife understand how truly and devotedly he loved her.

And so, too, Georgie. She had not been so unspeakably happy for a long time, and further, she was surprised to see how pretty her hall carpets were. Only oilcloth, to be sure; but the very best of their kind and as good as new.

And from that time she helped her husband to provide for the future; and when she knew that their savings in the bank were growing into the thousands, she felt more than ever inclined to be prudent and economical. Never mean, never stingy; but nevermore an expenditure to her husband's hard earnings without a substantial return.

PARLOR PHYSICS.

An astonishing experiment may be performed with no apparatus but a piece of string five or six feet long. A person's hands being held over his ears this string is passed around his head by another person, who holds both ends in one hand, and by drawing the fingers or nails of the other hand over the cord produces upon the tympanum of the subject impressions of almost startling intensity. Sharp peals of thunder changing into a distant and prolonged rumbling, are effects that may readily be given.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

TEST OF GENTILITY IN NEW YORK.

Servant—Madame, there is a woman at the door who wants to speak to you.

Lady—Is she a society lady?

"She doesn't wear any tornure."

"Then let her wait until I get ready to see her.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE PULPIT

The Kind of Religious Living Which Strengthens Selfishness.

THERE'S A LIGHT BEYOND.

A Pathetic Account of a Mother's Sorrow Over Her Wayward Son.

"There's Light Beyond."

"When in Madeira," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene, and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me, ever and anon, saying:

"Press on, master—press on—there's light beyond!"

"I did pass on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was light and cloudless above, and beneath us the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening to the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens."

Oh ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadows, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on—there is light beyond.—*The Worker.*

"My Boy."

Some years ago I was sent for in haste to visit a young man who was dangerously ill. I went to the house. In a miserable garret I found a lad, pale, weak, and faint from the loss of blood. He told me that he had been attacked with a severe hemorrhage, and knew that he was soon to die; that he had been leading a life of dissipation; had become a slave to drink, and had thus been brought to his present position. "My mother," said he, "was a godly woman. She instructed me faithfully, prayed for me tenderly, and tried to make me a good man. I left home, and came to Boston to make my own living. I intended to do right, and follow my mother's counsels. Her last gift to me was this Bible. At first I read it daily, and attended worship every Sabbath; but I fell into bad company, and gradually went astray, until I lost all my manliness and became a wretched drunkard. I have burst a blood vessel, and am dying. For Gods' sake and my mother's, pray for me!" I left him in great distress. The next day I found him dead. He was lying with his book clasped to his lips. It was wet with his tears and blood, and torn with his convulsive agonies. Some years after I made a temperance speech in Philadelphia. I related the incident, and held up the book as I did so. There was a stir in the audience. A poor woman, with a sad, heart-broken expression, arose and tottered to the platform. She implored me to let her have the book. The stillness of the room was terrible. Every eye was fixed upon her. With trembling hands she turned to the fly-leaf; then, with a scream, she fell fainting to the floor. She had red the name of her own son, and for the first time knew of his sad fate.—*The Word and the Way.*

How to Live.

There is a very common sort of religious living which strengthens selfishness. It climbs the mountain-top and there builds its tabernacle, sitting and singing its hymns about Heaven and crying deliciously over them. It can not think how anybody can like to go down among these dreadful lepers and frightful demoniacs and outcast women, and the noisy and vulgar people. Be quite sure that the highway of holiness does not lead us up there for a dwelling-place. It takes us down into the market-place, and teaches us to do our business there honestly and generously as we would be done by. It takes us into the lanes and byways of the city, and teaches us to see in every want and every sorrow a claim upon our pity and help. It takes us home, and helps us to remember how the children fell, and to consider the neighbors and servants. This is what we are to set before us as the outcome of our faith and prayer; a gracious considerateness for other people. And that not as busybodies, much less as patrons, but with a simple, Christ-like brotherliness—a considerateness that does not only concern itself about men's souls and that which helps them heavenward, but which runs through all the commonest rounds and ways of the daily life. We are to carry such a sense of indebtedness that we shall be always trying to find opportunities and outlets to bless others; we are to live finding in all the daily intercourse with men a hundred fresh channels by which the Father's love may flow into their midst.

Thoughtful Thoughts.

IT is the nature of sin to obtain great power by little beginnings.

TO BE occupied with good is the best defence against the inroads f evil.—*Arnot.*

GOD'S forgiveness is deep as the ocean, high as the heavens, and broad as eternity.—*J. H. Evans.*

OF all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.—*Bonner.*

WHAT I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in Thee.
—*John Quarles.*

SIN may be very sweet at the start, and it may induce great wretchedness afterwards. The cup of sin is sparkling at the top, but there is death at the bottom.—*Talmage.*

A SINGULAR BOOK.

Perhaps the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf, and, being interleaved with blue paper, is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed upon its composition must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered.

The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the vellum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II. of Germany offered for it in 1640 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England; but when it was in that country, and by whom owned, has never been ascertained.—*The Bookworm.*

SIX stock farms and twenty dairy farms in Illinois are owned by women.

WEAK AND NERVOUS WOMEN.

How Strength of Nerves and Health of Body May Easily Be Obtained.

Women are great sufferers from nervousness, weakness, nervous prostration, and exhaustion. They droop and languish under household cares and work which never ends. They retire tired and wake tired and unrefreshed; they are worn out and exhausted in nerve and vital power, and have no strength or energy.

Fortunately—and it would almost seem a dispensation of Divine Providence to overworked humanity—there are medicines which restore lost nerve forces, rebuild the weakened system and re-establish health, strength and energy. These medicines, which are purely vegetable, have been combined into a wonderful remedy known as Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is kept by all druggists at $1 per bottle. This truly wonderful remedy is without doubt the greatest discovery of the century, and is the best strengthening and invigorating remedy ever known.

For nervous and physical exhausion, weak, tired and languid feelings, with no power or ambition for exertion, it is a sovereign remedy and absolutely certain cure. In cases of sleeplessness and nervous irritability its use will be followed by calm repose and natural, refreshing sleep. For nervousness, nervous debility, exhausted vitality, despondency and depression of the mind it is a perfect specific. For malaria, neuralgia, rheumatism, paralysis, numbness, trembling and insanity it is the only positive and recognized remedy. It never fails to cure nervous and sick headache, weakness and pain in the back and side, palpitation of the heart, apoplexy, epileptic fits, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, constipation,, biliousness, kidney and liver diseases.

Other medicines may be offered by druggists, but do not be persuaded to try uncertainties, when by the use of this wonderful remedy you can certainly be cured. Should your druggist not have Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, he will get it for you if you insist upon having it. Dr. Greene, its discoverer, is the great specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, and he may be consulted by those using this remedy, or by any sufferer from disease, free of charge, at his office, 35 West 14th st., New York personally or by letter.

The Whole Story.

Ben Jonson lived in the time when poets were not only expected to write all sorts of rhyme for pay, but were generally very glad to get such jobs as composing epitaphs for rich men's tombstones, and versified compliments for popular coffee-houses.

No doubt, if Longfellow had lived in that day, he would not have had occasion to be angry with the man who should have called upon him, as a certain salve-peddler once did, with a request to write a poem in praise of his salve, which he would have printed on slips and circulated in advance to advertise his wares.

But even Ben Jonson was sometimes put to his wits' end to get up rhymes in praise of his rich patrons. He was once requested by a young man to write the epitaph of a man who had died and left him, the young man, a large estate. The poet wanted to know what the dead man had done—what he was remarkable for.

"Well," said the young man, "I can't say that he ever did anything."

"Did he ever give away money in charity?"

"N-no," said the young man; "not that I ever heard of."

"Was he reputed to have done any kind acts?"

"No."

"Just lived, and kept his money, and died in the same place, eh?"

"That was about all."

"How old was he when he died?"

"Forty-six," said the young man.

"Well, that's something. I suppose there must be an epitaph. Let me see."

Jonson paused and wrote a moment.

"How will this serve?" he asked.

The young man took the bit of paper, on which Jonson had written:

"Here lies a man was born and cried,
Told six and forty years, and died!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

"ROUGH ON RATS," for rats, mice, bugs. 15c.
"ROUGH ON CATARRH." Only absolute cure. 50c.
"ROUGH ON CORNS." Hard or soft corns. 15c.
"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE." Instant relief. 15c.

A Comprehensive Epitaph.

A correspondent copied the following unique and exhaustive epitaph from a tombstone in Tennessee, and sent it in as a masterpiece in its line. It gives pretty much all of the deceased's history, and he certainly had a remarkable career. The stone was erected by M. Muldoon, of this city. The epitaph is as follows:

THOMAS P. AFTERALL,
The 8th Son of
SOLOMON FIDELITY AFTERALL,
Killed in 1816 by the Indians.
Of Puritan Stock.
And His Fourth Wife,
ELIZA JANE SMITH,

Who was the third wife of J. Smith, who was her second husband, born at the new city of Indianapolis, Indiana, in the year of our Blessed Redeemer and Savior, 1814, on the 15th day of January, the same blessed year, and, having been baptized the proper way, and acknowledging the true Baptist faith, was married to Peggy Cott (the tallest one), (who lived at the forks of the road, who, having died, he took to his tender breast his true friend—and mine—Martha Wolpus. The two above helpmates gave him seven sweet buds of trust and affection, and I gave him one after his death myself, who got scalded accidentally by him on maple-sugar, and then still trusting the promise of God, he clasped his wife for the third time. O! so sweet! his now weeping widow, Mary Bangs Afterall (who is myself), and died soon after, March 18, 1872, A. D., peace to his ashes. Having performed the work laid out for him to do by his Creator, he now rests from his labors. There is no sorroweth there.

Erected by his weeping and disconsolate widow and his truest wife, Mary Bangs Afterall.

—*Chattanooga Commercial.*

She Couldn't Understand It.

"What in the world has happened to you since the last time I saw you?" asked one lady of another when they met on the street the other day; "I can't understand it. Then you were pale, haggard, and low-spirited, and I remember you said that you hardly cared whether you lived or died. To-day you look ever so much younger, and it is very evident from your beaming face that your low spirits have taken flight." "Yes, indeed," was the reply; "and shall I tell you what drove them away? It was Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was a martyr to functional derangement until I began taking the 'Prescription.' Now I am as well as I ever was in my life. No woman who suffers as I did, ought to let an hour pass before procuring this wonderful remedy."

Raising Gladiolus in Water.

The French have practiced raising the gladiolus in vases of water, after the manner of hyacinths, and found it successful. The bulbs are said to bloom in less than half the time usually required when raised in open ground. Those with red flowers or shades of red as the foundation color, develop a weaker root-system, and the roots are more liable to decay, and their stems develop with more difficulty than the varieties with white flowers, or a foundation of white.

The culture of the gladiolus in this manner is said to admit of its production very early in the season, as it can be started by the middle of January. By starting the bulbs at intervals through the winter and spring up to the time they can be planted in the open, and again commencing the latter part of summer, a continuous supply of the flowers can be obtained from early spring to the end of autumn.—*Vick's Magazine.*

MICHAEL SIMON, the first Jew ever chosen for justice in Scotland, has been elected to that office in Glasgow

A Prize of $100,000

Is a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monster, Consumption, and wins back health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning $100,000 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery, if he takes Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all scrofulous diseases (consumption is one of them), it is an unfailing remedy. All druggists.

A DAKOTA editor got mad at the Postmaster for calling his paper "second-class matter."—*Chicago Journal.*

A Michigan Central Railroad Employe Wins His Case After a Seven Years' Contest.

ALBION, Mich., Dec. 20, 1887.

While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company at Augusta, Mich., about seven years ago, my kidneys became diseased, and I have been a great sufferer ever since. Have consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor, and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. After taking every highly recommended remedy that I had knowledge of, to no purpose, and while suffering under a very severe attack in October last, began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and am to-day a well man. It affords me pleasure to render suffering humanity any good that I can, and in speaking of the remedy, allow me to say that I think it the greatest medicine in the world.

E. LARZILERE, Agent M. C. R. R.

THEY are preparing for war in the oil regions. At least, they are drilling constantly.—*Texas Siftings.*

For Rickets, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children,

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York.

THE rent we make in a borrowed umbrella looks twice as big as it really is.

The Throat.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

THE thing that a woman always knows best is how some other woman ought to dress.—*Somerville Journal.*

ROUGH ON PILES. Quick, complete cure. 50c.
BUCHU-PAIBA, Great Kidney Remedy. $1.
WELLS' HEALTH RENEWER for weak men.
WELLS' HAIR BALSAM. If gray, gradually restores color; elegant tonic dressing. 50c.

Horrors of the Bastile.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GREAT FRENCH PRISON.

The Awful Symbol of the Wrongs of the French—How Prisoners Were Thrown Into a Living Tomb—Razed to the Ground.

July 14 is the French Fourth of July. On that day, in 1789, the Bastile was razed to the ground. That act meant to France what the Declaration of Independence meant to the United States. It is a great day to the great French nation, and well it may be.

The Bastile was built by Charles V. in 1369. For more than 400 years it was the last argument which the French kings had used to convince their subjets. Eight massive round towers connected by walls of tremendous thickness, the whole surrounded by a ditch 25 feet in depth—this was the gloomy forbidding prison that had come to be in the sight of Frenchmen the perpetual, awful symbol of their wrongs. It stood to them as the embodiment of power as potent as the pretense of their kings—the power of God himself; it represented a cruelty as profound and implacable as that which the teachers which tyranny fostered declared was to be the portion after death of all who disputed the justice of which it was the terrible instrument. Into the gloomy maw of this frightful prison had been plunged generation after generation, the wisest, purest, bravest, best of the people of France.

Did a man dare to protest against the doctrine that the people were born to toil for kings, priests and nobles, he was sent to the Bastile to change his mind, or go mad within its damp and rayless cells. Did genius utter some thought that had not first been submitted to the censors of these same kings and priests and nobles, that Bastile opened its jaws to him and he come not forth till he had learned to keep to himself the truth that was in him, did some father have a daughter, some husband a wife, that kingly or aristocratic lust coveted, and did he stand between the purity of that daughter or wife and a shame that was worse than death, into the Bastile he went, perhaps never to come out alive. "The man of the iron mask" was no myth to the people of France. He stood for a class. His story was the story of thousands. The mask was but the symbol of the complete loss of identity that fell to the lot of countless prisoners in the centuries during which the Bastile cumbered the earth.

If only the advocates of patriotism, the children of genius, the defenders of domestic virtue had been smothered in the Bastile, it might have stood centuries longer. But the hands that held the keys of that prison reached forth in 1789 as they had for generations and took the inheritance of the people to lavish the proceeds thereof upon favorites. Who were these favorites? There were 130,000 of them who held office in the service of the church. There were 140,000 nobles who did nothing except to live upon the labors of the people. One-fifth of the land belonged to the church, one-fifth to the nobility, one-fifth to the communes and the king. This left the 26,000,000 of common people the owners of two-fifths only of the land. But it was the poorest land in France that the common people were allowed to own. The richest and best of it belonged to the few. Speaking upon this point, Taine says: "It (the land of the privileged) comprises almost all the large and handsome buildings, the palaces, castles, convents and cathedrals, and almost all the valuable movable property, such as furniture plate, objects of art, the accumulated master-pieces of centuries. We can judge of it by the portion belonging to the clergy. Its possessions capitalized amounted to nearly four billions of francs. The income from this amounted to 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 francs, to which must be added the *dime* or tithes, 123,000,000 francs per annum; in all, 200,000,000, a sum which must be doubled to show its equivalent at the present day, and to this must be added the chance contributions and the usual church collections.

The theory of the government was the same as in the days of Louis the XIV. As our own historian, Ridpath, has said: "The theory reduced to a formula ran thus: It is the duty—the business—of the state to teach men what things to do, and of the church to teach them what things to believe. As for man, it is his business to be governed. That is—and was—the object of his creation." There were, then, in the sky of human affairs in France a few stars of the first magnitude, but no other stars. There were a few thousand of the favorites, and millions upon millions of nobodies. In 1789 the nobodies were without food, without clothing, without hope. Their oppressors had wine, peacocks, brains, jewelled raiment, their pompadours. They owned among them some dozen in all of protection-made poets, artists and scientists. Much good were these poets and scientists to a people who had been protected from the sin of knowing how to read.

But one day, that of July 14, 1789, the people, rather than starve to death, enter a protest against the representatives of the fatherly idea in government, and Louis the XVI., his nobles and his priests look into the hell of the French revolution.

When the Bastile fell men were blinded by the dust of it and groped wildly about in their righteous wrath that sought to revenge the wrongs of ages. What wonder if in this groping and striking they touched the innocent with the guilty? The hated things of all time had been doomed, and along with them went many noble and beautiful objects that it would have been better could they have been spared. A wrath that would not stop till the last stone of the Bastile was leveled to the ground, was a wrath that had no time to discriminate. It was a wrath which Carlyle has described as "truth clothed in hell fire."

The site of the Bastile is now marked by a lofty column of bronze dedicated to the memory of the patriots of 1789 and 1830. The key of the Bastile was sent by Lafayette to George Washington, and it is now one of the objects of interest to all who visit Mt. Vernon. What a fitting juxtoposition. The key is the dark background that serves, better than any other imaginable one, to bring out the noble figure of Washington's chief of the worlds past emancipators.

BY FEEDING rich fodder 1-year-old sheep will increase in weight more rapidly than when older. While they will fatten also at this age the flesh is not esteemed as when older, as it is more watery. Lambs taken very young and fed high are fattened and made palatable, but when fattened for profit, as well as other animals, should be matured in growth first.

Pigeons in War.

Communication during the maintenance of a campaign is of the utmost importance, and when the ordinary means by which intelligence is conveyed either break down or fall into the enemy's hands, the only alternative is found in the balloon. This, however, owing to various uncontrollable causes, can only be employed to a very limited extent, though up to a few years ago it was generally looked upon as the only means by which a beleagured town could communicate with the outer world. But the invaluable services rendered to the French capital during the last few months of the Franco-German war by pigeons fully demonstrated that these birds were far superior to balloons as a means of communication during the carrying on of military operations; and the various war authorities of the continent were so firmly convinced of this that soon after the close of the campaign some of the chief nations established regular military pigeon systems, the governments granting an annual amount for their maintenance. All the systems are based upon the same lines. The frontier or other fortresses that are considered most liable to attack, as well as many of the inland towns, are provided with pigeon-lofts, and an important point in the interior of the country — generally the capital—is fixed upon as a central station with which they shall communicate. Between the various fortresses there is, too, direct communication. Where the distance seperating outlying stations from the central one is deemed too great for the birds to safely traverse, the connection is secured by intermediate ones. As to the number of pigeons kept at each station, this varies according to the position of the place, the number of directions in which birds have to be trained, and the distances that they have to be flown. Where it is intended that the pigeons shall only be used in one direction, about 200 are maintained, and for each direction after the first 150 birds are added; so that at a station where three directions are covered, 500 pigeons will be kept. In case of siege this number would be sufficient to ensure communication for six months, the calculation being arrived at in the following manner: Suppose the birds are tossed twice per week, then in six months there would be fifty-two liberations, and as the number of pigeons let loose on each occasion would in all probability average three, the total number of birds tossed during the half-year would be 156, allowance thus being made for various contingencies.

The Germans were among the first nations to establish military pigeon-lofts, and their system is now the most complete in Europe. The larger fortresses, like Metz, Cologne, and Strasburg, each have from 400 to 600 well-trained birds; and the annual vote of credit for pigeon purposes in the military budget is $8,000. The commandant of the place is responsible for the birds being properly cared for and trained, and they are in charge of a non-commissioned officer, who has under him two private soldiers and a keeper, the latter receiving a salary of $20 per month.

Registers are kept giving full particulars concerning all the birds—the numbers stamped on them, their age, sex, color, distinguished marks, and the different places from which each has flown, together with notes on their rapidity and reliability. Among the fortresses which were early stocked with birds were those near the Russian frontier—Posen, Thorn, and Konigsberg; and others were gradually attended to, until at the present time it may be said that every part of the country is in communication, either directly or indirectly, with the capital by means of pigeons. The northern coast is, in fact, studded with lofts, they having been established at Tonning, Danzig, Stettin, and Kiel. On the western frontier Cologne is in direct communication with Berlin, a distance of 300 miles, and is a transmitting station for Metz and Mayence. Strasburg and Metz also communicate with Berlin through Wurzburg.

In France the vote of credit for the pigeon-lofts is $20,000. Ten stations have birds trained from Paris, and important towns at great distances communicate with the capital by intermediate stations. Thus Lyons transmits to Paris by way of Langres, which likewise communicates with Marseilles and Perpignan. The military authorities have power to requisition all lofts of trained pigeons belonging to private persons, and a census is regularly made of their number. The census taken last year showed that in Paris alone there were 2,500 birds available, of which 1,780 had been thoroughly trained and might be relied upon as likely to "home." Were Paris, therefore, ever again in danger of being besieged, these together with the birds kept at the various outside stations about Grenoble, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the important towns in the north and south of the country, would form a means of communicating with the armies outside that might play an important part in turning the tide of the campaign.

Russia has recently voted a sum of $10,000 for the maintenance of military pigeon-lofts, it being thought that in Afghanistan and other distant parts pigeons might, under certain circumstances, be the best means of securing the maintenance of communication.

The Austrian authorities appreciate the usefulness of these messengers in mountain districts, and at the present time they have under consideration the question of establishing pigeon-lofts, in order to secure rapid communication between the fortresses of the frontier and the mountain passes.

There is no government military pigeon system in the country, but there is scarcely a town of any importance that can not boast of possessing a columbarian society, which, in case of necessity, could furnish some hundreds of trained birds; and these, if occasion demanded, could be dispatched by swift cruisers so as to bring back intelligence respecting the enemy's fleet.

Hitherto England has not given attention to the establishing of military pigeon-lofts, probably owing to the fact that from its insular position it is in less danger of invasion than are the countries of the Continent. It has also been argued that it would be possible to train birds so as, in time of war, to maintain the communication between ship and shore; whilst during operations on the Afghan frontier pigeons might be of great service. As to our resources in trained pigeons, great progress has, through the medium of columbarian societies, been made in this respect during the past few years, and it may be fairly estimated that something like 9,000 birds are annually put into training by private persons; and in case the necessity arose, these would without doubt, be placed at the disposal of the nation. Whether or not our own government will ever follow the example set by the great European countries is yet to be decided.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, in relieving Captain H. W. Lawton and his troop, B, of the 4th U. S. Cavalry, from duty in the Department of Arizona, pays a graceful tribute to that officer and to his troops for the gallant services rendered by them, and thanks them heartily for their valuable assistance. That the tribute is well merited none will deny and all will unite in wishing Captain Lawton and his troopers a restful tour of quiet duty at that pleasant post, Fort Myer, Va.

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19

Coffee in the Confederacy.

The Various Substitutes Tried in Turn—Cotton Seed as a Beverage.

Coffee had been almost the sole table beverage of the south, and no privation caused more actual discomfort among the people at large than the want of it. There was nothing for which they strove so eagerly and unceasingly to procure a substitute. Few, indeed, were the substances which did not, first and last, find their way into the coffee pot. Wheat, rye, corn, sweet potatoes, peanuts, dandelion seed, okra seed, persimmon seed, melon seed are but a few of the substitutes which had their turn and their day. "A fig for the difference between Ri-o and ry-e," said the wits. "Eureka!" cried an enthusiastic newspaper correspondent. "Another of shakles which holds the south to the commercial thall of the world is severed. Let South America keep its Rio and the antipodes its Java. It is discovered to be true beyond peradventure that as a beverage the seed of the sea island cotton cannot be distinguished from the best Java, unless by its superiority; while the seed of the ordinary variety is found to be not a whit behind the best Rio." What a flutter of excitement and joy it raised in many a household—and doubtless, the scene in ours was typical—to find that the great national plant, the very symbol of the Confederacy, was indeed so many sided! It gave us greater confidence, if it were possible to have greater, in the power and possibilities of the south, now that cotton, the great king, had had another crown laid on his brow.

So opportune was the discovery, too, that it struck us as almost a divine revelation, indicating the interposition of Providence in our favor. So eager were we to test it—or rather to confirm it, for it was too good not to be true—that we could not await meal time. Residing in North Carolina and up the country, we had never seen any sea island cotton, but the prospect of being confined to Rio was by no means appalling. A pickanninny was forthwith hurried off to the cotton patch, then sparsely flecked with newly-opened balls. The apronful of precious stuff, now a veritable manna, was hardly indoors before a dozen hands of all sizes and colors were tearing, picking at the discredited fiber, in quest of the more priceless seed. The Rio was made and drank. Despite the sorghum sweetening the verdict was unanimous in its favor. I hope that the communication of this stupendous discovery to our neighbors added as immensely to our happiness as to our self-importance. But if in the last respect we sinned, retribution could not have been laggard; for although, owing to the fact that happily the recollection of disappointments and humiliations is less abiding than the opposite feelings, I am unable to tell exactly why and when we returned to parched bran, it is nevertheless true that we did.

Recipes for making "coffee without coffee"—when the real article was alluded to, strong emphasis on the word left no doubt as to which kind was meant—were extensively advertised in the newspapers, and in some instances sold by canvassing agents. But rye, okra seed and meal or bran held in the long run the popular favor. Those who could afford an infinitesimal quantity of the real article, counted out by the grain to flavor the substitute, were the envy of the neighborhood. A cup of pure, genuine coffee would in the eyes of many have been an extravagance akin to Cleopatra's famous draught itself. The contents of a small gourd, which held our entire stock of the genuine article for many months before the close of the war, must have gone towards the making of an incredible lake of coffee.

Grumbling Teachers.

Grumblers, though not the most agreeable people, have their uses. Generally without any constructive power of their own, they yet are the indirect cause of a considerable amount of progress, for they spy out with much keenness of vision, and not seldom with much ill-nature, the defects of existing institutions, which defects are afterwards remedied by others. In the teachers' profession is found a large class who do not only consider grumbling a privilege but a positive duty. Our graded schools, according to his notion, destroy the individuality of their pupils; and he enlarges with a profusion of rhetoric on the supreme wickedness of cramping nature's freedom by the diabolical invention of per cents. He declares all our methods of teaching absolute failures, and uses, with frequent complacency in connection with this declaration, the well-worn epithets "ruts," "routine," "cramming," etc. What meaning he may attach to this expression he has never risen to explain.

A Funeral Pyre.

Cremation of a Hindoo Rajah at Etretat, France.

Etretat has a sensation in the death of a real Hindoo Prince. This personage was the Rajah Abu Sahib-Koanderao, who lately arrived there from Nice with a suite of twelve persons, all natives of Hindostan. The Rajah left his own country in search of medical relief from a tumor in the throat, which some months ago already threatened his death. The renown of French surgery had reached his ears, even in his palace on the shore of the Ganges. After having been comfortably settled at Nice for some time he was suddenly forced to leave by the advent of the cholera. His condition had become worse instead of better, and a long list of doctors had proved their inability to cure him.

When the moment of the supreme agony approached and his servitors knew that he had not ten minutes longer to live, they lifted him up from the bed and laid him down upon the ground, for, according to the precepts of Bhuddism, the soul of the dead must first come in contact with the soil before it can go forward to the next stage in its march towards perfection. A stone jug was placed under the head of the dying Rajah and thus he breathed his last.

The relatives and domestics of the deceased Prince declared that his body must be burned according to the Hindoo rite. They applied to the Maire of Etretat for permission to carry out this rite. That functionary was at first much perplexed. There was nothing in the manual of magistrates that related to cremation; neither the Code nor the Constitution mentioned it. He finally, however, telegraphed to the Prefect of the Department; the Prefect consulted the Minister of the Interior and the funeral rite was authorized.

The decomposition of the corpse had been very rapid and the case had become an urgent one. The Maire merely exacted of the Hindoos the greatest discretion.

On Tuesday night, in the presence of that worthy magistrate and of several doctors (among them Dr. Kennedy, an American) the body was carried down to the beach at the foot of the high cliffs, where a funeral pyre had been prepared by the Hindoos. It was in the form of a couch and was composed of alternate layers of fagots and chips, the latter being well saturated with oil and petroleum. On top of this was a bed of hay and upon this reposed the departed Rajah. Then the fagots and saturated chips were piled up still higher and the torch was applied at the summit.

The process of combustion lasted from 2 o'clock to 6 in the morning. After it was over, the friends and servants of the deceased performed divers ceremonies. The ashes were divided into three parts. One was cast to the winds; the second was thrown into the sea, and the third was gathered into an urn and will be taken home to the native country of the Rajah.

A few of the habitues and residents of Etretat were present at the spectacle, but a much larger number hurried down to the beach soon after rising from their beds to view the remains of the funeral pyre and to gather some mementoes of the event. A little of the ashes was still visible, and the soil about the spot still gave forth an unusual heat.

Home Amusement.

An excellent home entertainment is that of drawing together. In nearly every neighborhood there is some one who knows something of the elements of this fine and valuable art. But if not good prints abound; and much can be learned from them, if one only has sharp eyes. A good plan is for all the members of the family to draw a picture of some one thing—a chair, or a stove, a pile of books, a dog, or a cat. Or, one may sit as a "model" and give the others twenty minutes in which to make a sketch. This often produces great merriment, and if persevered in it sometimes happens that some member of the family develops real talent for drawing.

The twilight hour may be improved by a recital of the events of the day. Each one should take his turn at this, and be obliged to make his description as interesting as possible to the circle. This exercise tends to accuracy, if you please, and develops the descriptive powers. Insist upon having the story duly embellished with details. Stirring ballads, fine poems, and choice bits of prose or verse chime in well at this hour, if recited. Choose specific subjects of conversation. Ask the children to tell all they know about mining, or painting, or new inventions.

A pan of modeling clay, or of mud of the proper consistency, will entertain a group of youngsters for an evening, in modeling. The quick-witted boy or girl will make a rude frame-work of wire and wood, upon which to fashion and model the clay, so it will not tumble down. In drawing and modeling, young people observe a good many things not before thought of. Home talk and home occupations do much toward developing their minds and talents.

Habits of Cats.

Some cats will not only jump high enough to rattle a latch or touch a door-knob, when they desire to gain an entrance to a house, but have even been known to exhibit intelligence enough to push open a door, or raise a latch and open it, as effectually as a human being could perform the same feat. I once knew of a goose that would spring up and catch the string attached to an inside wooden latch, open the door, and walk in and up to the fire as deliberately as any one of the family. To him the latch string was seldom out, except by way of experiment. It could hardly be said of him "as stupid as a goose."

Cats are full of curiosity; and if a new chair or other piece of furniture is brought in when they are out, as soon as seen, they walk around it, smell of it, and touch it; sometimes climb up on it, sit awhile, and go off satisfied. When hungry, they lick out the tongue, elevate the tail, and follow some one around, or pull at the clothing of the arm, or lap to attract attention to their wants. The tail is lowered, when satisfied with eating or with drinking. Scratching at the door is their sign for wanting to go out, also. The same sign on the out-side indicates a desire to get into the house. If the door is partially open, "special pleading," in a cat's way, to get in, is shown by a protrusion of the tongue beneath the nose, or a look and a gentle mew.

Shaking the head or jerking the foot is not only an effort to free the foot or ears from water, but is a sign of disgust or dislike—the degree measured by the energy of the action.

Rubbing the head is an effort to attract attention, as well as a sign of friendship and familiarity. Purring is an emotional satisfaction or an anxiety. A large yellow cat of ours used to follow the servant to the meadow, sit on a log till the milking ended, and return with the milker—a case of clear selfishness, for he wanted milk, and always received it.

Something New.

Two Belgians, Colonel Renard and Mr. Nothomb, the latter professor of telegraphy in a technical college, have just made known a wonderful discovery—namely, a portable telephone, wherewith telephoning is made easy on open ground from any-where to any-where, by means of a copper wire worked by a small but astonishingly powerful generator of electricity. In warfare soldiers could carry the wire, and would be able to communicate with others by simply throwing the wire on the soil and rolling it around a sword fixed in the ground to form a circuit, and then speaking through a small box. The said telephone also acts as a telegraph, and can be used as a substitute wherever telegraph wires are cut. Experiments made between Brussels and Antwerp show the transmission to be so perfect that a sound can be heard even at several yards from the receiver.

Economy and Beauty.

When old chair seats are soiled or worn past redemption, very pretty new ones can be made of light and dark cashmere joined together. The foundation is to consist of dark contrasting or harmonizing colors, and the centre consists of gayer hues. A foundation may be composed of alternate strips of green cashmere in two dark shades, and the centre could be formed of moss and apple green; or a foundation of alternate pieces of prune and heliotrope, with the centre of mauve in two shades. Another could be made of gray, varying from a dark tint to a delicate French gray. If contrasting tints are desired, what can be prettier than strips of black and ruby forming the foundation, with a centre of old green and delicate blue or lavender? Consider how diversity can be arranged, so that one chair may be totally different from another. Bedroom chairs look very pretty when thus covered, and the covers ought to be made to tie tightly down upon the seats. These covers can be made of flannel, silk, velvet, cashmere, ribbon, or plush scraps, and at little expense, save the work, which is of no account, as it can be done at odd moments.

YOUNG MAN: "Mr. Weeks, why don't you shingle your barn?"

Old Farmer: "'Cause it's rainin'."

Young Man: "Well, why don't you shingle it when it isn't raining?"

Old Farmer: "It don't need it then."
—*Life.*

Lorillard's Triumphs in England.

Mr. P. Lorillard sent his first string of horses over to England in the fall of 1878, but did not commence racing until 1879, in which year he won seven races, Parole getting five, including the City and Suburban Handicap and the great Metropolitan stakes, value £4,009. Geraldine one, value £1,030, and Pappoose one, value £337, total value £5,376. In 1880 he won eight races, Iroquois taking four, value £2,642, Paw Paw one, value £577, Boreas one, £102, and Nereid one, £260, a total of £5,281. The year 1881 was the most successful for Mr. Lorillard as he won no less than nine races, value £18,220, including the classic events the Derby and St. Ledger. Iroquois heads the list with seven victories, value £16,900. Mistake took one, value £706, and Gerald one, value £600. The past year Mr. Lorillard was extremely unfortunate, having only won one race, the Newmarket spring Handicap, value about $500. He has had several seconds and thirds.

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Enterprise at Vassar.

A Vassar girl tells in the New York *Morning Journal* of the curious ways in which some of the poorer students at that institution earn their pocket money. "Some of the girls who come up to Vassar," she says, "are as helpless as babes. They are the daughters of millionaires, and never brushed their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one do these things for them, and that is how the poorer girls make pocket money. Last year a pretty blue-eyed girl came to college, and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, but every penny for dress, car-fare, and the thousand and one little incidentals she must earn herself."

Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door:

Gloves and shoes neatly mended for 10 cents each.

Breakfast brought up for 10 cents.

Hair brushed each night for 25 cents a week.

Beds made up at 10 cents a week.

"That little freshman made just $150 the first year," continues the account, "and that paid all of her expenses and a good part of her tuition fees."

Women of Algiers.

The lives the women live in Algiers, particularly if they be young and pretty, are simply terrible. When about fourteen an Algerine girl is married—or rather sold, for it is scarcely more than a money transaction—to a man whom she has probably never seen, but who, from that moment, possesses absolute authority over her. If she should belong to the higher classes she is usually restricted, even in her husband's house, to one or two rooms. "If she were allowed to wander up and down stairs she might meet a man," the husband says. The windows of the rooms into which she may go always look into a court-yard, not a public street, but for all that they are carefully covered with lattice-work, so that she may have no chance of holding communications with the outside world. The only amusement she is allowed to indulge in is a weekly visit to the cemetery, where she is supposed to mourn for the dead. This mourning, I must confess, is performed in a manner peculiar to the country. On Fridays, all men having been carefully excluded, the Algerine ladies drive, closely veiled, to the cemetery. Once inside the gates, they throw aside their veils, and, seating themselves upon the tombstones, prepare to make a day of it. They also go provided with a substantial luncheon, and they spend the whole day laughing, chatting, and gossiping with their fellow-mourners. At sunset they resume their veils, mount into their carriages, and are driven back to their homes, which they will not quit until the following Friday.—*New York Times.*

Climbing a Derrick.

When Custer City was a booming oil town, and was filled with a surging crowd of land speculators, it furnished an odd incident in the stirring life in the oil regions. On Friday afternoon, May 10, 1878, while Messrs. A. McKinley and R. C. McMichael were strolling through the outskirts of the town their attention was attracted by the extraordinary spectacle of two girls seated comfortably upon the top of an eighty-four foot derrick. There they sat, apparently as much at ease as if at home in their easy chairs. They were so high above the heads of all observers that only their merry laughter floated down to those on the ground. A great crowd soon gathered near the derrick, attracted by the novel sight. The young ladies were not embarrassed in the least by the crowd below, but chatted and laughed on as if no one was near them. They remained on their dizzy perch for half an hour or more, and then came down the ladder as gracefully as professional trapeze performers could have done it. The crowd cheered heartily, and the young ladies were the heroines of the hour. They were Miss Flora Madison and Miss Alice Daly, bright and pretty girls, who, besides their beauty, forever established their reputation for nerve and daring.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Lessons for Maidens.

This is a charming old lady's advice to girls—very excellent advice, indeed, to the sweet-faced damsels who are making their first bows to society this winter.

Firstly, what to avoid:

A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagances in conversation—such phrases as "awfully this," "beastly that," "loads of time," "don't you know," "hate," for "dislike," etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise, and joy—often dangerously approaching to "female swearing"—as "bother!" "gracious!" "how jolly!"

Yawning when listening to any one.

Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

Crossing your letters.

Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

Next, what to cultivate:

An unaffeted, low, distinct, silver-toned voice.

The art of pleasing those around you, and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage—that is, a sound body.

A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them—thus avoiding giving offense through not recognizing or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best been left unsaid.

The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke.

Some Useful Odds and Ends.

If you do not try to make yourself look as pretty as you can you neglect one of your duties. It is worth while to make the most of all the good looks you possess; but that does not mean that you should revel in powder and purchased bloom, or spend hours in frivolous decoration. To have a clear skin remember that you must have good health, and to have good health and a rosy complexion you must wear thick-soled shoes, and spend a part of every day out-of-doors.

If you use powder of any kind on the face, never go to bed without washing it off. Sanitary reasons as well as cleanliness require this. To keep your skin from roughening, find by trial what kind of soap suits you best, and use no other. Frequent changes of soap are bad for the complexion. Beware of those which are highly scented; as a general thing they are of poor quality, the scent being used to destroy the odor of the other ingredients used.

If you would keep your face and hands unwrinkled use tepid water; very hot or cold water is injurious. Also avoid burying the face in a soft pillow at night, which always produces wrinkles around the eyes.

A wash which will remove the sunburn acquired by out-door sports is made by adding to twelve ounces of elder-flower water six drams of common soda and six drams of powdered borax; applied to the skin it will make it as clear and soft as a baby's.

Keep your combs and brushes sweet and clean. Wash them in tepid water containing a few drops of ammonia. The grease and soil will disappear as if by magic. Place the brushes bristles down to dry and delicate celluloid handles will not be injured.

By using the following preparation for cleaning kid gloves, ribbons, and laces you can keep the above mentioned articles in the "pink of perfection" with little trouble: To two quarts of deodorized benzine add two drams of sulphuric ether, two drams of chloroform, and four drams of alcohol. Pour the fluid in a bowl and wash the articles as if in water, rinsing in a fresh supply.

When you are particularly anxious to attend the concert or party of the season, and feel that pricking pain and see the fatal little spot of red on the eyelid that surely foretells the coming of the sty, have no fears for the result, but put in a small bag a teaspoonful of black tea, on which pour enough boiling water to moisten; as soon as cool enough put it on the eye and let it remain until morning. The sty will in all probability be gone; if not, one more application will be certain to remove it.

That unsightly excrescence commonly called a wart can be removed by touching it several times a day with castor-oil. This is the simplest known remedy.

To remove a foreign body from the eye, wrap dry white silk waste around and thoroughly over the end of a wooden tooth-pick, brush with this carefully over the part of the eye where the substance is lodged, and it will become entangled in the silk. Bits of steel or any other sharp substance which may become imbedded in the eyeball may be removed by this means.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

OBSOLETE THEORIES.

The old theory in regard to fires is becoming obsolete. The idea was formerly that the fire should be confined and smothered if possible, for lack of air, but the modern idea is to give vent to the building that the flames and smoke and heat may escape, in order that the firemen may gain access to the building and concentrate their efforts to the extinguishing of the fire.

A building once cleared of the smother, and it is not difficult to reach the fire. That this plan is successful is demonstrated by the fact that in our large cities tha loss by each fire is very much less than formerly.

THEY say that the truth is not to be spoken at all times, which is the equivalent of saying that truth is an invalid who can only take the air in a close carriage with a gentleman in a black coat on the box.—*Holmes.*

A LEAP-YEAR PARSON.

A story comes from over the water of some good advice which the Rev. Dr. Moore, once the pastor of the Central Christian Church, of Cincinnati, gave not long ago to a young lady, a member of his London congregation. The young lady is an orphan, and was desperately in love with one young man while she was being courted by another. The young man she loved had shown her a good deal of brotherly love for several years, but no word of sentiment had ever passed between them. Finally the young man who had steadily courted her for months proposed matrimony. The young lady did not want to accept, since she loved the other fellow, and she did not want to run the risk of dying an old maid by a flat refusal, because this young man for a husband was better than no husband at all. Finally putting the suitor off, in desperate straits she went to Dr. Moore.

"Did you say the young man you love had showed you some attention?" asked Dr. Moore.

"Yes, but only as a brother."

"I'll tell you what to do. Just sit down and ask his advice. Tell him the fact that you are an orphan, with no one to counsel, leads you to come to him for help. Tell him frankly of the young man's proposal and of your hesitancy about accepting a husband, and then tell me the result."

In a few days the young lady appeared at the doctor's study as happy as a meadow lark in June. She had written the letter the doctor had advised, and as quickly as a train could travel between the home of the man she loved and her home an answer came.

"Don't accept; I'll see you to-morrow." And he did see her on the morrow, when he confessed his love and said he had never avowed it before because he was waiting till his income would warrant a discussion of matrimony. He did not want to marry anybody else under the sun but her, and then she told him she didn't want to marry the other fellow any of the time, and then—

"Married—At the residence of the bride's aunt, by the Rev. Dr. Moore," etc.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

Did you know that this familiar phraze, "Hobson's Choice," preserves the memory of a very good and useful man? Thomas Hobson was born in 1544; he was for sixty years a carrier between London and Cambridge, conveying to and from the University letters and packages, also passengers. In addition to his express business he had a livery stable and let horses to the University students. He made it a rule that all the horses should have, according to their ability, a proper division of work and rest. They were taken out in regular order, as they stood, beginning with the one nearest the door. No choice was allowed, and if any man refused to take the animal assigned to him he might go without any. That or none. Hence the phrase, "Hobson's Choice."

In the spring of 1530, the plague broke out in England. The colleges of Cambridge were closed, and among the precautions taken by the authorities to avoid infection, Hobson was forbidden to go to London. He died in January, 1631, partly it is said, from anxiety and fretting at his enforced leisure. Hobson was one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge, and did much for the benefit of the city, to which he left several legacies. His death called forth many poems from members of the University, officers and students, among them two by the poet Milton, then a student at Christ's College.—*Wide Awake.*

AT West Point. Instructor—Give the rule for approximate calculation of horizontal distances. Plebe (from New York City, confidently)—Twenty blocks to the mile.—*Puck.*

How to Reduce Your Expenses.

You can do it easily, and you will not have to deprive yourself of a single comfort; on the contrary, you will enjoy life more than ever. How can you accomplish this result? Easily; cut down your doctor's bills. When you lose your appetite, and become bilious and constipated, and therefore low-spirited, don't rush off to the family physician for a prescription, or, on the other hand, wait until you are sick abed before doing anything at all; but just go to the druggist's and for twenty-five cents get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Take them as directed, and our word for it, your unpleasant symptoms will disappear as if by magic, you will have no big doctor's bill to pay, and everybody interested (except the doctor) will feel happy.

AFTER a man agrees to swap off his fame for a piece of court-plaster, he is considerably stuck on himself.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

THE easiest way to find out a girl's age is to ask some other girl.

To Cheyenne via the C., B. & Q. R. R.

By a recent extension of the Burlington Route, a new, direct and first-class line is now opened to the public from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis to Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory. Trains, from the points mentioned, for the entire distance to Cheyenne are under Burlington Route management, the Burlington being the only line with its own track between Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis and Cheyenne. "The Burlington's Number One" of the Burlington Route fast train service, which leaves Chicago for Denver via Omaha at noon daily, carries through sleeping cars from Chicago for Cheyenne. This through sleeping car arrives at Cheyenne at midnight of the second day after leaving Chicago, but passengers are allowed to remain in it until breakfast time. The train carrying the Cheyenne sleeper connects with C., B. & Q. daily trains leaving Peoria in the afternoon and St. Louis in the morning.

Note that the Burlington Route is the only line running sleeping cars from Chicago to Cheyenne without change, and see that your ticket to Cheyenne reads via the C., B. & Q. R. R. It can be obtained of any coupon ticket agent of its own or connecting lines, or by addressing PAUL MORTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

"ROUGH ON ITCH" Ointment cures Skin Humors, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Ring Worm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Itch, Ivy Poison, Barber's Itch, Scald Head, Eczema. 50c. Druggists or mail. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N.J.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

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The taint of scrofula in the blood should be got rid of or serious consequences may result. Consumption is undoubtedly scrofula of the lungs, and in its early stages may be cured by purifying the blood and building up the system. For this Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequaled. It also cures scrofula when it appears in the form of running sores, boils, bunches in the neck, catarrh, or in any other manner. While it purifies, Hood's Sarsaparilla also enriches the blood.

"I have been troubled with scrofula for three years having running sores on my leg. After taking one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I am getting well rapidly." ASA ELBEL, South Bend, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar

Ely's Cream Balm

Gives relief at once for **COLD in HEAD.**

—|CURES|—

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Not a Liquid or Snuff.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

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Make your own Bitters

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Use STEKETEE'S PIN WORM DESTROYER, sure cure. Price 25 cents.

ST. JACOBS OIL

SCIATICA.

Misery.—It is instructive to note from the catalogue of diseases that nine-tenths of fatal cases reach their chronic stage through a stupid indifference to a correct treatment when the system is first assailed. It is easily shown that thousands of lives could be saved.

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Torture.—For instance: SCIATICA, which so sorely afflicts the human family, and which is defined to be neuralgia of the sciatic nerve, rheumatism of the hip-joint, or parts adjoining it, hip gout, pains in the loins and hips, even in its mildest form never seizes its prey without due warning.

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Acute.—Sudden and acute pains in the hip and loins; redness, swelling, tenderness, soreness, fever, lameness and sometimes excruciating pains. The disease rapidly develops into chronic or inflammatory stage.

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Cure.—Rub the parts affected thoroughly and vigorously with ST. JACOBS OIL; create a burning sensation by the friction of rubbing on the Oil; apply warmth; flannels wrung out in hot water.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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The many testimonials received by us more than prove all we claim for this valuable remedy. It not only relieves the most severe pains, but

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The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

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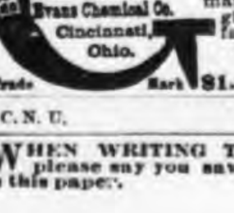

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C. N. U. No. 7—88

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VOL. 1. FEB. 15, 1888. NO. 2.

In this issue we have not the C. M. & St. P. time card, correct to date.

We allow a cash commission of 25 per cent., to all subscribers for each new subscriber sent us.

When writing to advertisers whose "ads." appear in this paper, kindly mention THE EXCHANGE.

Yearly subscribers to this paper can have their names inserted one month free in our Agents Directory.

Bargain and Exchange notices inserted. 40 words or less, 10 cts. Over 40 words, 1 ct. for each additional word.

We have started a Phelatelic Department with this issue. It is conducted by Mr. Edg. Melville, of Chester, Pa.

Have you name and address inserted in Our Agents Directory, and note the quanity of mail matter you will receive *free*.

Look over our advertising columns. They contain the ads. of the most successful and reliable advertisers in the U. S.

Subscribe to this paper. Has a circulation of 1000 copies. Is a valuable advertising medium, and only 25 cents per year.

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We want agents in every town to solicit subscriptions for us. Will give liberal commissions. Write for samples and terms enclosing a 2 cent stamp.

We have changed printers and now come out with 8 instead of 4 pages. It is now time for you to show us your good will by subscribing or sending us an ad. Which will you do?

Any advertiser who will favor us with a sample of the article advertised will receive a local notice *free*. That is if the article is of sufficient merit. Who will be the 9th one sending us a sample?

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Send 25 cents and we will insert your name and address in our large Agents' Directory, and send yon the EXCHANGE regularly every month for one year. Now is the time to subscribe.

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American Boys and Girls, The Pilot, The Agents' Journal, The Economist, and Gleanings.

NEW PAPERS.

Hawkeye O. & O. Cresce, Ia.; Amateur Herald, Springfield, Ill.; The Student, LeMars, Ia.; Monona Globe, Monona, Ia.; Wild West, Redington, Nebr.; Young America, Cobleskill, N. Y.; Hawkeye State Collector, Wyoming, Ia.; The Chicagoan, Chicago, Ills.; Agents' Pilot, Rochester, N. Y.; The Collector's Magazine, Riverside, Cal.; The World of Nature, Newport, R. I.; The Science Observer, Vineland, N. J.

We have received the following papers. Publishers please except thanks.

The Mohawk Standard, Hawkeye O. & O., The Midget, Terpsichore, Monthly Gem, Badger State Philatelist, Common Sense, International Collector, The Index, American Boys & Girls, Buckeye State Collector, Spindle City Youth, The Norm, The National Amateur, The Collector, Progressive Youth, Haweye State Collector, The Bee, The Wild West, Philatelic Review, Young American, Exchange Journal, Young People's Companion, Quaker City Philatelist, Geologist's Gazette, Western World, The Correspondent, The Bugle, Family Progress, Monthly Transcript, Advertisers' Directory, Wedding Bells, Agents' Star, People's Journal, Witch City Philatelist, Monthly Owl, Agents' Era, Agents' Calender, Collector's Star, The Autograph, Business Guide, Hawkeye Midget, *and a few* others.

CLUB LIST.

We will send the EXCHANGE and any one of the papers mentioned below, one year for the price named in the second column of figures. The first column being the publisher's price:

The Golden Rod,	$ .25	$ .30
Wild West,	.40	.45
The Advance,	.25	.30
Hawkeye Ornithologist and Oologist,	.50	.55

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All advertisers receiving a copy of this paper are invited to send in their ad.

A company has been incorporated at Washington to establish an electro-automatic elevated railway between Baltimore and Washington, which will carry mail and merchandise between the two cities in ten minutes.

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The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, meaning web of cloth or the warp that keeps threads in their place. They contain the best sayings of best sages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings can not be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century before Christ. The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of Max Muller, Wilson, Johnson and Whitney that they are not older than eleventh centuries before Christ. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all these sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelth century before Christ.

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THE AGENTS' PILOT a mammoth 16-page 64-col. paper. Only 10cts. a year. Will "Pilot" your name and address to hundreds of firms for only 5cts. Sample copy 3c.

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The Literary Visitor, 8 pages, 40 columns monthly, one year for only 25 cents. A Fine Deck of playing cards, 10 cents. 20 Photos. of Footlight favorites, 10 cents. A package of Sunflower seeds, "fine double variety," 10 cents. Cut this advertisment out and send it together with 3 *Dimes*, "only 30 cents," and we will send you the Paper one year, and all the above mentioned articles by return mail. Sample copy of paper and 32 page songster for a 2 cent stamp. None free.

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HERE YOU ARE!

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TIME TABLE

C. M. & St. P. Ry. at Calmar.

TRAINS EAST, I. & D. DIVISION.

No.	4	Passenger	departs	3:15 A. M.
"	50	"	"	3:15 "
"	14	Freight	"	3:50 "
"	90	"	"	7:45 "
"	10	"	"	10:10 "
"	2	Passenger	"	4:40 P. M.
"	12	Freight	"	4:50 "
"	6	"	"	4:55 "

TRAINS WEST, I. &. D. DIVISION.

No.	51	Passenger	arrives	12:50 A. M.
"	1	"	departs	2:00 "
"	91	Freight	arrives	5:25 "
"	5	"	departs	8:55 "
"	3	Passenger	"	11:30 "
"	7	Freight	"	1:20 P. M.
"	9	"	"	7:05 "
"	11	"	"	10:45 "

DAVENPORT TRAINS.

No.	22	Freight	arrives	12:30 A. M.
"	18	Passenger	"	12:50 "
"	20	Freight	"	9:00 P. M.
"	19	"	departs	5:00 A. M.
"	21	"	"	7:20 "
"	17	Passenger	"	4:50 P. M.

TRAINS FROM NORTH, I. & M. DIVISION.

No.	4	Passenger	arrives	2:50 A. M.
"	22	Freight	"	3:30 "
"	90	"	"	7:00 "
"	26	"	"	9:50 "
"	20	"	"	4:00 P. M.
"	2	Passenger	"	4:30 "

TRAINS DEPART, NORTH, I. & M. DIVISION.

No.	1	Passenger	departs	1:00 A. M.
"	15	Freight	"	1.25 "
"	91	"	"	5:35 "
"	19	"	"	9:50 "
"	3	Passenger	"	11:10 "
"	21	Freight	"	7:30 P. M.

DECORAH BRANCH.

No.	31	Freight	departs	5:45 A. M.
"	33	"	"	8:55 "
"	7	Passenger	"	11:20 "
"	9	"	"	4:40 P. M.
"	32	Freight	arrives	7:20 A. M.
"	8	Passenger	"	10:55 "
"	10	"	"	4:20 P. M.
"	34	Freight	"	6:20 "

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Mr. W. C. Stone of Springfield, Mass. conducts an able department in *The American Phiatelist.*

The Editor will be pleased to hear from our readers, of any new issues, changes of colors, etc., as well as discoveries.

Mr. Will. M. Clemens, formerly of Jamestown, N. Y. now resides in San Diego, Cal. where he is still engaged in the curiosity business.

The editor of this department is prepared to furnish Mss. of all kinds at reasonable prices. Philatelic, Amateur and Puzzle departments a specialty.

Received from H. A. Babb, P. O. Box 3081, Denver, Colo., *The Stamp Dealers of the United States.* It is compiled in a first-class manner and is a publication that should be in the hands of every collector.

The Youth's Leisure Hour, of Boonville, N. Y. improves greatly with every number. It is partially devoted to Philately and is a first-class Youth's journal in every respect. Success to you, Mr. Johnson.

During the year 1887; 11½ tons of postage stamps—nearly 170,000,000 in number—were sold at the New York post-office. The total receipts of the office were 4,598,382 and the Government was nearly $300,000,000.

The publishers of *The Hawkeye State Collector* of Wyoming, Ia., are offering a Grand Prize (1 page ad. in 12 Nos.) for the best article received before Mar. 10, 1888, on any of the following subjects: Philately, Numismatics, Archæology, and Mineralogy.

From the remains of the old Lansing Philatelic society of Lansing, Michigan, was organized Jan. 19, 1888, the Wolverine Philatelic Society, and officers elected as follows: E. F. Johnson, President; George Van Buren, Vice-President; R. G. Dodge, Secretary; Wm. McGrath, Treasurer; C. W. Foster, Librarian.

California is making forward strides in organizing a philatelic society to represent the Golden State. For furthur particulars our brother philatelists who reside in California and who are thus interested should write to either of the following named philatelists: Maurice V. Samuels, 713 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. or 516 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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SOMETHING ABOUT STAMPS.

"Yes," said the proprietor of the store, "we buy stamps, but not those of the ordinary kind, although we purchased a lot a few days ago from an old lady who had a mania for collecting them, and simply as a curiosity. She sent them to us in a big trunk and told us there were a million in all. Most of them were tied up as you see in little bundles containings five hundred stamps each, but a large proportion were loose in the trunk. She began collecting them nearly ten years ago, she told me, when some one advertised for a million stamps and promised to pay one hundred dollars to the first person who collected that number. She started her collection with many others who saw the advertisement, and so far as known is the only one succeeding in getting the required number. Of course, the advertisment was a joke, and who ever inserted it never expected to see any one persevere in collecting the million stamps. Our customer, however, was not discouraged, and finally became so interested in completing the collection that she interested all her friends and acquaintances in the cause, and people used to send her stamps from all parts of the country. We paid twenty-five dollars for the lot. Here are foreign stamps that we sell for one hundred dollars a million," continued the dealer as he opened several wide, deep drawers filled to the top with used postage stamps of foreign countries. "These comprise about fifty varieties of the commonest stamps in use, principally English, French, German and Italian. They are not worth any more than ordinary two and three cent United States stamps in our business, and we can afford to sell them cheap. They are sent to us by the bushel by agents and collectors whom we have in all foreign countries, and we simply take them as they come. The rarer varieties are all sorted out and placed in catalogues, but the mass are dumped into these drawers and sold by the bulk. In valuable collections nearly all the stamps are unused, and in many instances the collector will pay high prices for specimens of the first proofs taken from the die. A very good collection of used stamps, including all the stamps issued, except the very rarest, can be made for two hundred dollars. Sometimes five hundred dollars will be paid for a rare stamp when only a very limited number are known to be in existence. But this does not occur often. The number of postage stamps which have been issued by countries since 1840, when they first came into fashion with the penny-post in England, is something over five thousand. There are hundreds of stamp dealers in this country, and the number of stamps sold annually, to collectors, is up among the millions."—*Welcome Friend.*

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OUR REVIEW TABLE.

The Science Observer is reported from Vineland, N. J., and *The New Index* from Red Lion, Del.

Surely, Pittsfield, Mass. has her share of amateur papers. There being 3 published at that place.

One of our best exchanges is the *Youth's Leisure Hour* of Boonville, N. Y., published by F. C. Johnson.

The Philatelic Gazette for Feb. received. Its editors, Messrs. Mann & Kendig are bound to have an A No. 1 paper.

The *Geologists' Gazette* published at Wichita, Kans. is a small, but interesting paper, devoted to the natural sciences.

The *Old Curiosity Shop*, formerly of Jamestown, N. Y., now hails from San Diego, Cal. Will. M. Clemens publisher.

The *Yankee Trader*, Marietta, Ohio, is very neatly printed, and is lively on the trade. The March number is great.

The Vermont Monthly is at hand. It is a first-class monthly paper. Sixteen pages, full of stories and only 35cts. a year.

The *Agents' Banner*, R. B. Jack, publisher, Salem, Mass. combined the Jan. and Feb. Nos. Too bad for the first issue.

Several new papers have found their way to "our table," among them the *Mo. Globe*, of New Hope, N. Y. Geo. Hoyt, editor.

The *American Philatelist* published by the Literary Board of A. P. A. received. It is one of the largest and finest stamp papers published.

The Mohawk Standard completed its second volume with the Feb'y number. Commencing with Vol. 3 it will appear with eight pages and cover.

There are two *Exchange Monthly's* one published by Thomas Cooper, Shelbyville, Ky. and the other by Thomas Chamberlin, Jersey City, N. J.

We are indebted to Mr. Davis, of Lowell, Mass., for a file of that excellent little paper *The Spindle City Youth.* Mr. Davis contemplates enlarging his paper.

Binghamton boys are great on papers. *The Dynamite* is the only one we have seen. We have yet, *Conqueror*, *Thistle*, *Volunteer* and *Boys' Courier* to hear from.

The *American Amateur Printer* is an interesting 4-page monthly devoted to the interests of amateur printers. It is published by Geo. Stoehr, Newark, N. J.

We have received the *Stamp Collector's Journal* published by Mr. C. H. Nunn, Bury St. Edmunds, England. It is an enteresting magazine devoted entirely to philately.

Vade Mecum is the only magazine of the kind published. It is just the right size for the pocket and is devoted to the interests of agents. F. F. Oakley & Co., Salnia, Kans.

Our thanks are due Mr. F. R. Stearns for the first three numbers of the *Geologist's Gazette*, and to Messrs. Webster and Mead for the initial number of the *Ornithologist and Oologist.*

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IN EMBRYO.

The egg in the shallow brown nest—
How lifeless, how pale to the eye!
How long it is pressed to the mother's warm breast,
And kept from the shafts of the sky
Yet listen, my sweet,
O listen, my sweet,
And think on the changes that fall,
For a heart is beginning to tremble and beat
Close under the delicate wall!

A bird is astir in the nest—
The creature of sunshine and day;
How little and weak, with its wide yellow beak,
Its body all naked and gray!
Yet listen, my dear,
Oh listen, my dear,
And think on the chances that fall,
For the carols of summer are joyful to hear,
And Hope is the ruler of all!

As magic is wrought in the nest,
The night is pursued by the morn,
And surely at last from the walls of the past
The life of the future is born.
Then listen, my sweet,
Oh listen, my sweet,
And think on the changes that fall,
For the heart of the morrow will quicken and beat,
And burst into being for all!

—*Dora Read Goodale, in Young People.*

LAUNCE.

The last ray from the setting sun fell on a broken shaft across lake Lucerne, touching with a rich hue the handsome face of Launce, the boat-house keeper, as he sat on the edge of the long platform, with his fishing-line dropped in the water.

The sad look in his smouldering dark eyes did not bespeak much enjoyment of his occupation. As he jerked his line from the water, landing a shining beauty beside him, a shadow fell along the platform, and a girl's light step came after it.

"What success, Launce? Have you enough yet? You must bring them at once, for the supper must not be delayed," said a sweet but imperative voice.

"Would the consequence be so terrible if the Count Von Bruner should not get his supper as soon as he should wish it?" asked the dark-faced Launce, with smiling sarcasm, as he arose and took up the basket of fish.

"I cannot say; only Aunt Wilmine is anxious that everything should be ready when the carriage arrives," she replied impatiently. "Give me the basket; I will take them myself."

"Well, here they are, my lady; and it is hopeful I am that the Count will not get a fishbone in his throat," said Launce, with a half cynical laugh, as he held the basket toward her. When she reached to take it he caught her small hand in his, and pressed a kiss upon it.

The girl's face grew crimson with anger. She snatched her hand away, uttering with vehemence:

"How dare you, presumptuous fellow."

"Your words are true, Gretchen. It is presumptuous for me to love you; yet I cannot help doing so. I will not again offend you." He put the basket down at her feet and looked regretfully at the beautiful face, transformed with anger and wounded pride.

"If I tell Aunt Wilmine of this she will send you away immediately. She is calling me now, and has no doubt witnessed your bold act. How can I ever forgive you?" she said with increasing anger.

"You will forgive me *sometime*, Gretchen. Tell your aunt I am going away to save her the trouble of sending me. Dutch Jans can take my place. He can fill it better than I."

He watched her with his dark sad eyes, as she went silently away, her step less light than when she had come a moment before, then he went into his little room, which was a part of the boathouse, and prepared his simple meal, as was his custom.

An hour later, seated at his small window, he watched Gretchen and the wealthy Count von Bruner strolling through parterres of flowers. With a feeling akin to jealousy, he saw the Count pluck the rarest rose to place in her golden hair, as if he were already master of "land and lady," which he fondly hoped to be, if the fair lady would accept the suit he came to plead with her ambitious aunt.

Launce sat looking at the great mansion long after Gretchen and the Count had gone in. The lights from the arched windows shone through the lace curtains, and Gretchen's pure, rich voice floated across the distance in that passionate song: "Thou art so near and yet so far."

Gretchen's song ceased. Suddenly, Launce aroused himself. He went into a small inner-room, and took from a peg on the wall an old leathern bag, then—having lighted a candle—sat down to examine its contents. There was but little to look at: an old, worn violin, that had been his father's, and a large wallet filled with old letters written in Italian.

Launce looked eagerly among them until he came to one not quite so yellow as the others. Five years had passed since he placed this letter in the old wallet. The remembrance of it had faded year by year, until it seemed like a vague dream.

Something within his heart to-night had recalled more vividly the memory of the time when his father lay dying, and had given him this letter, telling him when he should be all alone in the world to do as the letter directed him.

Launce was too young at that time to do more than earn a scant livelihood; but he was now seventeen, and he reproached himself that the command of his dying father—that might be the means of restoring him to family and title, which his father had lost through wilfulness—had so long been disregarded.

He studied the letter closely for a long time; then he replaced the papers and put his few articles of apparel and what money he had into the old bag. Having extinguished the light, he took the violin and sat down once more at the little window.

Months had elapsed since its strings had responded to the touch of his fingers. With the quickness of an expert he tuned the chords to harmony, then lost himself in a sad, weird improvisation, as he had often heard his father do in his sad hours when they were together.

The lights were out in the drawing-room of the great house, and Gretchen had gone to her own apartments. The gibbous moon hung high above the mountain top, and shone like quivering silver on the lake. Wild, sweet zephyrs, that seemed to come from some strange sphere, swept through the vines that hung at her window.

And now, while she stands there, what sound is that, swelling and dying on the night winds? Ah, those strains! Now filled with love, again with passionate despair, they float and quiver in the moonlight, then, wafted through the casement, envelop Gretchen in a sublime cadence.

The swaying vines touch her soft cheek where a teardrop rests. She knew not whence it came, nor why.

She kept thinking of Launce, who had dared to say he loved her—who had dared to kiss her hand, and say she would some day forgive him. Could she ever do so? Poor, lonely Launce; with no friends, no companionship. Ah!—was he not already forgiven?

The strains had died away, and Gretchen was losing herself in a wild, improbable fancy, in which she was wooed by one whom she loved, who was noble and high-born, but who had eyes like Launce's, in whose passionate depths was reflected her own soul.

She was aroused from this waking-dream by seeing the figure of a man cautiously approaching from the direction of the boat-house. Could it be Launce? and what could he want at this hour? She forgot all her sympathy for him, and, her old pride returning, she felt angry as she realized that he was coming directly under her window. She feared to ask why he was there lest somebody should hear her. She drew back in the shadow of the room.

"Farewell, Carissima, until we meet again!" came in low, sad tones to her ear.

"Launce! Launce!" her heart cried, but her lips made no sound. When she looked again she saw only a dark object moving along the white road; then it faded out in the weird moonlight.

Aunt Wilmine was very angry the next morning at Launce's failure to bring the usual basket of fish for breakfast, and forthwith installed Dutch Jans in his place; but she was more angry at Gretchen's refusal that day of the Count's offer of marriage.

She had cherished the fond hope of seeing her niece a countess. Her grand scheme had been successful: the prize was within her grasp. Thus rudely to have the enchanting dream dispelled was more than her ambitious heart could bear with fortitude. She stormed and threatened, to no purpose. Gretchen was firm in her decision.

"Marry the Count yourself, Aunt Wilmine," she said. "I am sure you are quite young enough for him. As for myself, I do not wish to be married."

"I shall send you back to the convent, Gretchen, until you can act with reason and give a favorable answer to the Count," declared her irate aunt, with tears of vexation filling her eyes.

This decision of Aunt Wilmine's seemed to allay the anger and mortification of the Count, who went away with the understanding that he should be notified of any change in Gretchen's sentiments towards him.

The prospect of returning to the convent which had been a sweet, peaceful home to Gretchen for so many years, was not very appalling as a punishment. She looked forward to the event with much greater calmness than to the thought of becoming the bride of Count Von Bruner.

The decree of banishment being unalterable, Gretchen went back to St. Ursula's, there to remain a prisoner until her acquiesence in her aunt's plans should set her free.

When, a week later, she wrote that she had entered on a course of music that would require five years to complete, Aunt Wilmine acknowledged herself checkmated.

* * * * *

The summer guests at Wiesbaden were in a state of delightful expectation over the announcement that the wonderful young violinist, Count Cellini, would give a concert at that place.

There had been a number of new arrivals at the spacious Hotel de l'Europe, and the younger ladies were on the qui vive to discover which was the famous musician who, rumor said, belonged to one of the first families of Italy, and had inherited immense wealth from a deceased relative.

The guests were assembled for supper at the grand table d'hote. A portly matron at the farther end is no less a personage than Aunt Wilmine, and beside her the fair Gretchen, somewhat older than when last we saw her, but with a matured loveliness that far exceeds her girlish beauty. They have spent a year in travel since Gretchen was released from the convent. Count Von Bruner, seated on Aunt Wilmine's right, with a surviving hope still in his heart, has joined them at Wiesbaden.

A young man seated almost opposite to Gretchen, and who was unmistakably Italian, was the target for many bright and furtive glances. His gaze was repeatedly fixed upon Gretchen, who seemed entirely oblivious of his presence. As he rose to leave the table their eyes met.

At the concert that night their eyes met again; for he was in reality the great violinist. When he played the music seemed to recall those sad strains she had heard the night Launce went away. Before her mental vision arose the moonlit road, and on it one lone form that faded like a phantom.

The next day Gretchen and Aunt Wilmine returned to their suburban home, from which they had been absent so long. Count Von Bruner accompanied them to again urge his suit.

"Gretchen has no lovers, and cares for no one else," Aunt Wilmine argued with herself, "and, now that she is older and wiser, must see the propriety of choosing a husband. Where should she find one save in the Count, who has been so faithful and long waiting?"

They arrived at home in the afternoon. Being fatigued, Gretchen kept her room until the next day. Then, eager for a sight of her old haunts and a clamber up the mountain side, she left the house unknown to her aunt.

The Count, growing impatient at her non-appearance, sent to request an interview. Not finding her in her room, Aunt Wilmine learned from the servants that she had gone for a walk.

Thinking it a propitious time to follow her to some romantic spot and urge her acceptance of his love, the Count took his hat and hastened to find her.

Down by the old boat-house Gretchen had gone, where she lingered a while, thinking of Launce and his last low words, spoken under her windows: "Farewell, Carissima, until we meet again." Ah! that would never be!

She gave a faint sigh as she left the place, and was soon climbing up the mountain in search of her favorite wild flower—the mountain pink.

Presently she espied a bunch, but unfortunately they were in a spot amost inaccessible—on a steep sloped directly over the lake, where a false step would precipitate her into its deep waters. Her desire to have them overcame her fears at last, and creeping cautiously along, holding by strong vines and branches, she secured her prize.

As she turned to go back a portion of the projection that had served as a foothold, broke loose and fell into the lake, leaving her no hope of regaining her safety.

Just at that moment she saw the Count, who was seeking her to lay his love and a title at her feet. Calling loudly to him to save her, she clung to her frail support with reviving hope.

The Count, who seemed born for love-making instead of heroic deeds, ran to the house for assistance, leaving Gretchen, with fast falling strength, hanging in extreme peril.

"Courage! brave girl: I will save you. Hold firmly to the bushes, and do not look down," said a clear, rich voice, with Italian accent.

In a moment the owner of the voice had the boat from the boat house, and with swift strokes was soon near the spot where Gretchen hung.

"Now jump into the lake: do not fear. It is your only way of escape."

Gretchen obeyed the voice that commanded her, and sank into the dark water. The next moment she came to the surface, and was lifted into the boat by her brave rescuer. She was unconscious, and Launce was excusable if he kissed the face of the woman he loved.

The Count, having by this time returned with Dutch Jans, took in the situation at once, and, feeling that he would be out of place in the presence of the man who had saved Gretchen from a death to which his cowardice had left her, he hastened to the house, took his portmanteau, and, without a word to anyone, left the place.

When Gretchen recovered consciousness and looked upon her preserver, she said:

"You are Count Cellini, the great musician whom I met at Weisbaden?"

"I am," he replied, "but I have another title by which you may better remember me; Launce! and I have come back for your forgiveness for the offence I gave you six years ago."

"Oh, Launce! you had my forgiveness the night you went away."

"Now I want something more, Gretchen—I want your love."

"I think I gave you that with the forgiveness, Launce."—*New York Ledger.*

A Gigantic Turnip.

From time to time the most wonderful plants known on the earth are shoved aside by wonders still more wonderful. It is not so very long ago since thousands flocked to see the great Queen of the Amazon, the Victoria water lily. Many a greater vegetable marvel has appeared since then—now it is a giant aroid, which those interested in these vegetable curios are waiting and watching for in the Royal Kew collection. It is not far removed botanically from our common Indian turnip, and when its flowers expand, as hoped for this year, the odor of the skunk cabbage is expected to be increased a hundred fold. While our *Arum* or Indian turnip has a tuber of about six inches in circumference, this will reach five feet. The leaf stalk of ours is from twelve to eighteen inches—this is about ten feet, and the stalk itself is three feet round, as against three inches in ours. The circumference of the leaf-blade is forty-five feet. Only think of a leaf-blade to a plant that dies to the ground every year, extending fifteen feet across! The Victoria lily leaf, six or eight feet across, was deemed something prodigious. The flower will be somewhat like our well-known calla lily, but with a long and curiously twisted spadix, from whence it receives its generic name.—*Independent.*

Heated by Chemical Foot Warmers.

Luke Sharp says in the Detroit *Free Press*: I once brought a good deal of ridicule upon myself by asserting in these columns that I traveled on an English train heated by chemical foot warmers. When these things got cold you shook 'em up and they gave out heat again. I never got anyone to believe this story, and yet it was true. I have found out since that the chemical used was some sort of soda affair, and I understand that the fact that this compound of soda will give out heat has caused it to be used as an engine for running street cars. I believe that they are going to use the soda motor on a Chicago street car line. I don't know whether any of the soda foot warmers are used in England or not. I couldn't find any on the little island when I was there last winter, though urged by my unbelieving friends to do so for the sake of my own reputation for veracity.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The slate is unknown in Belgian barrooms, the law prohibiting credit for drinks.

In the year 1543 the royal head of France paid $8,000 to have a corn removed from his toe.

A Milford (Penn.) correspondent says that thirty feet at a bound is no uncommon jump for a wildcat.

A thread has been produced from the common nettle so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.

An elephant lives 400 years; a whale, 300; a tortoise, 100; a camel 40; a horse, 25; a bear, 20; a lion, 20; an ox, 25; a cat, 15; a dog, 14, a sheep, 10; a squirrel, 8; a guinea pig, 7.

At the mouth of the Congo there is a remarkable submarine valley. Just at the mouth of the river it is 1,452 feet deep, and it can be distinctly traced for a hundred miles out to sea.

During her twenty years of married life Mrs. John Guest, of Wichita, Kan., has presented her husband with twenty-two children. She has twice given birth to twins and once to triplets.

The Berlin beer drinkers are the fastest in Europe. In a certain saloon a mechanical lion roars when a new cask is tapped, and that incites every one to finish his glass and order a new one.

The natives of Central Africa had never before seen a woman who wore skirts and long hair until Mrs. Hobub, wife of the explorer, came among them, and they regarded her as a supernatural being.

The oldest piece of carpentry in the world is a wooden throne which belonged to a queen of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty. It is more than 4,000 years old, and was recently presented by Jesse Haworth, a collector, to the British museum.

A Hannibal (Mo.) man says that he went into the woods a few days ago and painted a black circle on the end of a log, and when he went back to the spot an hour later he found 300 dead rabbits there. They had mistaken the circle for a hole in the log and dashed themselves to death against it.

A traveler on a Georgia railroad wanted to get off at a station where the train did not stop. It was after dark, and so when the conductor would not agree to stop for him, the passenger went to the front platform of the rear car, drew the coupling pin, set the brakes, and when the car stopped jumped off.

A queer custom prevails among the Indians of the Kuskowim country. It seems that if a native woman is agreeable to a change of husbands, the question of her possession is decided by a wrestling match between the two rivals, in which the victor carries off the woman. The vanquished combatant does not appear to entertain the slightest feeling of anger or resentment against his more successful opponent.

The die of the Goddess of Liberty used on our coins was first cut by Mr. Spencer, the inventor of the Spencer lathe. He cut a medallion of Mrs. Washington, wife of General Washington, and some of the first issue of coins were struck with her portrait. When General Washington first saw them he was much displeased, and requested that the figure be changed. Mr. Spencer then placed a cap on the head, altered the features a little, and called it the Goddess of Liberty. It has been used ever since then without material alteration.

A Famous Almanac.

The Liegeois is one of the most famous almanacs in the world. It is published at Liege, where the first edition was issued in 1636, and is distinctively the almanac of the peasants and others who cannot read. Its instructions are followed by means of certain symbols in connection with certain dates. Thus a pair of scissors indicates the proper time for cutting the hair. A vial denotes the right season for medicine in liquid form, a pill box the season thought best to take pills. The almanac is purchased by many as a book of advice, dates being regarded by them as of a secondary importance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Apothecary's Scheme.

Before apothecary store he stood,
Or, rather, he did try to stand;
He couldn't keep his balance, as he should,
So, on the icy pavement he did land.
"Why are no ashes on this place?" said he,
To spread them not, is wickedness and sin;
He looked up at the store, and this did see,
"Arnica and Liniment Sold Within."

Goodall's Sun.

Sam Jones Nuggets.

You pack your preachers in an ice-house and abuse them all the year because they don't sweat.

Many of us are too decent to be religious.

I never call names, but every fellow knows his number when I talk.

I know in one church where twenty were praying for the millennium and two hundred were playing for the booby prize in progressive euchre. Such Christians as that would not be in heaven six months before they would be gambling for each other's crowns.

I am a Methodist till I find something with more get-up-and-get about it.

I never became satisfied in Georgia till we put legs on all the barrels and demijohns in Atlanta and moved them away from our boys.

I had rather be a man in the truest sense of the word than the best angel in heaven.

The church is the last place in which to be solemn, provided you have lived right.

If I have lived right, I'll wear a smile as broad as heaven; but if I've been swindling and doing wrong I'll have one as broad as a graveyard.

I want to be a good man and a good husband, but God keep me from being a nice preacher.

God never made two men alike but one was of no account.

I'd rather be a man than a 'dignified' preacher.

I'd rather die on a well-fought field of battle than run away and speculate on the spoils of the war.

A cross is God's will one way and yours another.

Some people think they can't be pious unless they are everlastingly on the beg.

I pray for my daily bread, but I have to hunt for my corn pone with the sweat running down the hoe handle.

I'd rather go to hell than to go nowhere.

Dignity is nothing but the starch of a shroud.

Every society woman who claims to be a Christian has got to get out of society sometime in her life or go to hell.

I'd rather have a daughter of mine get a snake bite than a society bite.

Society is a heartless old wretch, sapping the spiritual life from thousands of people.

The Housekeeper's Catechism.

Scene—Parlor of a well-appointed home in the city. Dramatis personæ—The lady of the house, and an applicant for the position of dictatress in the kitchen.

Dictatress (with a lofty air)—How menny in the family, mum?

Lady (humbly)—Three—all grown persons.

"Who claves the steps and does the outdure worruk?"

"There is a man who attends to all that," with becoming modesty answers the lady.

"Do he 'tend the furnace, too?"

"Yes; he attends to the fires."

"Do yez do yer own up-stairs wurruk, or hev yez another gurrel?"

"We only keep one girl."

"Only wan! Lave me see the kitchen."

The scene changes to the basement, which is found in a condition to allow of moderate approbation the part of the hashlady.

"An' where will I schlape?"

"You can have this room off the kitchen, or, if you prefer it, a room up-stairs."

"How much do yez pay?"

"Three dollars, for the present."

"Sunday and Thursday avenins out?"

"Yes. Can you cook?"

"Oi've ben doin' second-wurruk, but Oi can cook good enough for yez. Oi'll take the place, and bring me thrunk Monday uixt."

"Not if I know it!"

Exit dictatress, with a surprised air.—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Striking Mania.

"Well, Mr. Jones," said the proprietor of one of our large manufacturing establishments to his time-keeper, "my men have quit, have they?"

"Yes, sir; they have all struck for more pay."

"Did the molders, the blacksmiths, the laborers, and all stop work?"

"Indeed they did; they struck at ten o'clock."

"Well, you may as well follow suit; there is nothing for you to do, apparently, for the present."

"That's so, sir; there is no time to keep; the clock struck, too."

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, is six feet two inches in height. He has done some very tall writing, too.

Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. Equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. Dr. S. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia. Sent by mail for 50 cts. Also sold by druggists.

When in doubt as to which is the most effectual and painless remedy for Catarrh get a free pamphlet by addressing City Hall Pharmacy, 294 B'way, New York.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By Druggists. 50c.

The Old Silver Spoon.

How fresh in my mind are the days of my sickness,
When I tossed me in pain, all fevered and sore;
The burning, the nausea, the sinking and weakness,
And even the old spoon that my medicine bore.
The old silver spoon, the family spoon,
The sick-chamber spoon that my medicine bore.

How loth were my fever-parched lips to receive it,
How nauseous the stuff that it bore to my tongue,
And the pain at my inwards, oh, naught could relieve it,
Though tears of disgust from my eyeballs it wrung.
The old silver spoon, the medicine spoon,
How awful the stuff that it left on my tongue.

Such is the effect of nauseous, griping medicines which make the sick-room a memory of horror. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, on the contrary, are small, sugar-coated, easy to take, purely vegetable and perfectly effective. 25 cents a vial.

Detroit claims to have $77,000,000 worth of manufactories in that city.

"Don't Marry Him!"

"He is such a fickle, inconstant fellow, you will never be happy with him," said Esther's friends when they learned of her engagement to a young man who bore the reputation of being a flirt. Esther, however, knew that her lover had good qualities, and she was willing to take the risk. In nine cases out of ten it would have proved a mistake; but Esther was an uncommon girl and to every one's surprise Fred made a model husband. How was it? Well, Esther had a cheerful, sunny temper and a great deal of tact. Then she enjoyed perfect health and was always so sweet, neat and wholesome that Fred found his own home most pleasant, and his own wife more agreeable than any other being. As the year passed and he saw other women of Esther's age grow sickly, faded and querulous, he realized more and more that he had "a jewel of a wife." Good health was half the secret of Esther's success. She retained her vitality and good looks, because she warded off feminine weaknesses and ailments by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dakota has 352 newspapers.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Buffalo Bill is worth $800,000.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

WEAK AND NERVOUS WOMEN.

How Strength of Nerves and Health of Body May Easily be Obtained.

Women are great sufferers from nervousness, weakness, nervous prostration, and exhaustion. They droop and languish under household cares and work which never ends. They retire tired and wake tired and unrefreshed; they are worn out and exhausted in nerve and vital power, and have no strength or energy.

Fortunately—and it would almost seem a dispensation of divine Providence to overworked humanity—there are medicines which restore lost nerve forces, rebuild the weakened system and re-establish health, strength and energy. These medicines, which are purely vegetable, have been combined into a wonderful remedy known as Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is kept by all druggists at $1 per bottle. This truly wonderful remedy is without doubt the greatest discovery of the century, and is the best strengthening and invigorating remedy ever known.

For nervous and physical exhaustion, weak, tired, and languid feelings with no power or ambition for exertion, it is a sovereign remedy and absolutely certain cure. In cases of sleeplessness and nervous irritability its use will be followed by calm repose and natural, refreshing sleep. For nervousness, nervous debility, exhausted vitality, despondency, and depression of the mind it is a perfect specific. For malaria, neuralgia, rheumatism, paralysis, numbness, trembling and insanity it is the only positive and recognized remedy. It never fails to cure nervous and sick headache, weakness and pain in the back or side, palpitation of the heart, apoplexy, epileptic fits, hysteria, St. Vitus's dance, dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, constipation, biliousness, kidney and liver diseases.

Other medicines may be offered by druggists, but do not be persuaded to try uncertainties, when by the use of this wonderful remedy you can certainly be cured. Should your druggist not have Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, he will get it for you if you insist upon having it. Dr. Greene, its discoverer, is the great specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, and he may be consulted by those using this remedy, or by any sufferer from disease, free of charge, at his office, 35 West 14th st., New York, personally or by letter.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia.

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla: with the best results. As a health invigorator and medicine for general debility I think it superior to anything else."—A. A. RIKER, Albany St., Utica, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CORN Southern Golden Beauty Field corn. Earliest! Most productive; yields immense, the reason why: will make planted twice as close in drills as any other corn, will make better corn planted close than far apart. Send for it and you will have no other. First introduction. Price 5 cents per pound, 3 pounds $1 post paid. Address JOSEPH STOATE, Lock Box 75, Oxford, Miss.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

I was surprised after using Ely's Cream Balm two months to find the right nostril which was closed for 20 years was open and free as the other. I feel very thankful.—R. H. Crossingham, 275 18th St., Brooklyn.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 235 Greenwich St., New York.

PNUT

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf $3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt the feet, makes them as comfortable and well fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. None genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted."

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand sewed welt $4 shoe, which equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $9.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE is worn by all Boys, and is the best school shoe in the world.

All the above goods are made in Congress, Button and Lace, and if not sold by your dealer, write **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM

restores Gray Hair to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No grease nor oil. A Tonic Restorative. Prevents hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses and heals scalp.

50c. Druggists

E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

ROUGH ON CATARRH Only absolute, complete cure worst chronic cases. Unequaled for Catarrhal throat affections, foul breath, offensive odors, sore throat, diphtheria, cold in the head. Ask for "ROUGH ON CATARRH." 50c. Drug. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

LOOK YOUNG

as long as you can, prevent tendency to wrinkles or ageing of the skin by using

LEAURELLE OIL

Removes and prevents Wrinkles, and roughness of Flesh or skin; preserves a youthful, plump, fresh condition of the features; removes pimples, clears the complexion, the only substance known that will arrest and prevent tendency to wrinkles. $1. Druggists or Exp.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. **H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.**

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

GOLD is worth $300 per lb. Tettit's Eye Salve is worth $1.00, but is sold at 25c. a box by dealers.

PATENTS obtained by E. H. GELSTON & CO., Washington, D. C. Send for our book of instructions.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

WOMAN'S POWER.

ITS INFLUENCE UPON A MAN.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon Upon Wifely Ambition.

TEXT: *"Arise and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry; I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth."*—I Kings, xxi., 7.

One day King Ahab, looking out of the window of his palace at Jezreel, said to his wife Jezebel: "We ought to have these royal gardens enlarged. If we could only get that fellow Naboth, who owns that vineyard out there, to trade or sell we could make it a kitchen garden for our palace.

"Fetch in Naboth," said the king to one of his servants.

The plain gardener, wondering why he should be called into the presence of His Majesty, comes in, a little downcast in his modesty and with very obsequious manner bows to the King.

The King says: "Naboth, I want to trade vineyards with you. I want your vineyard for a kitchen garden, and I will give a great deal better vineyard in place of it, or, if you prefer money for it, I will give you cash."

"Oh, no," says Naboth, "I cannot trade off my little place, nor can I sell it. It is the old homestead. I got it of my father and he of his father, and I cannot let the old place go out of my hands."

In a great state of petulancy King Ahab went into the house and flung himself on the bed, and turned his face to the wall in a great pout.

His wife Jezebel comes in and she says: "What is the matter with you? Are you sick?"

"Oh," he says, "I feel very blue. I have set my heart on getting that kitchen garden and Naboth will neither trade nor sell, and to be defeated by a common gardener is more than I can stand."

"Oh, pshaw," says Jezebel, "don't go on that way. Get up and eat your dinner and stop moping. I will get for you that kitchen rden."

Then Jezebel borrowed her husband's signet ring or seal, for then, as now, in those lands kings never signed their names, but had a ring with the royal name engraved on it and that impressed on a royal letter or document was the signature. She stamped her husband's name on a proclamation which resulted in getting Naboth tried for treason against the king, and two perjured witnesses swore their souls away with the life of Naboth, and he was stoned to death, and his property came to the crown, and so Jezebel got for her husband and herself the kitchen garden.

But while the wild street dogs were rending the dead body of poor Naboth, Elijah, the prophet, tells them of other canines that will after a while have a free banquet, saying: "Where dogs lick the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

And, sure enough, three years after, Ahab, wounded in battle, his chariot dripping with the carnage, dog stood under it lapping his life's blood. And a little afterward his wife, Jezebel, who had been his chief adviser in crime, stands at her palace window and sees Jehu, the enemy, approaching to take possession of the palace. And to make herself look as attractive as possible and queenly to the very last, she decorated her person and, according to Oriental custom, closed her eyes and ran a brush dipped in the black powder along the long eyelashes, and then from the window she glared her indignation upon Jehu. As he rode to the gates in his chariot he shouted to the slaves in her room: "Throw her down!" But no doubt the slaves halted a moment from such work of assassination, yet knowing Queen Jezebel could be no more to them and the conqueror Jehu would be everything, as he shouted again: "Throw her down!" they seized her and bore her struggling and cursing to the window casement and hurled her forth till she came tumbling to the earth, striking it just in time to let Jehu's horses trample her and the chariot wheels roll over her. While Jehu is inside at the table refreshing himself after the excitement he orders his servants to go out and bury the dead queen. But the wild street dogs had for the third time appeared on the scene, and they removed all her body except those parts which in all ages dogs are by a strange instinct or brutal superstition kept from touching after death—the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet.

All this appalling scene of ancient history was the result of a wife's bad advice to a husband, of a wife's struggle to advance her husband's interests by unlawful means. Ahab and Jezebel got the kitchen garden of Naboth, but the dogs got them. The trouble all began when the mistaken wife aroused her husband out of his melancholy by the words of the text: "Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry; I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth."

The influence suggested by this subject is an influence you never before heard discoursed on and may never hear again, but a most potent and semi-omnipotent influence; and decides the course of individuals families, nations, centuries and eternities. I speak of wifely ambition, good and bad. How important that every wife have her ambition, an elevated, righteous and divinely approved ambition.

And here let me say, that what I am most anxious for is that woman, not waiting for the rights denied her or postponed, promptly and decisively employ the rights she already has in possession. Some says she will be in a fair way to get all rights when she gets the right to the ballot box. I wish that the experiment might be tried and settled. I would like to see all women vote, and then watch the result. I do not know that it would change anything for the better. Most wives and daughters and sisters would vote as their husbands and fathers and brothers voted. Nearly all the families that I know are solidly Republican or Democratic or Prohibition. Those families all voting would make more votes, but no difference in the result. Besides that, as now at the polls men are bought up by the thousands, women would be bought up by the thousands. The more voters, the more opportunity for political corruption. We have several million more voters now than are for public good.

We are told that female suffrage would correct two evils—the rum business and the insufficiency of woman's wages. About the rum business I have to say that multitudes of women drink, and it is no unusual thing to see them in the restaurants so overpowered with wine and beer that they can hardly sit up, while there are many so called respectable restaurants where they can go and take their champagne and hot toddy all alone. Mighty temperance voters those women would make! Besides that, the wives of the rum sellers would have to vote in the interests of their husbands' business, or have a time the inverse of felicitious. Besides that, millions of respectable and refined women in American would not vote at all, because they did not care to go to the polls, and, on the other hand, womanly roughs would all go to the polls, and that might make more woman's vote on the wrong side. There is not, in my mind, much prospect of the expulsion of drunkenness by female suffrage.

As to woman's wages to be corrected by woman's vote, I have not much faith in that. Women are harder on women than men are. Masculine employers are mean enough in treatment of women, but if you want to hear beating down of prices and wages in perfection, listen how some women treat washerwomen and dressmakers and female servants. Mrs. Shylock is more merciless than Mr. Shylock. Women, I fear, will never get righteous wages through woman's vote, and as to unfortunate womanhood, woman are far more cruel and unforgiving than men are. After a woman has made shipwreck of her character men generally drop her, but women do not so much drop her as hurl her with the force of a catapult clear out and off and down and under.

I have not much faith that women will ever get merciful consideration and justice through woman suffrage, yet I like experiments, and some of my friends in whose judgment I have confidence are so certain that alleviation would come by such process that I would, if I had the power, put in every woman's hand the vote. I cannot see what right you have to make a woman pay taxes on her property to help support city, State and national government, and yet deny her the opportunity of helping to decide who shall be mayor, governor or president. But let every wife, not waiting for the vote she may never get, or, getting it, find it outbalanced by some other vote not fit to be cast, arise now in the might of the eternal God and wield the power of the sanctified wifely ambition for a good approximating the infinite.

No one can so inspire a man to noble purposes as a noble woman, and no one so thoroughly degrade a man as a wife of unworthy tendencies. While in my text we have illustration of wifely ambition employed in the wrong direction, society and history are full of instances of wifely ambition gloriously triumphant in right directions. All that was worth admiration in the character of Henry VI. was a reflection of the heroic in his wife Margaret. William, Prince of Orange, was restored to the right path by the grand qualities of his wife Mary. Justinian, the Roman Emperor, confesses that his wise laws were the suggestion of his wife Theodora. Andrew Jackson, the warrior and president, had his mightiest re-enforcement in his plain wife, whose inartistic attire was the amusement of the elegant circles in which she was invited. Washington, who broke the chain that held America in foreign vassalage, wore for forty years a chain around his own neck, that chain holding the minature likeness of her who had been his greatest inspiration, whether among the snows at Valley Forge or amid the honors of the presidential chair. Pliny's pen was driven through all its poetic and historical dominions by his wife Calpurnia, who sang his stanzas to the sound of flute and sat among audiences enraptured at her husband's genius, herself the most enraptured. Pericles said he got all his eloquence and statesmanship from his wife. The wife of Grotius rescued him from long imprisonment at Lovestein by means of a bookcase that went in and out, carrying books to and fro, and he was transported, hidden amid the folios; and the women of besieged Weinsberg, getting permission from the victorious army to take with them so much of their valuables as they could carry, under cover of the promise shouldered and took with them as the most important valuables their husbands—both achievements in a literal way illustrated what thousands of times has been done in a figurative way, that wifely ambition has been the salvation of men.

De Tocqueville, whose writings will be potential and quoted while the world lasts, ascribes his success to his wife, and says: "Of all the blessings which God has given to me, the greatest of all in my eyes is to have lighted on Maria Motley." Martin Luther says of his wife: "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Crœsus without her." Isabella of Spain, by her superior faith in Columbus, put into the hand of Ferdinand, her husband, America. John Adams, president of the United States, said of his wife: "She never, by word or look, discouraged me from running all hazards for the salvation of my country's liberties." Thomas Carlyle spent the last twenty years of his life in trying by his pen to atone for the fact that during his wife's life he never appreciated her influence on his career and destiny. Alas, that having taken her from a beautiful home and a brilliant career, he should have buried her in the home of a recluse and scolded her in such language as only a dyspeptic genius could manage, until one day, while in her invalidism riding in Hyde Park, her pet dog got run over, and under the excitement the coachman found her dead. Then the literary giant woke from his conjugal injustice and wrote the lamentations of Craigen-Puttock and Cheyne Row. The elegant and fulsome epitaphs that husbands put upon their wives' tombstones are often an attempt to make up for lack of appreciative words that should have been uttered in the ears of the living. A whole Greenwood of monumental inscriptions will not do a wife so much good after she has quit the world, as one plain sentence like that which Tom Hood wrote to his living wife when he said: "I never was anything till I knew you."

Oh, woman, what is your wifely ambition, noble or ignoble? Is it high social position? That will then probably direct your husband, and he will climb and scramble and slip and fall and rise and tumble, and on what level or in what depth or on what height he will after a while be found I cannot even guess. The contest for social position is the most unsatisfactory contest in all the world, because it is so uncertain about your getting it, and so insecure a possession after you have obtained it, and so unsatisfactory even if you keep it. The whisk of a lady's fan may blow it out. The growl of one bear or the bellowing of one bull on Wall street may scatter it.

Is the wife's ambition the political preferment of her husband? Then that will probably direct him. What a God forsaken realm is American politics those best know who have dabbled in them. After they have assessed a man who is a candidate for office which he does not get, or assessed him for some office attained, and he has been whirled round and round and round and round among the drinking, smoking, swearing crowd who often get control of public affairs, all that is left of his self-respect or moral stamina would find plenty of room on a geometrical point, which is said to have neither length, breadth nor thickness. Many a wife has not been satisfied till her husband went into politics, but would afterward have given all she possessed to get him out.

I knew a highly moral man, useful in the church and possessor of a bright home. He had a useful and prosperous business, but his wife did not think it genteel enough. There were odors about the business and sometimes they would adhere to his garments when he returned at night. She insisted on his doing something more elegant, although he was qualified for no business except that in which he was engaged. To please her he changed his business, and in order to get on faster abandoned church attendance, saying that after he had made a certain number of hundreds of thousands of dollars he would return to the church and its services. Where is that family to-day? Obliterated. Although succeeding in business for which he was qualified, he undertook a style of merchandise for which he had no qualification and soon went into bankruptcy. His new style of business put him into evil association. He lost his morals as well as his money. He broke up not only his own home, but broke up another man's home, and from being a kind, pure, generous, moral man as any of you who sit here to-day, has become a homeless, penniless libertine. His wife's ambition for a more genteel business destroyed him and disgraced her and blighted their only child.

But suppose now there be in our homes, as thank God there are in hundreds of homes here represented, on the wifely throne one who says not only by her words but more powerfully by her actions: "My husband, our destinies are united; let us see where industry, honesty, common sense and faith in God will put us. I am with you in all your enterprises. I cannot be with you in person as you go to your daily business, but I will be with you in my prayers. Let us see what we can achieve by having God in our hearts, and God in our lives, and God in our homes. Be on the side of everything good. Go ahead and do your best, and though everything should turn out different from what we have calculated, you may always count on two who are going to help you, and God is one and I am the other." That man may have feeble health, and may meet with many obstacles and business trials, but he is coming gloriously through, for he is re-enforced, and inspired, and spurred on by a woman's voice, as much as was Barak by Deborah, when Sisera, with 900 iron chariots, came on to crush him and his army, and Deborah shouted in the ear of Barak: "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands." And the enemy fell back, and Sisera's chariot not getting along fast enough in the retreat, the general jumped out and took it afoot, and ran till he came to a place where a woman first gave him a drink of milk, and then sent a spike through his skull, nailing him to the floor.

Some of us could tell of what influence upon us has been a wifely ambition consecrated to righteousness. As my wife is out of town and will not shake her head because I say it in public, I will state that in my own professional life I have often been called of God, as I thought, to run into the very teeth of public opinion, and all outsiders with whom I advised told me I had better not, it would ruin me and ruin my church, and at the same time I was receiving nice little letters threatening me with dirk and pistol and poison if I persisted in attacking certain evils of the day, until the commissioner of police considered it his duty to take his place in our Sabbath services, with forty officers scattered through the house for the preservation of order; but in my home there has always been one voice to say: "Go ahead and diverge not an inch from the straight line. Who cares, if only God is on our side?" And though sometimes it seemed as if I was going out against 900 iron chariots, I went ahead cheered by the domestic voice: "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands."

A man is no better than his wife will let him be. Oh, wives of America, swing your scepters of wifely influence for God and good homes! Do not urge your husbands to annex Naboth's vineyard to your palace of success, whether right or wrong, lest the dogs that come out to destroy Naboth come out also to devour you. Righteousness will pay best in life, will pay best in death, will pay best in the judgment, will pay best through all eternity.

In our effort to have the mother of every household appreciate her influence over her children we are apt to forget the wife's influence over the husband. In many households the influence upon the husband is the only home influence. In a great multitude of the best and most important and most talented families of the earth there have been no descendants. There is not a child or a grandchild or any remote descendant of Washington, or Charles Sumner, or Shakespeare, or Edmund Burke, or Pitt, or Lord Nelson, or Cowper, or Pope, or Addison, or Johnson, or Lord Chatham, or Swift, or Locke, or Gibbon, or Walpole, or Canning, or Dryden, or Moore, or Chaucer, or Lord Byron, or Walter Scott, or Oliver Cromwell, or Garrick, or Hogarth, or Joshua Reynolds, or Spencer, or Lord Bacon, or Macauley. Multitudes of the finest families of the earth are extenct. As though they had done enough for the world by their genius or wit or patriotism or invention or consecration, God withdrew them. In multitudes of cases all woman's opportunity for usefulness is with her contemporaries. How important that it be an improved opportunity!

While the French warriors on their way to Rheims had about concluded to give up attacking the castle at Troyes because it was so heavily garrisoned, Joan of Arc entered the room and told them they would be inside the castle in three days. "We would willingly wait six days," said one of the leaders. "Six!" she cried out, "you shall be in it to-morrow," and under her leadership on the morrow they entered. On a smaller scale every man has garrisons to subdue and obstacles to level, and every wife may be an inspired Joan of Arc to her husband.

What a noble, wifely ambition, the determination, God helping, to accompany her companion across the stormy sea of this life, and together gain the wharf of the celestial city! Coax him along with you! You cannot drive him there. You cannot nag him there, but you can coax him there. That is God's plan. He coaxes us all the way—coaxes us out of our sins, coaxes us to accept pardon, coaxes us to heaven. If we reach that blessed place it will be through a prolonged and divine coaxing. By the same process take your companion, and then you will get there as well, and all your household. Do just the opposite to your neighbor. Her wifely ambition is all for this world, and a disappointed and vexed and unhappy creature she will be all the way. Her residence may be better than yours for the few years of earthly stay, but she will move out of it as to her body into a house about five and a half feet long and about three feet wide and two feet high, and concerning her soul's destiny you can make your own prognostication. Her husband, and her sons and daughters, who all, like her, live for this world, will have about the same destiny for the body and soul. You, having had a sanctified and divinely ennobled wifely ambition, will pass up into palaces, and what becomes of your body is of no importance, for it is only a scaffolding, pulled down now that your temple is done. You will stand in the everlasting rest and see your husband come in, and see your children come in, if they have not preceded you. Glorified Christian wife! Pick up any crown you choose from off the king's footstool and wear it; it was promised you long ago, and with it cover up all the scars of your earthly conflict.

Sixteen miles from Petersburg, Russia, was one of the royal palaces, and there one night Catherine, the Empress, entertained Prince Henry. It was severe winter and deep snow, and the Empress and the Prince rode in a magnificent sleigh, and robe and canopy never surpassed, followed by 2,000 sleighs laden with the first people of Russia, the whole length of the distance illumined by lamps and dazzling temples built for that one night, and imitations of mosques and Egyptian pyramids; and people of all nations, in all styles of costume, standing on platforms along the way, and watching the blaze of the pyrotechnics. At the palace the luxuries of kingdoms were gathered and spread, and at the table the guests had but to touch the centre of a plate, and by magical machinery it dropped, and another plate came up loaded with still richer viands. But all that scene of the long ago shall be eclipsed by the greater splendors that will be gathered at the banquet made by the heavenly king for those consecrated women who come in out of the wintry and snowy chill of their earthly existence into the warm and illumined palaces of Heaven. With the king himself and all the potentates, yourself robed and crowned, you will sit at a table compared with which all the feasts at Kenilworth and St. Cloud and the Alhambra were a beggar's crust. And the platter of one royal satisfaction touched at the center shall disappear only to make room for a beggar's crust, and the golden plate of one royal satisfaction, touched at the center, shall disappear only to make room for the coming up of some richer and grander regalement.

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in regard to the Constitutional right of any State to forbid the manufacture and sale of intoxicants without incurring any liability for damages has been received in Iowa by all temperance people with great satisfaction, and by all brewers and distillers and saloonists with rage and dismay.

The petition of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, translated into Tamil and Singhalese, has been circulated in Ceylon by native pastors, catechists, teachers and Bible women, who have secured sixteen thousand signatures in six weeks.

AGRICULTURAL

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Bitter Cream.

A correspondent writes to know what makes his cream turn bitter. It is sweet when skimmed, is kept in a nice cellar, where there are no vegetables, the cellar has brick walls, and is declared well-ventilated; but in 24 hours after skimming, the cream turns bitter. Without actual inspection of all the surroundings and conditions, it is difficult to give the cause for a certainty. In this case, it is probably a fungus growth in the milk, the seeds of the fungus plant falling in the cream while the milk is set, or possibly entering the systems of the cows through the water they drink, the food they eat or the air they breathe. Possibly heating the milk in a hot-water bath from 130 to 150 degrees before setting, might remove the difficulty. If the temperature of the cream, before or after skimming, is subject to sudden and extreme changes, this may cause the development of a bitter principle. Or, if the souring of the cream is carried too far—that is, to the point of alcoholic fermentation—this will give it a bitter taste. If the bitterness comes from eating bitter food, or from some of the cows giving bitter milk—as they sometimes do—it ought to show in the milk when first drawn. Perhaps our correspondent can find in these suggestions a hint that will lead to the discovery of the cause of the bitterness. With all our knowledge and the manifest progress in the art of dairying during the last two decades, there is still a wide unexplored region for investigation, and it is to be hoped that some of our recently-established Agricultural Experiment Stations will soon take up the subject of milk in an intelligent manner and give us some additional light on it.—*Prairie Farmer.*

About Harrowing.

It is laid down by a writer in the *American Cultivator* as good husbandry that grain and corn should be often harrowed, and the argument is used that it disturbs the soil and takes out the grass and weeds; again, that this can be done with perfect safety and without injury to the future crop.

Now let us take corn, for instance. It is said that this should be often harrowed, and that it may be done without injury until the corn is at least six inches high. To stir the soil often is so important a matter as to admit of no doubt. Equally important is it to remove the grass and weeds; but is a harrow the implement with which to perform this work?

If it be said that to harrow a field of young corn or grain will injure it some and benefit it more, and upon the whole the benefit would outweigh the injury, this would be a proposition which, while open to covtroversy, would still be entirely different from the one laid down as good husbandry. It would seem as though grass or weeds with their numerous roots must adhere to the soil as firmly as young corn with its one root, or at most its very few roots. If so, whence comes all that nice discrimination on the part of the harrow tooth to destroy the one and do no injury to the other? Will not a blow from a harrow tooth do as much violence to the tender blade as would a blow from a hoe or a club or a falling hail-stone? To be sure, it is said the teeth of the harrow must be slanting. On the other hand, if the teeth are sufficiently slanting to disturb nothing, then the work is useless. Again, if the teeth are sufficiently upright to affect the grass and weeds in any manner, how can they run over the field without affecting the corn in like manner? When in the parable the servants of the household instinctively asked permission to go forth and gather up the tares the answer was: "Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them." It may be said that the Testament is not an authority upon agriculture, yet it is a book which we reverence and belive, and I submit that the direction therein given is much more sensible than that of the late uninspired writers on this subject.

Guarding Against the Swine Plague.

The State Veterinarian and Live-stock Commissioners of Nebraska have issued the following circular on preventing the introduction and spread of the swine plague: Whether the ravages of hog cholera can be prevented by inoculation is still very questionable. It has never been satisfactorily demonstrated that any benefits can be derived from this method, nor does it seem probable that inoculation can be made practicable. If, therefore, farmers and swine-breeders apply such rules as are herein suggested, they would be able to reduce their losses to a minin and cope successfully with the disease. If an outbreak exists separate all healthy from the diseased hogs as soon as possible. The healthy hogs should be removed to a new and uninfected pasture or pen and carefully watched by an attendant. Should any that have been thought to be well become weak or appear to be sick, ailing, or off their feed, take them out and kill them. All diseased hogs should be killed and cremated as soon as possible. Section 1, chapter 5, laws of 1885: "An act to prevent the spread of hog cholera makes it the duty of owners of swine dying from hog cholera to either bury or burn them within twenty-four hours after death on his own premises." If neighbors would see to the enforcement of this law they would in all probability save themselves frequently from serious losses, and would be doing the public a great service. If your hogs are healthy it is advisable never to allow new hogs to intermingle with them in the herd until after having them subjected to a strict quarantine of not less than seven weeks. Neither is it advisable to allow anyone to go into hogpens after returning from an infected place without first changing their boots. There should be but one attendant to look after sick animals, who, during such service, should not be allowed to leave the place. Hogs should never be watered at a stream if it comes running from where the disease is known to exist. Dogs or other animals belonging to infected farms should not be allowed to roam about at will where hogs are kept, as they may carry the infection to them. If these rules are carefully observed there need be little fear of hog cholera causing any serious loss or spreading to any alarming extent.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Remove the seeds before feeding pumpkins to cattle.

The safe way to get good milch cows is to raise them.

Dampness is a great producer of disease among poultry.

According to Professor E. W. Stewart, apple-pomace may be considered very similar to corn ensilage as food.

Professor Shelton finds that cattle, when accustomed to kohl rabi, eat them greedily and thrive amazingly on the diet.

Hang up cabbages in the hen-house, hang up hazletts now and then, and hens will not eat each other's feathers, affirms *Rural New Yorker.*

Do not keep different breeds of sheep together. The conditions best suited to some are not the best for others, and when mixed the result will be that all will come short of their highest possible results.

Turkeys fatten best when fed three times a day, allowing them all the corn they can eat. If penned in coops they become discontented and will not thrive or fatten, no matter how much food they may receive.

When the farmer begins to estimate the value of sheep from the standpoints of meat, fertility and general advantage to the farm, he will not allow the market price of wool to determine whether or not he will raise them.

The grand requisite of success, without which the celebrated breeders would be little distinguished above their neighboring farmers, is feeding. It is food and management that makes a beautiful specimen of any strain of blood.

The weighing of the milk, testing of the cows, and knowing to a dollar what one is doing, is a great help to the dairy farmer. It enables him to get rid of poor milkers and replace them with good ones, and the latter cost no more to keep or handle than the former.

When a cow is choked with an apple the best thing to do is to hold a block of wood on one side of the gullet and strike with a mallet on the other a smart blow to crush the apple. This is better than trying to force it down or to lose the cow. The throat is not seriously hurt.

The fact that hyacinths and bulbs of a similar class reach such high perfection in Holland, a land constantly swept by moist sea breezes, and well watered, should teach us that free moisture in the atmosphere, and in the soil (with drainage), are prime factors to the best cultivation of these favorites.

It is said that the following preparation applied on the surface will prevent any rusting on plows or any other metal surfaces: Melt one ounce of resin in a gill of linseed oil and when hot mix with two quarts of kerosene oil. This can be kept on hand and applied in a moment with a brush or rag to the metal surface of any tool that is not going to be used for a few days, preventing any rust, and saving much vexation when the time comes to use it again.

When about to kill a fowl, says a poultry fancier in the *Mirror*, do not forget that the poor bird undergoes all the terrors incident to such a proceeding, and the work should be done as quickly as possible. It is very cruel to slowly bleed the bird to death. First destroy all consciousness by striking the bird a quick blow on the head with a stick; then use the knife. Wringing the neck is barbarious and cruel in the extreme, and any one so doing should be punished. It is not agreeable to have to kill the birds, but if it must be done let the work be devoid of cruelty.

Sheep want a steady diet. Changes of food, especially of grain, do not agree with them. The best single grain is oats. It is always best to mix some oats with corn, if the latter is to be fed. Clear wheat middlings is too loosening, and wheat bran is not strong enough. Two parts bran and one of corn will do well. Two parts bran, two of oats, and one of corn is about the best mixture, and once begun it should be kept up all the winter. Regularity in feeding, with a chance to drink any time, are the natural preventives of disorders with sheep. They must also be kept out of storms, or there will be trouble.

Interesting Facts About the Ocean.

At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr. John Murray of the Challenger Expedition made a communication on "The Height and Volume of the Dry Land and the Depth and Volume of the Ocean." According to his own investigations, *Engineering* says, the mean height of the globe was 2,230 feet above the sea level, and the mean depth of the ocean was 12,480 feet, or 2,080 fathoms. If the ocean were regarded as being divided into two parts by the 1,000-fathom line, it would be found that the mean depth of the area having less depths than 1,000 fathoms was 2,028 feet, or 338 fathoms, or nearly the same depth beneath the sea as the height of the dry land above it. On the other hand, the mean depth of the area beyond the 1,000 fathoms is 14,640 feet, or 2,440 fathoms. The former area—called by Dr. Murray the "transtional area"—occupies 24,000,000 square miles; and the latter area, which is the abysmal area, and is situated fully three miles below the average heights of the continents, occupies 113,000,000 square miles, or more than half of the surface of the earth. In the transitional area of the ocean there are many and varied conditions in respect to light, heat, currents, changes of level, the character and variety of the deposits, and in the animals and plants which inhabit the various parts of the region.

The deposits are in most respects similar to those which make up a very large part of the sedimentary formation of the dry land. In the abysmal area there is a uniform set of conditions, the temperature being near the freezing point, with an annual range not exeeding 7 degrees Fahr., and there being no sunlight or plant life. There is a great abundance of animal life; but the forms from various parts of the area are very similar, and unlike those of shallower waters; and the deposits, which accumulate slowly, are unlike any of the sedimentary deposits of the dry land. From Dr. Murray's investigations, it also appears that if the dry land of the globe were reduced to the sea level by being removed to and piled up in the shallower waters of the ocean, then its extent would be about 80,000,000 square miles, and the rest of the surface of the earth would be covered by an ocean extending to 113,000,000 square miles. Again, should the whole of the solid land be reduced to one level under the ocean, then the surface of the earth would be covered by an ocean with a uniform depth of about two miles.—*St. James's Gazette.*

A Lost Paragon.

A fair, proud face, serene and mild;
The winsome frankness of a child;
Eyes of that deep cerulean blue,
That brings a glimpse of Heaven to you.
She lives in books, and while she reads,
Loses all thought of human needs;
Of gross materialism knows
As little as a budding rose.
While I was worshiping afar,
This lovely, intellectual star,
From Holland a new coachman came,
And in three weeks she bore his name.
—*Siftings.*

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

Turn over a new leaf; forgive and forget;
Ev'rything's fish that comes into his net.

Strike while the iron is hot; live and learn;
In some people's pockets their money will burn.

What's one person's loss is another one's gain;
He don't know enough to come in from the rain.

Whom the gods would destroy they first render mad;
Temper justice with mercy; he's gone to the bad.

With leaden heels justice doth travel about;
Cheating don't prosper; wine in and wit out.

A cat e'en may look at a King; splitting hairs;
What's everyone's business is no one's affairs.

Nimble sixpence is better than shilling that's slow
Fools learn by experience; pay as you go.

Receiver is worse than the thief; hard to beat;
The bitter in life you must take with the sweet.

Devil take the hindmost; comparisons are
Odious always; so near and so far.

Man's house is his castle; a boy never send
Upon a man's errand; never too late to mend.

Never too old to learn; order's Heaven's first law;
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

Murder will out and dead men tell no tales.
Justice is blind, but at last she prevails.

The fly on the wheel thinks he turns around;
'Tween two stools one often falls onto the ground.

You can't ride two horses at once; a cat's paw;
And truly necessity knoweth no law.

Boys will be boys; keep a stiff upper lip;
All sound no sense; of the old block a chip.

Cleanliness is unto godliness next;
He's not disappointed who nothing expects.

Don't jump at conclusions; look well ere you leap;
Before one can walk he must first learn to creep.

Variety's spice of life; bear and forbear;
'Tis an ill wind that blows no one good anywhere,

Kisses by favor go; best friends must part;
In front of the horse never fasten the cart.
—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

PITH AND POINT.

If sealskin sacques could be plucked from a fir tree the average husband would be happy.—*Boston Gazette.*

The English turist who recently visited Leadville, and brought a tin bath tub with him, found it very useful. They buried him in it.—*Puck.*

"Too much absorbed in his business," was the comment of a newspaper on the death of a brewer who was found drowned in a tank of his own beer.

There is one thing to be said for the brass band. It never hangs back and blushes and protests incompetency when it is asked to play.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"A sea-green glass vase, nine inches high, supposed to be thirteen hundred years old, has been found in Bologna." That settles it. We shall eat no more Bologna.—*Norristown Herald.*

Drear are the winter's sounds and sights
And cruel is the north winds' ire,
But lovers on these biting nights
Sit closer—to the fire.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Physician (to patient)—"Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient (too sick to care for anything)—"Very well, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like."—*Epoch.*

Miss Prude (aged forty, going to bed)—"Somebody's under my bed! My goodness! Can it be Fido? Fido! Fido! (She holds out her hand under the bed, and the wise burglar licks it.) Oh! all right! It is Fido." Retires, reassured, and sleeps through the burglary.—*French Joke.*

A. (writing)—"How many g's in aggregate?" B. (supposing the query refers to the first syllable only)—"Two." C. (who is nothing if not accurate in computation)—"No; three." B. (seeing the point)—"Yes, altogether." C. (still particular)—"No, not all together."—*Boston Transcript.*

Now that Daniel Pratt is dead, Mr. Frank Vincent, Jr., the author of "The Land of the White Elephant," may very properly be called the great American traveler. Within the last eleven years he has traveled 265,000 miles, and the records of his outings are contained in a dozen books of adventure and discovery.

Some idea of the scale of the tunnel-operations under the bed of the Harlem River, in connection with the new Croton aqueduct, may be formed from the fact that the shaft which has been sunk on the northerly bank of the river to meet the mouth of the tunnel is 426 feet in depth—more than the length of two city blocks. It is 36x17 feet in length and breadth, with two elevators running day and night, each capable of accommodating twenty men. Excavation is going on at the rate of nine feet per day. So far the tunnel has progressed 350 feet into the bed of the river. The distance to be completed is 1,300 feet. The tunnel is lighted by electricity from a dynamo above ground.

The savage King of the Metabele, in South Africa, has probably never heard of the game laws of civilized nations, but it has occurred to him that something should be done to save the elephants from utter extermination, and he has set about the task. He has issued an order that white men be no longer allowed to hunt the elephant in his large territory He says the Dutch and English hunters have left very few elephants alive, and that he will not permit the noble animals to be hunted again until they have largely increased in number. The ivory trade South of Zambesi is no longer profitable, because so few elephants fall in the way of hunters. No part of Africa is now rich in ivory except the unhunted region of the Congo basin.

The Color of the Sea.

Artists always seem at a loss to deal with the color of the sea, and few are those who please the public. Professor Tyndall has come to their aid. He recognizes three principal hues in the sea waves—blue, green and yellow. Solid particles held in the water act as minute mirrors reflecting the light which penetrates the liquid. The rays which are sent out, after having traversed only a thin stratum of water, preserve their yellow parts; but if the reflections are attenuated the water appears green; and if they do not exist at all, the sea being clear and free from muddy matters, the color is deep blue. In an indigo sea the crest of the waves will appear green on account of their lack of thickness. Seaweed, animalcule and other local or accidental causes may have much influence on the color of the water.—*Court Journal.*

Seedless Raisins.

What is a 'seedless' raisin, and how is it produced?" was asked of an importer of fruits. "The next time you eat a piece of mince pie," he replied, "you will find the seedless raisin in it, if the 'meat' has been properly made. It is a smallish, cream-colored fruit, about the size of a gooseberry, and is used with an unbroken skin. It comes from Smyrna, and is called the 'Sultana.' It is grown seedless, simply by arresting one of the laws of nature. When the grape is about half ripe the end of the vine is bent and buried in the ground. This prevents the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same, and has a delicious flavor."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Died With Horns Locked.

E. J. Shipman came across two large deer in the woods north of Thorp, with their horns locked together, in which condition they had evidently been for several days. One of the animals was dead and frozen stiff when found, but the other was alive and evidently in a starving condition, having dragged the dead deer a distance of about forty rods and ripped the brush and ground up generally in his efforts to get loose. Mr. Shipman despatched the live deer and to get their heads apart had to break the horns of each.—*Wausau (Wis.) Central.*

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Great Event—He Had Correct Habits—A Modern Proverb—Jolly Fun—He Didn't Look at It, Etc.

A boy living on Pearl street, while studying his lesson in history the other night, learned the date of Washington's death. Addressing his 8-year-old grandfather, he cried: "Grandfather, what great event occurred in 1799?"

"Why, I was born in that year," answered the old man. The boy treated him with no more questions in history.—*Buffalo Courier.*

He Had Correct Habits.

"For ten years past," said the new boarder, "my habits have been regular as clock-work. I rose on the stroke of 6; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at 7 I was at work, dined at 12, ate supper at 6, and was in bed at 9:30, ate only healthy food, and hadn't a sick day in all that time."

"Dear me," said the deacon, in sympathetic tones, "and what were you in for?"

And in the awful silence that followed you could hear the hash grate its teeth.

A Modern Proverb.

At the Kindergarten: Teacher—"Johnny, do you remember the proverb I gave you yesterday?"

Johnny—"No'm."

"Speech is silver and—what is it?"

"I dunno mom."

"I know," spoke up a little boy at the foot of the class."

"Very well, you may recite it."

"Speech is silver, but money talks."—*New York Sun.*

Jolly Fun.

Miss Lillie Gushington—"Oh, Mrs. Matron, we are going to have such fun to-night!"

Mrs. Matron—"Indeed?"

Miss L. G—"Yes. We are going to have a party, and the young gentlemen are to do knitting and sewing, and the young ladies are to saw and split kindling wood. Won't it be just jolly!"

Mrs. M. (gloomily)—"Jolly to saw and split kindling wood? Well, you won't think it very jolly after you are married and have to do it all the time."—*Boston Courier.*

He Didn't Look at It.

"Johnnie, when will your sister be down? I'm getting awfully tired of waiting."

"She'll be down in ten minutes, I guess."

"Well, I'm going to time her. I'll go and look at the clock and see how long it will take her."

"You'd better not."

"Why."

"Dad would be mad if it wasn't running."

"What do you mean, Johnnie?"

"Why, sis says you'd stop a clock by looking at it."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Remarkable Presence of Mind.

Pat Hoolihan, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

Over and over he went until within twenty-five feet of the pavement, when he struck a telegraph wire and managed to grasp it, first with one hand, then with both.

"Hang on for your life, Pat!" shouted his fellow-workmen, and the bystanders rushed to the nearest dwelling for a mattress.

Pat held on for a few seconds, when suddenly, with a cry of "Shtand from under!" he dropped and lay senseless in the street.

Whisky was used, and Pat finally came to.

When asked why he did not hold out longer he feebly replied:

"Oi wuz afraid the woire 'ud break."

He recovered.—*Life.*

Rather Hard to Miss.

The fact that this is a very big country never strikes one so forcibly as when he has traveled a couple of thousand miles due west and still finds the prairie stretching out before him. A young sprig of British nobility was over here last summer, accompanied by the inevitable "Jeems." They saw the seaboard cities, tarried for a time in Chicago, in St. Louis and in Kansas City, and then struck out into the great West. Somewhere near the edge of Colorado the train was delayed at a small station, and the passengers got out to stretch their legs, among them his lordship and "Jeems," who seemed in a brown study. "What is it?" asked his master. "I was just thinkin', me lord," said Jeems, "that Columbus didn't do such a mighty big thing when he discovered this 'ere country, hafter hall's said and done. 'Ow could 'e 'elp it?"—*Boston Herald.*

The Parson Disturbed.

A good story of old days in Massachusetts has recently been published. In one of the churches in the eastern part of the State a bass viol was procured to help the choir. One summer Sunday, while the parson was in the middle of the sermon, a big bull got out of his pasture and came swaggering down the road, growling as he came. The minister heard the low bellow, and looking up toward the singers' seats with a grave face, he said: "I would thank the musicians not to tune during service time; it annoys me very much." The choir was surprised, but nothing was said. Pretty soon the bull gave another grumble, and then the parson was mad. He stopped short, and looking directly at the bass-viol player said: "I now particularly request Mr. L. that he will not tune his instrument while I am preaching." This was more than the fiddler could stand. Popping up in his seat, he snapped out:

"It isn't me, parson, it isn't me. It's that old town bull."—*Boston Traveler.*

The Man With a Patent.

"Want to make $50,000 this winter?" queried a hawk-eyed man with a lop-shoulder to a shoe-dealer yesterday.

"Of course."

"Then buy my patent?"

He unrolled a package and brought to light a shoe, a tin funnel and a quart of wood ashes.

"What on earth is it?" asked the dealer.

"It is Brooson's Patent Safety Shoe. Here's the idea: In winter our sidewalks are dangerous from ice. By sprinkling ashes on ice you produce decomposition and render travel safe. Do you follow?

"But——?"

"Of course you don't, but I'll explain. This is a double-soled shoe. There is a space between the two soles, and the toe and heel ends are open. You fill this space with ashes, and as you walk it flips out in advance of you."

"The idea!"

"Yes, I worked twenty-two years on the idea. This funnel fits into the heel of the shoe, and is used to load up with.

"But the ashes?"

"Oh, you hire a boy to follow you with a pail of them. When the shoe is empty you whistle and he loads it up again. There's nothing like it. I can walk twenty miles a day over a perfect glare of ice. Will you give me an order?"

"No, sir. It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of."

"It is, eh? You'll see whether it is or not before the winter is over! I'll sell enough to buy you out and throw your stock into the river!"

An hour later he was arrested for being drunk and hilarious, and as he went down in the wagon he was explaining to the officer:

"You puz on'er shoe, you know, an' you puz in 'er ashes, you know, an' you walk on 'er ice an' 'er patrol wagon comes long an gives you sleigh ride."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Went Off Directly.

The clock on the mantel tolled 1 A. M., and a little past, and still the knight lingered, trying to think of something to say, although it was painfully evident that the baron's daughter was just too sleepy for anything.

"I am afraid," he said at last, "that I am like an auger."

"Whe efore, sir knight?" she asked, yawning with that high-bred courtesy appertaining to the upper classes.

"Because I bore you," he said, smiling proudly at his right good wit.

"Ah, no," she said; "you remind me of an old flint-lock musket."

"Spoken like a soldier's daughter," quoth he, "and why?"

"Takes you so long to go off," she said, kindly.

At 1:15 A. M. the portcullis fell with a clang, the draw-bridge was raised, and the castle slept. Away in the star-lit distance the good knight tramped wearily in the wake of the last car, which had sailed two hours ago, and bitterly reproached himself for not thinking to tell the haughty baron's daughter that her joke was too awfully premature, because muskets weren't going to be invented for nearly one hundred years—*Lucette.*

The Barber of Prinkipo.

A majority of the inhabitants of Prinkipo, an island southeast of Constantinople, are Greeks, but many sojourners there belong to other nationalities. Hon. S. S. Cox, late minister to Turkey, thus gives his experience with a barber of Prinkipo, who was determined to discover his nationality. The barber himself might have been either a Greek, a Maltese, a Slav, Bulgarian or Montenegrin, and had an extraordinary knowledge of tongues:

"You have been here long?" he asks.

I reply in Bohemian: "Ne."

"You are here for your health."

I reply in Danish, affirmatively and negatively: "Ja, nei, min herre." This puzzles him.

"An army gentleman, perhaps?"

I reply in Hungarian: "Igen" (yes)

"Your vessel is at Constantinople?"

I answer in Italian: "Si, signore."

"You will bring your vessel to Prinkipo?"

It is the modern Greek in which I reply: "Nae vevayos." He is thunderstruck; it is evidently his mother tongue. When he asks me in French: "Will your vessel touch at Athens?"

I respond in Polish: "Tak" (no).

"You will visit Egypt?"

I respond in Swedish: "Ja," adding in Roumanian the affirmative: "Gie."

He believes he has fixed my nationality and that I come from some Balkan province, and he asks:

"Have you been in Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and Herzegovina?" I give him, in Roumanian, an emphatic negative.

"You have been quite a traveler?" This suggests Chinese as a fitting language and I say: "She."

"You like the Chinese, monsieur?"

I answer promptly in the negative: "Puh!"

He then asks if I have visited Jerusalem. I respond in Arabic: "Na'am."

"You like Constantinople?"

I answer in a sweet Japanese accent: "Samasan!"

"Perhaps you have been in America?"

"Waal, yaas, I guess."

Then began a fusilade of questions and replies.

"You have lived in Paris?"

"Camais."

"Been to Genoa?"

"Si, signore."

"Ah, you are English?"

"Yok!" an intense Turkish negative.

"French?"

"Non."

"German?"

"Nein."

"Well," said he, taking breath, "will you tell me, monsieur, where you do come from?"

"Don't you remember the only nation in the world where the barber is as good as a king?" I said proudly.

"Oh, Switzerland!"

"No, I am not Swiss."

And so the matter ended, but next day the Minister found that his identity had been discovered.

Bismarck's Narrow Escape.

According to private correspondence from Berlin, Prince Bismarck has been considerably troubled of late by the effect of the bullet wound he received so many years ago from the revolver of a would-be assassin. Many people have forgotten even the circumstance that the great German Chancellor was so murderously attacked by the youth Blind, but as a matter of fact five shots were discharged at him, and it was simply owing to the sturdy way in which he grasped his assailant's arm that only one of them took effect. The bullet glanced off one of the Chancellor's lower ribs, and a bony excrescence which developed in consequence, still marks the place. As it turned out, too, Bismarck's risk was no means at an end when he grappled with and seized his assailant. A military guard hurried up on hearing the Chancellor's shouts, and the impulse of the foremost of these stalwart Prussian grenadiers on seeing a comparatively feeble stripling being held and seemingly maltreated by a ponderous man with a bald head—for Bismarck's hat had fallen off—was to club his rifle and bring it down on the latter's bare pate. Luckily for Germany, however, the Chancellor warded off his impending fate by shouting out: "Hold on; I am Bismarck!" on which, as the latter himself tells the story, the soldier dropped his weapon in a much greater fright than that of his escaped victim.—*London Figaro.*

It is estimated that pension attorneys and pension claim agents have absorbed about one hundred million dollars of the money paid as pensions since the Civil War.

Slaveholders in Brazil are opposing the final extinction of slavery on the ground that it will be impossible to carry on coffee planting on a large scale if slavery is abolished.

Royal weddings ought to be numerous within the next few months. Recent statistics point out that there are now in Europe 108 Princes and 66 Princesses of marriageable age. Only six of these are betrothed.

Chicago newspapers are bragging considerably because, as they say, the State of New York has dropped to the sixth place, judged by her miles of railroads, and because Illinois stands first, Iowa, Kansas, Texas, Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio follow in order.

The latest London novelty is the utilization of the drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine to the purposes of insurance. A company has been organized, to be known as the Automatic Accident Insurance Box Company, and its object is stated to be "to provide the public with a ready means of obtaining an insurance for twenty-four hours against death arising from accidents of every description by simply placing a penny in the slot of a box.

In 1870 the census returns showed that the residence and business real estate in the United States was valued at $9,881,000,000, and it is reasonably certain from the progress made since that date it has increased fully one-fifth, amounting in 1887 to $12,000,000,000. The railroads of the country in 1880 were valued at $5,500,000,000, and taking $50,000 as the average per mile of building and equipping, there have been constructed since then enough miles of railway to cost $2,700,000,000. That is in seven years half as much has been expended in railroad building as in all the previous years, from the time when Stephenson's invention was first utilized. The out-put of coal has been increased from 70,000,000 tons in 1880 to 100,000,000 tons in 1886, an advance of 50 per cent. The production of copper has more than doubled, and that of iron ore and its products, iron and steel, has been largely increased.

The New York *Times* thus editorially summarizes recent results of the use of the deadly car stove: Reports of railroad accidents show that the car stove is still used and still finds victims. A west-bound passenger train on the Union Pacific Road was struck by a following freight and two of its cars were telescoped. Both were burned by fire from the coal stoves which they carried. "All the injured were removed before the flames could reach them, except a boy three years old, who was held in the wreck and burned to death." A passenger train on the Chester and Lenoir Road fell through a trestle at Hickory, N. C. "The cars took fire and were consumed." No one was burned to death, but several persons were seriously injured. A car containing immigrants became detached from a train on the Southern Pacific, near Sumner, Cal., and afterward rolled down an embankment. "The stove was overturned," says the report, "and the car caught fire. Instantly everything was in a blaze. The terrified passengers tried to escape, but several were fatally hurt and others severely burned." The cars of the train which were wrecked at Bradford, Mass., were heated by steam. If they had contained the old coal stoves the list of the dead would have been longer.

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SCIATICA.

Misery.—It is instructive to note from the catalogue of diseases that nine-tenths of fatal cases reach their chronic stage through a stupid indifference to a correct treatment when the system is first assailed. It is early shown that thousands of lives could be saved.

NERVOUS PAINS.

Torture.—For instance: SCIATICA, which so sorely afflicts the human family, and which is defined to be neuralgia of the sciatic nerve, rheumatism of the hip-joint, or pains adjoining it, hip gout, pains in the loins and hips, even in its mildest form never seizes its prey without due warning.

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Acute.—Sudden and acute pains in the hip and loins; redness, swelling, tenderness, soreness, fever, lameness and sometimes excruciating pains. The disease rapidly develops into chronic or inflammatory stage.

TREATMENT.

Cure.—Rub the parts affected thoroughly and vigorously with ST. JACOBS OIL; create a burning sensation by the friction of rubbing on the Oil; apply warmth; flannels wrung out in hot water.

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The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

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As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

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As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

CURES THE WORST CASES.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

FOR THE KIDNEYS.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion, or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION, *directed to the cause,* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.,* says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured,* and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

Retroverted Womb.—Mrs. EVA KOHLER, of *Crab Orchard, Neb.,* writes: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done me a great deal of good. I suffered from retroversion of the uterus, for which I took two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I am now feeling like a different woman."

Doctors Failed.—Mrs. F. CORWIN, of *Post Creek, N. Y.,* writes: "I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts, and I grew worse until I wrote to you and began using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I used three bottles of it and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also one and a half bottles of the 'Purgative Pellets.' I can do my work and sew and walk all I care to, and am in better health than I ever expected to be in this world again. I owe it all to your wonderful medicines."

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. ED. M. CAMPBELL, of *Oakland, California,* writes: "I had been troubled all my life with hysterical attacks and paroxysms, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of severe headache, but since I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' I have had none of these. I also had womb complaint so bad that I could not walk two blocks without the most severe pain, but before I had taken your 'Favorite Prescription' two months, I could walk all over the city without inconvenience. All my troubles seem to be leaving me under the benign influence of your medicine, and I now feel smarter than for years before. My physicians told me that I could not be cured, and therefore you will please accept my everlasting thanks for what you have done for me, and may God bless you in your good works."

Later, she writes: "It is now four years since I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have had no return of the female trouble I had then."

Well as I Ever Was.—Mrs. JOHN STEWART, of *Chippewa Falls, Wis.,* writes: "I wish to inform you that I am as well as I ever was, for which I thank your medicines. I took four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Discovery' and four bottles of the 'Pellets.' All of the bad symptoms have disappeared. I do all my own work; am able to be on my feet all day. My friends tell me I never looked so well."

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PAPERS RECEIVED.

We have received the following papers, publishers please except thanks:

Agents' Era, Western Amateur, Yankee Trader, Philatelic Journal of Ohio, The Meteor, The Monitor, Exchange-Journal, Index, Milwaukee Agent, Amateur Review, Agents Directory, Bugle, Exchangers' Monthly, Nebraska Echo, New Moon, Vade Mecum, American Agent, Helios' Magazine, American Amateur Printer, Hawkeye Amateur, Conchologists' Exchange, Little Clipper, Youths' Friend, Semi-Annual Stamp Collector, Independent, Badger State Philatelist, Mohawk Standard, Irving, Stamp Collectors' Journal, England; Young Idea, Quaker City Philatelist, Youths' Leisure Hour, Stamp Collector's Figaro, Our Quill, Witch City Philatelist, Spindle City Youth, Ornithologist and Oologist, Young American, American Philatelist, Common Sense, Empire State Amateur, Geologists' Gazette, The Collector, Agents' World, Hawkeye State Collector, Dynamite, Progressive Youth, Autograph, Collectors' Star, Family Progress, and a number of others.

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TRAINS EAST, I. & D. DIVISION.

No. 4	Passenger	departs	3:00	A. M.
" 14	Freight	"	3:50	"
" 90	"	"	7:45	"
" 10	"	"	10:10	"
" 2	Passenger	"	4:40	P. M.
" 12	Freight	"	4:50	"
" 6	"	"	5:55	"

TRAINS WEST, I. & D. DIVISION.

No. 1	Passenger	departs	1:40	"
" 91	Freight	arrives	5:25	"
" 5	"	departs	8:55	"
" 3	Passenger	"	11:30	"
" 7	Freight	"	1:20	P. M.
" 9	"	"	7:05	"
" 11	"	"	10:40	"

DAVENPORT TRAINS.

No. 22	Freight	arrives	12:30	A. M.
" 18	Passenger	"	1:30	"
" 20	Freight	"	9:00	P. M.
" 19	"	departs	5:00	A. M.
" 21	"	"	7:20	"
" 17	Passenger	"	4:50	P. M.

TRAINS FROM NORTH, I. & M. DIVISION.

No. 4	Passenger	arrives	2:35	A. M.
" 22	Freight	"	12:20	"
" 90	"	"	7:00	"
" 20	"	"	4:00	P. M.
" 2	Passenger	"	4:30	"

TRAINS DEPART, NORTH, I. & M. DIVISION.

No. 1	Passenger	departs	1:40	A. M.
" 91	"	"	1:10	"
" 19	"	"	9:50	"
" 3	Passenger	"	11:10	"
" 21	Freight	"	7:30	P. M.

DECORAH BRANCH.

No. 33	Freight	departs	8:55	"
" 7	Passenger	"	11:20	"
" 9	"	"	4:40	P. M.
" 8	Passenger	arrives	10:55	"
" 10	"	"	4:20	P. M.
" 34	Freight	"	6:20	"

The above time card correct to date of publication.

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