...M AND HOUSEHOLD

... Poultry Hints.

...comb is a good indication of a ...'s health. If she is in good ... condition her comb will be a ... red; if otherwise her comb will ... a pale color. Give variety of food, ... warm breakfast, meat quite often, with ... screenings and the like; cayenne ... mixed with the soft food given ... is excellent. Do not feed too ... corn to laying fowls, as it is very ... ng.

... over your flock of chicks and ... out the culls, keep only the best ... for breeding, select your finest ... now and market the rest.

... little wheat should be spared daily ... growing chicks. Nothing will ... the pullets to early laying better ... wheat. Feed generously.

... not forget to feed the chicks ... of ground bone, oyster shells and ... sional feed of meat. Boil the ... potatoes or other vegetables mixed ... bran, adding a dash of red pepper ... every few days. Ginger and ... may be fed in soft feed occa...

... in some form is a necessity for ... chicks. Keep the poultry house ... every place about it thoroughly ... Above all things be kind to your ... Do not allow them to be afraid ... Cultivate their acquaintance. ... your chicks five and six months old ... moping and dying from no appar... cause, they are probably suffering ... distemper, which generally occurs ... the twentieth and twenty-sixth ... of life in the different breeds. Put ... of potassium in the drinking ... in the proportion of two grains ... adjusting the quantity of ... that all will be drunk in one ... Do this every alternate three days ... twelve days have elapsed and you ... ably find the trouble has disap... —*Poultry Monthly.*

...ckled and Smoked Meats.

... rule, we keep our meats too long ... brine, and too long in the smoke... This is true especially of ham ... bacon for family use. When ... intended to keep all summer, ... of course, be penetrated by ... well smoked; but for winter ... spring use, it is far better to ... ly, and smoke very little. The ... farmers have the art of doing ... great deal better than we. In ... the bacon is only two days ... pickle, then dried for several ... finally smoked twenty-four to ... hours—enough to brown the ... well. Such bacon is adapted to ... to boiling. For boiling, ... is necessary, and as a rule ... hams are preferred. They are ... salted, however, and it re... experienced hand to do the ... The famous Irish bacon is ... rubbing in salt, or laying it a ... in pickle, and not smoked ... but simply dried in ... in a dry atmosphere. ... it is smoked for a few hours, ... give it a fine color. When ... is sliced thin and fried, and ... delicious beyond anything ... only get. Great quantities of ... are shipped from this coun... Britain, and as we learn, are ... They are shipped in just ... as experience has shown ... them from tainting on the voy... arrival, the casks are opened, ... are thrown to soak in a great ... the salt is sufficiently drawn ... surface, they are taken out and ... into their original form, then ... take off a shaving all ... the fleshside; they are exposed ... house, just to give ... and then they ... for sale. We will warrant ... of such hams, well broiled, or ... will in every quality, beat ... American home-cured article, ... —*American Agriculturist.*

... Sunlight in Barns.

... when building barns, do not ... attention to the matter of ... horse, a cow, any domestic ani... light as much as men and ... If one would know some... the effect of light on vege... let him undertake to grow ... in the dark. If it grow at all, ... thin and white. Remove it ... shine, or remove coverings and ... fall upon it, and in a short time ... and color will change. Light ... kness are common conditions, ... and animals—indeed, all animal ... table life—are made in harmony ... If an animal is kept con... in darkness, it loses health and ... soon becomes defective. The ... on smaller scale, happens in ... dark stables.

... the report of an experiment ... a calf some years ago as ...

... had two deep red calves of the ... (sixty days), one weighing 180 ... and the other 182 pounds. The ... placed in a dark room, with a ... that could be filled by a spout ... a partition. The other was ... in the same amount of ... but in full light, and ... actly alike for the next ... months. The object was to test ... of light upon such a growing ... At the end of the time, the one ... ghed 430 pounds, and the ... weighed 360 pounds; ... had faded to a very pale, ... its eyes were so much affected ... to the light, that it kept ... sed most of the time, for the ... week or two. The two calves were ... on together, but the one from the ... room never fully recovered from ... months of darkness. It never ... ed its bright red color, al... the color improved. Any one ... noted these two calves, during this ... ment, would never after doubt the ... of a dark stable.

... barn ought to be lighted, not ... produce a glare in the stalls, but ... to obtain a natural and com... condition of the animals as to ... Every stall ought to have one ... window, and that ought to be so ... as to prevent the sun's rays ... shining directly in the animal's ... This can easily be done by pro... shades or blinds. The feed rooms ... halls, all ought to be lighted. Sun... is healthy. It is a good tonic and ... restorer.—*Kansas Farmer.*

Household Hints.

... clean furniture that is not varnished ... with a cloth wet with kerosene.

... brighten or clean silver or nickel... ware, rub with a woolen cloth ... ur.

... wish to pour boiling hot liquid ... glass jar or tumbler, it can be ... accomplished by first placing a ... in the jar.

... ts should be thoroughly beat on ... ng side first, and then on the ... side, after which spots may be re... by the use of ox-gall or ammonia ... ater.

... surprising how much a little ten... bottle of glue helps to keep things ... growing shabby. A corner falls ... your book-case or bureau—it is ... mislaid—and the piece of furni... looks poor indeed with that gleam ... against the black walnut. But ... have one day in the week for ... g, all is kept tidy with little loss ... and without expense.

... rit of liberality is not merely, ... people imagine, a jealousy of ... ticular rights, but a respect ... of others, and an unwil...

PROLONGED TORTURE.

Riding From Death on a Horse Determined to go Slow.

"In '72, said somebody to a *Globe-Democrat* correspondent, "I was a green young country boy, and had commenced studying law in Attica—that little place we just passed. In the summer time a friend of mine, who knew I was hard up, suggested that I go out to his farm and spend a couple of months while he and his wife made a visit to Philadelphia. I was only too glad to do it. He lived about four miles from Attica, half the way over a turnpike that had been disused—a lonely, but rather pretty location.

"The only other person there was a farm hand. There wasn't much to do, and I had a high old time. One day, I remember it was boiling hot—in July, I think—the hired man went to a picnic and left me alone on the farm. Toward noon I got a diabolical toothache. It was the jumping kind; felt every moment or two as if somebody had hit the nerve with a tack hammer, and I went raving about the place like a madman. I tried everything I could think of until I recollected all of a sudden that there was a small bottle of whisky on the pantry shelf.

"I rushed in, grabbed the bottle, and took a swig. As I sat down I glanced at it, and to my unspeakable horror read the word 'laudanum' on a big black label. It struck me instantly that I had got the wrong bottle, and also that I had a strange taste in my mouth. They kept a lot of medicine and odds and ends in the pantry, and that accounted for the mistake.

"For a moment my brain was in a whirl, and then I collected my thoughts and rapidly surveyed my chances. I did not know exactly how much opinm there was in laudanum, but realized that I had certainly swallowed enough to kill a dozen men and that my only hope lay in obtaining prompt medical assistance. I thrust the bottle in my pocket to indicate how much I had taken and ran for the barn.

"There was only one horse on the place—an old, wind-broken, dirty-white bag of bones, that hadn't been out of a walk since the year one. The way I slung the harness on to him was a caution to snakes. My hands trembled so that I could scarcely fasten the buckles, but I finally got our rattletrap of a two-seated buggy hitched up and started for town.

"I didn't stop to shut the gate. I just leaned over the dashboard and hammered the old horse with the whip stock until he broke into a scared gate, half run and half trot. In a moment or two he got used to the licking and it was almost impossible to keep him going. If Bergh had seen me I would certainly be in the penitentiary to day for cruelty to animals. I smashed him over the back until great welts stood out like furrows on a plow field, and howled and raved and swore. It seemed to me we snailed along so slowly we were scarcely moving at all, and the minutes sped in diametrically opposite ratio. I would have got out and walked, but dare not trust my legs for the distance.

"Meantime I felt the poison working in my system. A deadly lassitude crept over me. I had read of such things and I felt them in all their magnified horrors. It seemed in some strange inexplicable way, as if I had a dual existence, one weakly, eager to lie down and sleep, come what might, and the other fired with all the energy of despair to reach the town. No tongue can tell the battle I fought between these two impulses."

"I looked with indescribable anxiety for teams on the road, but there was little travel on the turnpike I have described, and none at all that day. I passed several farm houses, it is true, but the people were all at dinner, and I dare not take the time to hunt them. My life hung on the moments.

"By this time I had lost all volition. The whip dropped from my nerveless hands, and the reins slid into my lap. It is needless to say the horse fell into a very slow walk. Occasionally he stopped and appeared to be ruminating. I tried to yell at him, but, although I desired to make a noise with an intensity of will that was agonizing, my tongue seemed chained and I uttered no sound.

"At last, it seemed ages, Attica came in sight. I braced every nerve for a final effort. We neared it slowly, the old horse sauntering along, and occasionally pausing to nibble a tempting bunch of grass. It was there that I registered a mute oath to flay him alive if he ever pulled through.

"We entered by the main street, and I counted the seconds as we approached the post office, over which was the doctor's rooms. At last we were there, then an awful fact suddenly dawned on me. I was unable to move, unable to speak, powerless to attract attention, and, sir, as I hope to be saved, that infamous horse deliberately walked past the doctor's straight through the town and out the other side."

He paused for a moment and looked silently out of the window.

"You have probably read of mariners," he went on, "starving, desperate, famished, who are tossed on a raft in mid-ocean and see a great ship sail past them on the horizon. Well, I felt something the same way, only worse, as speechless and motionless I sat dying like a graven image on the buggy seat and saw the town disappear behind my back. There were few people on the streets—you know how it is in a country place at noon—and those who saw me supposed I was only drunk.

"I don't know whether it was absolute despair that partly broke the spell, or whether I swooned, but anyhow I fell out of the buggy at the edge of the town, and upon this the horse made its very first exhibition of energy and ran off. They carried me back to the doctor's office and laid me on the floor. I was still unable to talk, but I feebly motioned to my pocket, and they took out the bottle. The doctor uncorked it, smelled it, and remarked that he was sorry to see me intoxicated. This made me so mad that I found strength to gasp out:

"'You old idiot, can't you see I'm poisoned? That's laudanum!'

"'It's nothing of the kind,' he said. 'it's whisky.'

"'Look at the label, you maniac!' I shrieked.

He turned over the bottle.

"'That's an old label, he said, 'and crossed out. I filled the bottle myself with whisky. What's the matter with you, anyhow?'

"I felt my symptoms suddenly disappear. When I found the door, I disappeared, too. I afterward hunted up a big colored man, and gave him a quarter to kick me, and——. But here's Lafayette, I see. This is my stopping place Good day."

A Dolorous Lay.

—When you are young, how well you know
A little money makes great show.
Just fifty cents will cause you bliss,
'Tis then a dollar looks like this.

$

But when you're old, and bills come due,
And creditors are dunning you,
And every cent you spend, you miss,
'Tis then a dollar looks like this.

$

—*Goodall's Sun.*

A Hindoo loom complete is worth sixty-eight cents, and weaves shawls, silks and muslins, which our most ex... ...paratus cannot equal.

AT THE BURNING GHAT.

How the Hindoos Conduct Their Cremation Ceremonies.

To every traveler in Hindostan is familiar the terrible call of "Ram, Ram Such Hai," which, being translated into English, means, literally, "God, God is truth." The cry is a fearful one, a cry which once heard lingers with peculiar rhythm in the hearer's ear, for never is it heard from the lips of a single man, but from many, sometimes hundreds, and when borne with that terrible distinctness of the well-accentuated many upon a still air, its effect is peculiarly awe-striking. Still more so when at rapid trot upon the shoulders of four white-robed men is seen a white-sheeted corpse laid upon a light bier. So tightly has been drawn the shrouding over the dead figure that every outline of the body is distinctly visible; and thus at a quick pace hurry the body-bearers, followed by an immense throng, to the burning ghat, there to burn the body of the deceased.

There are few more affecting sights than a Hindoo cremation. There is so much of solemnity and so much of barbaric pomp attending the ceremonial, such a general gathering of clansmen, and so much paid loud weeping and silent agony, that it may be well said that not to be present at a burning is to lose one of the most interesting entertainments that Hindostan can offer. No Hindoo is ever permitted to die within four walls. Out in the open air must the last gasp be breathed, and the last look of the dying man must be upon that which is not made by hands. The measure is not wholly one of religion, but more of a sanitary precaution. Decomposition sets in so rapidly that it is reckless to leave a body in close and confined rooms longer than an hour at the very most. No sooner does death appear inevitable than the friends prepare to meet it in the most philosophical manner.

The dying man is borne out into the open air, the hired mourners are sent for, and sit on each side of the lintel and wail in a heartrending manner. These mourners are women, old and ugly, red and white, dusty garments, with hair dishevelled, barnyard sweepings on their head and all the accomplishments of woe imaginable. From constantly engaging in such business, their faces appear to have attained the expression most befitting such occasions.

About the annointing of the corpse the Hindoo is most particular. It is rubbed all over with the essence of roses. The hair is oiled, the cheeks and lips are painted a bright vermillion, and the body swathed in white linen, manufactured for that purpose, and so shrouded as only to disclose the face and hands. The bier differs according to the caste. With the Brahmins simplicity is observable. But the lower the caste, and consequently the lower the general intelligence and status in society, the more gaudily decorated the bier.

For instance, grooms affect the liveliest colors, and convert their funerals into ludicrous farces, and are more than pleased when their efforts meet with laughing shouts of approval. It is a peculiarity of this class that they are a most jovial race, and have ever a song or a joke on their lips. With other castes preternatural gloom seems ever upon their minds. A groom, on the other hand, seizes with avidity the occasion of a funeral, and looks upon it as a most fortunate circumstance—an occasion upon which to be merry, to laugh dull care away and defy tyrant death with the cup that more than inebriates; for drunkenness is a besetting vice with him, though it is a drunkenness that takes amiable form, rarely even permitting him to do more harm than to bite off the nose of one of his refractory wives.

A light matting forms the bed of the pyre, which is attached to bamboo poles, covered with strips of red, white, blue, green, yellow—in fact all colors—of cotton cloth. A canopy is formed overhead, also covered with various colored cloth. The body is placed inside and smothered with flowers, the white chammalee being preferred. It has a strong odor and is a pure white. Four of the stoutest relatives of the deceased then lift the litter, and before them are runners, who lay on the ground red and white strips of cloth, so as not to permit the carriers to tread the bare earth. When the funeral procession comes to the limit of one of these strips, the funeral cortege has to wait until other strips have been spread. In advance of these are the fighting men of the party, who brandish spears, sticks, and occasionally fire off guns, beside going through antics symbolical of fighting in midair hovering demons who are intent upon carrying off the body. In most picturesque places are these burning ghats located. Hard by is some holy stream, whose blue waters contrast beautifully with the dark and glowing foliage of the overhanging trees, and the rich green of the rank jungle which fringes its banks. The approaches to these river banks are generally through ravines, deep and tortuous, caused by the overflooded river during the rainy season. Over hot and burning sands, which glisten in the bright sunshine like burnished silver, and cast a glare which to the unaccustomed eye is almost blinding, trudges the funeral party.

Arriving at the ghat, a little huckstering has to be gone through with some of the wood-dealers, who have already assorted sized pieces of wood from which to build the pyre, this being accomplished after no little difficulty, for a Hindoo always asks more than he expects to receive, and always places his figure high so that after the bargain is concluded he gets actually what he first wanted. The eldest son is closest to the body; it is he who carries the pot containing the fire, and it is his duty to start into flame the straw. He is dressed in white, and upon his dress are great patches of red like blood clots. The pyre is but a foot or so high, resting on a bed of straw. After the doleful chants have been sung, and after he has thrice marched round the pyre, he ignites the fire, and a few seconds after a thin wreath of smoke ascending heavenward tells that the last rite has been successfully performed. The funeral ceremonies over, the party, including those who are nearest of kin, repair to the deceased's late dwelling and there inquire into the affairs of the departed one, and make an inventory of his effects.

A marriage and a funeral are affairs much to be dreaded by a wealthy Hindoo, for on either occasion there is to be considerable spent in feasting the relatives, and a host of dependants; and as without a feast the soul of the departed one is in danger of not tasting the joys of the life hereafter, a funeral feast is really often the real source of the woe on such occasions. As a matter of course the Brahmins figure conspicuously, for it is hoped that through their intercessions, will the dead man gain heavenly bliss. —*San Francisco Examiner.*

Art of Opening Letters.

The art of opening letters addressed to other people and refastening them so that no one will know is a profession in Spain. In the postoffice they have a dark chamber where experts inquire into things, and these have long since given up the use of steam for opening gummed communications. Even red-hot platinum wire for letters sealed with wax is out of date. The favorite means is said to be with a knife sharper than a razor, which is run along the bottom of the envelope. The letter having been extracted and then replaced after the officials of the postoffice have learned what is going on, a fine line of liquid cement is drawn along the opening, the slightest pressure ...ble is applied, and lo! the let... ...ever,

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

We are never so happy or unhappy as we suppose.

One man's word is no man's word: we should quietly hear both sides.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

Teach self denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

Carlyle says: We are firm believers in the maxim that, for all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful, nay essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

Everything which tends to discourage or agitate the mind, whether it be excessive sorrow, rage or fear, envy or revenge, love or despair—in short, whatever acts violently on our mental faculties, tends to injure the health.

Exemption from mistake is not the privilege of mortals; but when our mistakes are involuntary, we owe each other every candid consideration; and the man who on discovering his errors acknowledges and corrects them, is scarcely less entitled to our esteem than if he had not erred.

Every one, however humble, has a mission to do, or say, or think something which has never been done, or said, or thought; therefore let each one, while gratefully accepting the help and profiting by the wisdom of others, cultivate his own individuality, live his own independent life, and fulfill his own possibilities.

A Bushman's Cave.

"We engaged two or three of the natives as guides," says Mrs. Carey Hobson, in "At Home in the Transvaal," "and they took us into one of their curious caves, though I think cave is hardly the proper name; it is more like an enormous fissure in the rocks, with small caves and shelves in the precipitous sides. It was a wonderful place, capable of being garrisoned and provisioned in time of war, and, one would think, rendered impregnable.

"'How about the water?' asked Graham. 'Had they a supply in the cave?'

"They had, and a very plentiful supply, too. We entered the place through a narrow, zig-zag opening in the rocks, which almost gave you the idea that you were going into some tunnel that had fallen in. All at once we found ourselves in a beautiful open space, where there were some cattle feeding upon grass growing luxuriantly on either side of a clear stream of water that ran the whole length of the chasm.

"We walked along its banks for a long way, admiring the vegetation, which was different from any we had seen outside. Beautiful little fairy ferns and maidenhair grew in the crevices of the rocks, making a pretty lace trimming, as it were, between the lines of strata, each side matching so exactly both in strata and fernwork, as to denote in a wonderful manner the suddenness with which the mountain must have been reft in twain. And in that clear, dry climate, the rocks looked as bright and newly-broken as if this cataclysm had taken place but yesterday. Gradually we heard more and more distinctly a roaring noise, that we understood to come from a fall of water. The rocks had hitherto been open to the sky, although much nearer to each other at the top than below; but at last they closed entirely, and we were in a dark passage. Here were rooms or holes for the stores of grain, and hiding places for their women and children.

"At the end of this tunnel we came upon a cascade, falling sheer, from the mountain summit, through a large round opening, into the basin below. A mass of rock jutting out at one side, just within the fall, intercepted the water, and sent it dancing wildly in a thousand fantastic jets of spray, to be sobered down as they mingled with the long, steady stream of falling water. There is an immense quantity of honey in these caves, and the people collect it from the honey nests in the interstices of the rock, letting each other down from above by means of thongs, or, more generally, by climbing and clinging among the monkey-rope that grows luxuriantly in parts. Our guides also pointed out some curious rock paintings, the work of the early Bushman inhabitants."

The Problem of Human Flight.

The subject of my paper—flying-machines—in a general way, is of interest to everybody. But, to those who have given it more particular attention, it is not only interesting but fascinating, and a little dangerous. The pathway has been strewed with wrecks; and I fear there is a feeling prevalent that, after all it leads nowhere in particular, unless it be to the almshouse or lunatic asylum.

Still, there are times when we heartily envy the birds their wonderful power. I remember in reading, I think, Mr. Wallace's book on the Amazons, that he was once standing on the shore of the mighty river, confronted by an impenetrable wall of green, concealing within itself doubtless no end of new plants and beetles; and when a gayly painted macaw came sailing lazily along and disappeared behind the tree-tops without any sort of trouble, he gave vent emphatically to the general wish to fly, and to a feeling of surprise that apparently so simple a problem should have remained so long unsolved.

The old Greeks and Romans very sensibly appear to have been content to give the gods and birds and butterflies a monopoly of the air; for, excepting the story of Dædalus and Icarus, little mention has been made by classical writers of attempts to fly, or of flying-machines.

Dædalus, it seems, had killed a man in Athens, and with his unfortunate son fled to Crete, where King Minos very properly detained him; but, determined to escape, he made wings of feathers cemented with wax, and, instructing Icarus to fly neither to high nor too low, but to closely follow him, launched himself into the air, and took a bee-line for Greece. The young man, however, was ambitious, and, flying too near the sun, the wax melted, and he perished in the sea—a warning to future generations.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Type-Setting in Japan.

The advantages of alphabetic writing are nowhere more conspicuously shown than in a large printing office. The compositor stands within easy reach of every character he may have need of, and a boy can learn the position of each in the case in a few hours. It is quite another matter where each word has a distinct character, as in China or Japan. A correspondent, describing the office of a Japanese paper, says that a full font of Japanese type comprises 7,000 characters, of which 3,000 are in constant use, and for 2,000 more there are frequent calls. The type is disposed about the composing-room on racks, like those in a reading-room, and the compositors wander up and down the aisles, setting type and taking exercise at once. With so many characters it is no wonder that Japanese proof-readers have to be men of intelligence and high scholarship. The impossibility of telegraphing single-character words has kept this great instrument of civilization in foreign hands, and made it practically useless for the natives of China and Japan. To these the telephone is an especial blessing, which they are not slow to appreciate.

A complete collection of American cents is worth $1,500.

She Went for Fresh Rolls.

A wedding under unusual and quite romantic circumstances occurred in Des Moines, Ia., the other day. The suddenly accepted groom is Loren F. Bishop, a good-looking young man, who keeps a bakery. Miss Mary Shoemaker, a pretty miss with a merry laugh and a pretty figure that is the perfection of grace, came into Mr. Bishop's bakery to buy some fresh rolls, and she looked at the young baker in such an irresistible way that he was quite beside himself with admiration.

"Miss Shoemaker," said he, "you look so pretty that I have half a mind to go right with you and get married."

"I never refuse a dare," said the pretty girl, with flushing cheeks and eyes that sparkled with a bright roguish light.

"Well, shall I go and get my coat and go and get a license?"

"If you want to you may, and I'll go with you, too."

The young man's face sobered down a little, but he went and got his coat.

"Do you still want to go?" he gently inquired.

"Why, I thought it was you who wanted to go," said the maiden, hesitatingly.

"Well I do, but I thought maybe you would give it up."

"If that's all, we'll go" was the reply.

Loren was caught, and he had the good sense to see it. They went to the county clerk and got a license, and before the sun set they were married.

High Sounding Phrases.

Too many people are fond of using long words. A gentleman said to his servant Pat: "I am going to town at ten o'clock, and shall weed out the cucumber bed in the interim." "Interim," thought Pat. "That's a quare name for a garden, anyhow." "Is Mr. Smith at home?" asked a visitor, who came shortly afterward. "Yis, sor; ye'll find him at work in his interim, there beyant," announced Pat. Sidney Smith was once looking through the hot-house of a lady who was very proud of her flowers, and used, not very accurately, a profusion of botanical names. "Madam," said he, "have you the Septennis psoriasis?" "No," said she, "I had it last winter, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the Spring." (Septennis psoriasis is the medical name for the itch.) One of our American landladies, very much given to pompous conversation, in speaking of a deceased boarder, said: "Yes, we shall miss him; for, notwithstanding he had a touch of ferocity, and a temper that kindled with velocity, yet his verbosity, although it inclined to ponderosity, and was never relieved by luminosity, often excited jocosity, in spite of his pomposity."

Spoiled.

The young man who is petted at home is becoming a nuisance. He is seldom of any good. What is wanted now is a practical man, who can do something else beside smoke cigarettes, and twist a cane. The time to learn to work and to learn business habits is in one's youth. He who leads the life of a butterfly until he is twenty-five or thirty years of age, and then recognizes the fact that he has made an ass of himself, has precious little to recommend him when he applies for a job. This may be a chestnut, but it fits not a few young man of every city in the Union. The boys at the Reform Farm are better off, if they only knew it, than thousands of the boys who are at large. There is nothing like being practical, and there is but one way to be so, and that is to be so. Acquire business habits and train yourself to good, honest, hard work. Don't waste your time learning to tie a cravat. You can buy cravats already tied.

He Stood the Test.

Four boys seated on a line fence dividing two houses attracted the attention of a pedestrian recently, and he halted and asked what they were looking at.

"New family moving in there to-day," replied one.

"Well, what of it?"

"They've got a boy about as big as u

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing, only we are trying him."

At that moment the new boy appeared on the grass about twenty feet away. One of the boys on the fence made up a face at him. He promptly responded. Then another boy threw a stone at him. He hurled it back.

"Say, I'll lick you!" called the biggest boy.

"You can't do it!"

The four boys make as if they would jump over the fence, but the new boy stood firm.

"I'll dare you up here!"

"I'll dare you down here!"

"He's all right—he's game," said the big boy to the pedestrian. "If he was a coward we was going to lick him, but now we'll go over and let him have a whiff on our cigar stub."

Too Little Manners.

An eminent English barrister was a lawyer of fine abilities, but his overwhelming egotism led him too frequently to forget the courtesy due to both bench and bar. On one occasion, while pleading in a case in which the question of manorial rights was involved, he said, addressing the court: "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person. I myself have two little manors." "We all know it, sir," calmly interrupted the witty Lord Mansfield, who was sitting as judge. "Proceed."

Imagination.

By imagination a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

Four Firm Facts.

No one can take morphia or other poisons without injury.

No morphia or opium is to be found in Red Star Cough Cure.

No case of cough that cannot be cured by Red Star Cough Cure.

No remedy is cheaper; it costs only twenty-five cents.

Want of prudence is too frequently want of virtue.

ALCOHOL WAS NOT INVENTED and minerals were never used medicinally in the days of old. Invigorating and alterative herbs were then the only curatives. Sick animals, with unerring instinct, invariably select strange herbs for their ailments. VINEGAR BITTERS is the greatest herb antidote and tonic ever known.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute. This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Subterranean Planters designate cremation as a burning shame.

Train Talk.

There was a long-haired man in the smoking car, and some of the passengers were making sport of him. They called him a crank.

"Tut, tut, boys," said an elderly passenger, "don't call a man a crank simply because he has long hair. Let me tell you a story. I owned a farm many years ago down East. One day I noticed a long-haired man walking about my place in a very queer way. I asked him what he what he was doing, and he said he was just looking about a little. But he was there the next day and the next. Finally I insisted on his telling me what he wanted, and he said:

'Well, farmer, there's buried treasure under your farm, and I've been trying to locate the best best place to dig for it. I've found the place, and now I will make a bargain with you. You do the digging and we will divide the treasure equally between us.'"

"I agreed, and went to digging where he told me to. I spent all the money I had on earth putting the hole down, notwithstanding the neighbors laughed at me and called the long haired man a crank.'

"You were a bigger fool than I took you for," laughed one of the passengers.

"There you go again," said the old man. "You youngsters judge by appearances and think you know all, You—"

"But you never found any buried treasure, did you?"

"Yes, I did; hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth."

"What kind?"

"Coal. The long-haired man was a geologist."

STEAMBOATS AND STEAMBOATING.

(From Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The days of the glory of the old-fashioned river steamboating have largely departed. It is with mingled sadness and joyful recollection of the past that old steamboat men sometimes get together to tell yarns about the former times and of their lively adventures and hair-breadth escapes. When such boats as the Jacob Strader and her companions were in their prime, and when there was no other way of going from Cincinnati to New Orleans except by water, the steamboat men were kings. But the railroads came and took the bulk of the passenger traffic, and the golden days of steamboating passed away.

The question is often asked if the railroads will ever be able entirely to run the steamboats off of our great rivers. It is safe to say that they will not. The steamboat interest is one of great magnitude; and as long as we have such majestic streams as the Ohio and the Mississippi, there will be steamboats. The boats run at a great disadvantage, however, as compared with the railway lines, for with the times at which the water is too high and those at which there is barely enough to enable them to scrape over the bars, boating is irregular and uncertain work.

But boats must be run; must be insured, and must be left in good order. To this end our Board of Marine Underwriters keep up a constant and careful system of inspection. Inspector George Kendall is at the head of this service, and is well known, not only to Cincinnati people, but to all the steamboat men from here to New Orleans. From boyhood he has been on the rivers and well knows all their joys and their dangers. One of our correspondents had a talk with him the other day at his office on Public Landing. Mr. Kendall called up some reminiscences of war times when he was naval constructor at Mound City. Mound City was a lively place in those days, but is now as quiet as a store whose proprietors do not advertise. In the conversation some matters of personal experience regarding health and sickness came up for mention. "I have generally enjoyed rugged health," said Mr. Kendall, "but two or three years ago I was taken with constipation and some pretty severe kidney trouble. I suppose it came from catching cold. I am a good deal exposed to draughts here in the office, and then I have to go down into steamboat-holds where it is damp and wet. Well, I had it badly for a while, but I got rid of the whole trouble by using Brown's Iron Bitters. I think that's the best medicine I know of. Tell you how it was I first got it. I had been to St. Louis with my son, and he was taken with inflammation of the liver; a bad case it was, too. I had heard Barclay, the druggist at Cairo, speak about Brown's Iron Bitters, and say it was a first-rate thing, for it had done good to some of his friends. At Grand Tower I got a bottle of it, and gave it to my son as directed. The effect was surprising. It brought him right out of his sickness, and he had no return of it.

"Then I tried it myself, for I thought if it did him so much good, it ought to do something for me. I was suffering badly then with constipation, and my kidneys were not working right at all. A few doses began to tell on me. I saw it was the very medicine I needed, and I found it was a first-rate tonic. I have taken it for that since I got rid of my kidney difficulty and constipation. You see I am in very good health now, and I want to keep so."

"Have you used this medicine in your family for others than yourself and your son?"

"Yes, yes; we used it as a family tonic, and we like it for that. I have bought it by the half dozen bottles. I have a bottle or two at home now, and I mean to get more when that supply is out. There is nothing like it for people who are run down and feel weak. For women and children who are ailing, it is a great strengthener and appetizer. It is a great deal better than those whisky bitters, for this does no harm, while some of them are very mischievous. For a steady-going medicine that you can always rely on, give me Brown's Iron Bitters."

Substantiating above testimony we give you the results of this great remedy in our midst.

Mr. P. H. Woolfolk (associate editor and proprietor of the *Virginia Star*), Richmond, Va., says: I suffered from nervousness and neuralgia, brought on by overwork—used Brown's Iron Bitters and obtained entire relief.

Gen. Robt. H. Carr, Baltimore, Md., says He has no hesitation in pronouncing Brown's Iron Bitters a most excellent tonic, one that he can confidently recommend.

A coat of paint has no buttons on it.

"Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure a person whose lungs are almost wasted, but it is an unfailing remedy for consumption if taken in time. All druggists.

A telephone office should be located in a "holler" square.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A stern necessity—A ship's rudder.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water Druggists sell it 25c.

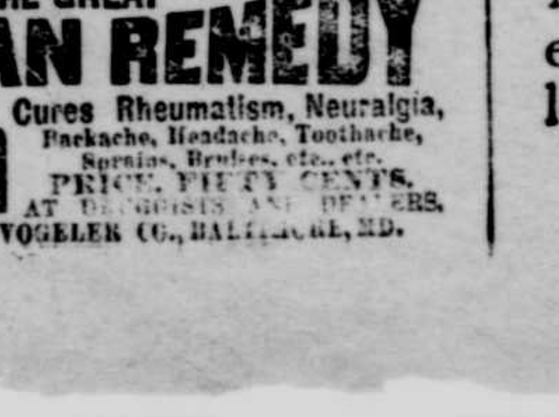
Frazer Axle Grease
Is the very best. A trial will prove we are right. Received first premium at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial and Paris Exposition.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Song of the cowboy—Oh, these steers.

RED STAR TRADE MARK **COUGH CURE**
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK



IS THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
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TWO NOTED MINSTRELS.

Who Have Won Fortune; and What They Say About Stage Life.

From Stage Whispers.

"Billy" Emerson has recently made a phenomenal success in Australia, and is rich. Emerson was born at Belfast in 1846. He began his career with Joe Sweeney's minstrels in Washington in 1857. Later on he jumped into prominence in connection with Newcomb's minstrels, with whom he visited Germany. He visited Australia in 1874, and on his return to America joined Haverley's minstrels in San Francisco at $500 a week and expenses. With this troupe he played before her majesty, the queen, the Prince of Wales, and royalty generally. After this trip he leased the Standard theatre, San Francisco, where for three years he did the largest business ever known to minstrelsy. In April last he went to Australia again, where he has "beaten the record."

"Billy" is a very handsome fellow, an excellent singer, dances gracefully, and is a true humorist.

"Yes, sir, I have traveled all over the world, have met all sorts of people, come in contact with all sorts of customs, and had all sorts of experiences. One must have a constitution like a locomotive to stand it."

"Yes, I know I seem to bear it like a major, and I do, but I tell you candidly with the perpetual change of diet, water and climate, if I had not maintained my vigor with regular use of Warner's safe cure I should have gone under long ago."

George H. Primrose, whose name is known in every amusement circle in America, is even more emphatic, if possible, than "Billy" Emerson, in commendation of the same article to sporting and traveling men generally, among whom it is a great favorite.

Emerson has grown rich on the boards and so has Primrose, because they have not squandered the public's "favors."

The man who said he was out on a lark was really out on a swallow.

SKIN DISEASES—"BEESON'S AROMATIC ALUM SULPHUR SOAP," cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Sores, Pimples, all Itching Skin Eruptions. 25 cents by Druggists or by mail Wm. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa.

PREVENT crooked boots and blistered heels by wearing Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Important.
When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse car stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The locks on a door are worn plain. It is the door that is banged.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.
VINEGAR BITTERS



Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.
Made from California roots and herbs, free from **Alcoholic** Stimulants. A **Purgative** and Tonic.
This Bitters cures **Female** Complaints, Inflammatory and Chronic **Rheumatism**, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Blood, **Liver** and **Kidney** Diseases.
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Pneumonia, and Pain in the regions of the Kidneys are cured by the use of the Bitters.
For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.
It Invigorates the Stomach, and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.
No Person can take the Bitters and remain long unwell.
Pin, Tape and other Worms, are destroyed and removed from the system.
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.
In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.
R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St. Cor. Charlton St., New York.
Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

ELY'S **CREAM BALM** Cleanses the Head. Relieves Pain at Once. Allays Inflammation. Heals Sores. Restores Taste and Smell. A Positive Cure.



A particle is applied into each. Price 50 cts at druggists or by mail. Send for circular.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH **BITTERS**
That terrible endemic, fever and ague, shatters the most vigorous constitution, and the after effects of the alkaloid often taken to arrest it, quinine, and scarcely less pernicious. The best remedy, not alone in malarial stricken regions on this continent, but also in those portions of South and Central America where malarial fevers are most prevalent and malignant—is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Its remedial and preventive effects as an opponent of fevers are owing to its tonic influence. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

EPITHELIOMA! OR SKIN CANCER.
For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. Eight months ago a friend recommended the use of Swift's Specific, and I determined to make an effort to procure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflamation was allayed, and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am stronger, and am able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heal, until there is not a vestige of it left—only a little scar marks the place.
MRS. JOICIE A. McDONALD.
Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1885.
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

OLD COINS WANTED. Send 10c. for Catalogue of prices paid. CHARLES J. SCHAYER, 13 Lambert Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

$4 A DAY AT HOME painting signs. No experience necessary. Our patterns do the work. Samples 65 cents. A. M. MORLAN & Co., Salem, Ohio.

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

How to Become **QUICK AT FIGURES.** Price $1.—All dealers. Circulars free. —The Woodbury Company, Boston, Mass.—

The Mirror
is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my
Life!
My trouble always came after eating any food—
However light
And digestible,
For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most
Excruciating pains,
"And the only way I ever got"
"Relief!"
Was by throwing up all my stomach contained!! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until
"At last?"
I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and
Could eat nothing!!!
My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.
There efforts were no good to me.
At last I heard a good deal
"About your Hop Bitters!
And determined to try them."
Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of
One!!!!
Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a
"Sick!"
Hour, from the same cause, since.
I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such
"Advocate as I am."
GEO. KENDALL, Allston, Boston, Mass.

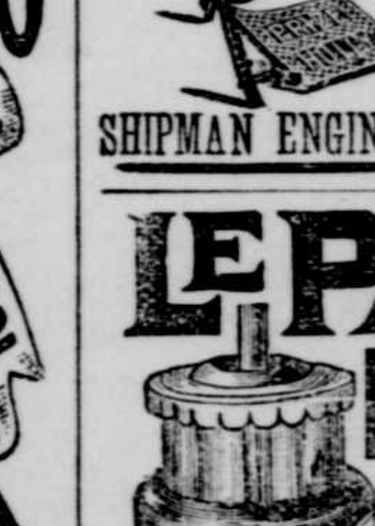
Downright Cruelty.

To permit yourself and family to
"Suffer!"
With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily
With Hop Bitters!!!

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

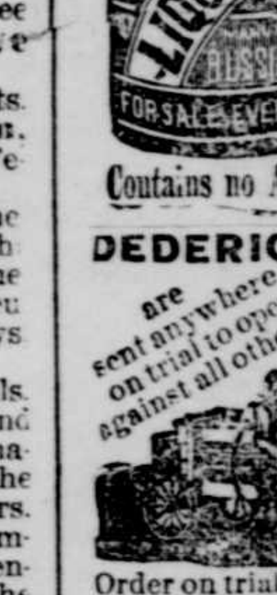
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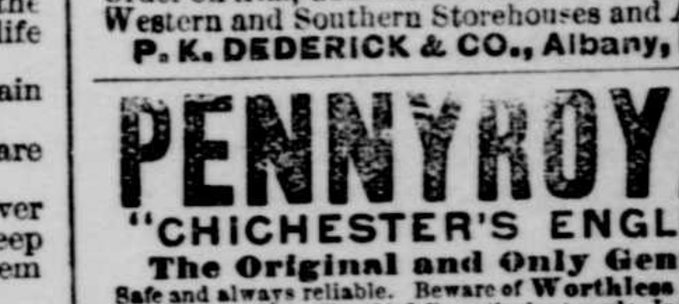
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MENDS EVERYTHING Wood, Leather, Paper, Ivory, Glass, China, Furniture, Bric-a-Brac, &c. Strong as Iron, Solid as a Rock. The total quantity sold during the past five years amounted to over 32 MILLION bottles. EVERYBODY WANTS IT. All dealers can sell it. Awarded TWO GOLD MEDALS. London, 1883. New Orleans, 1885. Pronounced strongest Glue known. Contains no Acid. Send dealer's card and 10c. postage for sample can FREE by mail. RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.

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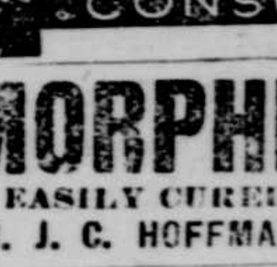
Order on trial, address for circular and location of Western and Southern Storehouses and Agents. P. K. DEDERICK & CO., Albany, N. Y.

PENNYROYAL "CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH" **PILLS!** The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always reliable. Beware of Worthless Imitations. "Chichester's English" are the best made. Indispensable TO LADIES. Inclose 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials, etc., in letter sent you by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2307 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. G has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex. G has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the oildom. A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

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. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

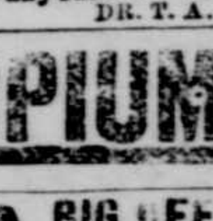
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Grind your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the $5 HAND MILL (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

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Face, Hands, Feet, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bl'k Heads, Scars, Pitting & their treatment. Dr. John Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N.Y. Est'b'd 1870. Send 10c. for book.

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OPIUM HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to 30 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express. 15 years established. Book free. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

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WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75 per Month and Expenses. Expenses in advance. Canvassing outfit FREE! Particulars free. Standard Silver-ware Co. Boston, Mass.

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Palms' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

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