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### THE FAMILY BURYING GROUND.

A wall of crumbling stones doth keep
Watch o'er long barrows where they sleep,
Old chronicled grave stones of its dead,
On which oblivious mosses creep,
And lichens gray as lead.

Warm days the lost cows as they pass
Rest here and browse the juicy grass
That springs about its sun scorched stones;
Afar one hears their bells' deep brass
Wail melancholy tones.

Here the wild morning glory goes
A-rambling as the myrtle grows,
Wild morning glories, pale as pain,
With holy urns that hint at woes,
The night hath filled with rain.

Here are blackberries largest seen,
Rich, winy dark, whereon the lean
Black hornet sucks, noons sick with heat,
That bend not to the shadowed green
The heavy bearded wheat.

At dark, for its forgotten dead,
A requiem of no known wind said
Through ghostly cedars moans and throbs,
While to thin starlight overhead
The shivering screech owl sobs.
—Madison Cawein.

### SLAUGHTER OF FOWLS.

**A Difference Between Amateur and Professional Work—The Chicago Way.**

Killing a chicken is a feat that few men care to undertake a second time. It is not half so easy as it looks. A man without experience may approach his victim confidently, seize it by the neck with a vise-like grip and swing it round his head and shoulders until he is tired or until poor "chick" ceases to flop her wings or wriggle her feet, and the chances are that the half strangled bird will go cavorting all over the back yard the instant it is laid on the ground. Its slayer, tired and sweaty and covered with dust and feathers, chases it around a circle, and finally, after a number of desperate plunges, regains his grip on the limp but unbroken neck.

"Take the ax and cut its head off, John," suggests his wife, who has been an interested but silent spectator of the attempted slaughter. John acts upon the advice with a promptness that proves that he knows a good thing. The ax is procured, and again the wriggling bird is imprisoned. John carries it in triumph over to a block of wood, lays its neck out as evenly as the muscular contortions of its body and legs will permit, and then raises the keen blade for the fatal blow. It descends with unerring aim, and the severed head rolls off the block. But before John has time to congratulate himself on the success of his expedient the head gives one flutter that is its last, and a tiny stream of blood hardly bigger than a darning needle spurts from the gaping wound like a geyser, and stains his white shirt front a deep red. Then he vows in language that will hardly bear reproduction that he has killed his last chicken. If the victim is an aged and tough hen with a steel spring neck and extraordinary vitality the work of slaughter is even more difficult. This is the way a man kills a chicken intended for his own table.

Down in South Water street there are fourteen chicken slaughter houses that turn out an average of about thirty thousand dead birds every twenty-four hours. The process is simpler and more rapid. There is an institution near the corner of Clark street which alone is ready to kill off the feathered tribe at the rate of 10,000 a day if the consumption of chicken meat warrants the wholesale slaughter. The chickens are brought to the place by thousands and turned loose in immense coops that occupy whole floors, and there they crow and cluck and eat corn until the remorseless hand of the professional butcher closes on their necks. When this happens there is no time for another crow. The needle-like point of the keen knife that the butcher carries in his right hand is deftly inserted behind the victim's ear, and the next instant its lifeless body is shooting through a spout that leads to the floor where the "plumping" room is located. It is all done in the briefest part of a second, as will be more readily understood when it is stated that this butcher, single handed and alone, can stab 10,000 chickens in a day of ten hours. It does not make any difference to him whether the victim is a spring chicken or a full fledged hen. One falls as easily before the plunge of his knife as the other.

But it is in the "plumping" room that the hen has a chance to exhibit its vitality. In one corner of this apartment, which is always half filled with wet feathers, is a big iron tank full of boiling water. Into this the bodies of the birds are thrown as fast as they fall from the butcher's spout, and after they have been there half a minute they are hauled out by the legs and stripped of their feathers. This process requires but two sweeps of a hamlike hand, and the bird, denuded, is flung into a cooling box. From there they go downstairs to another cooler, and then they are packed for shipment.—Chicago Herald.

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**Artisan's Dwellings in France.**

In connection with the strikes in France, and the general movement among the working classes which they may portend, it is interesting to note some recent efforts to improve workingmen's dwellings. At Rouen a society has been formed, with a capital of £20,000, which has erected six blocks in the center of the town, capable of accommodating ninety families. At Lyons a similar society has built five blocks, accommodating sixty families. The rents are fixed at about the average rate of the several districts, but the tenants have complete sanitary arrangements and a good water supply into the bargain. In each case a director of the company visits every tenement once a week with a view of receiving complaints and entering into kindly relations with the tenants. The companies have succeeded so far in paying 4 per cent. on the capital invested.

A feature of the scheme at Lyons is that a portion of the capital was provided by the local savings bank, and it is hoped to induce similar banks at Marseilles and elsewhere to do likewise. But even so it will be a long time before France can vie with England in provision of sanitary dwellings for the working classes.—Paris Journal des Debats.

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**Slavery Practiced Among Ants.**

Slavery when practiced among ants has consequences no less evil than when practiced among men. The ants decline in strength and vigor, and every generation finds them become more utterly helpless. They lose at last the power even to eat; placed within easy reach of food, they wait for their faithful servitors to come and put it into their mouths. It has been shown by experiment that these haughty patricians prefer starvation to the effort of helping themselves to their dinners. The slaves are really the masters, and it seems to be from their force of habit that they remain in their position of bondage. It would be perfectly easy for them to free themselves from it. Nature, however, is rapidly doing this for them. The slaveholders are so fast diminishing in strength and numbers that they will sooner or later undoubtedly become extinct.—New York Star.

**Charge of a Tiger.**

As a general rule a tiger will endeavor to avoid an encounter with a line of elephants; on rare occasions it will await their approach, and charge home when within a few paces, but on still rarer occasions it will advance to the attack from some distance, mouth open, lips curling upward, ears down, tail on end, every hair on its body and head bristling with fury.

Whoever has had the fortune to witness such a charge will never forget the magnificent sight, nor the terrific sounds which accompanied the onward bounds of the enraged monster, filling the air around, and drowning the voices of all other living creatures in its awful depth and volume.

A large tiger viewed under such circumstances, when his head and body are greatly swelled out, and his appearance rendered most terrific by the bristling of his hair, is a very different creature from the listless, flat sided beast of menageries and zoological gardens.—Edward D. Baker.

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**Playgrounds for the Poor.**

Says Dr. Weir Mitchell in his book, "Doctor and Patient": "When I see young girls sweating from a good row or the tennis field, I know that it is preventive medicine. I wish I saw how to widen these useful habits so as to give like chances to the poor, and I trust the time will come when the mechanic and the laborer shall insist on public playgrounds as the right of his little ones. I wonder that the rich who endow colleges do not even think of creating playgrounds."—New York Tribune.

### HOW A SWORD IS MADE.

### FROM THE CRUDE IRON TO THE HIGH TEMPERED BLADE.

**Testing the Finished Weapon on a Stone. Process of Preparing the Steel—The "Grind Mill"—Great Skill of the Grinder—Completion.**

"Here you are," he said. "See if you can knock a piece out of the sword on that stone."

I took the handle in both hands and struck the stone with all my might. But to my astonishment a piece flew off the stone, while the sword did not show even the least evidence of the blow.

"Every one of these weapons has to stand that test," I was informed, "or we do not put the mark of our firm on it, nor do we deliver it as a first class weapon."

I went all through the factory, which employs over 1,000 men exclusively in the manufacture of fine weapons. They are now filling an order for the German government for a new bayonet. Eight hundred thousand are to be made, and the firm delivers 1,500 a day. The weapon is twelve inches long, and the government pays six marke for each of them when finished.

Before a piece of steel is converted into such an instrument of war it has to go through quite a process. To show me this Mr. Koch took me into a large space at one end of the factory, where I at once noticed pieces of steel varying in length from ten to twenty feet, standing all around the walls. In the center of the room stood a large machine, where one man and a boy were occupied.

THE RAW MATERIAL.

"This is where the steel is cut before it has received a stroke yet toward the shape of a sword, so we might call this the storeroom for raw material." Thus my kind informant began his explanation. The long pieces of steel, which were about 2½ inches wide, were then put under the machine and by the turning of a crank pieces of aboue twelve inches fell one after the other into a basket. The boy then handed the man another piece of steel, put an empty basket under the machine and carried the short pieces into an adjoining apartment. We followed, and from the number of fires all around I guessed that we must have arrived at the forges. And so it was. Each one of these pieces of steel was put into the fire, and when it was white with heat, a man put it under a steam hammer, which struck the heated steel in rapid succession about twenty times on every particle of its surface. When it was pulled out, the pieces was about eighteen inches long. It was now thrown into a large barrel filled with water. Now the would be sword had gone through the hardening process, and a number of boys gathered them again into baskets to carry them to the rolling department. In the front of each of these rolls I had my attention called to a big coke fire. This fire was stirred up to an enormous heat, and then the pieces of steel were one by one put into the fire. There are two men occupied at each roll, viz.—the roller and his helper. As soon as the steel is hot again it comes under the roll, from where it emerges about one-eighth of an inch thick, and the eventual shape of the sword stamped on it.

Again the pieces of steel are carried off, and this time they go to the center presses, where they are put under a contrivance which cuts the margins off the steel, and when they leave here you can see that the thing looks like a sword. Hitherto, however, you have seen nothing but a dark blue piece of dirty steel, while we now come into the departments where the metal is brightened. There is at first the "grind mill." This is a large place which looks like a barn. From one end of the room to the other I observed rows of immense grindstones, some of them eight feet in diameter.

THE GRINDER'S SKILL.

In this factory I saw forty stones, and in front of each sat a grinder. He has a little wooden seat, wears a woolen shirt, no cap and a pair of overalls. But over the latter up to his knees he has wooden gaiters, made out of four pieces of wood. His feet are also inclosed in wooden shoes. The stones are turned by steam and watered automatically. In the front of this stone the man sits from 6 o'clock in the morning until 12 o'clock at noon. Then he has an hour for dinner, when he sits down again from 1 o'clock until 6 o'clock in the evening. He has a boy who brings him the instruments as he wants them. The grinding department is the most important in the entire factory, and the grinder has to be very skillful. He has to have a keen eye; he must know when to press the steel hard against the stone and when not. A single scraping of the stone too much spoils the whole weapon, and it has to be thrown away. Most of the other work is mechanical, while here it is intelligence that does the work satisfactorily.

From the grinding stone the piece of steel comes bright and sharp. It is now taken to the burnishing rooms. This part of the work is chiefly performed by boys, who vary in age from 12 to 16 years. In this place there are a number of wheels, but they are very small. Some of them are of stone, others are covered with leather, which, if the article has to receive a polish, is covered with a powder which lends the blade a high polish. The knob and the back of the handle are now brilliantly burnished, and the weapon is already very dangerous. But still it is unfinished. The different holes which are made in the handle, the one which fastens the blade on the gun and several others are now bored. This is done, however, by machinery, and takes but a very short time. Then the handle is covered with leather, and now that the blade itself is thoroughly completed, it is taken to the controlling room.

In this department we find, as a rule, a number of old men who have been at work for the firm for long years. They are not able to do actual hard work, but still in this department their services are indispensable. Their duty is, in fact, to examine the article and see whether there is a blemish anywhere. As soon as he detects a flaw he knows where it was done, whether in the burnishing, the grinding, the rolling, or any other department, and the man who is found to have made the mistake has to make it good, or, in other words, he has to pay for the damage.—Solingen (Germany) Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

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**The Bigness of Texas.**

Texas can produce within its own borders food amply sufficient for the support of 250,000,000 people. It has a climate adapted not only to the productions of the temperate zone, but to those of semi-tropical character as well. It has timber as well as coal, silver, copper and other minerals in almost exhaustless abundance.—Houston Post.

**She Pondered a Moment.**

"Be my wife," he implored, "be my wife, my adored one. See! I have had my life insured for $10,000 in your favor," and he flourished the policy in the air.

She pondered a moment, and then raising her large and lustrous orbs to his she said:

"Before I give you an answer, I would like to know the state of your health."—Boston Budget.

**London Police Band.**

The F division of the London police have formed a brass band of forty-one pieces. They propose to play in the public squares for the special entertainment of the poor, receiving no pay. There are other bands in the police force, but this is the largest.—London Letter.

**Anything for a Change.**

Chicago Boy—What's the matter, sis?

Little Sister—Nothin', only mamma's got that divorce frown again.

Chicago Boy—Well, I'm glad of it. I don't like this papa very much myself.—The Cartoon.

**Just What He Wanted.**

Barber (desirous to please)—How would you like your hair cut, sir?

Customer (innocently) — First rate! That's what I came in here for.—The Idea

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A pretty woman said the other night she didn't in the least mind being old, but it was the getting there that distressed her.

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When little Alice first saw a muddy river, she exclaimed, "Oh, how sunburned the river is!"

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A New York street merchant's sign reads "Lemanaid."

### TOO MUCH FLESH.

**A Question Which Troubles the Fat World. What Doctors Say.**

Probably no question of personal hygiene has occupied so much attention from laymen or laywomen as the question how to avoid growing fat. Doctors, we think, as a rule take little interest in it as long as it does not result in some form of illness. About the inconvenience of being fat, there is generally little use in consulting them. Until within about twenty-five years the fat people, if we may use the expression, lie down under their fat. The opinion that fatness was irremediable was in fact widely diffused. Mrs. Fanny Kemble used to say, in her grand manner, that "when there was a constitutional tendency to fat, no diet, nor exercise, nor sorrow would avail."

Since she took this view, however, a great change has come over what we may call the fat world. Fat people refuse any longer to accept their fatness as hopeless. They deny that any portion of the human family has been set apart by Nature as the prey of obesity. This great awakening was due in a large degree to the celebrated Banting, an immensely fat man, who, by greatly reducing his weight by confining himself to nitrogenous food, filled all fat people with the anticipation of a better day. Tens of thousands followed his example, and cut down their size immensely. Unfortunately he died very soon after he became lean, and a panic spread through his followers. Distrust about the effect of his system on the general health began to gain ground. Many people suffered severely in strength and spirits by following his regimen too strictly, and it fell into more or less discredit. It would now be as hard to find an original out-and-out disciple of Banting as of Priessnitz, the hydropathist, or of Hahnemann, the homœopathist. But many still follow him in a slight degree, by eschewing butter, eating but little bread and potatoes and sticking steadily to lean meat.

If his teachings and example had had no effect at all, however, it would have proved that the fat people were less enterprising and energetic than other civilized men in our day ever are. They refused to consider Banting's failure as final. They declined to accept the doctor's advice to "let well enough alone." They continued their demand that obesity should be treated as a disease, and a cure found for it. Accordingly every few years a new fat doctor appears on the scene, and the quacks fill up the intervals with the sale of more or less deadly specifics. No great progress was made, however, until Bismarck became dissatisfied with his fat, and called for a physician who could relieve him of it. This physician appeared in the person of a certain Dr. Schweniger, who cut down the chancellor's weight to such an extent that he had him nominated to a professorship in the faculty of medicine in the Berlin university, and insisted on his appointment in the teeth of the opposition of the other doctors, who had either never heard of Schweniger before, or heard what was bad. To the argument that he had won no distinction in the profession, the answer was that he had taken fifty or sixty pounds off the prince's huge frame. Schweniger accordingly rapidly became an authority on fatness, and the pamphlet containing his system is sold by tens of thousands.

The well known Dr. Yeo, of London, discusses this system in The Nineteenth Century. It ought to be said en passant that Schweniger's cure is claimed also by Professor Oertel, of Munich, who says he discovered it, but this avails him little, because he did not treat the chancellor. Schweniger maintains that the chief cause of fat among men, as among animals, is eating too much, no matter of what, and drinking too much, even of water, at one's meals, but especially of wine, beer and spirits. The central principle of this system is, that unless you live by muscular toil you must cut down the quantity you eat, and must drink but little, if any, with your meals. Of course he has minor rules, and makes distinctions between different articles of food, but to him quantity is the great enemy of the obese. After him comes a certain Ebstein, who also has his system, which differs from both Banting's and Schweniger's, but all three agree that to be lean you must greatly reduce your consumption of the carbo-hydrates or starchy things.

Germany is the country where the most vigorous fight with fat is carried on, and where fat cures excite most interest, owing, it is said, to the great prevalence of obesity, a result in part of the consumption of beer, and in part, doubtless, of the frequency and heartiness of the meals. Accordingly the number of people who go to the various baths for simple corpulency is very large. Oertel makes provision for this class by prescribing carefully graded walks, in which the ascent will stimulate the heart's action and strengthen it.

All the masters agree that it is mainly through its effect on the heart that fat becomes dangerous. If you surround your heart thickly with fat you impede its working, and it gradually grows weaker, and then, some fine day, when you have put a little more fat on it and call on it for extra exertion, it stops short and down you go. Fat does not greatly trouble the young and active in any country. It is when, in middle life, exercise begins to be distasteful, but the appetite remains as good as ever, that it comes on people like a strong man armed, and makes exertion, especially in hot weather, very formidable. But the fat people are aroused, and we feel sure their number, in proportion to population, will hereafter be diminished.—New York Evening Post.

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**Elastic Concrete for Pavements.**

An ingenious employe of a New Jersey concrete firm has invented a paving composition which has some very remarkable features. He claims that his preparation, the composition of which he keeps secret, is just as durable as stone, but is soft and elastic to the tread, so that it is not only pleasant to walk upon but actually gives the foot an impulse like that—in a lesser degree, of course—gained from a springboard. Whether his invention be a possibility or not, something of the kind would certainly be acceptable to tired townfolk whose feet ache and blister as they stamp along on the hard and noisy pavement.—Chicago News.

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**"School Treats" of England.**

The school treats are one of the nice ways rich people in England take to spend their money. All the teachers and scholars in a London parish school are invited to the country seat of the giver of the treat, and every effort is made to render the holiday a pleasant and memorable one for the children. I was engaged to assist in entertaining nearly a thousand boys and girls at a school treat given by Col. North, the South American. He had a special train, and the children came in the care of their teachers and were accompanied by the curate of the parish. A generous lunch was provided, and it was nice to see the hostess and a bevy of pretty young women, with big white housekeeping aprons on, busily employed in spreading butter, making sandwiches or cutting up big masses of wholesome cake.

The affair lasted from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. There were all sorts of games and the never to be omitted Punch and Judy show. Air balloons were sent up and every child received a toy of some sort. The country band supplied music, and it was great fun to see the importance of the bandmaster as he fussed about with an air of great importance. Her ladyship, the hostess, was treated like a queen by him and everybody else. Some time during the afternoon all the children were grouped for a photograph, and then they marched off for tea in a big tent. The curate said grace and the good things soon disappeared. I found these children very easy to amuse, and they invariably laughed in the right place, which cannot always be said of older people.—New York Herald Interview.

### A PIANO TUNER TALKS.

### SOME OF THE STRANGE THINGS ENCOUNTERED IN HIS TRADE.

**Rats Play Havoc with the Felts—Children Poke Canes Under the Strings—Finding a Lost Pocketbook—Results of a Man's Carelessness.**

"Look out for that rat!" was the exclamation of a piano tuner to a reporter, a few days ago, as he stood watching him take a piano to pieces. The words had barely been said when a large, lean rat jumped out of the instrument and scampered across the room and out of an open door. While he was dexterously removing the rat's nest from inside the piano the reporter asked if rats were usually part and parcel of pianos. The tuner remarked that while probably two-thirds of the instruments in residences were free from the rodents, the other third were infested with them, at least that had been his experience during twenty years of his life. Those in the country, especially in well to do farmers' houses, were generally inhabited by rats, and in dozens of cases fully half a bushel of small scraps of paper that had been carried there by the pests had been discovered. The paper and the nests were not so bad, but rats very frequently did the instrument much damage. Rats play havoc with the felts in the action, and he had repaired pianos where the felts had all been eaten away. Occasionally a hungry rat is discovered that shows fight, and the wielding of a broomstick, with the accompanying screaming by the women folk, is necessary to get rid of the animal.

Children oftentimes cause pianos to get out of order, but while the trouble caused by them is usually quickly repaired there are times when they do more damage than rats. Left alone in the room with an open instrument the spirit of mischief comes over them, and a cane or a book is poked in under or among the strings. The owner returns to play on the piano, and then finds it at sixes and sevens. As everything was all right but a few minutes before the cause of the trouble cannot be understood, and then there is bluster about the house. Should the piano be a new one the maker is blamed, the instrument is condemned, and a sharp letter is forwarded to the seller. The repairer with fear and trembling hastens to the scene, the trouble is found, and after apologies, the whipping of the small boy who did the mischief, and the payment of the bill for repairs, the piano is left to its fate.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

Picking up a five cent piece lying on the action, the tuner said: "Here is something, too, I find as well as rats' nests and the work of children. To be sure money is not found frequently, especially in any considerable amount, but the finding of two fat pocketbooks and a ten dollar gold piece I will never forget. The gold had been placed in the piano for safe keeping by a young lady, and its hiding place forgotten, and my finding it, of course, made the owner happy. The bringing to light of one of the pocketbooks made me $50 richer, that being a present from its loser. It had been missing for a year, and contained $600. Detectives had been hunting for thieves who, it was supposed, had stolen the money. The discovery of the pocketbook brought back the recollection that it had been laid on the top lid of an upright piano, and that it had no doubt fallen in the inside, where I had found it.

"Instead of getting a reward I came near being arrested, and perhaps sentenced to a term of imprisonment for finding the purse. Its contents were over $200, and like the other one, having been carelessly left on top of the instrument, it fell inside. Being missed while I was in the house, and the owner of the money, a country justice, remembering where he had laid it, suspicion rested on me as the one who had taken it. When I remarked the mysterious actions of the justice, his wife and two daughters, he told me of his loss and what he suspected, and threatened my arrest unless the money was immediately produced. It was a bad predicament to be in, and what to do puzzled me. The finding of the other pocketbook flashed across my mind. I suggested a search in the interior of the piano, and there it was found to my joy. The old man took it without as much as saying 'Thank you,' and to this day I think he holds the opinion that I hid it away in the piano."—Chicago Journal.

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**Bismarck's Weighing Machine.**

Close by the side of Prince Bismarck's bath is a weighing chair, covered with red velvet, of the most modern construction, and the great German minister never fails to "try his weight" at least once a day, or to record the result of his trial in the small diary he keeps attached by a string to the arm of the weighing chair for the purpose. There was a time when the prince scaled the somewhat Gargantuan weight of 247 pounds; but "much has happened since then," as his late friend Lord Beaconsfield once remarked. And, among other things, the prince has taken not to "Banting," but to a more recent system of dealing with one's "too, too solid flesh." Thanks to determined perseverance in the system, the German chancellor was last Friday able to announce at the breakfast table, in a tone of triumph, that he that morning only weighed 190 pounds. Europe, which has such a deep interest in Prince Bismarck's continued life and good health, would do well, if possible, to secure for information a daily return of the weights recorded in the chancellor's little diary.—London Figaro.

**The Ingenuity of Womankind.**

A story was told the other day that admirably exemplified the ingenuity of womankind. It was told by a well known dock man as he was taking a trip around Grand Island the other afternoon. "They had no end of trouble in trying to keep cups for drinking purposes at the water coolers on the Periwinkle last summer," said he. "The captain was in despair. He had tried chaining the cups, but the women even broke the chains. Finally the engineer hit upon a bright and novel plan. 'I tell you what to do,' he said. 'Just prick a hole through the bottom of each cup. That will make them leak so that it will be impossible to carry them to the upper deck.' The captain was delighted, and immediately ordered a lot of new cups, which were carefully bored. Then the engineer made himself ready to smile at the passengers' discomfiture. The first person that tried carrying water upstairs was a small boy, who tested every cup and finally gave up the attempt.

"The engineer chuckled and hugged himself in diabolical glee at the success of his scheme, but a school girl fooled him just the same. She came down humming an air from 'Erminie,' filled up the first cup she got hold of and started. The engineer's delight was getting beyond bounds when he saw the water streaming along the floor. The girl saw it, too, and stopped short. She sized up the leak and then, going back to the cooler, deliberately refilled the cup, put her finger over the leak and carried the cup of water up stairs in triumph. That was the maddest engineer I ever saw, but instead of getting angry I roared when he told me of it, and said: 'Score one for the girl. Bless the dear things, anyhow. No matter how hard or how often a man may try to fool them, it is the girl who comes out ahead. Say what you are a mind to, they get there every time.'"—Buffalo News.

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**Protection from Lead Poisoning.**

Much of the ill effects of the white lead manufacture may be avoided by due care on the part of the men. The chief precautions are strict attention to personal cleanliness so that none of the dust of the white lead may remain on the skin. No food or drink should ever be partaken of or be allowed to remain in any of the work rooms, and "sulphuric acid lemonade"—that is, sweetened water with a few drops of pure sulphuric acid to the glass, enough to communicate a pleasant tartness without setting the teeth on edge—should be used as the ordinary drink. It is not pleasant having to admit that in some cases where white lead manufacturers have provided protective appliances, such as hot baths, a room where such of the men as live at a distance may take their meals away from the poisonous substance—all such precautions are neglected, if not positively refused.—London Scientific News.

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A Philadelphia man of 80 and a woman of 75 were recently married again after fifty years of divorce. This is the season for the reunion of veterans.

### THE DREADED SIMOOM.

**Its Generation and the Terrible Incidents of Its Career.**

The most remarkable of the hot winds is the Simoom (sambuli, samun, shelook, etc.), the violent whirlwind, with or without sand, which affects the deserts of Africa and southwestern Asia. The great heat of the soil passing into the atmosphere causes an appreciable expansion and lightening of the latter, resulting in the formation of small cyclonic disturbances. The surrounding atmosphere, in the never ceasing natural struggle to maintain an equilibrium, rushes in to fill the space vacated by the expanded air, and in its turn undergoes the same process, until at last there is a powerful current drawn into the vortex, frequently bringing with it quantities of loose sand, and the cyclone then becomes visible—huge columns of sand whirling round and moving forward at the same time. The air, already very dry before the simoom originated, now becomes still more so from the presence of the dense cloud of dust. Away goes the storm across the desert; at first it is seen as a low haze on the horizon, but quickly spreading the cloud advances, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, the tall pillars being visible a long way off darkening the atmosphere, and bringing with them great destruction. In the whirl the wind blows with the force of a hurricane, hills of sand are taken up, and are either scattered or are again gathered into new hills wherever the storm chooses to deposit them, so that the desert is dotted with frequently shifting sand ranges. Under these are buried whole caravans of traders, travelers and even armies. The simoom is supposed to have annihilated the armies of Sennacherib and of Cambyses.

So terribly dry is the air in these storms that it is fatal to vegetation, while the density of the dust cloud makes it almost impossible for human beings to breathe. This gives rise to the idea that the wind contained a deadly poison; hence the Arabic simoom, signifying a poisonous wind; but it is no more poisonous than any other wind, its fatal qualities being simply the excessive dryness and the quantity of fine sand with which it is loaded. The temperature of the air has been known to rise to 133 degs., and its desiccating effect is seen in dried up mouths and nostrils, in skin cracking, intense thirst, painful and difficult breathing and inability to sleep. The time occupied in passing a given spot varies between a few minutes and twenty or twenty-four hours, the blast leaving behind it unmistakable evidence of the path it has traveled. The hot parching air of the simoom, almost as soon as the breath is out of the body and before decomposition has time to set in, causes the flesh to lose all its firmness and consistency, so that it drops or may be taken off the bones easily.

A party of officers sleeping on the roof of Gen. Jacob's house at Jacobabad thus recount their experience of the simoom: "They were awakened by a sensation of suffocation and an exceedingly hot, oppressive feeling in the air, while at the same time a powerful smell of sulphur pervaded the atmosphere. On the following morning a number of trees in the garden were found to be withered in a remarkable manner. It was as if a current of fire about twelve yards in breadth had passed through the garden in a straight line, singeing and destroying every green thing in its course. Entering on one side and passing out on the other, its path was as defined as the course of a river."

Palgrave was overtaken by one of these scourges in northern Arabia. After some preliminary remarks on the advance of the simoom, he proceeds: "So dark was the atmosphere and so burning the heat that it seemed that hell had risen from the earth or descended from above. But at the moment when the worst of the concentrated poison blast was coming round we were already prostrate, one and all within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated, indeed, but safe, while our camels lay without like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand, awaiting the passing of the gale.

"We remained thus for ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of a red hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts and announced that the worst of the simoom had gone by. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men, and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warnings, to step out and look at the camels; they were still lying flat, as though they had been dead, and the air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time the simoom lasted the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust, so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity."—Cornhill Magazine.

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**An Amusing Goose Story.**

"When I was in Alabama, between Porter's Gap and Millerville," said a gentleman living in Atlanta, "I came to a country place where a man was driving ten or twelve geese from a branch toward a cotton patch. 'For heaven's sake,' said I, 'what is it you have on the necks of those geese?' 'Those are gourds, full of water. I drive these geese into that cotton patch and keep them there all day weeding out the cotton. There is no water in the cotton patch, and I have to give them water in this way to keep them there.' 'But how do they get the water out of those gourds under their necks?' 'They drink out of each other's gourds. Each gourd has an opening in the side so that another goose can put his bill into the gourd and drink. If you will stay here long enough you will see it yourself.' I waited there half a day to see that performance, and finally I saw it. The geese did just as the man said they would. When a goose got thirsty he walked up to his neighbor and coolly drank out of the gourd on his neck."—Atlanta Journal.

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**The Short Distance Traveler.**

Attention is called to the fact that while inventive genius has done so much for the comfort of long distance riders in railway cars, it has done little or nothing for the comfort of short distance riders, who are much more numerous. Let the short distance traveler raise his voice in protest.—New York Tribune.

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**Newspaper Enterprise in China.**

Consul Hughes sends home from Shanghai some interesting notes on newspaper enterprise in China. In addition to religious and illustrated periodicals there are two daily newspapers—the Shen Pao and Hu Pao—published in Chinese at Shanghai. The Shen Pao has a daily circulation averaging 12,000 to 13,000 copies. During the Franco-Chinese war, its articles being written by patriotic Chinese to suit the popular taste, the circulation increased to 18,000 copies daily. Cheap as the paper is (less than a half penny), it is often sold after perusal, sometimes changing hands more than once during the day, and it is then bought by Chinese postoffice employes, who send it to the interior where steamers cannot reach. The circulation of the Hu Pao is also stated to be considerable, especially in this province. Both these newspapers, although owned by foreigners, are, we are assured, bona fide organs of educated Chinese public opinion. In international questions they do not always take the foreign side, but their influence, Mr. Hughes tells us, is on the whole exerted in favor of progress and civilization.—London News.

**From Birch Bark Essence.**

French chemists now obtain from the essence of birch bark, by rectification, an essential oil which possesses, among other properties, that of being fatal to insect life, and an electrically insulating tarry substance; and these two products are so treated and combined with other substances as to produce an anti-oxidizing compound and an insulating material capable of the same applications as ebonite.—Boston Budget.

**The Reason Why**

Ayer's Pills are so popular is, that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangements of the liver are so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an inestimable blessing. D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."

Throughout New England, next to lung diseases, **Stomach and Bowel Complaints** are the most prevalent.

**Dyspepsia**

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. Suffice it to say, that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips mine."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health.

**Ayer's Pills,**

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

**CHILLED PLOWS!**

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The A3 ROLAND PLOW, light 1-horse,
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" 8 3½ NORRIS PLOW, 2 or 3-horse with reversible, self-sharpening share; and the No. 3 FURROW GANG PLOW, for Peach Orchards. Castings on hand for the above Plows, and can furnish Castings for the Oliver, Wiard Concave Wiley, , Minor & Horton, and Gang Plows. Plow Hames, Traces, Lines, Back Bands. The above bought at lowest cash prices and for sale at small advance by

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March 8, 1889.

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Quality and price guaranteed. Call and see me before purchasing.

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for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of

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**Symptoms of Catarrh.**—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

**Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets**

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To canvas for the sale of Nursery Stock Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and Expenses paid. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.)

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*I have by long odds, the Largest and Finest Stock in the county.*

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WORTH FIFTY TIMES ITS COST

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**SHAFER & MEDDERS,**

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and we keep a supply constantly on hand. No Castings are genuine except those sold by us or our agents. These Plows have no superior for lightness of draft, strength and durability. The Oliver Combination, with reversible Share and Point, is perfect. For economy it takes the lead.

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**FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS**

HAVE NO SUPERIORS. We build them of the very best material Give us a call.

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☞ All orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention.

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July 19, 1888.

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and call and look at their Fine, Solid Work, which they are SELLING LOW for the quality of work. We have in stock Bruster Side-Bar Buggies, Daytons, Phætons, Jump-Seats and Surrey Carriages. All kinds of Family Carriages made to order.

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Line, we consider that we have the best facilities of any shop on the Peninsula.

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Dr. C. P. Gilpin has taken the dwelling house on High street adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past.

Jan. 6, 1887—tf.