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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Job Work,

SUCH AS

Circulars, Posters, Billheads, Letterheads, Cards, &c.,

Neatly and promptly executed at the lowest possible rates.

—After the circus is over, after the wild beast show's done. First son of toil (ecstatically): "That was a bully show. Did you see the lion-tamer, hey?" Second son of toil: "Didn't I? I tell you it takes him to boss a lion. Why, he just knocked that old lioness about as if she had been his wife!"

EBW BLOOMFIELD, Miss., Jan. 2, 1880.
I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itch ng all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.
HENRY KNOCHE.

—The meanest church organist lives in Philadelphia. He is all bent with age, and the other day, at the wedding of an antique Philadelphia belle whom he knew many years before, he astonished everybody by playing a fantasie on the air, "When you and I were young."

THE NECESSITY FOR REFORM.—If housekeepers would only follow the noble example of reform now being set in municipal politics by the sterner sex, what a glorious country this would be. And they must do it. Common sense advises it and necessity demands it. The time is passed when you must spend considerable money where a few doses of Swayne's Pills would effect a speedy cure. Reform is needed in the household. Hereafter, when any of the family are suffering from biliousness, indigestion, headache, disordered liver or costiveness, use Swayne's Pills. After their use, you will have no other.

—It is truly edifying to observe a teacher of geology explaining to his pupils the wonders of the cretaceous formation by the aid of a microscope and a drop of Brooklyn milk.

A Vexed Clergyman.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away by all Druggists.

—The difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

—Dr. Thomas has the best men of Frederick certifying to curative powers of his Mayapple Bitters, in Dyspepsia, Headache and Kidney complaints; they are beyond doubt the best Patent Medicine before the public. Try it, if you regret it your money will be refunded. For sale at all Drug Stores.

—All errors spring up in the neighborhood of some truth; they grow round about it, and for the most part derive their strength from such contiguity.

—How foolish to be trying all the new medicines that come out! The old standby, "Lindsey's Blood Searcher," is all that you want.

—A Russian proverb says: "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

—Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for names of Ladies cured of female weakness by taking her Vegetable Compound.

—The cat is the great American *prima donna*. If bootjacks were bouquets, her nine lives would be strewn with roses.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, smarting, irritation of the urinary passages, diseased discharges, cured by Buchupaiba. $1. at druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

—Upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simples grow which cure the heartache.

WHEN BABIES ARE FRETFUL they disturb everybody, and mothers should know how soothing Parker's Ginger Tonic is. It takes away half their anxiety, stops babies' pains, and is always safe and pleasant to use.—*Home Journal.*

—If a man takes no thought about what is distant, he will find sorrow near at hand.

"WHEN I publicly testified that I had been cured of a terrible skin humor by the Cuticura Remedies, I did so that others might be cured, and do not regret the time given to answering inquiries."—Hon. William Taylor, Boston.

—True piety is always humble, serious, and forgetful of self and self-aggrandizement.

CATARRH.--Relief in five minutes in every case; gratifying, wholesome relief beyond a money value. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical and permanent. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete for $1.

—Civility glances at the imperfections of friends, but never rudely stares at them.

—Best ever made, Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, pleasant to take, sugar-coated; on griping; only 15 cents a box, of Druggist or by mail. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau Street, New York. 6-16-6m.

—Custom surpasses nature, be careful, therefore, what you accustom yourself to.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I hear, from many a little throat,
A warble interrupted long:
I hear the robin's flute like note,
The blue-bird's slenderer song.

Brown meadows and the russet hill,
Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
And thickets by the glimmering rill
Are all alive with birds.

O Choir of Spring, why come so soon?
On leafless grove and herbless lawn?
Warm lie the yellow beams of noon;
Yet Winter is not gone.

For frost shall sheet the pools again;
Again the blustering East shall blow:
Whirl a white tempest through the glen,
And load the pines with snow.

Stay, for a tint of green shall creep
Soon o'er the orchard's grassy floor,
And from its bed the crocus peep
Beside the housewife's door.

A STRANGE STORY.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cabul disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful of British troops, left in charge of the wives, sisters and daughters of the actors of that unhappy expedition. And a weary, heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant Governor, who had prayed and besought the Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure, had the worst forebodings for their fate; and although he did all an able, kindly and well-mannered man could do to maintain the spirits of the circle, those who knew him could read too well what his fears were. Words could not describe—indeed it is painful for me even now to recall—the dreary wretchedness of that fatal month, during which no tidings came of the devoted army. Evening after evening saw the roads crowded by anxious women, sitting there for hours, that they might hear the first news of those who were dear to them, and evening after evening saw them return in despair. And when, at last, the news came that the sole survivor had staggered, half alive, back to his countrymen with the tidings of the great disaster, the wail that ascended from those heart-broken creatures I shall never, while I live, forget.

There had been a captain in one of the native regiments, an old acquaintance of mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly, as he was called by every one. He was careful to explain to all his friends that his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah, although why he so unduly preferred the saint to the prophet I never understood. Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as strange and eccentric a creature as ever breathed.

He was a very good-looking fellow, and a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking, half-insane madcap of a man, with an amazing flow of spirits, little education or culture, a great—almost miraculous—talent for languages, with a soft heart and easy temper. It was impossible to make him angry; and in all circumstances, however unpleasant, he maintained a placid serenity, which seemed to imply that he was on intimate terms with Fortune, and knew the very worst that he could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle goddess had played him was that she had married him. Why he ever married as he did no one could imagine. The lady was neither handsome, clever nor rich. She was simply passable as to looks, with the liveliness of good health and youth—a quality not inapt to develop itself in vivacity of temper when those other attributes disappear. But, on some impulse, Jerry Donnelly had asked her the momentous question, and been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple were they. Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—not intentionally, I believe, but simply because for the moment he forgot her existence. It never seemed to him necessary to alter his former bachelor round in any respect; and, as the lady had no notion of being neglected, she resented the indifference, and chalked out a line for herself. They never quarreled outwardly, but were hardly ever together.

So stood the domestic circle, if inner apartment. He ordered the Colonel would divide it.

such it could be called, of Captain Donnelly, when he was ordered on General Elphinstone's expedition. His wife would fain have remained at Calcutta, but, as all the wives were going to Agra, she for very shame was obliged to go there also. On the first rumors of the disaster she was very indifferent—said she was sure Jerry would turn up at the most inconvenient time, and if he was happy, she was. When, however, the tidings were confirmed, and it was certain that Jerry had perished with his comrades, a great change came over her. She shut herself up for months, saw no one and went nowhere. And when, at the end of a year, she began once more to look at the world, she was a grave, thoughtful, softened woman. She went to Calcutta after that, and I never saw her again until I came home on a furlough in 1847. She was then living in a pretty place in Somersetshire, and was known as Mrs. Courtnay, of Branley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very glad to see me, and explained to me what I had not heard, that when she arrived at Calcutta she found that poor Jerry had, four months before he left Agra, succeeded to this place of Branley Hall by the death of a distant relative. He had previously made a will, leaving her all his worldly goods, then slender enough, so that in the end this fine estate had come to her, and a new name with it. She asked me to come down and see her, which I did, and learned more of the history.

Sorrow and prosperity greatly changed her for the better. Even her looks had improved, and she was a pleasant, thoughtful, agreeable woman. She had remained four years in Calcutta before she returned, and had at once assumed the name of Courtnay, which was one of the conditions on which the bequest was made.

"You know, Colonel Hastings, I could not have lost the estate, for what would poor Jerry have said when he came back?"

I thought the woman's head must have been affected by her troubles, and said nothing.

"I see you think me deranged, but I knew he was alive all the time."

"Why, what could have induced you to think so?"

"I knew him, Colonel Hastings. I was in your bungalow at Calcutta, about two years after I had gone back. Late in the evening I heard a footstep outside which strangely affected me. I was lying half asleep, and starting up in a drowsy state, I heard a voice at the veranda, and, as I thought, inquiring of my stupid old servant whether I lived there. The steps then turned away. I darted to the casement, and although the figure was clad in the most extraordinary compound of European and Asiatic garments, I am sure it was Jerry. I darted down stairs and rushed out, but he had disappeared. The servant said he was a bad fakir and wished to get in the bungalow, but he could or would tell me nothing of what he had said. But I am quite sure it was Jerry. So I am quite certain he will come back—but you remember he never was punctual," she added, with a faint smile.

I did not say if Jerry was alive she must have heard of him some other way; but I took leave of her and shortly afterward returned to India.

In 1853 I was appointed to an embasy to Nepaul, a very striking country, governed by a powerful, warlike race. The first minister or vizier of the country met us, as is the Nepaulese fashion, outside of the capital, and we had a very courteous and gratifying reception. He was a tall, handsome man, with a flowing, black beard, and conversed with me in Persian, which I spoke fluently. After our interview, one of the attendants informed me the vizier wished to see me alone, and he accordingly conducted me to an

attendant to withdraw and then in tones only too familiar, he exclaimed:

"Well, Hastings, my boy, how go on the Plungers?"

It was Jerry Donnelly, by all that was miraculous. I had observed him staring earnestly at me during the interview, and something in his gestures seemed not unfamiliar to me, but his flowing beard, solemn air and Oriental dress so much disguised him that even when I heard the well remembered voice I could scarcely realize his identity.

"But what on earth are you doing here, Jerry?" said I. "Why don't you go home to your wife like a Christian?"

"My wife! well, that's the whole affair. You see, she's somebody else's wife, so I'm better out of the way; it would be a pity that poor Sophie should commit bigamy."

"I assure you that you are entirely mistaken. Mrs. Donnelly is not married again."

"Hasn't she, though?" said he. Don't I know better? Didn't I go back to my bungalow and find out that she had married that starched fool, Courtnay, when she knew I never could endure him?"

To his intense astonishment I told him how the truth was and in turn he related to me his own adventures. He had been carried into Tartary and there detained for three years, when he was allowed to accompany a caravan or body of pilgrims to Nepaul. Being by that time a proficient in the language, he was taken notice of at court, but very strictly watched. He effected his escape, however, disguised as a fakir, and made his way to Calcutta, but finding, as he thought, his wife married again to a man in his old regiment, he returned, was taken into favor and had risen to his present distinction.

"Well, I always was a blundering fool, but I went home with a heart so sore to Sophie and vowing that I would never vex her any more with my vagaries; that when I heard her called Mr. Courtnay I was turned to stone, and did not care a rap what he became of me, even to be made a vizier, which, I assure you, Charlie, is no joke in its way."

"Well, at all events, you must come home now and enjoy your good fortune."

"I am not sure about that," said he. "Recollect, she has grown accustomed to be mistress, and I have grown accustomed to be a vizier. She won't like to be contradicted, and it's a thing I never could bear and what I never allow on any account. Now, if I went home she would not be mistress, and as sure as fate she would contradict me. Maybe it is better as it is."

Next morning he sent for me again.

"I have been thinking," he said, "of all the strange stories you told me. I am all changed since we parted. I hardly know myself to be the same man I used to be and am not sure I should treat Sophie well. But ask her to come out here and then she can try. If she likes me in this outlandish place I will go home with her; if we quarrel here no one will be the wiser, and I can continue to be dead."

"But," said I, "have you no incumbrances? Perhaps she might object to the details of your establishment."

"Not a bit," said Jerry. "I have none of your Eastern prejudices. Let her come, and she will find nobody to disturb her."

She did come and after living in Nepaul for two years, brought Jerry back in triumph to Branley Hall; and such is the true version of a tale which made some noise in the newspapers a few years ago.

—"Now, Georgie, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorable, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather

THE NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

January, so called from Janus, a heathen god, who presided over the gates of heaven. He has two faces, one looking to the old year, the other towards the new. He was the first king of Italy, and Romans used to give the doors in their houses the name of Janua. *February* is derived from Februo, to purify, because the feasts of purification were celebrated at this season. The Romans offered sacrifices to their goddess Febro for the spirits of departed friends. *March* was originally the first month in the Roman year, and was dedicated to Mars, the god of war. *April* is so called from *aperio*, which signifies to open, because nature now begins to expand its beauties. *May* was so named by Romulus, the founder of Rome, in honor of Maia, the mother of Mercury. *June*, named by the Romans in honor of Mercury, who was represented as a juvenile figure, to which they applied the word Junius. *July* was called by the Romans Quintilis, being the fifth month of their year, but was changed to Julius, in honor of Julius Cæsar. *August* was called by the Romans, Sextis, or sixth month from March; but in honor of Augustus Cæsar, second emperor, was changed to August.—*September* was derived from Septem, the seventh month of the Roman year, and *imber*, which means a shower. *October* was the eighth month of the Roman year. *November* is derived from *novem* and *imber*, or the ninth month of the Roman year. And *December* from *decem*, the tenth month of the Roman year.

MEN AND WOMEN OF CYPRUS.

The women of Cyprus are quite peculiar in their costumes, wearing pantaloons fastened around the ankles, with fancy-colored boots, a profusion of chains and trinkets around the neck, and a heavy girdle fastened by massive metallic plates. They dye the hair a lustrous brown with henna, and they deepen the expression of the eyes by coloring the eye-brows with the same dye. Their dress is of the brightest colors, crimson, blue, etc., and their head-dress is a perfect copy of that seen on Phœnician and Egyptian statues. They seem to take pride in exposing their charms which other women conceal; their bosoms are almost entirely uncovered. They are tall and Juno like in mien and figure, with remarkably handsome and classic features. They are among the most beautiful women of all the islands, recalling the finest faces of the ancient statues. Unfortunately they do not cultivate grace of form, and by thirty they become quite stout and heavy. There is a certain dignity and elegance about the women of Cyprus that is very striking They probably approach nearer to the ancient type of classic beauty that of any other of the modern decendants of Helen. They have little or no education, but they are not lacking in intelligence, nor in a desire for knowledge. I cannot speak as well of the men. They have been so long crushed to the earth by Turkish oppresson that they have lost most of the best qualities of their race. They are nevertheless industrious, patient laborers, peaceful and temperate.

THE BREAD FRUIT TREE.

This is a native of the South-Sea Islands. It grows to the thickness of a man and upwards of forty feet high. The fruit is the size and shape of a child s head, the surface reticulated, covered with a thin skin, with a core the size of a small knife-handle; the eatable part is between the skin and core, as white as snow, and of the consistence of new bread. When perfectly ripe it is pulpy, sweetish putrescent, and, by some thought to be too laxative; but when green it is farinaceous, and esteemed very wholesome food either baked under the coals, or roasted over them.

HOW THIMBLES ARE MADE.

The manufacture of thimbles is very simple, but singularly interesting. Coin silver is mostly used, and is obtained by purchasing coin dollars. The first operation strikes a novice as almost wicked, for it is nothing else than putting a lot of bright silver dollars, fresh from the mint, into dirty crucibles, and melting them up into solid ingots. These are rolled out into the required thickness, and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of any required size. A solid metal bar of the thimble, moved by powerful machinery up and down in a bottomless mold of the outside of the same thimbles, bends the circular disks into the thimble shape as fast as they can be placed under the decending bar. Once in shape, the work of brightening, polishing and decorating is done upon a lathe. First, the blank form is fitted with a rapidly revolving rod. A slight touch of a sharp chisel takes a thin shaving from the end, another does the same on the side, and the third rounds off the rim. A round steel rod, dipped in oil and pressed upon the surface, gives it a lustrous polish. Then a little revolving steel wheel, whose edge is a raised ornament, held against the revolving plank, prints that ornament just outside the rim. A second wheel prints a different ornament around the centre, while a third wheel, with sharp points, makes the indentations on the lower half and end of the thimble.—The inside is brightened and polished in a similar way, the thimble being held in a revolving mold. All that remains to be done is to boil the completed thimbles in soapsuds, to remove the oil, brush them up, and pack them for the trade.

CASTLE GARDEN IN 1859.

Castle Garden, which has been given over for many years to the invading hordes from Europe, was at one time (and to the present elder generation of New Yorkers it must seem not long ago) the most widely known and generally frequented place of popular amusement in the city. It began to be so used in the days when the lower part of Broadway and Greenwich street were fashionable, and when the Battery was the favorite promenade, the great walk being thronged on fair afternoons by elegant folk who took their daily needed "constitutional" of air and gossip. At Castle Garden were the grand exhibitions of fire-works; from Castle Garden balloons went up in the days when that peril supplied the craving for excitement now afforded by the flying trapeze; at Castle Garden the American Institute had its first fairs; at Castle Garden there were concerts and theatrical performances and operas; and there Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed, and well performed, at a time whereof those who went with large eyes and long ears to hear it at Steinway Hall big with a consciousness of first discovery of its greatness, have no memory.—*Richard Grant White.*

THE COST OF FENCES.

It is a fact that the fences of the United States have cost more than the land, and they are to-day the most valuable class of property in the United States, except buildings, railroads and real estate in cities. To keep up the fences requires annually an enormous consumption of timber. The 125,000 farms in Kentucky required 150,000,000 panels of fence to enclose them. The number of rails required is set down at 2,000,000,000, costing $75,000,000. To repair and keep in good order the fences in this one State alone, costs onnually $10,000,000. Illinois, a comparatively new State, has $2 000,000,000 invested in fences. But it costs her only about $300,000 annualy for repairs, many of her fences being constructed of wire. The whole value of the fences in the United States may be set down at $2,000,000,000, and it costs $100,000,000 annually to keep them in repair.