TELLING FORTUNES.

ALICE CARY.

I will tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse:
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold,—
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging
Down with apples, green, russet, and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

see flocks of swallows about the barn door,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast;
I see them threshing the wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has passed!

And I see, rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would
Wish that he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers, now this, way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in-hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says] that the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men in rags,
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bag.

Now, which will you have—to be thrifty and snug,
To be right side up with your dish,
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

OLD DON.

E. L. McCONAUGHY.

The summer had been only commonly trying at Mrs. Spencer's, but for some reason it had worn severely upon her. She dragged herself about in a listless fashion, and all her old-time life and animation seemed to have fled. Nobody thought much about it, except that mother was "rather tired out," and father was glad harvest was well over—not that the season's work was over by any means, for every housewife knows how heavy autumn labors are, especially on a farm so well fruited.

Everyone was glad when "Uncle Doctor" came down from the city for a few weeks' visit in apple time. That was a title the youngsters gave to Edward Spencer, who had just finished his medical course and was on the lookout for some good sickly place in which to settle. Mrs. Spencer never made "company" of him, for he knew all the ins and outs of the old homestead where he was born, and it required no effort to entertain him.

"How long do you expect that wife of yours to hold out at this rate, Lew?" he said to his brother, as they were gathering winter pippins together.

Lewis stopped short in his work and asked, "Do you see any bad symptoms about Lucy?"

"Yes, very bad indeed. I was in a place last week where there were at least two dozen just such over-worked farmers' wives. They were all thin, moody, anxious-eyed women, who looked out from under their drooping eyebrows in a way that would make your heart ache."

"Where was it, Ned?"

"In the lunatic asylum."

"How you do talk!" exclaimed his brother, banging down a basket, as if he would crush an unwelcome thought. "Don't you know some kind of medicine that will sort of pick up Lucy's strength and spirits a little? Should think you might, after spending such a lot of money studying about medicines."

"The medicine she needs isn't sold at the druggist's. Still, I can prescribe, and you can cary out my instructions as easily as not."

"Go ahead, then; I'll do what I can."

"How many times has Lucy been outside the front dooryard this summer?"

"Not often—that's a fact. You see, we have to work so hard through the week, we sleep pretty late on Sunday so she has hard work to get even the children off to church, let alone going herself."

"How often has she been over to the village to do her trading?"

"I've generally done that," said Lewis, with a slight cough.

"Very wrong in you. It does women good to shop, and the change from the dull round of their duties here is better than medicine. You have these little breaks in the monotony of your life all the time—she, none at all. It is like the steady tramp of a tread-mill. Let me tell you this, young man: give that wife of yours two hours outside of this house every day in the year, unless in case of a blizzard or cyclone, if you care anything about keeping her long. It will be hard at first to make her feel that she can go; but do you smooth away every difficulty in your power, and thus coax and argue the point until you succeed. The best argument of all will be some money to spend as she chooses at the end of her ride. It is absurd for a man to do the family shopping. A woman can make the money go at least a third farther than a man, and have the satisfaction of getting just what she wants; and while she shops, don't you stand around to see what she gets. Go off about your busines, and come back when she is ready to return. Have you a gentle horse."

"Yes; Old Don is gentle enough. He's getting pretty old, but he's as steady as a mill."

"Just the thing. Give that horse to your wife. I'll see to the rest of the arrangements. Make it out in writing when we go in with this basket."

There was never any "getting around" Edward—Lewis has known that from his boyhood up. So he was marched up to the desk and instructed to "sign his name just there," to a document which gave over to his wife entire possession of Old Don, to have and to hold for her own use and her children's, so long as his life lasted.

"Sister Lucy," said Edward turning about in his chair, "please step this way a minute. You are my first patient; there is my prescription for you."

Lucy read the paper, a little puzzled. "Am I to kill old Don and eat him?" she asked, with a touch of her old mirthfulness again in her eyes.

"Better than that. You are to hitch him up, I'll show you how, and drive off for two hours somewhere—no matter where. Perhaps over to the village will be the best place, and you are a lucky woman if you can't invent some errand, so as to beguile yourself into the belief that you are not 'wasting time.' That's what you women are so afraid of. It would never do for you to mow; you would think it wasting time to whet your scythes. Depend up on it you'll never waste time taking in draughts of health and strength."

"But, Edward, I can't leave the children for a couple of hours. It would be impossible."

"Nor need you. Just wash off their little faces, and put on their little bonnets, and let them go too. It will do them all good, and do other folks good to see such a handsome pair of rosy faces."

"How you do go on," said his sister, laughing. "How little you know about women's work, and what it takes to get children ready to go anywhere!"

"That's just what I was telling Lew. I was sure you'd think of something you would have to buy; so he must lay down the stamps."

"How much would you want, Lucy?" asked her husband, rather anxiously, taking out his wallet; "you know I have to see Johnson next week."

Lucy named a very moderate sum, and Lewis added another small bill, which seemed to make the world look more cheerful and hopeful to her view. Whether it was this consideration on his part, or the novelty of the whole proceeding, one cannot say, but certain it is that work sped for the next few hours. By three o'clock she was dressed, and, with a happy, chattering little girl on either side, was speeding toward the village—at a very orthodox pace, it is true, but just the gait to take in all the loveliness of the autumn landscape. Never could she remember so delightful a day, though the inner spirit was what lent a charm to the earth and sky. It was a new experience to the little ones also to be riding along with mother, and hearing her talk about something else than her every-day work. "Going to the store" was an epoch in their history, and the small purchases made for each were a source of keen enjoyment. Lucy saw that she could make much better bargains than her husband, and all her investments were most satisfactory. She met an old friend, too, with whom she had a pleasant chat, and learned considerable "news"—that wonderful enlivener of drowsy country life. It was surprising how much an observing woman will pick up in the course of an hour in a bustling, prosperous village, which she will turn over and over in her mind when she goes back to her quiet round again. But this "stirring up" is just what the mind and body need to keep both in health and vigor.

"You are a bl[illegible] man, Lew, it [illegible] don't see that the prescription has done your wife good already," said the doctor, as he helped put up the horse; "you can tell it out by her eyes."

It became the established rule for Mrs. Spencer to ride out often and do her own shopping. Edward had strictly charged her to remember that every time she made an errand for herself to the village, or some place about as far, it was money in her pocket. "Health is wealth, and a thousand other things beside," he asserted. He gave Lewis so many charges in private, and so thoroughly aroused his fears of losing his dearly loved Lucy, of whom he had been so very careless, that he was ready to make any amends. Riding out was the chief prescription, and worked well.

It is surprising how one can make time for such a purpose when it seems needful, and one becomes thoroughly convinced that it is a good thing to do. But all would have been of no avail but for that steady old horse. If Will was in the field she could manage very well, with Fanny's help to put on the harness alone, and often all three children went with her on some errand or excursion. The gain was great all around, and no one was able to see any loss, though an envious neighbor might now and then say that she did not see how Mrs. Spencer found so much spare time. The fact was that with her increased cheer and energy she was able to make time, in effect, and so accomplish far more in a week than in the old days of feebleness and despondency.

I wish there was a good "medical brother" in every household to give such wholesome advice, and that it might always be as well followed.

The Man Who Did Not Want a Favor.

"Well, how are we all to-day," asked a bright-looking, pleasant-faced man, as he pranced lightly into the sanctum and slapped the city editor on the back. "Hard at work, I see, getting out the greatest paper on the North American Continent."

"Been arrested for being drunk and disorderly and want us to leave out the item?" demanded the city editor, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Good enough!" roared the chipper man in convulsions of merriment. "Thats one of the best things you ever got off."

"Must be worse than getting drunk," muttered the city editor. "I say, is it a little defalcation, and you desire the withholding of public opinion until you can have an opportunity of being heard in the courts?"

"Better yet!" screamed the pleasant man, with a paroxysm of laughter. "Let up old fellow, or you'll kill me."

"Great Scott!" grunted the city editor. "Shouldn't wonder if he's been committing murder and didn't want anything said about it until after the inquest. What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing! I just dropped in to see the men who get out the paper that has afforded me so much pleasure for the last twenty years. I wanted to take them by the hand and tell them how much they are doing for the public and how highly I for one appreciate their service."

"I that—[illegible]" murmured the city editor, hanging his head. "I must be losing my grip. I need a vacation. There's something wrong with my head. Look here, I dont want you to think I'm going crazy. Can't you mind this business up by asking some little favor, so I wont think I've got to go softening of the brain?"

"Why, if you feel that way," replied the stranger, sobering down and regarding the city editor with interest. "If it will relieve your mind, you might state in your next issue that I am about to open a new shop on Fulton street. What the—"

"Do you know," said the city editor, as the office boy finished sweeping up the remains of the pleasant man, "Do you know, I think I must take a vacation anyway. I never thought of the puff dodge. It never occurred to me. I supposed he was on the 'leave out' lay, and he had all the symptoms, but I never thought of the puff racket for a moment. I'm overworked and I'm going to take a rest." And the city editor went gloomily to his desk and buried himself in thought. It was the first time he had ever been left on the object of a taffy call.

How Cetewayo Looked.

Cetewayo in his fighting days was a formidable-looking man. A correspondent thus described him as he appeared in fighting trim: "He was taller than his father, and, though he was slender and graceful in figure, his face had an imperious and forbidding expression. His eyes were exceptionally large and brilliant; but his forehead, though broad for a Kaffir, was very receding, while the lower part of his face denoted a determined nature. He was very elaborately dressed. Over his shoulders was fastened a leopard skin cloak, reaching down to the back of his knees; round his loins he wore a band of tiger cat skin, with a deep fringe of strips of the same skin hanging downward. His wrists and ankles were decorated with rings of red, white, and black beads, and his hair with ostrich feathers. In the slit in his right ear he carried a very ornamental snuff-box, made from a piece of bamboo cane, carved and decorated with beads, and in the slit in his left ear he carried a comb. In his right hand Cetewayo carried a hunting assegai, and on his left arm his shield." Of late years he grew fat, the inactivity of prison life and copious draughts of whiskey having done their accustomed work. When in England he was an enormous man, of a little under six feet high—a handsome, over-fed specimen of humanity, with nothing repulsive whatever about him. A tape measure round the chest showed sixty inches, and each thigh half that number of inches. Yet he was not ungainly in figure, and there was an unmistakable dignity about him, which, together with his fits of sociability, drew toward him the good feelings of all with whom he had any dealings. He had about fifty wives, and leaves a numerous progeny.

THE FARM.

Soot is one of the best manures for house plants, and if it can be had in quantities large enough it is excellent for out-of-door use. For the latter it is best mixed with one-tenth its bulk of salt.

If necessary to wash out the manger, a drop or two of carbolic acid in the water used helps greatly to correct the sour smell that locates in the cracks.

The thrift of flouring plants is said to be promoted by application of coffee grounds.

A timely rain is often destructive of plant lice; spraying with strong tobacco water is effective, and insect eating birds are ever present help.

New rope halters, it is said, can be made permanently soft and pliable by boiling two hours in water and then drying it in the sun or in a warm room.

Good culture, frequent stirring of the soil, is the great factor in corn growing.

A quart of good milk should weigh about 2.15 pounds, or nearly 2 pounds 2½ ounces.

The red rust on raspberries is a fungus which rapidly spreads to healthy plants. Every hill showing signs of it should be rooted up and burned.

In judging a horse he should always be made to stand still. Defects in the limbs or feet that would be unnoticed while in motion will be plainly seen by his care to rest weak or diseased muscles when standing.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: "To kill the striped bugs which eat melon, squash or cucumber vines use sulphur. Dip the fingers in the sulphur and touch each leaf in the morning when the dew is on the plants. It is entirely harmless to the plants. Should the beetles leave the plants and go into the ground, use it around the stem of the plant."

You will never [illegible] W. Idell in Bliss' Garden.

No vegetable raised in the temperate zone except mangels will produce so much food to the acre both for man and beast as the cabbage.—J. J. H. Gregory.

An owner of a fine Jersey bull, which cost a large sum of money, remarked to the editor of the Pittsburg Stockman, that tow horses would do the amount of work on the farm that his bull did, and that he was a much surer and better breeder in consequence of it. To enable them to stand the hot weather it is a good plan, he thinks, to clip them like horses are sometimes clipped to prevent them from getting too hot on warm days. But this would not answer on Long Island where horseflies and mosquitoes would drive the bulls crazy.

The Prairie Farmer says: To prevent the skin from discoloring after a blow or fall, take a little dry starch or arrowroot, and merely moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part. This must be done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. However, it may be applied some hours afterward with effect.

THEORY OF CROP-ROTATION.—It is now generally admitted that rotation of crops is rendered necessary, not as formerly supposed because the soil becomes exhausted of some necessary element, or becomes unwholesome for that particular plant, owing to poisonous excreta left by the roots, but because insects and diseases accompany the plant, which are special to it, the eggs or spores of which are left in the soil to attack the same crop in the next following year with hundred fold increase of numbers and power. Prof. Bessey of the Iowa Agricultural College shows how this is the case with smut, which grows up through all the interior of a wheat plant, and finally develops its spores within the bran-ceasing of the grain, filling it with flour, but with innumerable black, stinking seeds of the parasite which, when set free, float out and stick fast to sound grains of wheat, and also to particles of the soil, where they lie ready to enter into the circulation of the next year's growth of wheat plants, unless killed by steeping the polluted seed in blue vitriol solution, and drying off with lime. As to the polluted soil, it is purified from the contamination only by using it for some other crop on which the smut plant cannot take hold.

Looking Out the Back Door.

American Agriculturist.

A friend of ours wished to buy a farm of a wealthy neighbor, and we mentioned one who was wanting an engagement. Knowing that our friend had been to see this farmer, we asked the result. His reply was in substance "Yes, I went there; I went around to the back door, and came away, knowing that he would not suit." The front doors of many farm-houses are rarely opened. The back door is in constant use. One need not go far in any locality, to find the outlet of the kitchen sink ending in a sort of ditch, which is supposed to carry off the waste water, but which only allows it to soak away and saturate the ground near the back of the house. The seldom used front door is opened when a small coffin is to be taken out. The minister speaks of "the mysterious dispensations of Providence." They are not all mysterious. Bad sink drains at the back of the house are sure to bring typhoid fever and other sickness. Let the back door surroundings be looked to. If nothing better can be done, carry the kitchen wastes to a cesspool a distance from the house, where they can soak away far below the surface. Prohibit all throwing out of slops at the back door. The ground soon becomes charged with matters that ferment and breed disease. Where pigs are kept, and that includes every farm, there should be a pail, to receive all animal and vegetable matters and daily emptied. Nothing of the kind should be thrown out at the back of the house. Where there is such a disease-breeding sink spout as we have mentioned, let provision be at once made to carry off the water to a cesspool, and cover up the saturated ground with dry earth. Let the back yard to the house always be kept scrupulously neat.

Why Orchards are Non-Productive.

Cor. in The Farmer.

Many orchards are kept in grass year after year. The grass is cut for hay and no manure is applied to the land. The trees make very little growth and bear only very little crops of small, imperfect fruit, and yet the owners wonder why it is that their orchards bear so little fruit. It would be a wonder if such orchards should bear well—their owners always taking from them and never returning anything to them. Such orchards, if they cannot be ploughed and manured, may be top-dressed with manure and sheep turned in. The sheep will eat the grass and leave the manure upon the ground, which is much better than cutting the grass for hay and carrying it off the land. There are many orchards which are well grafted to valuable market fruits which if cultivated and manured might be made to yield four times the quantity of fruit that they do at present. If some of the owners of such neglected orchards would apply the manure which they use on their corn-crop to their orchards every other year they would obtain four times as much money by the increase in the apple crop as they can for the crop they raise.

Commissioner of Pension Dudley is at present prosecuting three cases of violation of the pensions laws, two of which involve the defrauding of pensioners by persons who assisted them in securing their pensions. One of these cases came to light by the arrest of Alpha B. Beall, an employe in the government printing office, who is charged with defrauding Mrs. Christine Breamer, a pensioner, of $1,458, paid her in August, 1880. Beall induced Mrs. Breamer to apply for a pension, for the death of her son. The evidence was all straight, and the pension was granted, amounting, in all, to $1,458. Beall found out that the pension had been granted before Mrs. Breamer was apprised of the fact, and went to Mrs. Breamer, and informed her he would get the pension for her if she would give him half. To this she consented, and Beall went to the bank and drew the amount, $1,458, and gave Mrs. Breamer $700. The matter was but recently brought to the notice of Dudley, who at once caused the arrest of Beall. Other cases of fraud are being investigated.

"Brotherhood."

N. Y. Tribune.

A certain young woman is harshly called a "deserter." It may be that the term is as hard for her to bear as the epithet "traitor" or "thief" applied to some men. One cannot say how far her young life may be clouded or stunted by this vague reproach among her associates; that, when they were fighting for an advance of wages for telegraphic service, she separated from others and assented when they refused. Nor can anybody tell how hard this species of moral compulsion is to resist; how it seems absolutely intolerable and shameful to be called an opprobrious name by associates; how it hurts in social circles and in every form of neighborhood intercourse; how the brightest and best of the young men in any circle may be forever repelled by the vague charge, "She is a deserter." And yet what did she do? A mother was helpless. The earnings of one daughter kept her from suffering. The daughter, seeing what the struggle meant, preferred to care for the sick mother rather than to care for the "brotherhood." So she is a "deserter," and a bright young life may perhaps be permanently blighted.

Which is right, the young girl who saves her mother's life or provides comfort for her last days, or the inexorable "Brotherhood" which orders her to quit work in the hope that she and others may get better wages? One would say that there could not be much question. The girl who helps her mother deserves all honor. Those who say hurtful and stinging things of her deserve to be without home and without love for all their lives. As far as they could, they have morally assassinated a true and loving woman because she would not desert those who were dependent on her. But how many are the unjust accusers? It is to be feared that they are numerous; that they count many thousands, and call themselves, with a queer forgetfulness of every chivalric notion, "Knights of Labor."

Would it not be well, Sir Knights, to burnish up your chivalry a little? This woman, like all true women, deserves the protection of every true and honest man. What are you doing, if you are trying to blacken her name and blight her life, because she will not see a helpless mother suffer at your orders? What sort of "Knights" are those who savagely insist that women shall suffer in order that they may get more pay for their work?

But let all the personalities be put out of sight. Let women and men, all women and all men, stand on the same callous, soulless, brutal dead level of unioaism. Then what appears? Only this, that the many who do not devote their lives to others, if they cannot get just as much as they want for personal passions or pleasures, prefer to trample upon and morally slaughter the few who do devote their lives to others. To them it does not matter whether the man has a sick wife or a hungry child, or whether the woman has a helpless father or a failing mother; this beautiful "Brotherhood" puts them on the same level with the man who spends for cigars and drink as much as another needs to keep a wife or child or mother from want. He, being the majority, votes for a strike, because he does not propose to go without his cigars and his drink except for a little time, and to force somebody to pay him more for his services. But the man with wife and child, the woman with helpless ones depending on her efforts, what are they to do? Of course, if they do not want to be called "deserters," they must strike also, and let sickness or starvation fall where it will. That is Trades-Unionism, and a particularly beautiful and Christian-like thing it is for this nineteenth century!

Remains Unsettled.

Arkansaw Traveler.

A well-known minister exchanged pulpits with an interior preacher the other day, and the town preacher declares that while he is willing to struggle for the suppression of sin, he is not willing to distribute gospel facts to a congregation of such polemic inclination. During the sermon a man whose most prominent feature of wardrobe was a checked shirt with wooden buttons arose and said:

"Cap'n, wish you'd reshuck that last pint?"

"I don't understand you," replied the preacher.

"I ax you let out your back band a little on that last statement."

"My friend, I am totally in the dark as to your meaning."

"You said that Enoch went to heaven in a chariot of fire. Strip a little more of the bark off and let me understand the timber better. A chariot is a sort of a wagon, ain't it?"

"Yes," replied the preacher.

"Was it a two-horse or a single-horse wagon?"

"I can't tell."

"Wall you must tell. Some time ago a fellow driv a wagin over one of my hogs and killed him and when I fotched up a suit, I couldn't tell whether it was a one or two-horse wagin, and consequently I didn't rekiver damages. Since then I'se been very careful. So I want this chariot business settled, right here."

"My poor friend—"

"I know I'm poor, without enough corn to run me through the next carp, but settle the wagin question."

"I say that the chariot makes no difference, so far as our interest in heaven is concerned. All we need to know about it is that it ascended up to the home prepared for the bliss of the servants of the Lord."

"That talk sounds well enough, pardner, but when a man comes into this neighborhood with pints, he's got to specify. If you say the wagin had two horses, we'll accept your statement and let your business go on, or it will be the same if you say that the vehicle only had one hoss. All we want to know is that the thing has been settled. Can you square the diffikilty, Cap'n?"

"I cannot."

"Then come from behind the box." The minister obeyed and the question remains unsettled.

The Difference.

Peck's Sun.

Women generally do not know the difference between trade dollars and the kind that are worth their face, so they insist on having paper money given them in change at stores. If women will only stop to think they can easily tell the difference. The good dollars have the face of a girl that looks like a fellow's cousin, while the trade dollar has a picture of the goddess of liberty, from head to heels, sitting on a box of codfish, holding a sprig of tansy in one hand, and looking as though her breakfast did not agree with her. On the other side of both dollars there is a fable about "in God we trust," so you have got to depend on the pictures to tell them apart.

Just as Lief be a Cholera Widow.

Mr. Topnoody was reading in the evening paper, and as the headings to the foreign dispatches struck his eye, he remarked to his wife:

"My dear, were you aware that the cholera is getting a firm hold in the East, and is coming rapidly this way?"

"I heard something about it. Is it catchin'?" she replied, unmoved.

"Catching? Why my dear it is epidemic and sweeps everything before it like the resistless rush of the cyclone."

"Let it rush, Topnoody."

"But, my dear, are you not afraid of its results if it should reach these shores?"

"Not dangerously fearful, I guess."

"Well, you should not treat the matter so lightly. Don't you know that it may invade our very household and take one or both of us in its destroying hand? Think, only think, my dear, if you were left a widow!"

"That's just what I was thinking about, Topnoody. I think it would be real nice, and as a cholera widow I'd excite such sympathy that, before I could have a tombstone erected over your mouldering dust, I would have half the marriageable men in this town after me, and by the time I was ready to wear colors again, I could have a mortgage foreclosed on one of them and be on the high road to a very comfortable future. Cholera, indeed? Why, my dear, I'm going to take my chances, and begin praying this very night for it to come."

Topnoody relapsed into silence.

The Old Tinder-Box.

Fifty years ago the tinder-box was as indispensable as was, and is, the tea-kettle that sings on the hop of the kitchen. As an old acquaintance the tinder box is worth describing. It was, more or less, coarsely ornamental, and of various forms. Ordinarily it was an oblong wooden box some six or eight inches long and three or four in width, and was divided into two parts by a partition. In one of these was fitted a loose lid with a central knob, to drop in as a "damper" on the tinder, and in the other we kept the flint, steel, and bunches of brimstone matches. The "tinder" was scorched or half-burned linen rag. The flint and steel struck together emitted sparks, and then, as soon as a spark had fallen upon and ignited the tinder, the brimstone end of a "match" was applied to it and lit. The matches were thin slips of deal, five or six inches long and perhaps a quarter of an inch wide, cut to a point at each end, and dipped into melted brimstone; they were hawked about by itinerant venders. The fumes of the sulpher emitted a scent by no means pleasant to the olfactory nerves; in fact the stench was strong enough to find its way from the kitchen to the attic of a lofty mansion. From the match a candle was lit of mutton fat usually, of "molds," where greater cost could be afforded. There were never candles on the table without the snuff-tray and suffers.

A Perplexed Emperor.

The Emperor of China, now that all the resources of his empire will be drawn on for the war with France, finds himself in a serious difficulty. Young as he is, he has already to maintain some seventy women in his establishment in various capacities, and like every other gentleman who has ladies under his protection, the duty devolves on him of clothing them. This would be a comparatively easy task were the fair ones of a reasonable turn of mind. But, unhappily for the brother of the sun and moon, their extravagance is pronounced to be beyond all bounds. Two hundred and fifty thousand thaels, which is more than one-half the land tax of the empire, were expended last year in silk, satin, gauze, velvet, red and guilt papers, and pearls. It is said that one dress, which is in possession of an Empress, was covered last year with seed pearls worked in so peculiar a fashion as to have cost a fabulous sum.

He Didn't Want Any Supper.

Texas Siftings.

During the campaign in Egypt a Mohammedan dervish was continually preaching to the army of Arabi Bey, and proclaiming the doctrine that the soldier who died fighting against the English would sup that night in Heaven. As soon, however, as the fight began, the dervish was the first one to run. He was soon overtaken by other fugitives, who upbraided him for running away, and reminded him of how severely he was neglecting such an excellent opportunity of supping in Heaven. "Allah il Allah!" exclaimed the dervish, as he sotted over a high bunch of prickly pears, "Dod gast the luck, don't you know I'm forbidden by my sacred calling to eat supper on fast days, and this is the fastest day of the season. Get out of my way! Faugh-a-Ballaugh! Clear the track!" yelled the venerable dervish, as he went tearing into the woods.

CHERISHED SOMETHING ELSE.—The widow of a distinguished professor was visited by a rather shabby genteel sort of a gentleman, who expressed great admiration for her deceased husband, and who finally said:

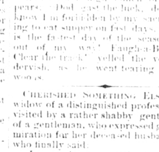
"I revere the memory of your husband, and would like very much to have some relic to keep and cherish."

"The only relic, I can offer you," replied the disconsolate widow, sighing heavily, "is myself. If you will love and cherish me for his sake, you may."

But the relic hunter had silently stolen away before she could finish the sentence.

WALTERBORO, S. C.—Dr. J. M. Ellen, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters have given universal satisfaction."

The softest thing—The conversation which passes between a duck and a deary.



Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by increasing vital power and rendering physical functions regular and active, keeps the system in good working order and protects it against disease. For constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint, nervousness, kidney and rheumatic ailments, it is invaluable, and it affords a sure defence against malarial fevers besides removing all traces of such disease from the system.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

The Editorial Box into Which Angry Men Are Put.

Peck's Sun.

The office of the Milwaukee Journal is next door to an undertaker's establishment, and there is usually a coffin box or two on the sidewalk waiting to be used. It is related that a man came to the Journal office to have a fuss with the editor over something that had been said in the paper, and he was pretty mad when he accosted the genial business manager, Mike Kraus. He spoke of desiring blood, and expressed a desire to gallop all over the manly frame of the editor, and offered to chew a few reporters. Mr. Kraus stood in the door, and pointing to the box on the sidewalk he said: "How would that fit you? It may be a little short, but we have larger ones," and calling the undertaker, who was on the sidewalk, Kraus said: "Measure this man, please." The undertaker took out a tape-line and came forward, and the man with the hot box, who was being measured for a cold box, began to feel small. Just then the editor, Neiman, came down stairs, and Mike said: "See here, Neiman, here is a man in a hurry to whip somebody, and I don't know but you will have to let me have that coffin that was made for the South side man, who was going to come in this afternoon to whip us. He can wait." Neiman looked at the man who wanted to fight and said to Mike: "No, you must make one for this man. The South side man will be here at 4 o'clock, and I make it a point never to disappoint a man. Say," says Neiman, turning to the man who had come for a fight, "Couldn't you get along without a fight till Saturday? We are a little crowded now," and Neiman rested his cane on the coffin box. The man said, come to think of it, he didn't want to fight anyhow, but he did think that article in the paper was confounded mean. "Of course," says Neiman. "Of course," says Kraus, and the mad man walked down street, the undertaker went in his store, and the editor and manager winked at each other and went to work as though nothing had happened.

Disputes between true friends and true lovers are of no consequence. The only dangerous quarrels are those between people who do not quite understand each other.

Everybody Does.

Four and twenty reporters,
Wonder what they mean,
Guess they must be writing ads
For the Famous Carboline.

An old landmark—"For Sale."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

CONYERS, GA.—Dr. W. H. Lee says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good medicine and many are using it in this place."

A man who breaks his word—The Stutterer.—New York Advertiser.

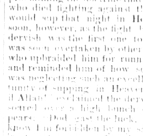
PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer!

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Sprains and Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Toothache and Headache.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PAIN KILLER [illegible]



A Specific for Epilepsy, Spasms, Convulsions, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Syphilis, Scrofula, Kings Evil, Ugly Blood Diseases, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, Nervous Weakness, Nervous Prostration, Brain Worry, Blood Sores.

BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES and IRREGULARITIES. $1.50 PER BOTTLE AT DRUGGISTS.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Prop., St. Joseph, Mo.

ZOA-PHORA

Began life 12 years ago under the name of WOMAN'S FRIEND

Without puffery, simply on the good words of those who have used it, it has made friends in every state in the Union.

NOT A CURE ALL,

But a gentle and sure remedy for all those complaints which destroy the freshness and beauty, waste the strength, mar the happiness and usefulness of many GIRLS AND WOMEN.

"Diseases of Women and Children"

R. PENGELLY & CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders.

DAVID PATTERSON MANUFACTURER OF GRANITE STATUARY & MONUMENTAL WORK ... DETROIT

The One Woman Live-Stock Reporter.

Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Miss Middie Morgan, the much-written-about live-stock reporter of the New York Times and Herald, has bought a lot of property at Staten Island and is going to build a cottage there. The cellar is already dug and the foundation stones are laid, but the work has got no further along for many months. Miss Morgan is a specialist, so she is well paid for her work. If she should strike she would no doubt get what she demanded at once, for it would be hard to find even a man to take her place. I have not the pleasure of Miss Morgan's acquaintance, but I have seen her hundreds of times and heard her talk. She has a rich Irish brogue and talks very well. She is quite a lady, and tramping about the stock yards of Communipaw has not robbed her of any refinement. So far as appearance goes she looks rough, not so much her face as her dress and figure; but she is as gentle, I am told by those who know her, as the most delicately nurtured belle, and I have no doubt a great deal more tender-hearted; but you wouldn't think so to see her lunging along in her short skirts and big shoes, utterly oblivious to the gaping crowd.

The poor man wishes to conceal his poverty, and the rich man his wealth; the former tears lest he be despised, the latter lest he be plundered.

The dullest thing—The funny newspaper.

Boston Bloods.

Mr. C. S. Hollis, Veterinary Surgeon, Boston, Mass., certifies that he has made the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, the sole remedy in his practice for horse ailments, and considers it superior to any cure he has known in forty years. He tried the same great pain-banisher on himself for rheumatism and by which he was completely cured.

The easiest thing—Lying.

The relaxing powers of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* is almost miraculous. A gentleman whose leg was bent at the knee and stiff for twenty years had it limbered by its use, and the leg is now as good as the other.

The stalest thing—Common Sense.

The evil consequences resulting from impure blood are beyond human calculation, so are the vast sums expended in worthless remedies. *Parsons' Purgative Pills* make new rich blood, and taken one a night for three months will change the blood in the entire system.

The lightest thing—The lover's vow.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, 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 [illegible] thing—[illegible]

Sure Cure for Rheumatism.

[illegible] Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer according to directions, and it will cure nine times out of every ten cases [illegible]. Try it, it surely will not hurt you.

STINGING, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

The Doctor's Endorsement.

Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoined professional endorsement: "I have prescribed DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of confirmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harrassing cough, etc. He commenced immediately to get better and was soon restored to his usual health. I have also found DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds that I have ever used."

DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF cures Catarrh and all affections of the mucous membrane.

[illegible] Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners [illegible]

A DIAMOND WEDDING.

The seventy fifth anniversary of the marriage of a veteran of the war of 1812 was recently celebrated [illegible] ... *Chas. Callahan, Marine City, Mich.*, and they will receive a set of beautiful illuminated cards by return mail.

"JERSEYVILLE, ILL., April 25, 1882.

Dr. PENGELLY:

Dear Sir—I am more than pleased with the effect of your medicine [illegible] ... one of the best medicines I ever used, and I would like all who suffer to use it.

Yours truly,
Mrs. SARAH RANSFORD.

N. B. This was a case of suppression."

The hottest thing—A raisin lying in ambush in a mouthful of hot plum pudding.

[illegible] ... Brown's Iron Bitters.

The thickest thing—Your tongue when you come home from "the lodge."

Disease, Despondency and Despair, bring Manhood's greatness to a close, among them are Nervousness, Nervous Debility, unnatural weaknesses of Generative Organs; Allen's Brain Food promptly and permanently cures [illegible] $1, 6 for $5.—At druggists, or at Allen's Pharmacy, 315 First Av., N. Y.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

[illegible] "ROUGH ON RATS" ... 15c.

SKINNY MEN.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. $1.

[illegible]

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

Free of Charge.

An elegant song book free of charge containing numerous and sentimental songs, sung by Wizard Oil Companies in their open air concerts. Address Hamlins' Wizard Oil Co., Chicago, Ill.

[illegible]

Delicate and Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in reccommending Hop Bitters as women.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

MRS. FANNY GREEN.

$3,000 LOST.—"A tour of Europe that cost me $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use except to persons desirous of obtaining a medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM, U. S. Com. Inter'l Rev.

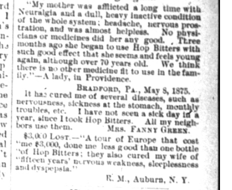
SO BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

SIRS.—I have been suffering ten years and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors. MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The parents, Rochester, N. Y.

ST. JACOBS OIL



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NAT. PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia Pa.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine

$72 A week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Adress, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

YOUNG MEN learn telegraphy here and we will give you a situation, circulars free address Valentine Bros., Janesville Wis

A SURE CURE for epilepsy or fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo

CANCER A Positive cure. No Knife. No Plasters. No Pain. Dr. W. C. Payne, Marshalltown, Iowa.

PATENTS

F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington D. C. Send for Circular.

Do you wish to obtain good and valid patents? then write to or call upon THOS. S. SPRAGUE & SON, 37 West Congress St., Detroit, Mich. Attorneys in Patent Causes. Established [illegible] years. Send for pamphlet, free.

Patents

AGENS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

YOUNG MEN! If you want to become Telegraph Operators.

[illegible] ... GOOD POSITIONS Guaranteed to all Graduates, circulars free.

YOUNG MEN

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

One mile west of Notre Dame University, School of Art and Design.

The University of Notre Dame.

[illegible] ... Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana.

W. N. U.—D. 33.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

ELLIS'S SPAVIN CURE

TRADE MARK.

[illegible]

For You, Madam,

Whose Complexion betrays some humiliating imperfection, whose mirror tells you that you are Tanned, Sallow and disfigured in countenance, or have Eruptions, Redness, Roughness or unwholesome tints of Complexion, we say use Hagan's Magnolia Balm.

It is a delicate, harmless and delightful article, producing the most natural and entrancing tints, the artificiality of which no observer can detect, and which soon becomes permanent if the Magnolia Balm is judiciously used.