THE PRINTER'S LAMENT.

Oh why don't people form their a's,
And finish off their b's?
Why do they make such crooked c's
And such confounded d's?

Why do they form such shocking e's,
And f's with ague-fits?
[illegible] and h's are too much
For [illegible]ster's wits.

What a human eye is without sight
Is an i without a dot;
J's are such curious crooked things
We recognize them not.

K ought to stand for kussedness,
But comes in well for kick;
L's and m's are mischievous,
While n's just raise Old Nick.

O's are rarely closed at all,
And p's are shaggy things;
Q's might as well be spider legs,
And r's mosquito wings!

Some people make a passing s,
Who never cross a t;
Others use the self same strokes
To form a u or v.

W's get strangely mixed,
X's seem on a spree,
Y is a skeleton on wires—
Zounds! how he swears at Z.

& yet think, what typos get
From drivers of the quill—
They call us such a careless set,
And scribble on at will!

Well, they will scribble, and we must swear
And vainly try to please,
Till they go back to school and learn
To make their a, b, c's! —N. Y. Weekly.

JOHN'S WIFE.

My bachelor quarters began to look cheerless enough as the holiday season approached, and I was all the more ready to accept the kind invitation of my friend John and his young wife, the mention of whose name always caused him to fly into raptures. Surely no man ever possessed such a paragon before! To believe his story, she was lovely, amiable, virtuous beautiful, and everything else complimentary that could be applied to woman.

I had only John's story for this—was inclined to believe it only in part; and yet, as the time approached for my visit I found myself waiting the day with interest, if not something like excitement, especially as he had informed me that his sister-in-law, Kitty Manvers, was to make one of the party. I even pictured her as being more beautiful and charming than John's wife, and indulged in various other bachelor fancies.

I arrived in the city of Boston on the day preceding Christmas, as I had some business to transact prior to visiting John's house. But as I stepped out of the cars, I saw his carriage waiting, and bidding farewell to a final brushing up at a hotel, I took my place, drew on my gloves, gave an additional twirl to my mustache, and was quickly whirled to the Eden John was accustomed to call his home.

A pretty little woman, not certainly the angel my friend had described, met me cordially, apologized for her husband's absence, informed me that he had suddenly been called away upon business, but would return early in the morning, and pleasantly added that he had consigned me to the care of her sister and herself.

"And this is my sister Kitty, of whom you have without doubt heard," she said, by way of introduction.

Miss Kitty who had been coyly keeping herself in the background, stepped forward, and for a moment her soft hand lay like a rose-leaf in mine. As the light of the cheerful sea-coal fire and blazing chandelier fell upon her, I involuntarily uttered a whistle, which I awkwardly turned into a cough. The fact was, John's wife was but a foil to set off the beauty of her sister. Such gold-bronze, rippling hair above a brow of alabaster whiteness, and such liquid, blue, speaking eyes I had never seen before. And the tall, graceful figure was in perfect keeping with the lovely face—there was nothing to mar the picture.

She received me with lady-like self-possession, such as is only to be acquired by those who mingle in the best of society, and added her welcome to that already received from her sister. The dinner, such a one as I had long been a stranger to, as well as the evening, passed away pleasantly. John's wife was charmingly social, and discoursed eloquently upon the subject of her husband. Of course I endorsed all she said upon the subject—said John was a lucky fellow, told how much I envied him his happiness, and caused her to blush prettily.

But for all my words, I had no eye except for Kitty Manvers. She was crocheting a smoking cap for John (how I wish it had been for me!) and as the scarlet wool twined in and out, and around her swift, snowy little fingers, I thanked Heaven that John had married his wife and not her sister.

The evening came to an end long before I had wished it to do so. I had never seen time fly upon such swift wings, and regretted extremely when the hour for retiring was announced. I bade my hostess good-night, and looked at Kitty with eyes that spoke volumes of admiration, and caused the rich blood to fly to her cheeks like damask roses. Then after lingering as long as politeness would admit, I went up to my room, and lighting a cigar, sat dreamily smoking for an hour. And my cogitations ended in this; that I, Fred Dawson, was at last in love, and that at first sight, and that I would do my best to win the charming Kitty Manvers (if not already engaged) to be my wife.

The thought that another might have been before me in the matter somewhat banished the castles I had been building in Spain. However, I could but try; so to assist in the perfection of my plans, I smoked another "Partagas," wound my watch as a bell in a neighboring steeple was tolling midnight, laid it upon the table, placed a valuable and cherished diamond upon the cushion beside it and speedily was in bed. Very soon I began to drowse, and an undefined figure of Kitty with white wings like those of an angel was beginning to float through my brain when I was recalled from my wanderings to the stern realities of life. I was certain that I heard the creaking of a door, and, raising myself cautiously upon my elbow, looked around. The fire was burning dimly; it was just the "witching hour when church-yards yawn" and disembodied spirits walk. Was the chamber I occupied a haunted one?

Had it been in reality so, I should not have been more astonished than I was to see John's wife stealing like a shadow into the room, clad in her long, snow-white night robes. 'Great heaven,' I murmured, "what can this mean? Is the woman troubled with fits of lunacy? Is it not my duty to summon assistance for fear she may injure herself?" I certainly would have spoken to her, but surprise chained my tongue. She carried a small lamp in her hand—paused for an instant after passing across the threshold, and listened. Then, as if satisfied that I was sleeping, she advanced softly to the table picked up my jewelery, and, without looking again at the bed, darted swiftly out of the room.

Great drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead, and it was fully ten minutes before my brain again began to act coherently, so spellbound and shocked was I. But as soon as possible I got up and went to the table, hoping it was all a wild dream. No, my eyes had not deceived me. My watch and pin were both gone, and the door ajar. I opened it cautiously and looked out into the hall. There was no one visible—not a sound to be heard. I again closed the door, this time taking good care to lock it, and returned to bed in no enviable state of mind, asking myself over and over again what it could possibly mean, could it be that John's pretty and accomplished wife was a thief?

I shuddered at the thought, and yet what else could I decide upon? I had seen her enter the room at the dead midnight hour—had seen her pause and listen—had seen her glance anxiously around, as if fearful of detection—and, worse than all, had seen her appropriate and secrete my valuables. I had heard of such things before—of kleptomania in ladies rich and high in station, and at last was forced to the conclusion that my friend's wife was a victim to this unfortunate disease. What should I do?

I lay awake until nearly morning asking myself the perplexing question. Did John know of the fatal habit of his wife? Did her sister—her sweet sister Kitty? Was it hereditary in the family? The thought was horrible, especially to one who had his heart touched by her loveliness and winsome ways as mine had been.

But what was my duty? Clearly to inform John; and yet, how could I do so? Certainly he would doubt my word—his wife would deny it, and he would believe her. Never was a man in a more perplexing situation. I fell asleep without having formed any definite plan, and was awakened at a late hour by a loud rap upon my door, and the cheery voice of my friend John, telling [illegible] bell had rung and [illegible]—that I outdid the seven sleepers, and that he wanted to see me.

"What do you think of my wife?" was his first question. "Isn't she matchless perfection? Beautiful, accomplished!"

"Certainly a wonderful woman," I replied; and then instantly resolved that I never would undeceive so trusting and happy a heart—that he should never hear of the questionable proceedings of the previous night, but that I would quietly bide my time for an explanation even though the loss to me was a great one.

When we entered the breakfast room John's wife came forward and greeted me just as cordially as she had done upon the previous evening. There was not the slightest hesitation, no deepening color, no trembling of lip or voice when she asked me, in the most natural manner possible, if I had rested well and had sweet dreams. The question sent all the blood to my face, which fortunately was unnoticed, save the laughing remark from John that he "never thought I was so bashful a man."

What a hardened and consummate actor your wife must be, I thought, as I turned to speak to the blooming Kitty, who came in at the same moment, dressed in a pretty morning robe of azure silk, that set off her blonde complexion to the greatest advantage. In an instant my blood was in a gallop, and then surged back to my heart. Was she, too, a—I dared not think further.

But poor John! Some day he would learn his disgrace and her guilt—she whom he worshipped with such blind adoration. It would be terrible to such a heart as his—would crush him to the earth. Never did food choke me so much as then. The forced attempt to appear cheerful was torture, and I was very glad when the meal was finished and we went out together, he happy in his undisturbed love, and I wearing a mill-stone about my heart.

We returned in the evening, John laden with packages, holiday gifts, and I too sad to have been even mindful of Kitty. John's wife met him in the hall with the kindest of words and sweetest of kisses—a serpent's tongue and a Judas kiss, as I could not help thinking. I did not envy him the endearments of the arch traitoress who could rob his friend under his own roof—who had no doubt invited him there for that especial purpose.

Kitty did not come down to dinner. Her sister said she was not well. The feast, for it was one in reality, was to me distasteful and it was a relief to me to adjourn with John to the library, light our cigars, and talk over old college days. We passed an hour thus, the first pleasant one during the day; then John was summoned by his wife to attend her on a little shopping expedition, and I was left alone with my sad thoughts. But I was not long to remain thus. There was a soft tap upon the door, and Kitty Manvers entered. Her face was white as marble, her beautiful eyes red and swollen with weeping, her form trembling convulsively. In her hand she held my watch and diamond.

"O, Mr. Dawson!" she said, sinking into the chair I presented, "are these yours?"

I simply bowed an affirmative; speak I could not.

"And you have missed them? What could you think of us?" And she burst into tears, and looked up to me in the most pleading manner.

"I can assure you that I had no hard or suspicious thoughts of you," I answered, despite of all my forebodings, and hastened to comfort her.

I drew my seat near to hers, took one of the little hands in my own, bent forward—I could not resist the temptation, and touched the bright, sweetly perfumed hair with my lips, and then, in the softest manner, told her of the scene in my bedchamber. She looked up at me with consternation stamped upon every line of her beautiful face.

"You saw all this and have kept silent—have not even hinted it to my brother-in-law?"

"I certainly have kept the secret locked within my own breast."

"How much I thank you!" And the eyes spoke even more eloquently than the lips. "It would be a terrible blow to John and nearly kill my sister, she is so exceedingly sensitive upon the subject."

Sensitive upon the subject? Was she too acting a part—trying to shield her sister?

"I have no doubt of it," I replied coldly.

"And you will not mention the subject—will not think of it again?"

She must have noticed something strange in my manner, for she continued hastily:

"O, you do not understand me! You think my sister guilty, and that I am trying to screen her!" And again the tears fell rapidly. "But it is not so—not so!"

I think the warm pressure of my hand somewhat comforted her. At the same instant the scales fell from my eyes, and I mentally called myself anything but complimentary names.

"Your sister is a somnambulist?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. I am so happy that you do not think any harm of her—or me!" Both my voice and eyes soon convinced her of that, and though she gently extracted her hand from mine, we sat long in conversation.

The next night was a festive one. We danced together, and I stole a kiss under the mistletoe, and—well, Kitty wears the reset diamond, that once I sported, upon her finger, and I thank Heaven that my wife does not walk in her sleep.

Remedy for Trouble.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, pitch into something with a good will. There's nothing like good, solid, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep, calm, sound sleep—and eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work and go loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day. There are some troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all, but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficacy since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well, leaving no disagreeable effects, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with the most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the *materia medica*, and comes nearer to being a "cure-all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.—*Polaris.*

It depends on how you look on these ancestors. One little aristocratic girl was recently boasting that her forefathers came with the Pilgrims, when another wee maiden, whose widowed mother had recently married, said: "Shaw, go long with our old duds, I've got a brand new father."

A Norwich couple, who had a pet cat which had grown helpless from age, and extremely fitty, put it out of its misery by the agency of chloroform. They buried it in the garden, and planted a rosebush over its remains. The next morning it appeared at the door to be let in, and had the rosebush under its arm.

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years, and still he had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a particularly spoony frame of mind, and asked her to sing him something that would "move" him. She sat down to the piano and sang, "Darling I am growing old."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Push the Hogs.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer writing from Missouri, under the above title gives some excellent hints which will apply equally well in this locality. He says: The three months of September, October, and November are the best months in which to fatten hogs. When they have been in clover-fields, pastures, or stock-fields, and are in a good, healthy, thriving condition, they can, during those three months, be fattened very rapidly if they are properly fed and have access to plenty of good drinking water; and the work can be done far more profitable than if delayed later.

Winter feeding for spring market is more expensive feeding, as considerable feed is necessarily required to keep the requisite animal heat, and unless great pains are taken to have pens that are snug and warm this extra feeding will amount to a considerable item of the profits. During the fall months when the weather is cool and generally free from storms, stock will lay on fat very fast. For a time it is economy to let them have the run of the pastures or woods; but toward the close I prefer to pen and feed all they will eat.

With as heavy mast as we have in this locality this year, hogs will fatten and grow if allowed to run in the woods, and are fed a good feed of corn night and morning; they hardly need all the corn they will eat.

If they have not access to a good supply of water they should have a trough which should be kept filled so that they can get what they want. They can be allowed to run until two or three weeks before killing or marketing, when I prefer to pen closely and feed all the corn they can eat clean.

When fattened in this way, if the work is properly done, it will be as cheap as in any other way. It is a good plan to keep little lumps of coal in the pen or where they can have free access to what they want. A small supply of salt will do them no harm. The cheaper hogs can be fattened for market the more profitable they become and it is economy to take advantage of everything that will increase their growth and thrift with the least expense. Besides, I do not consider it good policy to change too suddenly from one feed to another, as would be the case if they were taken from the pasture and fed exclusively on corn. I have never believed in feeding stock of any kind on corn alone; they require a variety to keep fully healthy, and the earlier this can be accomplished the better for the stock, and the more profitable to the owner they become.

Preparing Bees for Winter.

In the American Agriculturist for September, Prof. Cook of Lansing, writes thus about preparing bees for winter:

The apiarist should prepare his bees for winter as soon as the frost makes all farther gathering of honey impossible. Examination will show whether there is sufficient honey stored to winter the bees. If the frames, just as they are taken from the hives, containing bees, honey and comb, weigh 30 pounds in the aggregate, then there is enough honey. If not, good thick honey, or thick syrup, made by dissolving granulated sugar, should be fed at once, so that all cells may be capped over before the cold days of October close the labors of the hive. It is [illegible] that the honey be so abundant in the frames that we need not give the bees all the frames used in summer. It is better to use not more than 7 or eight Gallup or American frames, and not more than 5 or 6 Langstroth frames. These are confined by division boards. It is best to carefully exclude pollen. Frames of pollen are set aside, to be returned when breeding is resumed the succeeding spring.

The bees may easily change the position of the cluster in the cold days of winter, and it is desirable to cut small holes the size of a thimble through the combs, an inch or two above the centre. Cover above the bees with sacks of dry sawdust, which should be long enough to reach over the division-board and to the bottom of the hive. These protect the bees from the extremes of heat and cold, and promote healthfulness. Thus prepared, the bees to be wintered in chaff hives on their summer stands, will need no further care until the succeeding April. If the bees are placed in the cellar they need not be touched again until just before winter comes, when they are to be taken in.

Useful Household Items.

Green tomatoes sliced and fried in butter, a la egg plant, are much relished by some people. The slices should first lie in salt and water for two hours.

This is said to be a very good remedy for hoarseness: Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of one lemon and a glass of warm water.

Sardines picked up fine and mixed with cold boiled ham, also minced fine, and all well seasoned with a regular mayonnaise dressing, make a delicious filling for sandwiches.

Hard boiled eggs pressed with chicken or veal add to the relish and the appearance also of these dishes when cut in slices. Pains must be taken not to press the eggs out of shape.

A pretty way to decorate plush panels for an evening is to arrange a spray of flowers, either natural or artificial, and tie it with satin ribbon, and hang it in a graceful, carefully careless way on the panel.

Here is the recipe for an old-fashioned pie: Grate a coffee-cupful of maple sugar, and mix with two eggs and a little salt, and as much cream as your pie plate will hold. The pie-plate should be a deep one, with an under crust only.

Punch made with guava jelly is nice for an invalid. This is a very old recipe, and is valuable: One part of lime or lemon juice, two parts of sweet guva jelly and white sugar, dissolved in boiling water, three parts of old rum, four parts of water.

Delicious little cakes for children are made of equal parts of arrowroot and wheat flour, a little salt, a small lump of butter, and are wet with sweet milk. Roll them quite thin, mixing the dough hard; cut in fancy shapes, and bake in a quick oven.

A good warm weather pie is made of the juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of raisins stoned and chopped, one egg well beaten, one cup of sugar, two milk crackers, soaked in three tablespoonfuls of water; beat them all well together, bake in a quick oven. Make the pie with upper and under crusts.

This is an excellent receipe for Graham gems, and differs from any before given: One cup of Graham flour, one cup of fine flour, two eggs, two cups of sweet milk, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Have the gem pans hot, and the oven hot, and twenty minutes will be long enough to bake them.

Country housewives who must wait long for the oyster are obliged to invent dishes for tea which may take its place. "Veal oysters" will sometimes do this. Cut the veal in small squares, dip in batter, and fry until brown in hot lard. Serve while very hot, with a pinch of cayenne pepper and plenty of salt on them.

A novel entree is made by boiling until tender an equal quantity of carrots and turnips. Boil them in separate kettles, in salted water. When done, mash and season with pepper and butter, and a little more salt if necessary. Butter a vegetable dish, and put in first a layer of turnip, then one of carrot, and so on until the dish is full. This may be turned out on a small, deep platter, and if closely packed in it will keep its shape.

A correspondent asks for a receipe for making cologne water: Two drachms of oil of lemon, two drachms of oil of rosemary, two of oil of bergamot, one drachm of oil of lavender, ten drops each of oil of cinnamon and of cloves, two drops oil of roses, tincture of musk eight drops. Put all these into a quart of the best alcohol, cork tightly, and shake hard for a few minutes. This improves by age. If it is not strong enough for your pleasure use less alcohol.

Cinnamon tarts please the children. To eight ounces of butter allow one pound of flour, one pound of brown sugar, three eggs; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs, leaving out the white of one, stir in the flour, roll thin, and cut in three-inch squares; before putting into the oven, rub the top with the white of the egg, and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixed. A bleached almond or an English walnut may be placed in the center, or may be broken in bits and a piece put at each corner.

To remove the unpleasant taste which is frequently observed from new wooden vessels is a thing difficult of accomplishment. The simplest plan, and one that will succeed in most cases, is to scald them thoroughly several times in boiling water, then dissolve some pearl ash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessels well in the solution. Afterward scald them several times thoroughly as before.

Charcoal.—Either in lumps or pulverized and mixed with lime or gypsum, is a great deodorizer. It can be hung in baskets in cisterns, dairies, refrigerators, or meat safes, and will keep the contents from absorbing foul odors.

Kid Boots.—Before putting the patent shoe polish on kid boots, it is very advisable to rub them over with a little glycerine, putting it on with a small piece of sponge. This prevents the kid from cracking.

The Family Doctor-Shop.

PASTE THIS UP FOR REFERENCE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.

Nearly every person knows what to do in case of injury or sudden sickness, but it often happens that under the excitement attending such circumstances they become confused, and forget all they know about it. The following suggestions might be pasted up on the inside of the closet or bookcase door where they could be referred to promptly:

For stomach cramps ginger ale, or a half-teaspoonful of the tincture of ginger in a half-glass of water in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved.

Swallowing saliva often relieves sour stomach.

Hot, dry flannel, applied as hot as possible, for neuralgia.

Whooping-cough paroxysms are relieved by breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid.

For cold in the head nothing is better than powdered borax snuffed up the nostrils.

A strong solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) taken frequently is a reliable remedy for diarrheal troubles, particularly those arising from acidity of the stomach.

A standing antidote for poison by dew, poison-oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases.

If children do not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled.

Powdered resin is the best thing to stop bleeding from cuts. After the powder is sprinkled on, wrap the wound with a soft cotton cloth. As soon as the wound begins to feel feverish, keep the cloth wet with cold water.

For burns, sweet oil and cotton are the standard remedies. If they are not at hand, sprinkle the burned part with flour, and wrap loosely with a soft cloth. Don't remove the dressing until the inflammation subsides, as it will break the new skin that is forming.

For nose-bleeding, bathe the face and neck with cold water.

If an artery is severed, tie a small cord or handkerchief tightly above it.

For bilious colic, soda and ginger in hot water. It may be taken freely.

Broken limbs should be placed in natural positions and the patient kept quiet until the surgeon arrives.

Nervous spasms are usually relieved by a little salt taken into the mouth and allowed to dissolve.

Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

Sleeplessness caused by too much blood in the head may be overcome by applying a cloth wet with cold water to the back of the neck.

For pains in the chest or stomach, as much Dover's powder as will lie on a silver 5 cent piece.

Wind colic is promptly relieved by peppermint essence taken in a little warm water. For small children it may be sweetened. Paregoric is also good.

Chlorate of potash dissolved in water is a standard remedy for sore throat, particularly if the throat feels raw.

Tickling in the throat is best relieved by a gargle of salt and water.

Indigestion is the prolific cause of colics, diarrhea, headaches, constipation and many diseases of the bladder. Food that is not digested, ferments and becomes powerfully acid, causing irritation and inflammation wherever it touches. Many fevers are caused by it. Pepsin is the best remedy, if taken immediately after eating. If pepsin is not taken, the acidity should be controlled by bicarbonate of soda or potash.

Sickness of the stomach is promptly relieved by drinking a teacupful of hot soda and water. If it brings the offending matter up all the better.

A teaspoonful of ground mustard in a cup of warm water is a prompt and reliable emetic and should be resorted to in cases of poisoning or cramps of the stomach from over-eating.

Pains in the side are most promptly relieved by the application of mustard.

Sprains and bruises call for an application of the tincture of arnica.

Avoid purgatives and strong physics, as they not only do no good, but are positively hurtful. Pills may relieve for the time but they seldom cure. The pill-taker's latter end is always worse than his first condition. Stomach bitters are a snare, and only create a desire for stimulants.

Eat only such things as agree with you, and not too much at a time. By heeding the warnings of your stomach many doctor's bills and undertaker's too, may be avoided. Shun feasts and big feeds. Give children plenty of milk and bread, graham or oatmeal crackers, and good, ripe fruit. They will not only thrive on this diet, but keep healthy.

In every house there should be a little nook in which a few simple remedies are kept. Among them should be extract of ginger, Dover's powder, peppermint, chlorate of potash, bicarbonate of soda, sweet oil, paregoric, camphor, arnica, a bottle of pure whiskey, cotton, old muslin for bandages, some sticking plaster, a box of ground mustard, and some ready-made mustard plasters. Always strike a light when you go to get any of these in the dark, and be sure you have the right one. An observance of these suggestions will pay well for the trouble.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* calls attention to the fact that the weekly story papers are dying out of the land. Ten or fifteen years ago they had circulations of 100,000 and up to 300,000 for the most popular. At present they have not half, and some not a quarter of this distribution. The cause of their decay began with the issue of novels complete in pamphlet forms, sold at five, ten and twenty cents. The people now take newspapers more for the news and for the discussion of living issues and policies.

How Boys Pan Out.

There is all the difference in the world in boys, and it is the hardest possible thing to predict to a certainty how they will pan out. Boys that give promise in youth to become the most pious, God-fearing, intelligent business men, often turn out to be the worst whelps that ever scuttled a schooner of beer, while as often the wild, reckless, devil-may-care critters whom you expect to find robbing stage coaches and punching heads in the prize ring, tumble to themselves and become deacons in the church. There are so many ways of bringing up a boy that there is no wonder, when we look at the results of the different styles of training, that people get tangled and don't know exactly what course is best.

Our attention has been called to the career of two boys that were brought up in the same neighborhood, on different principles. One boy was a pious little fellow, whose father was the same kind of a hair pin. The boy went to church and Sunday school regularly, and could repeat more verses of Scripture than seemed necessary. When other boys were whooping it up nights the good boy would be at prayer meeting or a mite society. The other boy had a father that had seen a good deal of the world, and he gave his boy what was considered too much license. The old man would go boat riding with his boy on Sunday, for exercise. They would drop a hook and line overboard just for fun. The boy would ask his father if it was not wrong to fish on Sunday, and the old man would say he didn't know, as he couldn't find anything in the Bible on the subject. He said they would put out the bait just for a flyer, and if God's fish wanted to learn any new game, they could have a chance. The result was the old man and the boy would get a nice string of fish. The old man would tell his boy to look around while he was young and take in all the fun that he could find lying around loose, but not to do anything mean. Sometimes the boy rather overdid the thing, for instance when he got a lot of boys together and told them all to bring a cat to a place appointed the next night at nine o'clock. They visited a good natured German, who liked fun, and after he and his wife were asleep, the boys dropped eighteen cats down the chimney, into the room where the German and his wife were sleeping. The good boy would have thought he was going directly to hell if he had mixed up in that cat scrape, but the bad boys had a heap of fun, and so did the German, for he was telling of it the next day to the bad boy's father, and he said, "Vell, vat dem cats valk ofer de bed, und squawl like dey vas sick, I dink it vas yoost raining cats, und my vife, she tink it vas ped pugs. O dose poys dey make me laugh." The bad boy grew up hearty, and his laugh could be heard two blocks, and his heart was ready to respond to any appeal for charity. The old man told him that he didn't want to hear that the boy had done a wrong to a girl. He wanted him to look upon girls as the noblest affairs that ever lived, but he added, "If a girl ever wants to have her ear bit, and you feel as though you could do the subject justice, and I hear of you going around a block to get away from her, I will fan you with a boot leg." The bad boy had lots of fun with girls, and could tell the difference between a good one and a bad one a block off, while the good boy would blush and tremble in the knees at sight of a piece of calico. The bad boy's father told the bad boy that there was such a thing as whisky, which was good enough in its place, but a mighty poor thing to tie to, and told him not to feel as though he was liable to become a drunkard if he smelled of a bottle, but to let it alone on general principles. The bad boy tasted of whisky and it burned his inwards, so he said he guessed he didn't want any more of that. The good boy never looked at a bottle without apologizing.

Finally, at eighteen years of age, the two boys went to Chicago to take positions in business houses. The bad boy was met by ropers in for a bunko game, and he told them to go soak their heads. The good boy took the ropers for nice Christian gentlemen, and he laid down sixty-five dollars. The bad boy was met on the street by a gorgeous female who asked him to see her home, as she was afraid of the men on the street, and he said to her "Sophia, you need salting. You are too fresh. I am a young man from the country, but you can't play no circus on the son of the old man. Ta-ta!" The good boy went home with the girl, and she filled him with New Jersey cider at five dollare a bottle, and her pal stole the good boy's pants through a panel in the door with forty-four dollars and a testament in the pistol pocket, and then he was kicked down stairs at midnight, the police picked him up, and the bad boy went to the police court the next morning and paid his fine. The bad boy was invited by other boys to go and see the town at night, but he said he guessed the town could exist without his making a cussed fool of himself. The good boy was asked "to take in the town," and he went, and got full, and rode to his boarding house with his feet out of a hack, and he was arrested the next day for breaking a mirror in a Wabash avenue mansion by throwing an empty bottle through it. The good boy seemed to catch on to every sort of dissipation. Everything was new to him, and he wondered if the world had been going on that way all this time, and he hadn't heard anything about it. At the end of a year he came home with an erysipelas nose, a cough that sounded like "Hark from the Tombs," and his mother worked a year to cure him of the "malaria" he caught in Chicago, while the bad boy is as hearty as a buck and was made junior partner of the firm on the first of January. He says Chicago is the grandest city in the Union but there are plenty of tough places if a fellow has not got sand enough to keep away from them. His old man goes down to see him once in awhile, and the boy says, "Now, pap, be just as good as you can while you are here, and don't bring your dutiful son's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave," and they go out to the theater and have a real jolly time, and the boy is on deck for business the next morning. The father of the good boy says he thinks his son will be able to ride out by spring and that he always *did* have a delicate constitution.—*Peck's Sun.*

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—Monsieur X—"I discovare one curious gustom in your countree, Madame!"

Madame.—"What is that, Monsieur?"

X.—"It ees zis: Ven a young ladee she get—vat you call it—married, she bag her game, I tink I hear you say?"

M.—We sometimes so remark, monsieur."

X.—"And ven a young ladee she tell a young she no haf heem, you say she geef him de sack?"

X.—"Now madame, vhen I read in ze dic—in ze dicshun—ze vat you call eet?—I find ze sack and ze bag are ze same ting. So, madame, I find me dat it is ze gustom in zis countree ven a young ladee she will marry she put ze young man in ze bag; and ven ze young ladee she will not marry she makes of ze bag a present to ze young man. Zis is one curious gustom, I find in your countree, madam, and it mooch interests me."

A Good Friend to the Chinese.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Consul A. F. Bee, of the Chinese Consulate Office, expresses himself clearly in saying that he, as well as his family have suffered severely from rheumatism and neuralgia, and that medicines were used in vain. At last St. Jacobs oil was tried, which effected immediate cures in every case. The Consul regards the Oil as the greatest pain curing remedy in existence.

All roads lead [illegible] oam.

In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by epidemics and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable invigorant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found a potent safe guard to feeble constitutions and fragile frames, while as a cure for indigestion biliousness and kindred complaints it is without a rival.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

No man can be a good critic who is not well read in human nature.—Samuel Parr.

All persons about to visit foreign lands, sailors, fishermen and miners should take with them a supply of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* It is both for internal and external use and is worth its weight in gold

Lo life—in an Indian camp.

Hip disease, fever, sores, ulcers, blotches, pimples, and many loathsome diseases originate in impure blood. *Parson's Purgative Pills* make *new* rich blood, and will change the blood in the entire system in three months, taken one a night.

Over candid—A sugar coated pill.

WOLCOTT, N. Y.

Nathan Knapp says:

Gents:—I have been troubled with rheumatism for several years to such a degree that I found it impossible to attend to my business, which is that of foundryman, and have been confined to the house and to my bed much of the time. Have tried all sorts of remedies, and have been treated by several doctors, all to no purpose, until I finally heard of your Rheumatic Syrup, and was induced to try it, and I am very happy to say, after the use of a few bottles, I am strong and well as ever, and never feel a symptom of anything like rheumatism any more. I can cheerfully recommend your rheumatic syrup to all who are afflicted with rheumatism, for it is certainly a most invaluable remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise.

From Mrs. John Spitler,
No. 28 Wilt St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

I have suffered for sixteen years with spasmodic pain in my head, and general nervous debility. Recently I had a severe attack of pain in my head, caused by weakness and nervous exhaustion. I really thought I should die, my husband said we would test Zoa-Phora thoroughly. He gave it to me according to directions for severe cases, and in less than two hours I had complete relief. I advise all ladies who suffer from nervous or sick headache, or any form of female weakness, to use Zoa Phora. There is no medicine to be compared with it.
May 15, 1882.
Sold by Druggists.

A sure cure for a felon.—This we know will be gladly received by all of our readers. When the soreness first commences or even when far advanced, it can be relieved and entirely cured by holding the finger or part afflicted, in Perry Davis' Pain Killer for half an hour.

Another Life Saved.

J. C. GRAY, of DADEVILLE, ALA., writes us:

I have been using your DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and I can say, of a truth, it is far superior to any other Lung preparation in the world. My mother was confined to her bed four weeks with a cough, and had every attention by as good physicians as there are in the country, and they all failed to effect a cure; but when I got one bottle of your DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, she began to mend right away. I can say in truth, that IT WAS THE MEANS OF SAVING HER LIFE. I knew of five cases that Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam has cured, and my mother is better now than she has been before for twenty years.

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

Is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cts.

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

English sparrows were first introduced into this country in 1858 by a gentleman named Dubois, in a garden in Portland, Me.

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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 balance of foreign trade is largely in our favor.

OWENTON, KY.—Dr. I. F. Mundy, says: "I have found Brown's Iron Bitters one of the best tonics and prescribe it frequently.

Mme. Gerster is going to help the sufferers by the Ischia earthquake by singing for their benefit in Naples and Rome.

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 is the well-tried and trusted friend of all who want a sure and safe medicine which can be freely used internally or externally without fear of harm and with certainty of relief. Its price brings it within the range of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor bills. Price 25 and 50 and $1 per bottle. Directions accompany each bottle.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES [illegible]ralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, [illegible] Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine, [illegible] Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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. Dose, 1 teasp'n ful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by [illegible]
MAKE HENS LAY

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Point the First.—BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is not an intoxicating compound. It is a tonic medicine, not a drink. It is a skillfully compounded preparation made to restore strength and health; not a beverage to be sold [illegible]ar-rooms and taverns.

Point the Second.—BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is free from everything injurious. The most delicate ladies and the most enfeebled infants may use it with perfect safety and with great advantage. While it is powerful in its remedial agency, it is gentle in its operation, restoring wasted strength and imparting robust health in the most efficient manner.

Point the Third.—BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is made by the Brown Chemical Company of Baltimore, a long-established house, whose reputation is well-known to the business world and the general community. There is no risk in buying such a medicine. 6

LYON'S Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes from running over. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

HAY FEVER. One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm entirely cured me of Hay Fever of ten years' standing. Have had no trace of it for two years.—ALBERT A. PERRY, Smithboro, N. Y. Price 50c

A Chicago paper says over 200 Eastern thieves are thieving there.

Carbo-lines.

On every banner blazon bright,
The motto strong for which we fight,
Of all the oils that e'er were seen,
There's none that beats our Carboline.

Girl graduates in England wear gowns like University men

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M. De Lesseps is more worried about the illness of a child than about all the Suez complications.

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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.
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HAY-FEVER
ELY'S Cream Balm when applied by the finger into the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists.
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A valuable remedy for cure of Lameness. Removes Swellings and Inflammations. Ellis's Spavin Cure does not blister or blemish. We furnish positive evidence of absolute cures. We send undisputed testimonials of Spavins removed. Ellis's Spavin Cure will cure Splints and Ringbones.

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Without puffery, simply on the good word of those who have used it, it has made friends in every State in the Union.
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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.
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THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS

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A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, jokingly said: "Try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

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The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in. We believe the schedule for visits is $3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness.

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"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters that make pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."

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"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

Young men, Middle Aged Men and all Men who suffer from early indiscretions will find Allen's Brain Food the most powerful invigorant ever introduced; once restored by it there is no relapse. Try it; it never fails. $1; 6 for $5.—At druggists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 First Ave., New York City.

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PURE COD-LIVER OIL made from selected livers on the sea-shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, PIMPLES, and rough Skin cured by using JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

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