Nothing to Lose.

A philosopher tells me that free from all care
Is the man who is penniless, homeless, and bare,
Unbound by the ties of relation or friend,
No position to hold and no rights to defend;
From our common anxieties being thus freed,
Having nothing to lose, he is happy indeed.

He may wander at ease through the busiest streets,
With a smile at the care-worried crowd that he meets,
And in thought on his neighbor's possessions regale,
While no worries perplex him, no troubles assail;
Of all doubts and depression his mind must be clear—
Having nothing to lose, he has nothing to fear.

I have pondered a while on the words of my friend,
At a loss to perceive where their meaning might tend,
For I wondered in truth how the man could be blest
Who was minus the gifts of which all are in quest,
But at last to my full comprehension 'tis shown
That he speaks not of worldly possessions alone.

For 'tis so with our hearts, when life's summer is past,
And the ways of the world are conformed to at last;
Then secure in the wisdom so hardly acquired,
We can slightingly speak of the gifts once desired,
And with judgment grown riper, most sensibly choose,
For whate'er we may gain, we have nothing to lose.

—London Herald.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

I am not the man to have hobbies, but what I like is plate, good serviceable gold and silver. It is whispered by malignant persons that I would not give so many dinner-parties, if it were not to exhibit these. I am not conscious of such a motive for my hospitality, but if it exists it need not surely be objected to; it is I who have to pay for the weakness, and not my friends. Last Wednesday we happened to have rather a large dinner party; I had been dining out a good deal at various clubs lately, and of course it was necessary to invite my entertainers in return. The dinner had gone off uncommonly well. The ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and I had just passed the vine-leaf claret jug to Col. Twankay, when Bowles stooped down and whispered in my ear that a person wished to see me in the hall upon business.

"Ask him what it is," said I. "It is impossible that I leave my guests."

"I did ask him, sir, and he refused to state," replied Bowles confidentially. "It is my opinion he's a begging-letter impostor; but he says he must see you in person." I was upon the point of saying, "Tell him to leave the house," when something or other in Bowles' manner struck me so decidedly that I resolved not to do so. Perhaps I placed rather too much confidence in my butler. Actuated by a vague presentiment of disgust and danger, I arose from the table, made a hasty apology to my friends, and went with Bowles into the hall. A shabby-genteel sort of person was standing by the umbrella stall.

"What is it you want with me, sir?" said I in a magisterial tone.

"One minute's private conversation with you," he replied, with a glance at the butler.

"You may leave us, Bowles," said I, and he withdrew accordingly, although I am bound to say, very unwillingly. The thought flashed across me like lightning, "Bowles has something to fear from this man's disclosure," and the next words of my visitor confirmed me in the suspicion.

"I am a member of the detective police force," said he, "and I came to warn you that there is something wrong in your house."

"Nothing to do with my plate, I hope?" said I with considerable anxiety.

"Very much to do with it, sir," returned he grimly. "There is a thief harbored here and by this time to-morrow you will not have a silver spoon in your possession, unless I find him out. I must see every soul you have got under your roof."

"A thief!" said I; "impossible. I never have even so much as a strange waiter. That butler has lived with me for ten years, and my two footmen even longer. I will answer for their honesty."

"Let me see 'em sir; that's all I want," was the decisive reply.

"It is not Bowles?" said I, appealingly; "don't say it's Bowles; but, although it agitated me beyond measure to think that I should have to trust a new butler with all my plate, I confess that I had a horrible idea that it was Bowles.

"I think not," said the detective quietly. "Let me see the other men." I turned the gaslight over the door as high as it would go, and called them into the hall.

"It is not them," said he. "What other men have you in the house?"

"None but my guests," said I; "here in the dining room."

"Do you know them all very well, sir? Are none of them mere acquaintances or neighbors?"

"Well," returned I with hesitation, and feeling very glad that Mrs. Matcham was not a third party to this interview, "I know some, of course, better than others."

"Just so," said the detective, quietly; "then I must see them."

This was a shocking proposal, and made me feel hot all over; but still I was not going to run any risk with those shield-shaped salvers. Major Pinkey I now remembered, had expressed a great wish to examine them and perhaps that fact had had some weight in my inviting him to dinner. Who the deuce Major Pinkey was—except that he belonged to my club—I certainly knew no more than the detective and perhaps a great deal less. Still, it seemed a very base thing to open the dining room and let this fellow scrutinize my guests, in hopes to find a scoundrel among them.

"Upon my life," said I, "Mr. Detective, I can't do it."

"Very right, sir—very natural," replied he, smiling in his quiet way. "It would never do, would it? But, look you, sir; I'm a waiter, a hired waiter. Who is to know that I have not business at your side-board. In one minute I could run my eyes over the whole lot, and spy my man if he's there."

I did not like even this arrangement; but sending for Bowles I arranged with him the plan of the proceeding, and then returned to the dining-room. After a period of anxiety no measure of time could indicate, the supposed waiter took his departure.

"You've got a new man I see," said Dr. Twistle, carelessly, "With so much plate about, I hope you are satisfied about his honesty."

I was exceedingly glad to find old Twistle was honest, and had not been taken by the shirt frill, and walked off to Bow street, but of course I did not tell him that.

"Please sir, you are wanted again," whispered Bowles as he brought in another bottle of claret. I once more sought the inspector.

"The one I am after is not among them, sir, as far as I know," observed this official jerking his thumb in the direction of the dining-room. "Are you sure there are no other men in your house besides those I have already seen?"

"Yes," said I, "there are no more."

"Then I must now have a look at the ladies."

"The ladies!" cried I, aghast at the proposal. "You don't want to go in the drawing-room?"

"It would be more satisfactory," observed the detective, coolly. "My information is very reliable. But at all events, who is there?"

"Well," said I, "my wife is there for one; you have no information against her, I suppose?"

He nodded satisfaction so far.

"Then there's the honorable Mrs. Matcham and her daughter."

"Safe," rejoined the detective, checking them off on his fingers.

"Mrs. Twistle, of Regalia Square, and Lady Bobbington."

"I suppose they're all right," remarked my inquisitor, doubtfully. "Are you sure there are no more?"

"There's my mother-in-law, and she is in her own room, and exceedingly unwell."

"Very good," observed the detective, inconsequentially. "There is a plant somewhere in this house, however; you may take your oath of that, and in the last place you would ever look for it; so now I must see the maids."

I was full of suspicions that the detective himself was a "plant" that would soon blossom into a burglar; but my overtaxed mind refused to bear this burden. If it was so, I would trust to his clemency, to leave me a silver fork or two to carry on the business of life. If this man turned out to be anything less than what he described himself to be, all authority henceforth would lose its effects with me. He had to repeat, "so now I must see the maids," in his most affable manner, before I could collect myself sufficiently to lead the way to the kitchen. To say the cook and the kitchenmaid stared at the phenomena of our presence, is to underrate their powers of vision.

"Now, I dare say you have no charwoman nor any temporary assistant, my good lady, even on any occasion like the present," observed my companion urbanely; "but you and this young woman do all the work yourselves."

"That's true, sir; we don't mind hard work now and then," returned the cook, tossing her head; "and besides I don't like strangers in my kitchen," added she with meaning, "especially when I'm busy, and would rather have their room than their company." The detective's tongue was silenced by my domestic needle-gun, and he retired much discomfited. I led the way to the nursery, he walked admiringly from cot to cot.

"Charming children," observed he, with a familiar nod (I thought) toward the under nurse. "It's neither of them," he added in a low whisper.

"You've got a thousand or two I suppose?"

The housemaids were inspected, and pronounced to be free from suspicion. "But I cannot have seen everybody," he said decisively.

"Yes," said I, "everybody except Mrs. Maqueechy."

"Friend of the family?" inquired the detective, with a disappointed air.

"Well," said I, "I might almost say so. She came to us not only with the best of written characters, but my wife had an interview with her late mistress, a Mrs. Ogilvie, who pronounced her a perfect treasure; and we ourselves have found her all that could be wished."

"I should like to see the perfect treasure," quoth the detective, smiling grimly; "we often find them to be the very people we want."

"Nay," said I, "but in this case your suspicions are quite groundless. Mrs. Maqueechy is a superior person, and takes an interest in us, which you seldom find in a domestic except after years of service. Besides, she is my mother-in-law's sick nurse, and most likely they have already made their arrangements for the night. It would be a pity to disturb them."

"I must see Mrs. Maqueechy," returned my companion gravely. "She seems altogether too charming to be missed."

"You detectives are clever fellows," replied I with irritation; "but you often spend your time very fruitlessly. It is a pity that a man can't be determined, and yet avoid being obstinate. However, since you have gone so far, you shall go through with the business."

With that I knocked at the door, and, admitted to the sick-room, informed [illegible] of what was taking place; while the invalid Maqueechy retired with her usual delicacy to the dressing room. Perhaps I spoke a little too [illegible] Mrs. Maqueechy could [illegible] it is hard to believe [illegible] that intelligent women [illegible] herself of [illegible] I related, for when I opened the door to admit the officer, I found her already outside, and in his custody. She had endeavored to escape through the second door of the dressing-room—"bolted like a rabbit," said the detective—but had run into the very danger she would have avoided, and there she was with a couple of handcuffs over her neat mittens.

"We know one another very well, me and Mrs. Maqueechy," observed the detective grimly, "I was told I should find an old friend in this house, although I had no idea who it would be until you mentioned Mrs. Ogilvie. She is very charitable, she is, in getting her fellow creatures situations in respectable families where there happens to be a good deal of plate. It was this very night that this good lady here had engaged to open your front door to her husband and a friend of his who keeps a light cart in the mews yonder. Being a sick nurse, you see, nobody would be surprised at her being about the house at all hours. Wasn't that your neat little game, Mrs. Maqueechy?"

"Well, I suppose it's a nine-year touch?" observed that lady with philosophic coolness.

"Well, I'm afraid it is, ma'am; since that other little business in Carlton Brothers still remains unsettled. Good-by, sir; you will see Mrs. M. again once or twice, before you have done with her, and in the meantime you take my advice, sir, and in hiring another sick nurse for your mother-in-law, don't you apply to Mrs. Ogilvie."

And off he walked with our "perfect treasure."

The City of Glasgow.

Glasgow is the second largest city in Great Britain, and the third in commercial importance. In population and manufactories it almost equals Philadelphia, and for wet weather surpasses any American city, large or small, with which I am acquainted.—The people are busy, thrifty, industrious, and exceedingly polite, intensely national, but absolutely ignorant and indifferent about America and American affairs. I have not met any person so ignorant as the Italian count who asked whether it was not dangerous to venture outside of New York on account of the Indians, but they do not seem to know or care that in the vicinity of the noble city of Towson there is a populous and thriving village called Baltimore.—*Cor. Baltimore Day.*

The public schools of Texas will soon have a magnificent endowment. Fifty leagues of land were donated to each of the two state universities, and 33,400,000 acres for the public schools. These lands are being sold at auction to the highest bidder, under certain restrictions, and $4,500,000 is now invested in United States bonds and other securities, the interest upon which is annually applied to sustain the schools. About 25,000,000 acres of school lands remain unsold, and are rapidly increasing in value. The State will have a permanent school fund of from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000, and the universities will have from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 each when the lands are sold.

There is one factory in the State of Connecticut which turns out daily 20,000 pounds of oleo-margarine.

Surprising To Northerners.

A Palatka (Fla.) letter in the New York *Sun*, says: At almost any book store in this State you can buy a score of books, pamphlets and periodicals devoted exclusively to Florida topics. Some of them contain a good deal of information. Yet, having read all of them, the northerner in Florida is continually coming upon facts that are new and surprising to him. You may be surprised:

To observe that a region which was discovered nearly four hundred years ago, and is said to be so inviting to man, has found so few to accept the invitation.

To find (notwithstanding all you read concerning Florida winters) the January sun so warm at midday.

To find (in view of all you have read) so few wild or cultivated blossoms thriving in the sun's rays, and so little fragrance in them.

To find so few birds, barring hawks and other birds of prey, warmed into a voiceful mood by the semi-tropical sun—to find so few birds of any description.

That the duration of twilight is so brief.

To find how little covering you require on your bed upon retiring, and to find how much covering you wish you had when you wake up toward morning.

To see, upon going outdoors, that the ground is not covered with frost, and that the flowers (such as they are) are not killed.

To note how little soil there is, and how many empty tin cans there are above the sand.

To see orange trees, with rich green leaves and loaded with yellow fruit, growing out of the gray sand.

To come across gardens in which plants and vegetables are growing in great variety and luxuriantly in this same sand.

To observe that so few persons have these flourishing gardens, and to be told that not many can afford to buy the quantity of fertilizer this luxury calls for.

To find the sidewalks shaded by orange trees weighted down by tempting golden fruit.

To discover that this golden fruit is wild oranges and very sour.

To be told that strangers should be careful about drinking much of the water at first.

To learn how little self-denial the observance of this caution calls for.

To see how yellow most of the native and acclimated citizens are.

To discover before long that you are turning yellow yourself.

To note how few persons there are who are past 50 years of age.

To see so many idle negro men; to observe that nearly all wear heavy woolen caps, and to learn that their heads are still cold.

To be told by so many of them that they were "rich in the norf."

That the negroes in the docks can't work without making such a bedlam.

That they can do any work while making it.

To discover that your water-tight [illegible] sand, and to be told that everybody's boots and shoes contain more or less sand.

To be forced to the conclusion that wherever there is sand there are red bugs also.

To hear the voice of the nocturnal mosquito in midwinter.

To wait in vain for him to settle down and bite, so that you can get a smack at him, and to be told in the morning that mosquitoes haven't energy enough in winter to do much biting.

To find yourselves wondering whether they, too, are yellow and bilious.

To be assured by a plain and candid-looking white man that the mosquitoes were so thick here last summer that they not only darkened the air at high noon, but put out the lamps which were lighted in the stores.

To find that there are bigger and less [illegible] than lie in nearly every neighborhood.

To have to fight so many flies in the houses in the winter.

To be told that the fleas do not come into the houses in the summer.

To reflect that you permitted yourself to be surprised at this information, when it would have been so much more reasonable to assume that your informant lied.

To come face to face in the sandy wilderness with a pack of gaunt, bony, shaggy beasts of almost every color and resembling nothing you have ever seen before.

To be informed afterward that they were Mr. Julius Lemon's shoats.

To be assured that Mr. Lemon and his family contemplate eating them ultimately.

Mr. Watterson on Eggnog.

Some cranky Virginian, a century or two ago, betook himself to the preparation of a new beverage, but somehow he became mixed in his calculations as he proceeded, and produced a soup.—He pronounced it good, and called it eggnog. We classify eggnog among the soups advisedly, for it hath a due consistency, a rich amount of animal nutrition, and withal the process of cooking is involved, for, as the raw liquor of concoction, whether whisky, brandy, or rum, is poured into the cold conglomerate of beaten eggs, it immediately cooks them. No drink is richer or more generous than this soup in respect to its immediate effect on the palate, and none is more insidious and tricky when it gets in its work upon the interior viscera and gizzard. A hot internecine feud promptly arises between the several incompatible ingredients, and they proceed to dissolve partnership, each element—the whisky, the eggs, the sugar, and the milk—setting up business on its own account.—The result is confusion and chaos. The liver and the lights also become involved in the demoralization in the neighborhood, and ultimately the blood and the nerve centers. The patient, in fact, falls into a stage in which he would be liable to be called drunk ordinarily, though, in fact, he is merely the victim of overfeeding on a most treacherous soup. There have been more useful inventions than this soup, but we would not censure the inventor. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The Wealth of America.

A supplement to *Bradstreet's* contains some interesting information, obtained from advance proofs of the census volume relating to wealth and manufactures, now in press. In 1880 the total number of traders in business, or rather of business enterprises, was 703,328. The commercial houses, and manufacturing firms had a capital invested of $3,334,533,498; real estate, $2,811,417,515; total wealth, including capital invested, personal property and real estate, $7,019,260,812. The capital paid in of incorporated manufacturers was $974,666,335; real estate, including fixed machinery, $457,811,529; total wealth, $1,158,245,020. The grand total of the wealth of the two classes enumerated is $8,177,505,862.

The aggregate wealth of the United States January 1, 1880, was $43,642,000,000, of which $10,197,000,000, or nearly one fourth, is in farms. The value of household furniture, paintings, books, clothing, jewelry, household supplies of food, fuel, etc., is put down at $5,000,000,000. At first glance this seems large, but when it is remembered that there are about 10,000,000 families in the country, and this would allow an average of but $500 for each, the estimate appears moderate rather than excessive.

The other items which go to make up the total are: Residence and business real estate, capital employed in business including water power, $9,880,000,000; railroad and equipment, $5,536,000,000; live stock, farming tools and machinery, $2,406,000,000; mines and supply of product on hand, $780,000,000; average supply of agricultural and manufactured products on hand, $6,160,000,000; churches, schools, asylums, public buildings of all kinds, and other real estate exempt from taxation, $2,000,000,000; specie, $612,000,000; miscellaneous items, including tools of mechanics, $650,000,000.

Of the aggregate capital, equal to $8,177,505,862 invested in industry and commerce in 1880, over one-fifth, or $1,7[illegible], was the share of New York. Massachusetts was second, with $1,0[illegible]; Pennsylvania third with $[illegible]; Ohio fourth, with $[illegible]; Illinois fifth, with $485,000,000, and Michigan sixth, with $300,000,000, Connecticut being seventh, with $296,000,000, California, Missouri and Maryland following next in order and being the only other states with over $2[illegible] each.

The Monjola.

During all the time that Brazil remained a dependency of Portugal, the "fatherland" introduced but one labor-saving machine into the empire. No race of people on the globe could better any mechanical contrivance devised for the saving of physical exertion. The Brazilians are constitutionally and religiously opposed to everything having the least appearance of labor. If they could have their time in entire, uninterrupted idleness, and pay their undivided attention to the proper consumption of [illegible] cigarettes, unalloyed happiness and contentment would be theirs. The people must have possessed the same trait of character while under the reign of the first Dom Pedro, yet the Portuguese were so negligent of the weal of their South American foster children, and so disregarded the demands of the race which desired labor savers and was so saving of labor they couldn't make the labor savers, that but one idea was exported into the empire. From the earliest days of the country the people had ground their mandioca flour by pounding the roots in a rude mortar. This requires considerable personal exertion, even for a slave, and the introduction of a cheap substitute was probably hailed with delight. The monjola is the name of the contrivance designed to do this work and to-day you will see [illegible] of the things over the empire, doing their work with an appearance of laziness very much in keeping with the natives. Shall I describe this great labor saver? Here it is! A beam twenty or thirty feet long is balanced horizontally on an upright post which may be of any height from six to ten feet. One end of this beam terminates in a sort of a hammer or pestle, which is in juxtaposition with a rude wooden mortar set upon the ground. At the opposite end of the beam is a shallow wooden box that is filled with water directed into it by a series of water-works, ditches and troughs. The water pours into the box until it is filled, when it overbalances the pestle end and tips. This [illegible] when the [illegible] returns to its position and drops into the mortar, dealing a heavy blow to the mandioca roots placed there to be pulverized. The box fills again and [illegible] its motions, filling and emptying [illegible] consequent lifting and dropping of the wooden trip-hammer the mandioca is rapidly ground with no more manual exertion than is needed to place the raw material into the mortar and take the finished flour therefrom after the monjola has done its work. In this way this [illegible] piece of machinery thumps away, killing time and crushing mandioca. The patent on this machine has probably expired so you need have no fear of prosecution for infringement if you should choose to manufacture them.—*Will Wayward, in the [illegible].*

In the Midst of Life He was in Business.

On Washington street, Boston, the other afternoon, the mass of snow from the roof of a high building began to slide, and fell in a white and smothering cascade upon the crowded sidewalk. One unfortunate man was caught by it and completely buried from sight. Immediately the people who had avoided a share in his misfortune rushed to his assistance. One man groped into the snow and caught him by the leg; another got a purchase on his arm, and others gripping him by clothing and body, in due time he was brought to his feet again. He presented a sorrowful spectacle, however. His hat looked like a half-inflated concertina, his coat was torn, and his collar hung only by the button on the back of his shirt, and wherever he disclosed a lodging place for the snow in his raiment or person, there the chilling element had established itself. He was apparently lifeless, also, and a great crowd collected, with every manifestation of sympathy. The stranger soon revived, he sighed and opened his eyes, the flash of life returned to his ashen cheek. He saw the concourse about him and smiled, opened his mouth to speak, and as the people crowded around to hear him, said: "Ah-h! that was a narrow escape for me. The perils of winter, even in this temperate zone, are indeed fearful. But how much more terrible are they in the frozen regions of the pole. I have here"—and he opened a sachel which had survived the shock—"the new book describing the sufferings and death of the De Long party, for which I am taking subscriptions and which I should be pleased to sell you at"—but here somebody yelled that another snow-slide was coming, and the crowd vanished like smoke.

Five Cents a Day.

The cumulative power of money is a fact very generally known, but not generally appreciated. There are few men living at the age of 75, hanging on to existence by some slender enjoyment, or pensioners, it may be, on the bounty of kindred or friends, but might, by exercising the smallest particle of thrift, rigidly adhered to in the past, have set aside a respectable sum which would materially help them to maintain their independence in their old age. Let us take the small and insignificant sum of 5 cents, which we daily pay to have our boots blacked, to ride in a car the distance we are able to walk, or to procure a bad cigar we are better without, and see what its value is in the course of years. We will suppose a boy of 15, by blacking his own boots, or saving his car-fare, or going without his cherished cigarette, puts by 5 cents a day; in one year he saves $18.35, which being banked bears interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, compounded bi-yearly. On this basis, when our thrifty youth reaches the age of 65, having set his 5 cents per day religiously aside during fifty years, the result is surprising. He has accumulated no less a sum than $3,893.17. A scrutiny of the progress of this result is interesting. At the age of 30 our hero had $495; at 40, $877; at 50, $1,667; at 60, $2,962. After fifteen years saving his annual interest more than equals his original principal, in twenty-five years it is more than double; in thirty-five years it is four times as much; in forty-five years it is eight times as much, and the last year's interest is $86, or ten and a half times as much as the annual amount he puts by. The actual cash amount saved in fifty years is $912.50, the difference between that and the grand total of $5,896.17—viz., $2,980.67, is accumulated interest. What a magnificent premium for the minimum of thrift that can be well represented in figures.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Century Ago.

Colonel T. W. Higginson thus writes in *Harper's Magazine:* "Mrs. Washington's reception were reproached as 'inductory to the pageantry of courts,' but it was very modest pageantry. Nothing could have been less festive or more harmless than the hospitality of the Presidential abode.' An English manufacturer who was invited there to breakfast reports a meal of admirable simplicity—tea, coffee, sliced tongue, dry toast and butter—'but no broiled fish, as is the general custom,' he adds. At her evening receptions Mrs. Washington offered her guest tea and coffee with plum-cake; at 9 she warned her visitors that the General kept early hours, and after this remark the guests had no choice but to do the same.

"At these entertainments of hers the President was but a guest—without his sword—and found it necessary also to retreat in good order at the word of command. His own receptions were for invited guests only, and took place every other week between 3 and 4 p. m. The President stood before the fire-place in full black velvet, with his hair powdered and gathered into a bag; he wore yellow gloves and silver buckles, with a steel-hilted sword in a white leather scabbard; he held in his hand a cocked hat with a feather. This is the description given by William Sullivan in his 'Familiar Letters on Public Characters.'

"If it was the object of Washington to make these occasions stiffer than the drawing-rooms of any crowned potentate, he succeeded. Names were announced, gentlemen were presented, the President bowed but never shook hands; at 3:15 the doors were closed and the visitors formed a circle; the President made the circuit, addressing a few words to each; they then bowed and retired. It is hard to imagine that these mild entertainments could have been severely censured as extravagant or monarchical; one can better comprehend how the censure could be applied to the street equipage of the new President, the cream-colored carriage painted in medallions, and the liveries of white turned up with green. Yet these were, perhaps, more readily recognized as essential to the dignity of his station. It was with the desire of promoting this dignity that the senators of the new nation were anxious to give the President an official title. The plan was said to have originated with John Adams, who believed 'splendor and majesty' to be important in a republic; and there was a joint committee of congress to consider the matter.

"This committee reported against it, but the dissatisfied senate still favored a title, as it well might, at a time when the senators themselves were habitually called 'Most Honorable.' They proposed to call the Chief Magistrate 'His Highness, the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their Liberties.' The House objected; the country at large was divided. Chief Justice McKean proposed 'His Serene Highness;' somebody else suggested 'The President General,' and Governor Sullivan thought that 'His Patriotic Majesty' would not be inappropriate, since he represented the majesty of the people; Washington himself, it is said, favored 'His High Mightiness,' which was the phrase used by the Stadtholder of Holland. It was the common sense of the nation that swept these extravagances aside; it was one of the many occasions in American history when the truth of Talleyrand's saying has been vindicated that everybody knows more than anybody."

Mr. George Swift's Bear Story.

Mr. George Swift, a ranchman in the Grand Valley, told a story this morning which shows how unenviable is the life of the stock-raiser in that wilderness. A few days ago Mr. Swift let his 3 year old daughter ride upon his horse, and after she had ridden about forty rods from home he lifted her off the animal and told her to run home. On returning home about an hour later he found that the little one had not reached home, and, going to the place where he had seen her last, he found bear tracks in the sand. A posse was formed, and all night was spent in searching for the lost child. In the morning, as the searchers were passing a swampy spot where the underbrush was thick, they heard her voice. They called to the girl to come out of the bushes, but she replied that the bear would not let her. Then the men crept through the brush and when near the spot heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. They found her standing on a log, extending half way across the swamp, and it seemed as though the bear had undertaken to cross the swamp on the log, and, being pursued, left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received some scratches about the face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body, but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where he had taken hold of her clothes to carry her. The child told her rescuers that the bear had put her down occasionally to rest, and would put his nose up to her face, whereupon she would slap him and he would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. Her father asked her if she had been cold during the night, and she told him that the old bear lay beside her and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm. "I believe the little one's story," concluded Mr. Swift, "for there was evidence to prove its truth, and I never knew her to utter a falsehood. Stranger than fiction, is it not?"—*Leadville (Col.) Chronicle.*

Hunting the Ostrich.

In their native desert the ostrich is hunted scientifically. Certain facts are known, one being that the birds will always run in a semicircle. First they run with the wind, that they may use their wings to help them. After they get what the sailors call "a head wind" they go around the other way. They must be run down. One horse cannot "wind" them. The great trouble is to keep them in sight. They will run forty miles at a stretch. If they ever get a breathing spell they will get away. The hunter starts out with a fresh horse. A Bushman boy rides another and leads one. As soon as it is seen which way the bird will run, the boy takes his cue and drives to where he thinks the hunter will need the fresh horse. One of the most singular features is the location of the ostrich's stomach. He carries it on his back between his shoulders, and the food can be seen winding around inside of his neck to get at this out-of-the-way receptacle.

An observant Bostonian, just returned from a tour of the West, says: "The most wonderful thing in the West is the rapidity with which the small towns are building water-works. You can hardly find a town of 3,000 to 10,000 inhabitants without completed or protected water-works. The usual system is a central reservoir, into which the water is pumped and from which it is fed by pressure. Such a system costs from $40,000 to $80,000. The towns usually issue 6 per cent. bonds. This entails annual interest of $2,500 to $5,000. The water rents more than pay this, besides expenses, and provide something for the sinking fund. Enough is saved in insurance alone to balance the interest, while the increased health and convenience is beyond computation."

Only one child remains to the Mikado of Japan, two sons and four daughters having died in his palace.

HEREDITARY TAINTS.

Some Revelations on a Subject Which Concerns the Welfare of the Race and the Happiness of All

(*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*)

To any one who has studied the laws of life, and especially those which relate to reproduction, an experience such as we are about to relate, will come with special force and interest. The transmission of certain mental traits of prominence, and of certain physical traits of equal prominence, are facts which all acknowledge, but which none can understand. The father may be distinguished,—the son, an imbecile; or, the parent may be decrepit and unknown, and the child acheive the highest place possible to humanity. But through it all, there will be certain characteristics which mark the individual as descending from certain ancestors. Too often, indeed, these characteristics are infirmities, and often of a physical nature.

These facts were strikingly brought out during a conversation, which a representative of this paper recently had with Mrs. Carrie D. T. Swift, who is the wife of one of our most prominent citizens. This lady related that she inherited from her parent certain tendencies, over which she had no control, and which were in the nature of blood difficulties, assuming the form of rheumatism. Her experience can best be described in her own words. To the writer she said:

"I felt the beginning of this hereditary taint many years ago, in vague pains, which seemed to come unaccountably and at uncalled for times. They were annoying, exhausting, and interfered not only with my duties, but also totally destroyed my happiness. At first, they would be only transient, appearing for a day or two, and then disappearing: then again they would come in such violent forms, that it was impossible for me to lift a cup to my mouth. Afterwards, my feet and hands swelled so that it was impossible for me to draw on my shoes or gloves without the greatest effort. I realized what the difficulty was but seemed powerless to avert it. I finally became so bad that I was confined to the house and to my bed most of the time. My joints pained me continuously and my feet swelled to enormous proportions. Knowing that I inherited this tendency, I had about abandoned hope, when I began the use of a remedy, which was recommended to me by a friend as being specially efficient in cases of a similar kind. To my great gratitude, I found that it relieved me, restored my appetite, and I am able to say that now I have gained forty pounds in weight, feel perfectly well and am in the best possible condition, owing, wholly, to Warner's Safe Rheumatic cure, which was the remedy I used."

"No one would ever suspect you had suffered so, Mrs. Swift to see you now," remarked the reporter.

"That is what all my friends say. Only yesterday, an acquaintance of mine, whom I had not seen for some time, hesitated, before speaking, and apologized by saying, 'Why, I really did not know you, you have changed so for the better since I last met you, how well you do look.'"

"Have you any objection to giving the name of the party who first mentioned the remedy to you?"

"Not the slightest. It was Mr. R. H. Furman, the photographer."

The newspaper man, after bidding Mrs. Swift good-bye, repaired to the photographic rooms of Mr. Furman, when the following conversation ensued:

"Have you been a sufferer from rheumatism, Mr. Furman?"

"Well, I should think I had."

"For how many years?"

"Twelve or fifteen."

"Did you try to cure it?"

"Yes, I tried, everything, and, at last went to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and nothing seemed to do me any good until I tried Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure."

"And it cured you, did it?"

"Yes, completely."

"And you can cordially recommend it?"

"Yes, indeed, more cordially than anything I have ever know of. It is simply a wonderful medicine. I believe that two-thirds of all cases, both acute and chronic, could be cured as I was cured by the use of this remedy. In fact I know a number of persons who have been in the worst possible condition, and are now completely well wholly through its use."

The statements above made are from sources, the authority of which cannot be questioned. They conclusively prove the value of the preparation named and show that even hereditary traits can be removed by the use of the proper means.

A Hartford Boy's Dead Sure Bets.

For several months Messenger, the druggist, has been selling a safety match with an unpronounceable name. It is a good match, but he failed to see why a certain newsboy needed so many the urchin turning up every day or two and buying a couple of boxes. To appreciate the point it must be noted that the box has two friction sides, on which alone the match will ignite. The other day the clerk asked the boy what use he made of the matches and elicited the following: "Well, sor, I buys them matches and I takes that thing off (pointing to the igniting strip) and pins it on my clothes. Then I bets the boys they can't light the matches except on the box, an' I wins. Then I bets them I can, and I reaches down where that is pinned and I strikes it on my clothes and lights it." The urchin stated that his revenue from this little scheme was about 30 cents a day.—*Hartford Herald.*

Congressman Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, is described as a large, rotund man, with a big, fat, jolly face, and a general air of contentment, as if he were entirely satisfied that the world is wagging along just about as it should. He is said to be the only man in Congress who never prepares a speech before delivery. In general appearance he looks very much like Colonel R. G. Ingersoll.

Thomas K. Beecher is out again in defense of the right and propriety of suicide. If Mr. Beecher had the courage of his convictions, we should hear no more of his nonsense. If dead men never tell lies, they never talk foolishly.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Ventriloquism a Sham.

Of course, says a recent writer, this ventriloquism is a sham. There is no such possibility as throwing the voice to a distance. The old stories of Wyman, the wizard, in which he figures as exploiting such ability in the midst of a crowd, were necessarily fiction. What passes for ventriloquism consists simply of mimicry and facial immobility. The performer must be a space away from his audience, or he is powerless. Whenever he wishes to make them believe that his voice sounds at a distance, he merely lowers it; and indicates the direction for their imagination to take. He can fool them sideways, upwards, downwards or backwards, but he never undertakes to produce the effect of a speaker in the rear. To a listener close by, no ventriloquist can be in the least deceptive. Nor is there any truth in the theory that he talks with the top of his gullet, or aught else than the organs intended by nature to be used. By holding the lips as fixed as possible, and avoiding such words as cannot be pronounced without palpably moving the lips, he assists the delusion.

Gen. Gordon thoroughly believes in Arabi, and subscribed to the fund raised for his defense. Their views for the permanent improvement of Egypt are identical.

For a cold in the head, there is nothing so good as Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

Senator Anthony declines the presidency pro tem of the Senate.

During the war, Dr. Lloyd, of Ohio, from exposure contracted consumption. He says: "I have no hesitation in saying that it was by the use of Allen's Lung Balsam that I am now alive and enjoying perfect health." Don't experiment with new and untried medicines. If you have a cough or cold, take at once Allen's Lung Balsam.

Skepticism was routed when the people knew the virtues of *Samaritan Nervine.* No cure no pay.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS. Brown's Bronchial Troches, like all *really good* things, are frequently imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

"My child is rosy cheeked and cured; *Samaritan Nervine* did it." Mrs. Wm. Schelpeper, Nichols, Iowa. $1.50 at Druggists.

DETROIT, Mich., March 31, 1882.

DR. PENGELLY, Kalamazoo

Dear Sir:—It is against my principles to give testimonials respecting the merits of proprietary medicines, but the Woman's Friend, now Zoa-Phora, is my friend because it has relieved my wife, in her last two confinements, of the unutterable agony which attended her first labor. She used the Friend for about one month previous to expected confinement, and, to use her own language, "would not be without it, under such circumstances, for the world." J. H. P.

N. B.—The above letter is from a prominent Michigan man. To anyone wishing to write to him we will give his full address.

R. PENGELLY & CO

Sold by Druggists.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. $1.

The best and oldest medicine for cure of liver diseases is Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

I AM A NON-BELIEVER in Patent Medicines, but having experienced marked relief from Nasal Catarrh and hoarseness by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, I can recommend it to those suffering from this loathsome complaint and to those afflicted with hoarseness or stoppage of the throat so annoying to singers and clergymen.—LOUIS E. PHILLIPS, 1428 N. Y. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. (Price 50 cents.)

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." clears out rats mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them

"Rough on Coughs," 15c., 25c., 50c., at Druggists Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

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

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS. *From Am. Journal of Medicine.*

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address DR. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

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ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from Nervous Exhaustion, Lost Vitality, Wasting Weaknesses, and all diseases of a Kindred Nature, resulting from whatever causes. Speedy relief and complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood Guaranteed. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address,

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The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S Celebrated Eye Water. This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century, and notwithstanding the many other preparations that have been introduced into the market, the sale of this article is constantly increasing. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits.

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CATARRH

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

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STOMACH BITTERS

The want of a reliable diuretic which, while acting as a stimulant of the kidneys, neither excites nor irritates them, was long since supplied by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This fine medicine exerts the requisite degree of stimulation upon these organs, without producing irritation, and is, therefore, far better adapted for the purpose than unmedicated excitants often resorted to. Dyspepsia, fever and ague, and kindred diseases, are all cured by it. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Do not misunderstand us. Our mode of treatment is by Magnetism pure and simple. We name all we print and have the evidence of thousands of the best physicians in Europe and this country besides almost a legion of those who are wearing our Shields to substantiate all we say. We are the sole importers, in this country, of English Magnets, the best and only lasting in the world.

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[illegible] Yours respectfully, EDMUND R. DOWNEY, Editor Wayne County Courier, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 17, 1883.

[illegible] Yours, WM. GRAY, M. D., 70 Macomb Ave., Detroit, December 6, 1883.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER Liver and Kidney Remedy,

Compounded from the well known Curatives Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Cascara Sagrada, etc., combined with an agreeable Aromatic Elixir.

THEY CURE DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION, Act upon the Liver and Kidneys, AND REGULATE THE BOWELS, They cure Rheumatism, and all Urinary troubles. They invigorate, nourish, strengthen and quiet the Nervous System.

As a Tonic they have no Equal. Take none but Hops and Malt Bitters.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Testimonials in our Pamphlet on "Diseases of Women and Children" Sent gratis. Every woman above 15 years of age, especially Mothers, should read it. Address

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PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH. Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail. E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

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