The Old Plow.

I.

Many a time, old plow, I've followed you
From early morn, when weeds were damp with dew,
Till twilight donned her somber robes of night,
And bellowing bull-bats winged their hurried flight.
Ah, how long the smoking furrows seemed,
When on my head the hot sun fiercely beamed;
How oft amid the rank and waving corn,
Have I listened for the dinner-horn,
A blast proclaiming "jowl" and turnip-greens,
Molasses, buttermilk, cold pie, and beans.
How gladly did I leave you when it rained,
And how with boyish glee the creek I seined,
But what a blow, when welcome clouds were gone,
The voice that said, "Go an' plow that co'n,"
Dispelled at once my glad and joyous dream,
Like pouring clabber into sweetest cream.

II.

The hand of time has used you roughly plow;
Your once bright bar is worn and rusty, now,
And the faded letters on your rotting stock,
Like time-worn carvings on "memorial rock,"
Only in the dreamiest way can tend,
The souls of past and present things to blend.
Old Gray, the lazy horse that used to draw
You through the soil, is long since dead. His "maw"
It always seemed to me, was never full.
How I used to yell and jerk and pull,
But all in vain, for stubborn Gray, alas!
Would turn aside and munch the fox-tail grass.
His "mouth for green stuff" one day took him off,
For while out grazing near the water-trough,
He stumbled o'er a cruel stone and fell,
Ker chunk, heels over head, into the well.
We drew him out with cable, ropes, and steers,
And my young eyes were filled with scalding tears,
When they stretched his lifeless body on the ground,
While mournfully I sobbed and stood around,
A highly-colored picture of the "blues."
Good old friend, I took from him his shoes,
And then I ran with heart not half so sore,
And sold them at the neighboring village store.

III.

A saddening change now marks the farm, old plow;
Fences moved and trees cut down. Oh, how
I'd like to see it as it used to be.
It had been better both for you and me,
If there had been no change from old time then.
For pleasure are for boys, not for men.
Soon you will moulder down into dust,
And I will sink into the damp earth's crust.
But ah, old plow, you're better off than I,
For you have nought to do but idly lie
Upon a bed made soft by rain and dews,
While I am wearing agonizing shoes.
You have no tantalizing bills to meet,
No pug-nosed rooster stops you on the street,
And tells you with a sinner's hardened grin,
That he must have that "small amount of tin,"
Which you have owed his house a month or so.
You have no such trying ordeals, plow, oh no!

—Drake's Magazine.

THE GIPSY'S CURSE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Above the floor on which Sir Philip and his companions now stood was a loft, which was reached by a rough ladder. There was a good view, Job Heston said, from the window up there; and Ilma went up, accompanied only by Sir Philip.

The loft seemed to have been used at one time for stacking corn; but it had not served any purpose for years, and seemed a dreary place indeed. One lattice, small and deeply sunk in the wooden wall, looked out over the landscape; and Ilma gazed through the open loop-hole—for there was no glass in it—at the river flowing brightly in the sunlight, the tumbling weir, the fields and woods, the turrets of the Larches, and the red walls of the Grange peeping from the clustering trees; and through the summer air the voices of Rose and Janie Sabine floated upwards. For fully five minutes Ilma looked out upon the beautiful scene, her vivid imagination conjuring up another picture, when the river would be like a foaming sea, whirling away boughs of trees, and perchance living things too, in its fierce anger. She drew back, shuddering again.

"Come," said Sir Philip gently—"come into the sunshine once more. Why, child, your lips are white!"

He went down the ladder first, and, turning as he stepped upon the floor gave her his hand in courtesy—for active Ilma needed no help. His slight hand closed over hers like a vice and the pressure seemed to reach even to the girl's heart.—If her eyes had met his, if they had been alone, the self-control that kept him silent still would have surely given way.—He felt it, and he knew it—felt, with a kind of terror, how a man may be at the mercy of a moment. But Ilma did not look at him; and Job Heston and Roland Sabine were waiting.

"Ilma thinks the loft a dreary place," said Darrell, smiling and addressing Roland; and then he added to Job, "Your Mill is an eerie place, Heston."

"Ay, that it is, Sir Philip. Missy wouldn't like to be imprisoned here, eh?"

"No," said Ilma, shortly—she had taken a strong dislike to Job Heston.

"I hope you never may be," put in Roland laughing; "for you couldn't escape by the window—it is a clear descent of fifty feet—and you couldn't drop through the trap to this floor without the certainty of breaking a limb."

Ilma made no reply to this; and the visitors descended the stairs, took leave, and rode away. But Roland lingered behind under pretence of tightening his saddle-girths, and Zeph was standing near to him.

"Zeph," he said, "what ails you? What harm has Ilma Costello done you?"

"You know best," replied the girl with a savage gleam in her black eyes.

"Pooh, you fancy that I am in love with her!"

"Fancy? Why do you change color even now, and why do you look so black at Dark Darrell? But if he wants her, he'll have her, be certain."

"Will he, by Heaven?" began Roland passionately.

Zeph's short hard laugh checked him, showing him that he had betrayed himself.

"You're not in love with her, eh?" she said, clenching her hand before her. "No, you needn't tell me any lies, and don't be afraid I'll tell of you. Father would throw me over the weir if he knew you had been making love to me; but it is a sin and a shame; and I'll have my revenge yet on you and the foreign missy."

"Zeph, dear Zeph——"

But Zeph had run off, and Roland was fain to mount his horse and ride after the others. Darrell, glancing back, saw that Roland was talking to Zeph, and he drew his own conclusions; but he said nothing; and the party rode up to the Larches almost in silence. Mrs. Sabine wanted Ilma and her companion to remain for the rest of the day; but Ilma did not like to absent herself from her aunt for so long. Moreover how could she pass the evening in her riding-dress? At first therefore she refused, till it was suggested that Miss Durnford should be sent for, as well as a change of apparel. Perhaps, too, Sir Philip's quick, low "You can surely stay?" helped far more than she would have cared to acknowledge to make her consent.—This was as they were dismounting. Then Sir Philip left Ilma to her cousin, and attended to the Sabine girls.

"How good of you to stay!" said Roland, looking up with beaming eyes, though he wished Darrell had declined the invitation. "Promise me a game at chess, Ilma."

"If you like, Roland," she answered, thinking a great deal more about the flowers still remaining in Zuleika's ear—faded now, but not dead—than about Roland and his request. She would have taken them out if she had dared, but with Roland there, and Sir Philip close by, she felt afraid somehow. Roland, however, had not forgotten them; and, when he had helped Ilma to alight, he turned back with assumed carelessness, and catching the mare's bridle from the hand of the young groom who was holding it, took out the flowers, and threw them upon the ground.

Ilma saw the action, and such a blaze of passion glowed in her eyes and flushed her very brow that Roland recoiled, startled. She sprang forward swiftly, and picked up the flowers, her little hand trembling with the grief and anger which she yet contrived to keep from passing her lips. She felt just then as if she hated Roland; she felt—it seemed to flash upon her like a sudden light—that he had thrown down the flowers because Sir Philip had given them to her; and there was enough childishness in the woman's passion that shook her to make her wish that she had been a boy, and so could have struck her insolent cousin.

"My dear girl," said Roland, seeing that he had made a grievous mistake—Darrell talking to Rose, did not seem to have noticed the episode—"pray forgive me! I had no idea you wanted to keep the flowers; you left them there yourself. They are all dying."

"If I did, what then? why did you go out of your way to touch them?" she answered, and without another word walked straight away and up the terrace-steps.

Roland stood still for a few moments with as black a look on his face as ever a man's face wore; but, as he slowly followed his cousin, his brow cleared somewhat. After all, he said to himself, Ilma had either forgotten the flowers or cared too little for them to take them from the horse's ear herself; and her sudden enthusiasm for them was something very like an outbreak of childish petulance at what she thought gratuitous interference. Roland Sabine understood much better the differences between one soil and another and the qualities that go to make a good hunter than the merest outlines of a woman's nature.

Not one look or action of either personage had escaped Sir Philip Darrell; but his delicacy of feeling had forbidden him to take any overt notice. Why should Ilma be so angry with her cousin's act if she had believed it what he tried to represent it, simply the result of a passing thought? Besides, there was more than anger in the brown eyes, more than she was conscious of; and it made the blood of the man who loved her course swiftly through his veins, and the resolve registered but a few hours since was almost forgotten. She, poor child, would doubtless think it would all pass for a girl's impetuous pride, and would cherish the flowers in defiance of Roland, and not for love of Philip. And he who had bestowed the simple gift drew from it a wild mad hope.

When Ilma reached her dressing-room, she put the flowers carefully in water; and not a few burning tears fell upon the trembling little hands that performed the task. She felt a good deal ashamed of herself, though she scarcely knew why; for she was not a bit ashamed of her anger with Roland; and some idea, too slight for definite thought was struggling in her sorely-perplexed mind that Roland did not think of her as "only a child," whatever Sir Philip thought.

Just as she was ready to descend to the drawing-room, a knock came at the door, and, when she opened it, there was Roland, looking very penitent and imploring, and holding a beautiful half-opened damask rose.

"Do forgive me Ilma," he said, "and wear this rose, will you? I didn't mean to vex you. You know I couldn't have meant that, Ilma."

The appeal was well made to a generous nature. The girl could not reject it, and yet she felt her cousin was less grieved at having offended her than afraid. She did not really forgive him, because she was sure that the feeling that had dictated his conduct was still in his heart; and she knew that he had spoken falsely when he owned only to thoughtlessness. She smiled a little, glanced keenly up at Roland's face from her long thick lashes, and took the rose he offered.

"Never mind," she said gently. "I am very impetuous, Roland. Thanks for the rose. I will wear it."

She took it and gave him her hand. He drew her towards him and kissed her cheek; and for the first time Ilma colored under her cousin's caress, and drew back quickly from him.

"Come down soon," said Roland, with inward elation noticing her confusion; and Ilma promised.

She put the rose in her dress and went down. Mrs. Sabine called her to her side and complimented her on her leap, about which, it seemed, Rose and Janie had been "bragging."

Ilma laughed, and tried to turn the conversation from herself; and the announcement of dinner came to her rescue. At dinner she was placed next to Roland, Sir Philip being opposite between Rose and Janie. Suddenly, while Roland was saying something to her that she hardly heard, for she was listening to what Darrell was saying to her aunt about the opera in Florence, Rose exclaimed—

"Ilma, have you robbed my pet tree of that lovely damask rose?"

"No," answered the girl, starting, but laughing too; "I did not take it. Roland gave it to me."

"Then Roland is the thief; but you are welcome, my dear."

"I am sure she would have been equally welcome if she had taken it," said Mrs. Sabine, smiling. "You must treat this like your own home, Ilma."

"How good you are, aunt Sabine!" returned Ilma gratefully, the quick color flushing her cheek but the deeper because she knew that Sir Philip had looked at her.

Roland glanced at his dark face, and wondered whether his gift had a thorn for him. Sir Philip however read all the story of the flower as plainly as if it had been written on the table before him, and he smiled to himself as he saw the young Squire's look and divined what passed within him. "He dare to think of offering his love to Ilma!" was the haughty Darrell's thought. Wedded to him the girl would indeed be "mated with a clown."

Mrs. Sabine felt anxious on her son's account. She could not help seeing that Ilma's great beauty and fascination had made a deep impression on Roland, and she might well ask herself what the end of life was likely to be, with such a brilliant counter-action as Sir Philip Darrell; and, even if Darrell had not been on the scene, Mrs. Sabine had too much good sense not to see that there was no community of thought between the young Canadian and her Cumberland relative. Nothing was revealed through Ilma's wearing the rose; but she felt certain that Roland meant more in offering it than the girl had any idea of.

(To be continued.)

Canned Food.

It is a singular fact that we are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canning fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Cincinnatians found, in what had been the pantry of a house, many jars of preserved figs. One was opened and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into the jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year canning fruit was introduced into the United States—the process being identical with that in vogue in Pompeii twenty centuries ago. The old ladies in America who can tomatoes and peaches do not realize that they are indebted for this art to a people who were literally ashes but a few years after Christ. There is nothing new under the sun. Canned tomatoes and loaded dice—the people of Pompeii had both.—*D. R. Locke, in Toledo Blade.*

Personal Cleanliness.

Bathing is conservative of health, but all persons do not find it so. A cold plunge bath is by no means a panacea for all human ills, as some seem to think. An occasional wash from head to foot in winter, and bathing frequently in summer, may be considered among the valuable agencies for promoting health. But I have known delicate people to be injured instead of being benefited by cold bathing. For most persons a wet sponge passed rapidly over the surface and followed soon by friction with a rough towel is bath enough for health purposes. When a cold bath is not followed by a good surface glow, it is doing more harm than good.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says lime put in the crib with wet corn will keep it from fermenting.

Five hundred million dollars' worth of property is included in New York's dry-goods district.

GLEANINGS.

Gath says that mahogany furniture is all the rage now.

In England florists complain that there is less sunshine than there formerly was.

John McGready, a cousin of the "Avenger" O'Donnell, lives in Lonaconing, Md.

Scooba, Miss., boasts of an ox seen on her streets with two perfectly formed tails.

Robert Toombs, of Georgia, says he would have written a book long ago had not his papers been seized at the close of the war and lost beyond recovery.

A giantess named Ann Dunn died in London a few days ago, aged thirty-nine. She weighed nearly 500 pounds, was nearly 9 feet high and measured round the shoulders over 3 feet.

Dr. Fletcher of the insane asylum at Indianapolis, celebrated Christmas by burning all the mechanical restraints and instruments of punishment in that institution, and instituting a season of moral suasion.

The Rochester *Democrat* would better pocket its theory of sun-spots and decayed sunsets, and steal silently away, for the London *Times* of the 8th prints an article, covering three and a half columns and containing upwards of 5,500 words, every bit of which favors the theory of burnt Java.

The *Athenaeum*, of Boston, complains of the intellectual and literary decadence of that city, and prophesies a day, which will not be far off, when Boston will "look back with wonder, half regretful, but half contemptuous, on the time when she was known as the Athens of America."

Proctor Knott is beginning to understand that being Governor is not altogether funny. He has at his disposal the appointment of State Librarian, and forty handsome widows are tumbling over each other to get the place. He ought to have made the selection a month ago, but he hesitates.

A remark made some time since by Mr. Spurgeon, that he considered the Scotch people owed much of their strength of character to the regard paid to the book of Proverbs, has led a French Christian to print and circulate widely a copy of the Proverbs of Solomon, as an antidote to the lax morality which now obtains in France.

A young woman in Holyoke, Mass., called on the City Clerk, and, after examining the marriage license register, told him to erase her name, as the young man who had taken out a certificate did it without her leave, and she did not propose to marry him. She was accommodated.

Henry Stanwood, of Philadelphia, facetiously gave 3 cents to a colored minister who was collecting money to build a church, and two minutes afterward discovered that he had given one penny and two $5 gold pieces. He jumped to overhaul the collector, but the good old laborer in the vineyard had disappeared.

Apropos of the recent arrest of private detectives, the New York *World* remarks: "The detective population needs thinning out. About three private detectives to every married man and woman in the country would be a safe proportion, and it should not be allowed to run over that, for the simple reason that when three-fourths of the population undertake to detect each other confusion ensues."

An Alabama paper claims that many of the persons who left that state for Texas have quickly repented and are on their way back, and a North Carolina journal records with delight the return of many North Carolinians who had tried "pastures new" in the Southwest without realizing expectations. Their report is that with similar effort the old Southern States will yield as good a living as those west of the Mississippi.

During her sojourn at a hotel a lady broke an article belonging to a china toilet-set. On leaving the house she was charged with the entire set. As remonstrance was unavailing she paid the bill, and, pleading the excuse of having forgotten something, returned to the room and broke each and every article of the set for which she had paid. And some people say women are not clever.

A French meteorologist has, in the exposed court of his house, two bars of iron planted in the earth, to each of which is planted a conductor of coated wire, terminating in a telephonic receiver. His practice is to consult the apparatus twice or thrice every day, and it never fails, through its indications of earth currents, to give notice of the approach of a storm twelve to fifteen hours ahead.

Here is a description of a Russian prison, written by Professor Thun, of Leipsic: "The prison at Kara, near Irkutsk, is said to be one of the worst. It is an ordinary farm house, surrounded by a high fence. There are no tables or chairs, only platforms, on which the prisoners lie packed like sardines. The food consists merely of bread and soup, with a very little grit. There is no hospital or other care for the sick. All those condemned to hard labor are compelled to wear chains, whether at work or in prison, and all correspondence is forbidden."

A letter from St. Albans to the Keene (N. H.) *Sentinel* says Vermont has a peculiar way of arranging its property for taxation. It makes up what is called a "grand list," which is $1 on every hundred of its actual valuation; so that a town that has a grand list of $10,000 has a valuation of $1,000,000. And on this basis of a grand list taxes are laid. Most of the towns vote a tax of from 30 to 50 cents on a dollar of the grand list, while occasionally towns more expensive or more in debt lay a tax larger than the grand list itself.

Buying Illicit Whisky.

It is not so easy, says a North Carolina letter, to buy illicit whisky as one might imagine. This is the way it is often done: The purchaser puts his jug or bottle in the hollow or stump of a certain tree with the price of the liquor. Returning the next day he finds the jug full and the money gone. There is also what is termed the "horn racket." Alongside the road is hung a big horn attached to the limb of a tree by a string. If you want to buy the juice, you blow a blast, and pretty soon a girl comes out of the bushes and puts a bottle in your hand; you give her the money and without a word she disappears. To flirt under the circumstances would be dangerous, as a six-foot "moonshiner" is, in all probability, at point blank range, with his hand on the trigger of his favorite persuader. During the two years I have spent among the North Carolina "moonshiners" I have seen half a dozen girls who in beauty of form and feature would discount most of your New York belles. These girls are as quick as a steel-trap too, as the following incident will illustrate:

One of the distiller's daughters went to a dentist in Columbia to have four teeth extracted. They were back teeth, and big ones, so the dentist induced the girl—who was particularly pretty—to take nitrous oxide gas. As she was such a handsome "subject," the dentist, who was an unmarried man, could not resist the temptation to steal a kiss for every tooth he extracted, while she was unconscious. The young woman was not so much "under the influence," however, as he thought, and she determined to pay him back in a novel manner. On arising from the chair she said she had forgotten the money, but would send the amount—$2—by her father next day. The next morning a six-foot "moonshiner" came to the dentist's office and presented the dentist a bill from his fair customer, in which she gave him credit for extracting four teeth ($2), and charged a dollar each for the four kisses, adding at the bottom of the bill the significant words: "Pa will collect the balance, two dollars." The dentist sized "Pa" up at a glance, from the bowie-knife in his boot to the navy six shooter in his belt. He paid the bill.

Scientific Miscellany.

The kola nut, the stimulant so highly prized among African tribes that in times of scarcity a slave has been given for a single kernel, is the product of a tree of the family sterculiacea. Four or five of the seed, or nuts, grow together in a rough brown pod. Each seed has a red or white color, or both, and contains a kernel somewhat like that of a peanut and about two inches long. The taste of the nut is sweet, astringent and bitter in succession. The kola crop is gathered twice a year. When fresh the nut is chewed as if it were tobacco; when dry it is powdered and eaten. Its effect is remarkable, as it sustains the system for a long time under the greatest fatigues, even without food, while it is considered a certain preventive of dysenteries, and is said to make foul water drinkable and harmless. With the African tribes the kola nut is in order on all occasions, and is almost indispensable in important business transactions, in treaties, in declarations of war, as a present at weddings, in religious observances and in judicial proceedings.

In the last ten years relics of the industry of the early inhabitants of Switzerland known as the lake-dwellers have been accumulated in great quantities. Dr. Victor Gross states in a recent work that the articles of bronze alone which have been found in the lakes of Bienne and Neufchatel number 10,680, of which more than 5,000 are in his own collection. Many articles of stone, pottery and iron have been brought to light in addition. In these archaeological discoveries Dr. Gross finds evidence that the period in which the prehistoric Swiss inhabited the dwellings built on the lakes was one of long duration, covering the successive stages of civilization from the primitive age in which metals were unknown and man's implements were rudely formed in coarse pottery and rough stones, through the age of finely-worked stones, followed by the age in which stones were still used and metals were introduced, then by the age of fine bronze and a highly-developed state of the arts, to the age in which iron appeared.

A single plant of a new species of potato—which has received the botanical name of Solanum Ohroudi—was some time ago discovered on a small uninhabited island at the mouth of the River Platte in South America. The tubers, about the size of hen's eggs, were carried to France and planted. The taste of the tubers was bitter, with a chestnut flavor, but under cultivation the quality is reported to be improving. The yield is abundant, and as little labor is required to raise the crop, it is thought that the new potato may furnish a desirable food for cattle even if it does not become sufficiently improved for table use.

The international Bureau of Weights and Measures, at Paris, whose object is to verify the metric standards of the world according to one universal standard, is able to perform work of really wonderful accuracy in its comparing rooms. With the means there provided, it is possible, according to Mr. H. J. Chaney, to ascertain a difference between two kilogram weights not greater than a three-hundred-millionth part of one of the weights; and in the comparison of two meters a difference so small as thirty-nine-ten-millionths of an inch (or one ten-thousandth of a millimeter) can be determined.

For several years a record has been kept of the health of six hundred and seventy-two persons employed in the aniline color works at Hochst-on-the-Main, in order to ascertain the extent to which aniline colors are liable to injure people handling them. The result has shown that the more poisonous compounds have caused a few mild cases of ailment, but Doctor Grandhomme finds that the average mortality of the work-people has been low. It happens therefore that users of coal-tar colors have little to fear from poisoning.

Hancock Defeated.

When Hancock was stationed in this city in 1858-61, as quartermaster of the southern district of California, he was an athlete of no small pretensions. Among the animals used for transportation, and over which he had charge, were a number of camels, some of which were the possessors of vicious tempers. One, a large buck, was a continual source of trouble, and he generally made it lively for the unlucky individual who had occasion to go within the inclosure in which he was confined. On one occasion Hancock went into the corral on some matter of business, but as soon as the old camel saw him he started on the dead run for his unlucky victim. The man who has since become famous on many a hard-fought battle ground did not quail from the attack of his formidable antagonist, and soon a Græco-Roman wrestling match of the most approved style was taking place, that would cause even the redoubtable Muldoon to pale with envy. The hero of Gettysburg, with a haven't-got-long-to-live expression on his face, was first thrown into the air, his heels pointing straight toward the heavens and the next moment hurled with irresistible force to the earth. Several rounds were fought without Hancock losing his grip, but the camel was just getting into the right trim for an all-day fight, and, being within a few feet of the fence, Hancock watched his opportunity and suddenly released his hold and started for the house. How he got over the ten-foot fence has never been satisfactorily settled, and as Hancock was always reticent on the subject, it will probably never be explained, unless, at this late day, he unbosoms himself.—*Los Angeles Times.*

A South American Snake Story.

In Paraguay, at Guaza-Cua, a woman going to bathe in the lake laid her child down under a neighboring tree and walked down to the water. A giboia, however, was on the lookout for prey at the shore, sprang at her and seized her before she could escape. Soon afterwards a horseman passing near heard some cries, and on examining around saw the child alone under the tree. Suspecting some disaster he rode down to the lake and there saw a huge snake swallowing the woman, who was already drawn in up to the waist. Hastily tying his two lassoes together, the man threw the noose over the woman and under her arms, and spurring his horse, succeeded in drawing the unfortunate woman's still palpitating body from the throat of the disappointed monster. Whether the woman survived is not stated.—*Anglo-Brazilian Times.*

A Cleveland woman tried holding a baby as collateral security for a board bill. She took care of the child so that its mother could work in a store, when the mother failed to pay the bill refused to give it up, and the owner of the property had to seek courts of law and get a writ of habeas corpus.

Money often leads men astray. Some of them will run after a dollar, but a bound dog is more avaricious. He will follow a scent.

Simple Home Remedies.

The following remedies for many simple ailments we find recommended in *Hall's Journal of Health*. And while the remedies may not be new to many of our readers they will be found useful to all. We now publish them that they may be at hand for ready reference.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drank will instantly relieve "heart burn," or dyspepsia. If taken in the morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time, it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it in allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint of tepid water it acts promptly as an emetic, and, in cases of poisoning, is always on hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in cases of hemorrhage, particularly for bleeding after the extracting of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations. Mustard is another valuable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three teaspoonsful of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly and is milder and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal made into a paste with warm water and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the indispensible "mustard plaster." It is almost a specific for the colic when applied for a few minutes over the "pit of the stomach." For all internal pains and congestions there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter-irritant by bringing the blood to the surface; hence in severe cases of croup a small mustard plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck. The same kind of treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left in one place it is liable to blister. A mustard plaster acts equally as well when at considerable distance from the affected part. An excellent substitute for mustard plaster is what is known as "mustard leaves." They come a dozen in a box, and are about four by five inches. They are perfectly dry, and will keep for a long time. For use it is only necessary to dip one in a dish of water for a minute and then apply it. Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in cases of burns and scalds. It may be used on the surface of the burned place either wet or dry. When applied promptly, the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects. Owing to colds, over-fatigue, anxiety and other causes, the urine is often scanty, highly colored, and more or less loaded with phosphates which settle to the bottom of the vessel on cooling. As much soda as can be dipped up on a ten cent piece, dissolved in half a glass of cold water and drank every three hours, will soon remedy the trouble.

Animal Fascination.

Is there not a good deal of nonsense about the wonderful fascination that poets and authors have from time immemorial attached to the snake tribe? They possess a peculiar charming power exhibited by the cat which eats up the canary, we are told, and the animal falls at once by a sort of magnetism into the fangs of death. Any one who has seen the snakes fed at the Zoo, and those who have not have certainly seen the doves placidly roosting on the boa constrictor's body as he lays coiled on the sandy floor of his cage, must have noticed how perfectly at home the birds seemed to be. The snake kills the bird not by any fascination, but by activity. Animals, such as rabbits or rats, put into a cage with a snake run over their bodies, smell inquiringly at their noses and sometimes proceed to nibble their bodies. Put a rabbit in a cage with a puff adder, and they both exhibit the most remarkable indifference. When the rabbit is dropped from above right on to the body of the snake every one would expect it to be eaten at once. Not so. He runs all around the cage, passing over the snake's body several times, seeking some outlet to escape. Then he quietly smells the reptile's nose, and sitting down directly in front of him, proceeds to wash his face and ears. Birds hop on the bodies of snakes with perfect freedom, and sparrows frequently sit on the body of a snake by the hour. A guinea pig has been known to go to sleep in the coils of an Australian diamond snake. Ducks and pigeons sometimes eye the snake with suspicion, but so they do human beings who come to look at them. The truth is the fascination business has been overdone. It is a worthy example of the persistency of superstition. Almost every literature in the world alludes by way of metaphor to the fascinating powers of snakes.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Story of a Free Pass.

Mrs. James P. Caldwell rode on a free pass the other day from Mexico, Mo., to Leadville, Col., to see her son. This pass was given to her husband and herself twenty years ago, and is a life pass for both, and will pass them over any railroad in the United States. It was given them by the North Missouri railroad company after they had respectfully declined the company's offer of a gift of $10,000. How the company happened to offer the couple—who were well-to-do in the world—a gift of $10,000 is told by the *Hannibal Journal*: In January, 1861, the confederate bushwhackers set fire to the bridge over Young's creek, and Mr. Caldwell got out of bed in season to check the flames with a pail of water. Then he hurried to Centralia to give the alarm, leaving his wife and children to keep the fire in check. It was a bitter cold night, and Mrs. Caldwell had to wrap her children in blankets, but despite the cold they worked and extinguished the flames. The bridge, however had been reduced to a mere shell. Mrs. Caldwell knew that it could not bear up a train that was almost due, and hurrying to her house, she got a lantern and stood on the bridge in the biting blasts of a January night until the train, with its freight of human life, had been warned and stopped.

Good Enough for Ordinary Wear.

A story is told of Mrs. Flood, wife of the California millionaire, who, when in New York comparatively recently, visited Tiffany's and asked to be shown the choicest and most expensive necklace on the premises. The most superb of the Tiffany jewels failed to satisfy her, and the firm offered to send to Paris and import the handsomest necklace to be found in the city. Mrs. Flood had returned to California by the time the gorgeous ornament arrived, and the necklace followed her to her Pacific home. She refused to accept it, declaring that it was not good enough to encircle her queenly neck, and suggested that it should be offered to Mrs. Stanford, wife of the governor. Mrs. Stanford was not so difficult to please as Mrs. Flood. She purchased the necklace, but only, as she was careful enough to let Mr. Tiffany know, for "breakfast wear," it not being expensive enough to do duty on more formal occasions. The cost of the necklace was over $100,000.—*N. Y. Cor. Savannah News.*

Rings for Brides.

"Are wedding rings expensive? Well, no; they vary in price, but the dearest of them would break a comparatively poor man. This is the cheapest we have, fourteen carats and not very thick, and it only costs $4. This again is the most expensive I have in stock, weighs tolerably heavy, you see; is of the finest gold used for manufacturing purposes, twenty-two carats, and costs $15. Seems almost too heavy to wear, doesn't it? But a ring that would gall and weigh down a woman's finger wouldn't be unsuitable to some marriages, after all. Yes, I sell quite a few of the cheaper ones. You would naturally think that as a man only buys one, or at most two such articles in the course of his life, he would not mind spending a few dollars on it. But that's according to how they feel, too.

"Some men aren't overburdened with sentiment. Why, a man bought a ring in September last, haggled over the price and chose one at $7. Day before last Sunday he came in and wanted the size altered straight-away. He was dressed in mourning and looked like a well-to-do clerk. He explained that his first wife had died in November, and he was going to be married again Christmas day, and as the ring was 'hardly worn' he thought it was no use buying another!

"Rings are broader and heavier than they were thirty years ago, but as a rule the purchaser's choice is guided pretty much according to how the lady feels about it. They say that in England the thin, old-fashioned ring is coming in again, but in New York, as I say, the ladies mostly prefer a broad and heavy one, and before marriage anyhow a man generally is guided by his future wife's inclinations, and everything is done according to how she feels about it."—*N. Y. Jeweler.*

An Important Want.

A Russian Colonel sold one of his horses to a merchant at a very high price, intimating at the same time that he was very loath to part with it, the animal being so capable and intelligent as "only to want a tongue in order to be perfect." The merchant's delight at his bargain, however, was somewhat dashed by the news brought him next day by his groom that the horse was incapable of drinking properly, having only half a tongue. At this fatal revelation of the Colonel's real meaning his victim at once laid the case before a magistrate; but the defendant maintained, amid the uproarious laughter of the entire court (including even the presiding Judge himself), that he had given his customer fair warning of the defect, his words being that the horse "only wanted a tongue to make him perfect," and he appealed to the plaintiff himself for a confirmation of his statement, which the latter, with extreme reluctance eventually gave. The magistrate pronounced that nothing could be done, and recommended that the affair should be compromised.

George D. Robinson, Governor of Massachusetts, recommends that weekly payments of employes be made obligatory.

PENSIONS.

Soldiers, Dependent Fathers, Minors, Mothers and Widows, if you are in doubt as to whether you have received all that is due you from the U. S. Government, send to us for blanks and instructions. Stoddart & Co., 413 G St., Washington, D. C.

Senora Santa Anna, widow of the celebrated general and ex-president of Mexico, who died eight years ago, is 43 years of age, although she looks 10 years older. She lives in the city of Mexico, and has for a companion a young lady named Bristol, a daughter of a merchant of Niles, Mich.

It is very pleasant to follow one's inclinations; but, unfortunately, we cannot follow them all. They are like the teeth sown by Cadmus—they spring up, get in each others way, and fight.—Landon.

Why is it that so many neglect coughs and colds until they get consumption? Why is it that so many die of consumption? It is because they do not come and be healed. Ever on shows a sure conqueror of throat and lung diseases is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and that it can be got of any druggist.

The Toronto Globe credits many young Canadian women with the good sense of no longer regarding domestic service as menial, as women generally seem to believe, and prefer the drudgery of the kitchen to the drudgery of the factory. The result of this change of feeling is that good domestic servants can be obtained at moderate wages, which, for plain cooks, range from $8 to $10 a month, and for house maids from $6 to $8. If more American girls could be made to see domestic service in the same light these Canadian girls do, they would be better fed, better clothed, better housed and happier.

No disease will trouble you if you keep your blood pure, your kidneys strong, your bowels regular and your mind clear by an occasional use of that great reviver and supporter of health and strength known as Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Its praise should be in every mouth! Its merit should be known by all!

Without mounting up by degrees, a man cannot attain to high things; and the breaking of the ladder casteth a man back, and maketh the thing wearisome, which was easy.—Sir P. Sidney.

"Luck," said Garfield, "is an ignis fatuus. You may follow it to ruin but never to success. * * * Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.

There is a tint of purple noticeable in all the new blue fabrics, and some satins and silks are of an intense purple shade. White satin, brecaded with purple velvet pansies, is exceedingly rich, and is used for panels, vest, and tablier in combination with Ottoman or other heavy silk material.

If you feel yourself growing weaker, your strength failing, the functions of your body becoming impaired, take warning in time! Your blood is starving for want of nourishment. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is food for the blood. It purifies this stream of life and strengthens every part of the body, rebuilds a broken down constitution, produces dreamless slumber, and restores wasted energies and a scattered nervous system. A trial bottle will convince. No other remedy equals it.

Among the weather proverbs associated with the month of April are the following:

A cold April,
The barn will fill.
An April flood
Carries away the frog and his brood.
April showers
Make may flowers.
When April blows his horn,
It's good for both hay and corn.

An inward sincerity will, of course, influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other.—Sterne.

All poisonous matter is carried off from the system by *Samaritan Nervine*. $1.50.

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

St. Cloud, Minn, Nov. 5, 1883.

Dr. Pengelly:
Dear Sir—I have recently moved here from Mason, Mich. I had been taking your Zoa-Phora, or "Woman's Friend," and when I got here, much to my disappointment, I was unable to find it here.
I have for four years been a sufferer from female diseases, brought on by 10 years of hard work on a farm. Much of the time I have not been able to be on my feet; but I am satisfied that with a few more bottles of your medicine I shall be a well woman.
I enclose pay for two bottles. Please send as soon as possible. Mrs. E. P. Rowe.

I CAN SAFELY recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh, Cold in the Head etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time.—HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Expres Co., Grand Haven, Mich. (Price 50 c.)

THOSE COMPLAINING of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice. 25 cents a box.

"The only medicine I recommend." Thus said a druggist of Dr. Sandford's Liver Invigorator.

We recommend Dr. Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this class cannot use them without benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

Is your body racked with pain and your mind tortured with agonizing doubts as to your ever being cured? Thousands of testimonials from the most reputable citizens in every part of the country prove that Athlophoros is able to conquer the most stubborn case of rheumatism or neuralgia. Price $1 per bottle. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Athlophorus Co., 112 Wall Street, N. Y.

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.

LAST WINTER I found positive relief from Catarrh with Ely's Cream Balm. Was troubled for years. I have no doubt a thorough use of Cream Balm will cure a great majority of cases.—E. D. NORTON, Ithaca, New York. (See ad.)

"For 9 years my daughter had epilectic fits," writes J. N. Marshall, of Granby, Mo., "*Samaritan Nervine* cured her." At Druggists.

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.

Farms in Michigan

Descriptive and Price-List now ready for FREE DISTRIBUTION. Over 300 first-class Farms, ranging from 40 to 800 acres, at prices from $2 to $100 per acre. The premium farm of 700 acres at $75 per acre. Address Geo. W. Snover, Real Estate and Loan Agent, 103 Griswold st., Detroit, Mich.

PINE LANDS FOR SALE.

We Offer for Sale on Wisconsin Central Railroad

10,000,000 very choice white pine.
1,500,000 in 45 n., 11 w., Michigan.
1,500,000 in 44 n., 10 w., Michigan.
5,000,000 in 34 n., 4 e., Michigan.
1,500,000 in 26 n., 5 e., Michigan.

and some forty other groups. Send for list containing full descriptions and estimates.

DAVID PRESTON & CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

All First-class Grocers Keep Them.

ASK FOR WAFER CRACKERS

The Wafer Butter Cracker is acknowledged by consumers to be the best. Ask your grocer for them. Made by Lawrence Depew & Co. Detroit, Mich.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Regeneration for enfeebled systems, suffering from a general want of tone, and its usual concomitants, dyspepsia and nervousness, is seldom derivable from the use of a nourishing diet and stimulation of appetite, unaided. A medicine that will effect a removal of the specific obstacle to renewed health and vigor, that is a genuine corrective, is the real need. It is the possession of this grand requirement which makes Hostetter's Stomach Bitters so effective as an invigorant.

For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

ZOA-PHORA

IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY
For all Complaints peculiar to
WOMEN,
YOUNG OR OLD.
HUSBANDS AND MOTHERS | OF Sickly | WIVES AND DAUGHTERS
SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Testimonials furnished. Our Pamphlet on
"Diseases of Women and Children"
Sent gratis. Every woman above 15 years of age, especially Mothers, should read it. Address
R. PENGELLY & CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.
All letters marked private are read by Dr. Pengelly only.

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.

Answer This.

My mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from severe attacks of paralysis and headache. Ed. *Oswego Sun.*

My little, sickly, puny baby, was changed into a great bouncing boy and I was raised from a sick bed by using Hop Bitters a short time.
A YOUNG MOTHER.

No use to worry about any Liver, Kidney or urinary trouble; especially Bright's Disease or Diabetis as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible.

I had severe atacks of gravel and Kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters. They cured me in a short time.
T. R. ATT

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness or neuralgia or any disease of the stomach, liver or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure.

Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters if taken in time.

Ludington, Mich. Feb. 2, 1879. I have sold Hop Bitters for four years, and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and all diseases incident to this malarial climate.
H. T. ALEXANDER.

Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875. SIRS—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder, it has done for me what four doctors failed to do—cured me. The effect of the bitters seemed like magic to me.
W. L. CARTER.

GENTS—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. STOETZEL, 638 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

ASK FOR HOPS & MALT TRADE MARK BITTERS
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.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.
Hops and Malt Bitters Co.
DETROIT, MICH.
TONIC

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE STOCK FOR SALE.

Intending purchasers of Short Horns are invited to inspect the College herd which now numbers some forty head. All stock registered in American Herd Book and embraces such reliable families as Rose of Sharon, Peri and Victoria Duchess, Young Mary, Phoenix, Harriet, etc. Col. Acomb 2d, 37981, is at the head of the herd. Ayrshire cows and heifers, South Down and Merino sheep, Essex, Berkshire and Poland China swine. Stock for sale at all times at very reasonable prices. Address
Samuel Johnson,
Superintendent of Farm,
Lansing Mich.

DR. DYE'S
30 DAYS' TRIAL
(BEFORE) (AFTER)
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,
Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS
Has a Pad differing from all others, is cup shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person would with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.
EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

AGENTS Send for E. B. TREAT'S new books, including MOTHER, HOME, and HEAVEN, prose and poetry: by 400 best authors. 146,000 sold. Elegantly ill., $2.75. Send $1 for outfit. Also 5000 Curiosities of the Bible. $1.75. By mail. E. B. TREAT, 757 Broadway, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST."
ENGINES, Horse Powers THRESHERS SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
Suited to all sections. Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.
Best and Cheapest. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Soldiers' Gov't Orders promptly attended to. Apply to
CHAS. M. EVANS, GOV'T MANUF'R,
103 W. 4th St., CINCINNATI, O.

ASTHMA Relieved immediately and cured by using CONE ASTHMA CONQUERER. Price $3 per bottle or 3 bottles for $8, delivered. Address DR. C. MARET, Manager, Hamilton, Ohio.

Lady Agents Earning $3 a day selling XXX Blended tea. An imported gold band china cup and saucer given with each lb. Price 60c. Send for particulars. Jas. B. Clark, 288 Greenwich st., N. Y.

AGENTS Wanted. $75 per month easily made selling our washer. Price $2. Address Michigan Washer Co., St. Clair, Mich.

PATENTS! Thos. P. Simpson, Washington, D.C. No pay asked for patent until obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

Cancer A new treatment—A positive cure.—Dr W. C. Payne Marshalltown, Ia.

W.N.U. D—2—20

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.
Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.