Something Very Soothing.

There is something very soothing in the use of St. Jacobs Oil for the cure of Neuralgia. It soothes the pain, while it strengthens and restores the weak nerves to a natural condition. It is prompt and sure.

Curiosities of Lakes.

If lakes have no overflow to the sea the water always becomes salty, particularly if there is small rainfall and much evaporation. The Caspian sea is properly a salt lake. So is the Dead sea. There are several lakes of considerable size in Canada which have no visible inlets, being fed entirely from subterranean sources.—Chicago Chronicle.

DRIFT WOOD.

Bullets of stone were used as late as 1514.

Breeches among the Greeks were a sign of slavery.

The topaz was the second stone in the breast of the Hebrew high priests.

Chicona, from which quinine is made, was called "Jesuits' bark" by the Spaniards.

If all the tunnels of the world were placed end to end they would reach a distance of 514 miles. They number about 1,142.

The largest gold coin in existence is worth about $315. It is the ingot or "loof" of Annam, and its value is written on the coin with India ink.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

There have been 27 cases of insanity in the Bavarian royal family during the last 100 years.

It is curious fact that there are no direct descendants of Napoleon, Wellington, Washington or Walter Scott.

Each of the 32 cities in Massachusetts has one or more public libraries and only 18 of the 321 towns are so supplied.

Henry Norman says it is calculated that Kipling made $75,000 by the serial book rights of his latest volume of stories, "The Day's Work."

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway has conferred the Order of Vasa on August Peterson, of Washington, in recognition of his services in founding colonies of his countrymen in America.

Mrs. Oliphant has written 74 novels and six biographies; Miss Braddon has produced 55 novels; Miss Yonge, 53; "Ouida," 35; William Black, 30; Sir Walter Besant, 27; and Rider Haggard, 16.

THE TRIBUTE DAY OF LIBERTY AND ENLIGHTENMENT.

WIDOW DARBY'S VALENTINE.

THE widow Darby, fair, plump and looking far younger than her 45 years, had ridden into town with Jared Kent because her horse had lamed himself that morning, and Jared "happened to be going in," and had asked the widow to ride with him.

Jared was what some of the people of the neighborhood called a "regular born old bach." He had flouted and scorned womanhind most of the fifty years of his life, and had openly set forth his conviction that men were "better off without 'em than with 'em," particularly when it come to "marrying of 'em." He had held to this conviction so long and had proclaimed it so boldly and so constantly that all of the match-makers in the rural neighborhood in which he lived had given him up a hopeless case beyond the pale of their schemes for making a benedict of him.

Jared was not, like most avowed women haters, a crabbed, cross-grained, sneeringly cynical man, which made his celibacy all the more unpardonable in the eyes of the match-makers.

"He'd make a real good husband if he'd try," they said. "Then he has the nicest farm in the neighborhood, with one of the best houses on it and money out at interest, although he's not a bit mean and stingy. He'll do his full share always for a neighbor in distress. It isn't because he's too stingy to support her that Jared doesn't get him a wife."

It was a clear, crisp morning in February when Jared rode to the village with the widow Darby seated beside him in his neat little cutter. The sleighing was fine and the air keen and exhilarating. It gave the widow's plump cheeks a beautiful crimson glow and made her black eyes sparkle. She was in high spirits and her laugh rang out frequently as merry and rippling as the laugh of a child.

But then the widow Darby was proverbially cheery. She had suffered keenly the loss of her husband and both of her children, but time had softened her grief, and she was too wise to spend her life in gloom and grief over the loss of those who were beyond all care and sorrow.

She had a comfortable little home and a few acres of land adjoining Jared Kent's. She had known Jared all of her life, but not once had she thought of him as a possible successor to Joel Darby.

"Jared will never marry any one," she had said. "He isn't of a marrying disposition. Some men are that way. It's all they lack to make 'em what God intended they should be. My husband and I used to talk Jared over a good deal, and we did our full share to get him settled for life with a good wife. We used to invite lots of nice girls, young and elderly both, to our house and then have Jared come over to tea and to play croquet with him. He'd be nice and pleasant and all that, but he never came any ways near falling into any of the traps we set for him. We thought once that he did take a kind of a shine to a nice, sweet, real good looking girl of about 30 named Janet Deane from over Shelby way, who was visiting us. She'd of made him an awful good wife, and I sung her praises all the time, but nothing came of it."

"It's an elegant morning, isn't it?" said Jared, as he and the widow flew along over the hills and through long lanes in which the snow was drifted almost to the top rails of the fences.

"Oh, it's lovely!" replied the widow. "I like snow."

"So do I. You got much to do in town?"

"No; I'll be through with all of my errands in an hour. I can let something go if you don't want to stay in town that long."

"Oh, that'll be none too long for me. Where shall I meet you?"

"I'll be at Smith & Hanscom's dry goods store, any time you say."

"We'll call it 11 o'clock, then."

It was three minutes after 11 when Jared drove up to the appointed place of meeting. The widow had stepped into the sleigh and he was tucking the robes in around her when she said:

"There, Jared, I'm just like other women; I've forgotten something."

"What is it?"

"I forgot to go around to the postoffice. I know that there's nothing there for me, because one of the Stone boys brought my mail out last night, and there's no mail trains in until noon; but poor old Jane Carr came over just before I left and wanted me to be sure and see if there was a letter for her. Her daughter is very sick out West, and she hasn't had a letter for a week, and she's half wild. I couldn't bear to tell her I'd forgotten to go to the office."

"I'll drive 'round that way," said Jared. "It won't be three blocks out of the way."

Two or three boys stood idling in front of the postoffice and Jared said to one of them he chanced to know:

"Say, Jimmie, run into the office and see if there's any letter for Mrs. Jane Carr. You needn't ask for me, for I've been around and got my mail."

"You might look in box 184," said Mrs. Darby. "Mebbe there's a drop letter for me."

The boy came out a moment later with a very large square white envelope in one hand and a small blue envelope in the other. He grinned as he handed them to Mrs. Darby. She glanced at the blue envelope and said joyfully:

"O here's a letter for Jane, and it's from her daughter, I know by the postmark. How glad Jane will be! And here—well, I declare!"

She burst into a merry laugh as she looked at the big white, embossed envelope. The boy had told the truth when he had gone back to his comrades and said with a titter:

"She's got a valentine!"

"Who in the land ever sent me that thing?" said Mrs. Darby, holding the envelope out at arm's length. "I didn't even know it was Valentine's day. If it isn't the greatest idea that I should get a valentine!"

"I don't know why you shouldn't," said Jared.

"Oh, because I—but I guess some child sent it."

"Maybe not."

"No one else could have had so little gumption!" said the widow with another laugh. "Maybe there's one of these comic valentines inside of it—some ridiculous thing about a widow likely."

"Why don't you open it and see?"

"I will."

She burst into another laugh as she drew forth a dainty creation of lace paper, tinsel and bright colored embossed pictures.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she said. "The idea of any one being ninny enough to send an old woman like me a thing like that!"

"You're not an old woman."

"I'm forty-five!"

"Well, I'm older than that, and I don't call myself an old man. Many a woman around here would be glad to get a valentine like that if the sender really meant it."

"Yes, and if you were the sender."

"I'm not vain enough to think that and not foolish enough to say it if I did think it."

"No, I don't think that you are, Jared. But I wonder who could have sent me this. The writing on the envelope is evi-

AT JANE CARR'S GATE.

dently disguised, and—O here is something inside! Let's see what it says.

"'O wilt thou be my valentine
Forever and forever aye,
And wilt thou take this heart of mine,
And give me thine to-day?'"

There was another verse, but before she had read it, the widow Darby cried out: "Jared Kent, that's your handwriting and you need not try to deny it!"

"I'm not trying to deny it. You'll find my name signed in full to the next verse on the other page." This was the next verse:

"If 'yes' my answer is to be,
My heart with joy will fill,
If 'no,' I yet shall be your friend
And I shall love you still."

They had reached the outskirts of the town now. Jared brought the horse to a standstill and said:

"Is it yes or no, Lucy?"

She looked at him with shining eyes and laughing face for a moment. Then she laid one of her mittened hands on the sleeve of the great fur coat he wore and said:

"I think it is yes, Jared."

He turned his horse's head toward the town.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Back to the minister's. It's Valentine's day, you know, and if you are to be my valentine, I want you to-day."

An hour later they stopped at Jane Carr's gate. She came skurrying out for her letter with her apron over her head. "I brought you a letter, Jane, and I got a valentine," said Lucy, holding up the big white envelope.

"I got one also," said Jared, as he put an arm around his wife and kissed her.—Detroit Free Press.

WANTED HIS HALF OF THE BERTH

A Good Story Geo. M. Pullman Loved to Tell of Lincoln.

There was one story of his career that the late George M. Pullman of sleeping car fame used to tell with manifest delight. It was as follows:

"One night going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and a half berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest and hung them up, and they fitted the peg about as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot. Along came another passenger and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he, hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad, too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke, and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay $1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.

James Parton's Prediction.

In 1862, James Parton, the celebrated biographical writer, made the following prediction in regard to Abraham Lincoln:

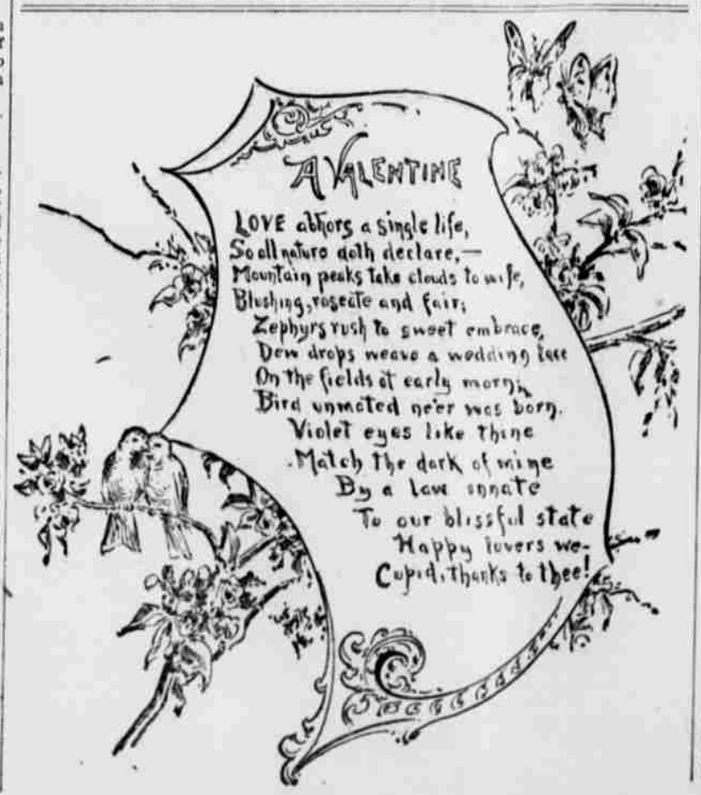
History will say of Mr. Lincoln that no man of a more genial temperament, a more kindly nature, ever tenanted the White House; that he gave all his time, his thoughts, his energies, to the discharge of duties of unprecedented magnitude and urgency; that, hating no man, he steadfastly endeavored to win the confidence and love of all the loyal and patriotic, and that, in spite of four chequered years of such responsibility and anxiety as has seldom fallen to the lot of man, he bore away from the Capitol the sunny temper and blithe frankness of his boyhood, returning to mingle with his old neighbors as one with them in heart and in manner, in retirement as in power a happy specimen of the men whom Liberty and Democracy train in the log cabin and by the rudest hearth to guide the counsels of the Republic and influence the destinies of the people.

Lincoln When a Boy.

An exhibition of Lincoln's practical humanity occurred while a boy. One evening, while returning from a "raising" with a number of companions, he discovered a straying horse, with saddle and bridle upon him. The horse was recognized as belonging to a well-known drunkard, and it was suspected that the owner was not far off. The fellow was found in a perfectly helpless condition upon the cold ground. Lincoln's companions intended to leave him to his fate, but young Lincoln would not hear of it. At his demand, the miserable man was lifted to his shoulders, and he actually carried him eighty rods to the nearest house. He then sent word to his father that he would not be back that night. He nursed the man until morning, and believed that he had saved his life.

The Ship of State.

Gen. John A. Logan related the following: "On the morning of President Lincoln's arrival in Washington I called upon him at Willard's Hotel, in company with Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois. We both urged on the new President the necessity of a firm, vigorous policy. He listened to the end and then said very seriously, but cheerfully, 'As the country has placed me at the helm of the ship I'll try to steer her through.'"



BEECHER ON ADVERTISING DOCTORS.

San Francisco Chronicle.

* * * "I am glad that the doctor cured him; I am glad that the doctor put it into the paper that he could cure him. And if any doctor is certain he can cure such diseases and don't put it into the paper, I am sorry. What a pity it would have been had this doctor come to town with his wealth of science and experience and gone away leaving him uncured! What a pity it would have been if he had been so prejudiced against advertising as to read the responsible certificates of the doctor and gave him the go-by as a quack! What are newspapers for, if not to circulate information? What more valuable information can a newspaper give than to tell a sick man where he can be cured? If a man has devoted his life and labor to the study of a special class of diseases, the necessity of his saying so becomes all the more pressing. His duty to advertise becomes imperious. A really able man, whatever be his gifts, makes a great mistake if he fails to use those gifts through want of advertising."

The above extract from an article by the Rev. Mr. Beecher embodies a sound view of the subject of advertising. Suppose Dr. Darrin, at 265 Morrison street, this city, had come to the city and not advertised, who would know of his presence? Who would know of the following almost miraculous cure he performed in 1872, had not Mr. Dibble put it in the paper?

Mr. Editor: In 1872 my daughter was taken with the membraneous croup, and upon her recovery was left totally deaf. I called on two eminent physicians, who said they could do nothing for her. As a last resort, I took her to Dr. Darrin, who cured her; and she has never been troubled with deafness since. I consider it one of the greatest cures of electrical treatment on record, and with great satisfaction give this testimonial. I reside in Berkeley, Alameda county, Cal., and will take great pleasure in answering any inquiries concerning this most remarkable cure. Yours respectfully, WILLIAM S. DIBBLE.

Good and Sufficient.

Teacher—Have you any good excuse for your lateness this morning, Johnny?

Johnny (emphatically)—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, what was it?

Johnny (beaming)—First buckwheat cakes this year, ma'am.—N. Y. World.

An inch of rain falling upon an area of one square mile is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons, weighing 145,250,000 pounds, or 64,844 tons.

The largest woman in the South, Mrs. Mary Magique, colored, died recently at Little Rock, Ark. Her age was thirty, and she weighed 560 pounds.

The Philadelphia society girl has begun to turn her attention to cricket.

The Elmira Female College needed $100,000 to give it a fresh lease of life, and the money has been raised.

It has been estimated that a single plant of the Russian thistle six feet in diameter produces 2,000,000 seeds.

The young leaves and roots of ferns supply a considerable portion of food in the mountain districts of Japan.

The eldest unmarried daughter of Captain Sigsbee, Miss Mary Ellen Sigsbee, is doing good work as an illustrator of magazines.

A Hamburg, Germany, chemist has succeeded with the aid of oxide of aluminum in creating a heat of up to 30,000 degrees.

There is a man in Newton, Kan., N. Murray by name, who has married the same woman four times. Each marriage, except the last, was followed by a divorce, then by reconciliation, then by remarriage, then by a row. The fourt marriage seems to have been the charm, for the couple have lived together several years as happily as a pair of doves.

The Duchess d'Uzes is, among other things, a sculptor of considerable talent.

A Walkden, England, mechanic has succeeded in breaking his legs 24 times in the last 52 years. The Manchester doctors look on him as a macvl.

Bavaria has 28 pencil factories, employing 10,000 people and producing 4,000,000 black and 300,000 colored pencils per week.

Human beings have six muscles to each eye, that they may move it on either side.