A COMEDY.

[Thomas Bailey Aldrich.]

They parted, with clasps of hand,
And kisses, and burning tears!
They met in a foreign land
After some twenty years.

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smiling, tranquil eyed;
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart upon either side.

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this!
Neither was hurt it appears;
Yet once she had leaned to his kiss
And once he had known her tears

The Indian Language.

[Free Press Reviewer.]

One singular fact is the infinite diversity of language. Not only every tribe, but every band, of which there are sometimes fifty in a single tribe, has its own dialect or jargon, perfectly unintelligible to all who do not belong to the band. In all times the Indians have disdained to learn even a few words of an enemy's language. Stranger yet, the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes for three-quarters of a century have been firm friends, camping and hunting together and making war upon the same enemies at the same time. The children constantly romp and play together in the common camp. Yet not one in ten of either tribe can hold the most ordinary conversation in the language of the other.

Unable to speak each other's language, the Indians of the west have constructed a wonderful sign language by which they hold intercourse. Gestures, signs, are more or less natural to every one. Among the plains Indians alone have they reached their most wonderful development. So complicated and elaborate is the sign language, consisting of countless gestures and movements, the slightest variation in which marks wide differences in meaning, that only a few Indians in a tribe are completely masters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly. The signs do not indicate letters, nor words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, another for "stop talking," another for summer, and so on infinitely. Yet an expert sign-talker will either make or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs, following each other with lightning-like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and while holding the reins with the left hand, will converse for hours with their right, telling stories or relating their experience without a single misunderstanding.

His Faith in Live Stock Fell.

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

Henry A. Wise told the following story while he was in Washington during the Know Nothing excitement. A negro fisherman in Norfolk, Va., came one day to his master and said: "Massa, I want to buy myself free. I got tree hundred dollars, sir; I will pay you dat down, and gib you de rest when I mek um." "Very well, Tom," said his master," you have been a faithful fellow, and I will comply with your wish." The money was accordingly paid, and the inchoate freedom of Tom commenced. A few days afterward Tom went out to fish, in company with a fellow servant, and there came up a blow which capsized the fishing smack and drowned Tom's companion. The next day Tom came to his master and said: "Massa, I change my mind, sir; I don't want to buy myself any more, sir." "Why, Tom," said his master, "you have already paid a large portion of your price, and by industry in your profitable calling you will soon earn and pay the residue, and you had better carry out your original intention." "No, massa," was Tom's economical rejoinder, "I radder hab my money back; nigger property too unsartin, sir." Matters were, accordingly, put in statu quo, and Tom abandoned all chance of being a freedman, and quietly and voluntarily returned to the condition of slave, being unwilling to fish, on his own hook, in the troubled and perilous waters of freedom.

Possibilities of Asbestos.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Asbestos is becoming a valuable and much-used mineral. It has been lately discovered in its purest form in lower Canada, and the quantity is said to be practically without limit. The fibers are long, pure white, and as fine as silk, and the district covered comprises two counties near Quebec, to which city the product is brought to be crushed and cleaned, and from which point large shipments are now being made to England and the United States.

The possibilities of this mineral range over a field that is simply marvelous. Fire-proof paper, rope, an ink that resists the action of fire, as well as the weaving of textile fabrics, such as tablecloths, asbestos cloth, gloves, etc., while in the range of building materials, fire-proof paint, packing for safes, floor-deadening, roof-protection, covering for steam pipes, etc., are among its more common uses. Its cheapness is its chief recommendation to many, but its thoroughly incombustible nature is of special value, because, in spite of the so-called protection received from an insurance company's guaranty against fire, there are many combustible things that could not be replaced which can be made of asbestos and made secure from this destructive element.

A Significant Suggestion.

[Somerville J urnal.]

"I see," said Mrs. Youngwife, as she folded the newspaper and took up her sewing, "I see that the Mormons have their wives sealed unto them."

"Yes," replied her husband, looking up from his book; "that is the custom, I believe, my love."

"I don't see why Somerville wives should not be sealed unto their husbands," pursued the lady, as she threaded her needle.

"In what way, dear?"

"With a sealskin sacque, as it were," and the lady chewed her thread meditatively, while the husband muttered "selah!" and pretended to be gazing at the ceiling.

Couldn't Stand It.

[London Punch.]

He—Er—'m awf'ly fond of music—ain't you? Not this sort of thing, you know. Can't stand the drawing-room amateur—nevah could. Sorry to say've not been to heah Mme. Schumacker this yeah. Nevah had time. Told she's in splendid form. Like her playing awf'ly—should know her touch a mile off. Dying to heah her——" She—"So am I—and if you would only be so very kind as just to hold your tongue, I dare say we might both manage to hear her now!" (Mme. S. has been playing for the last ten minutes!)

A SOULLESS LIFE.

[B. L. R. Dane in N. O. Times-Democrat.]

I knew a woman, who held in a strong, fine body a soul as sensitive as a wind harp; every breath made it vibrate; minor melodies, the white and classic beauty of a statue, the tones of color in painting, the subtle thought and stately flow of a poem, the song of a bird, sunlight on the sea, the velvet bloom and curve of a woman's cheek, the muscles sloping under the brown skin of a man, even the yellow eyes of a happy-hearted daisy, all filled her sensuous soul with exhausting, unspeakable rapture.

In like proportions were her griefs; all harsh, all unlovely things jarred upon her as cruel, jangling discords; and wounds that to healthier, more robust natures were but as bramble scratches, to this foolish, sensitive spirit were as the thrust of a dagger whose wounds rankled forever.

By one of those inexplicable decisions of immutable fate this woman was placed among surroundings that required a spiritual equipoise like that of her body. No more intolerable life for such a nature may be conceived. Her wild struggles against her destiny were in vain, for the walls of implacable circumstances are not beaten down by any flutterings, even the most passionate.

One still black night, after long years of spiritual travail and unending turmoil, her soul died within her. She felt that a change was upon her; lain all in lily white along her virgin couch, staring with wide eyes into the blackness that clasped her all about, touched faintly with awe, but most conscious of supreme exhaustion, knowing that the end had come.

The ceaseless struggle that raged within her was wearing toward its close; was it bodily death? She hoped for that, believed it was and met it with a glad courage, yet some shrinking of the flesh, such as the bravest feel standing at "the strait and dreadful pass of death." What was to come after the passing of breath? Oblivion she believed, but that one cannot know; in any case, she did not fear, it could be no worse than life—

"We know not whether death be good,
But life at least it will not be."

And the slow, heavy pulsing of her heart was but the involuntary struggle of the flesh, like the convulsive flickering of a lamp when the oil is all gone.

Thus she lying straightly, with her arms beneath her head, waited calmly, somewhat curiously, what might come. All her life, her tossings to and fro of soul, lay clearly before her; and remembering these things, she yearned toward repose, toward oblivion, as dazzled eyes ache toward utter darkness. Heavier her heart throbbed, but surely, slowly her soul slipped from her, flared up once more faintly and died.

All through the hours of darkness she lay motionless, neither conscious nor unconscious, as lies the overthrown Memnon in the black desert nights. With the light she woke to life, but a life numb and frozen. The dawn did not touch her lips into song. Her hated surroundings no longer filled her with loathing; a quiet lack of feeling was all she knew; she was as one paralyzed, but not of the body.

This filled her with faint surprise at first when she found her pleasures gone also; music no longer thrilled her, beauty had lost its power. She tried sometimes to rouse emotion again, to spur her old hates, her fervid predilections, but ever fell back after the effort with a calm realization of the uselessness of it. Long, deep thought showed her the true cause at last, and the only sensation she knew was desire to conceal it, like the effort a madman makes to hide his loss of mind.

She rarely looked in any one's eyes, fearing they might see through the soul's windows how dark and empty was the house; ever keeping her lids lowered, as a woman who loves, or a man who feels a drug mounting to his brain.

Carefully she always said the things she had been used to say, fierce, scornful or tender, as her fervid feelings had been. Saying them with precision, but mechanically, as one who feels the fumes of chloroform and though conscious of what he must say, painfully hears his own words as from thousands of miles away mingled with the gigantic thunders of his brain, and vaguely wonders what they mean, what ideas they represent.

And so lived out the long life allotted by unrelenting destiny, undetected save once by a man who loved her; a man with very subtle instincts, who looking deeply in her eyes started away with fear; he could not pierce the depth of those dark wells.

He left her full of awe, as one who had seen the dead rise and walk, and grasping into the dark after the vague truth that ever just eluded his grasp. Once, and only once did the tears ever come to those vacant eyes, when she stood by the grave of one she had loved much, and felt a faint pathos in her absence of grief.

At last, the flame having died out, the fuel slowly fell to cold gray ashes.

Krupp's Fifty-Ton Hammer.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The great fifty-ton hammer in Krupp's works at Essen gained its name, "Unser Fritz," and the inscription it bears, "Fritz, let fly!" in the following manner: When, in 1877, the Emperor William visited Essen this steam hammer attracted his attention. Krupp presented to him the machinist, Fritz, who, he said, handled the hammer with such nicety and precision as not to injure or touch an object placed in the center of the block. The emperor at once put his diamond-studded watch on the spot indicated, and beckoned to the machinist to set the hammer in motion. Fritz hesitated out of consideration for the precious object, but Krupp urged him on by saying, "Fritz, let fly!" Down came the hammer, and the watch remained untouched. The emperor gave it to the machinist as a souvenir, and Krupp added 1,000 marks to the present.

A Giant's Square Meal.

The Philadelphia Record gives the following as the bill of fare which Chang, the Chinese giant, consumed at a recent lunch: Four large plates of soup, forty-three fried oysters, two rare tenderloin steaks, nineteen baked potatoes, two dishes of stewed tomatoes, a large roast chicken, three bunches of celery, two custard pies, one mince pie, one apple pie, five cream puffs, six bananas, a pound of figs, two oranges, twenty-six ginger-snaps, and eleven slices of bread and butter. He also drank eight goblets of water and four cups of coffee.

Robert Collyer: There is an attempt in the buoyancy of youth to do too many things, and not the more solid desire to do one thing well.

THE TRUE ESQUIMAUX.

A Point Barrow Traveler Dispels a Few Current False Ideas.

[Lieut. Ray, in Indianapolis News.]

"What nation of people inhabit the country?"

"The true Esquimaux. They do not extend into the interior any distance, but find their living along and in the sea. They are truly a race of sea people. They have a continual struggle for existence, and resemble children in their improvidence. If one chances to secure an unusual supply of food his friends and neighbors invite themselves to a feast at his expense, and soon it disappears. There is perfect community of property and food interests among them. Hospitality is to them an unknown virtue, for what is one's equally belongs to them all. There is a village right at the Point of about 130 souls, and the entire population of the coast for about 600 miles is only 700. The only animal that can exist with them is the dog, and they are very scarce. Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks to what we could consider even mere existence, I think they are the happiest people on earth. They are contented with their lot. They have no God, no religion, no government, no laws, no money, nor any idea of what it is, no marriage, and yet they are not heathenish in the least. They are very quick witted, and it was not long after we landed before they were able to understand our wants by the signs we made. They speak a tongue the like of which I never heard anywhere else, and I believe they are indigenous to the country, a purely "ice people." I do not agree with the theories of ethnologists respecting their origin, that they have been driven from their original homes by a stronger race. They have not yet grown beyond the stone age, using stone knives, and other implements. They could have iron, which is cast up by the sea from the numerous wrecks which it contains, but the conservative old men refuse to use it, holding that it is wrong. So they do have a sense of moral perception. This was further shown when it became necessary for me to change the law of property. I could not, of course, undertake to feed the entire village from my stores, as they evinced a unanimous willingness to have me do, and at the first they threatened to carry off everything I had. But after they understood that this was not to be allowed they always respected meum et tuum.

"Their only weapon is a spear, of primitive design and workmanship, about seven feet long. It has an ivory point, and along its side three prongs are set. They are curved, and serrated on the lower edge. When they throw this into a flock of ducks, if the point misses its aim the prongs catch the bird around the neck, and the game is secured. They use a hand-board to accelerate the force and speed of the weapon, and are able to project it sixty or seventy yards with great force. At twenty-five yards they can drive it through a man.

"On the trip to Meade mountains I found evidence of a former population, of whom the present residents have not even a tradition. There were ruins of huts centuries old along the north shore, and the discoveries seemed to astound the natives who were with me.

"How do the Esquimaux compare with our people in height and figure?"

"I measured 100 of them, and the averaged height was five feet and nine inches and weight 160 pounds, rather above that of average Americans, and I never saw a fat Esquiman."

"What about their habits?"

"Well, they don't eat blubber nor drink whale oil. I never heard of a case of the latter, and blubber is only eaten to prevent starvation. There has been a good deal of 'rot' written about the Arctic regions and the inhabitants thereof. The stories about their food are a portion of the romancing indulged in. The Esquiman may slice a thin piece of blubber and lay it on his deer meat, the same as we put butter on our bread, but unless he is starving that is the extent of his use of it. And I am informed by whalers and others who have been up on the east coast that the people there are the same in their customs and manners as those among whom I spent two years."

Confession of a Young Diplomat.

[Bismarck's Letter to His Wife in 1851.]

"In the art of saying nothing in a great many words I am making rapid progress. I write many pages of letters which read like leading articles, and if Manteuffel, after perusing them, can tell what they are about he certainly knows more than I. Every one of us pretends to believe that his colleagues are full of ideas and plans; and yet all the time the whole body of us know nothing, and each is aware that the others know nothing. No man, not even the most malicious skeptic of a democrat, can believe what charlatanism and big pretense is all this diplomacy."

Shanties in Color.

[Southern Letter.]

The use of green and red seems universal in Atlanta. Negro shanties as well as the more princely dwellings are colored in this way. There is a regular craze for fancy paints. All sorts of novel and even grotesque effects are sought. One citizen has put his fine house in a blood-red garb with jet black trimmings, and the effect is not by any means disagreeable to the eye.

Their Land-Tenure.

[Exchange.]

The Indians residing in Oregon hold that it is a violation of their religion to deal in land; that the Great Chief made them from the dust of the earth, and after they wandered on its surface for a certain length of time they returned to its bosom and again became part of the elements of the earth. Dealing in land they regard as dealing in their own flesh and blood.

A Cruel Invention.

[Norristown Herald.]

A fish-pole has been invented that will register every fish caught. The pole will have a perfect sinecure when we go fishing with it. If the rod doesn't register the fish purchased from the small boy, when your own luck has been a disastrous failure, it won't give satisfaction.

Poverty.

The younger Dumas says: "Poverty destroys pride. It is difficult for an empty bag to stand upright." It would be just as logical to say. "Poverty makes no abatement in pride. An empty cask will stand up as straight as a full one."

A northern farmer, when asked what he thought of Florida, said: "Well, the land's worth 'bout 50 cents an acre, but the air's worth 'bout $150 an acre."

A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

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OUR ANCESTORS' NERVE.

The Secret of Their Unusual Vigor Explained and How It Can be Acquired.

There was something about the sturdy vigor of former generations that challenges the admiration of every man, woman and child. They were no epicures—those ancient fathers. They lived simply, and successfully met and overcome difficulties that would have discouraged this age and generation. The rigors of the frontier were supplemented by the savages; wild beasts threatened their enterprise and poverty was a common companion. Yet they bravely encountered and resisted all those things and laid the foundations of a land whose blessings we now enjoy. Their constitutions were strong; their health unsurpassed and yet they were forced to expose themselves continually. There certainly must have been some good and adequate cause for all this and for the physical superiority of that age over the present.

It is well known to every one conversant with the history of that time that certain home compounds of strengthening qualities were used almost universally by those pioneers. The malarial evils and exposures to which they were subjected necessitated this. When their bodies became chilled by cold or debilitated by the damp mists of a new country they were forced to counteract it by the use of antidotes. Medicines were few in those days and doctors almost unknown. Hence the preparations above referred to. From among the number, all of which were compounded upon the same general principle, one was found to be more efficient and hence far more popular than all the rest. It was well known through the middle and western states and was acknowled as the best preparation for malarial disorders and general debility then known. The recipe for compounding this valuable article was handed down from one family and generation to another, was known to the Harrison family and is used as the basis and general formula for the present "Tippecanoe," the name being suggested by the battle in which General Harrison was engaged. The manufacturers have thoroughly investigated this subject in its minutest details, and are certain that for anal-assimilation of food, dyspepsia, tired feelings, general debility, prostrations, malarial disorders and humors in the blood, nothing can exceed in value "Tippecanoe," which was the medicine of our forefathers and seems destined to be the most popular preparation of the day.

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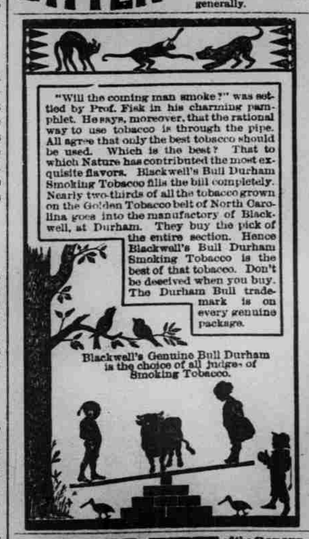

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Assets.	
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Real Estate-Bank'g house	150,000 00
Other Real Estate	11,996 60
Gov. bonds, b'nk st'ks &c	111,993 05
Due from Banks	358,206 64
Money on hand	633,160 16
Total Assets	$3,778,077 80
Liabilities.	
Capital Stock	$1,000,000 00
Surplus Fund	450,000 00
Undivided Profits	6,120 35
Due Depositors	2,167,673 37
Due Banks	114 304 88
Due Dividend No. 69	40,000 00
Total Liabilities	$3,778,077 80

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My baby, six months old, broke out with some kind of skin humor, and after being treated five months by my family physician was given up to die. The druggist recommended Swift's Specific, and the effect was as gratifying as it was miraculous. My child soon got well, all traces of the disease is gone, and he is as fat as a pig.
J. J. KIRKLAND, Minden, Rusk County, Texas.

I have suffered for many years from ulcers on my legs, often very large and painful, during which time I used almost everything to effect a cure, but in vain. I took Swift's Specific by advice of a friend, and in a short time was cured sound and well. EDWIN J. MILLER, Beaumont, Texas.

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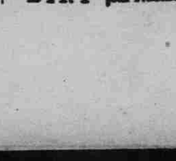

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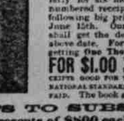

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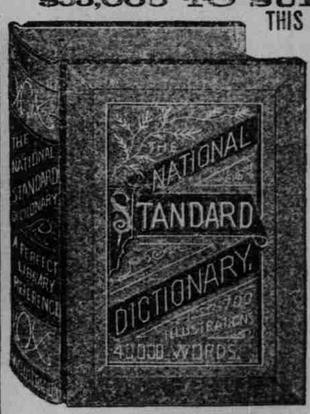

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