MY SECOND LOVE.

[Will S. Faris.]

I have a confession to make, my wife;
  I have fallen in love again,
And think the young lady returns my love!
  Oh, ain't I the worst of men!

She is younger than you, this new found
    love,
  And her cheek is softer, I ween;
Her hair is fairer than threads of gold,
  And her feet are the smallest I've seen!

She love me, I think (though she says not so);
  For she smiles when she sees my face,
And often rests in my arms content,
  While I hold her in close embrace.

I love her truly as man e'er loved;
  I miss her what time she's away;
And the smile with which she bade me good-
    bye,
  It blesses me through the day.

And now, my precious, confess the truth.
  Come! Say you are jealous, do!
Before I tell you my two true loves
  Are my baby Belle and you.

THE DYING ALLIGATOR.

Affecting Scene at the Gravel-Side of the Sufferer.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

The alligator that was sent from Florida to the editor of this paper is dead. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps as well as circumstances will admit. The gentleness and persuasion of man have thus far failed to place an alligator on a social basis. In this world of selfishness the alligator has selected his own course and desires to scramble for himself. The glass tank, with a bed of gravel where the reptile could crawl out and sun himself, was looked on, not in the light of a great favor, but as a matter of course. There never was, in either one of his eyes, a single gleam of thankfulness. His tank was shared passively with a brother that came in the same assortment with him, but there never passed between these descendants from a parent stem a single sign of recognition nor a word of kindly greeting. They would sometimes, in a kind of dreamy forgetfulness, bump their noses together, but they would immediately turn away, without a change of countenance and fall into deep reverie.

Tennyson, the one whose cold claws are now folded in death, seemed to be in average health until a few moments before the summons came. He had taken a bath and was lying on the gravel, when his keeper noted a change of countenance. Revolution of expression, with an alligator, has ever been regarded as a precursor of coming dissolution. The owner was summoned to the gravel-side of the sufferer. He seemed to be suffering with meningitis, for his head was bent like a bull-tongue plow, and cords hitherto unobserved arose to the surface of his neck, so tightly drawn that they almost cut through the rough hide. He opened one eye and closed it slowly. A Florida man who stood near the tank shook his head ominously, and an old Florida dog that had doubtless gone through many narrow escapes, walked off to one side and shook with laughter.

Tennyson reached out one claw and began to feel around. He then extended his hind legs, braced himself and slowly turned and lay on his back. The old dog, observing this movement, walked away again and laughed in retributive chuckle. The sufferer lay for a time, breathing at long intervals, and then turning, he raised upon his elbows, looked at the sun and fell back dead. This proved that he was a sun-worshiper and consequently settles a question which has long been in dispute, Herbert Spencer holding that alligators worship the moon with the morning star as a delegate and the north star as a alternate.

All on Account of a Buzzard.

[Georgia Letter to New York World.]

The belled buzzard, whose flight over western counties of Georgia has aroused so much superstitious fear among the ignorant whites and blacks, passed over a field recently where four men were plowing. One of them, a negro, quit work at once, and said the bird was warning the people of another cyclone by which hundreds of people would be killed.

The story of the celebrated bird is an interesting one. Nearly two years ago it was a pet in a barn-yard of a farmer named Freeman, in Paulding county. One of his children one day attached a sheep bell to the bird's foot and the tinkling sound so scared it that it immediately flew away. The first night out it alighted on the roof of a negro cabin in Herd county. One of the inmates went out to ascertain the cause of the bell ringing, and immediately the buzzard rose from its perch and flew away. The night was clear and cold, and as the inmates rushed out and beheld a great black object and heard the tinkling of the bell hundreds of feet in the air, great fear seized them. They all took to their knees under the impression that the end of the world was at hand. Ever since then the bird has pursued its migratious way through the state, arousing the fears of the superstitious, who regard its visits as omens of evil. The negroes and many whites, too, along the track of the late storm, insist that they heard the fateful bell before the terrible wrath of the wind had come upon them.

Jesting at the "Thunderer's" Grief.

[St. James' Gazette.]

In its sorrow for the lamented Prince Leopold The Times seems to have become absolutely incoherent. "The ancients said" (as The Times would observe) that trifling griefs speak, while deeper ones are mute. The Times has not exactly become mute; but it does the next best thing, and is as inarticulate as one can reasonably expect. The reader may find some distraction for his sorrow in wondering what is meant when we hear that "the peculiar distinction" of the "entombment" was "the presence beside the heraldic show of a spontaneous tender grief," or how a "center of longing love" could "turn a gorgeous ceremonial into a simple accessory."

The writer's intention is unquestionably excellent, and no doubt there is real loyalty in the sentence which refers, as far as we can make out, to the nation and the life of her most gracious majesty: "If they could have been given the choice of what sort it was to be, they would have chosen it to be what it has been." The sentiment is excellent which inspires the remark that "to be followed to the grave by the sympathetic lamentations of a whole community belongs to the relation of constitutional royalty to the nation which impersonates itself in its dynasty;" though we could wish that it had been couched in language less like that of the Bengalee baboo making his first essay in the English tongue. The Times ought really to have avoided writing on a subject like this in a style that makes its readers laugh.

Touching Jay Gould's Heart.

[New York Times.]

A little black-bearded man was walking briskly up Broadway, yesterday afternoon, when a shivering tramp, who had been loitering in front of Trinity church stepped in front of him and said something in a low tone. The little man made no reply, but stepped to one side and continued his journey up-town The beggar slouched after him, and said in a louder tone than before: "Please, cap, gi' me a few cents for a bowl of soup."

Even to this appeal the little man paid no attention, and would doubtless have succeeded in escaping from the importunate tramp had he not been stopped by a friend who engaged him in conversation. The beggar crowded up as closely as possible to the two men and began a pitiful tale of distress. He was heard to say: "And everything I possessed went in Wall street. Jay Gould and those fellows got it." The little black-bearded man's hand went quickly down in his pocket and brought out a coin, which was placed on the dirty palm of the mendicant, with the words, "There, now go away, please." The fellow shuffled away, evidently without knowing that the little man who gave him the money was Jay Gould himself. The other gentleman was Cyrus W. Field.

THE SENATE RESTAURANT.

Senators Who Eat Crackers and Milk---Only Two Teetotalers in the Upper House.

[Washington Cor. Troy Times.]

The senate restaurant has become the club-room of the capitol. With a colored man in charge, the senators now get the best cooking and attendance in town. Representatives go over there to lunch, and senators boast of it outside. I was talking with John Francis the other day. He is the colored man to whom Mr. Edmunds gave the restaurant, with $6,000 or $7,000 a year. "Do the senators generally spend much money with you?" I asked him. "No," he went on, "as a rule, they come down here and eat crackers and milk. My milk is most all cream, and they like it. Most of them are here each day, although a few have their lunch sent to a committee-room. Senator Morrill always eats crackers and milk; so do Senators Hoar and Ingalls. Mr. Platt always drinks tea. Senator Vest likes to stand up to the oyster counter and take a dozen on the shell, with some ale. Perry Belmont is often here eating raw oysters. Gen. Logan is very abstemious. Mr. Aldrich generally eats a steak. But the best of our custom is from the outsiders. They eat more and higher-priced dinners than the senators.

"Generous? Well, not many of them. They do not come down to the waiters very handsomely. The poorest men are the most liberal. Mr. Frye is kind, and always has a pleasant word for the waiters; so does Mr. Garland. Governor Vance has his pockets full of dimes, and throws them out liberally. Gen. Logan, when he feels good, is liberal, but the tips generally come more from outsiders than senators." A large closet full of brandy and wines stands invitingly in plain view, notwithstanding the new rule that no intoxicating liquors shall be allowed. They are sold to any one who calls, but Mr. Blair's wild remark that the restaurant is "the national groggery" was a good way from the truth. Very few senators drink to excess. Some of them have a bottle or two in their committee-rooms. Mr. Hale entertains his friends occasionally with wine spreads. Pendleton always has some champagne and makes a point to hand it around freely when the Democratic caucus meets, he being chairman. Up in the back-room of the senate committee on printing, Mr. Anthony has something in store. You will often see him and Mr. Edmunds coming from there with a pleased expression. Judge Thurman was Mr. Edmunds' companion of old. When they went out together the senate blinked sympathetically. Don Cameron invariably took wine with his nice little lunch, served daintily in his private room. Frye and Blair are the only teetotalers in the upper house. But drunkenness is never seen in these days. It is in "bad form." Ten years ago wine-bibbing was very common. The tendency is growing better. Newspapers and the sharp public opinion against much drinking are doing their perfect work. In the senate to-day there is not a man who can be termed a hard drinker to the detriment of his public duties.

Origin of the Postoffice.

[English Illustrated Magazine.]

The postoffice is an example of the mode in which things change while names remain. It was originally the office which arranged the posts, or places at which, on the great roads, relays of horses and men could be obtained for the rapid forwarding of government dispatches. There was a chief postmaster of England many years before any system of conveyance of private letters by the crown was established. Such letters were conveyed either by carriers, who used the same horses throughout their whole journey, or by relays of horses maintained by private individuals, that is, by private post.

The scheme of carrying the correspondence of the public by means of crown messengers originated in connection with foreign trade. A postoffice for letters to foreign parts was established "for the benefit of the English merchants" in the reign of James I, but the extension of the system to inland letters was left to the succeeding reign. Charles I, by a proclamation issued in 1635, may be said to have founded the present postoffice. By this proclamation he commanded "his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburg and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post-town in or near that road." Neighboring towns, such as Lincoln and Hull, were to be linked on to this main route, and posts on similar principles were directed to be established on other great high roads, such as those to Chester and Holyhead, to Exeter and Plymouth.

So far no monopoly was claimed, but two years afterward a second proclamation forbade the carriage of letters by any messengers except those of the king's postmaster general, and thus the present system was inaugurated. The monopoly thus claimed, though no doubt devised by the king to enhance the royal power and to bring money into the exchequer, was adopted by Cromwell and his parliament, one main advantage in their eyes being that the carriage of correspondence by the government would afford "the best means to discover and prevent any dangerous and wicked designs against the commonwealth." The opportunity of an extensive violation of letters, especially if they proceeded from suspected royalists, was no doubt an attractive bait, and it is rather amusing to notice how the tables were thus turned on the monarchical party by means of one of the sovereign's own acts of aggression. However, from one motive or another, royalists and parliamentarians agreed in the establishment of a state post, and the institution has come down without a break from the days of Charles I to our own.

Marrying a Canadian Peasant.

[C. H. Farnham in Harper's Magazine.]

The chief social event of their lives is a wedding—almost the only set occasion of festivities. The priest then permit dancing among relatives and allows unusual expenses to be incurred. Courtship is very short and circumspect. It generally lasts but a few months. Engagements are made very much after the pecuniary interests followed in France, and the marriages generally occur at from 18 to 22 years of age.

A widower of this place recently went to spend the evening with a neighbor, whose sister was an old maid whom no one had thought of marrying. When he left the house her brother suggested that he should marry her. They returned to the house, and went together to her bed, in one corner of the room, and woke her up. Holding the candle up to his face, he said:

"Mlle. G——, take a good look at me; I'm rather worse than I seem by candle-light, and I've nine small children, and not a great deal of land. Will you marry me?"

She rubbed her eyes, still half asleep, looked him over a moment, and said, "Yes."

"Then be ready next Tuesday."

In another case, the day after the banns of marriage had been published here, the intended found his betrothed crying by the window.

"What's the matter, Maria?"

"Well, Baptist, my sister Louise wants very much to marry, because she's older and it's her turn first. And it makes me sad to see her disappointed. Now, if you would only marry her! Everything is ready, you know, and it would be such a relief."

"Well, well, don't cry about that," said he, with a moment's surprise. "I don't mind if I do. Go and tell her to get ready."

It is proposed to introduce industrial training into Russian normal schools. The idea of industrial education is gaining favor in all the countries of the world.

Rev. A. S. Frisbie, of Des Moines, is a human electric battery. He will scrape a carpet with his feet for a moment and then light the gas with the tip of his forefinger.

Manuscript on Hands.

["Cornwall" in Inter Ocean.]

I hear that The Century company contemplate starting a tender to their magazine to be issued monthly without illustrations. It would only be done to utilize the manuscript material now in their possession, the cost of which has been nearly $50,000. Mr. Hatton suggested "The Decade" as a good name for the new magazine, but was hushed down for obvious reasons.

This embarrassment of riches contrasts very curiously with that meagerness and paucity of good literature which Mr. Swinton reports to me.

Mr. William Swinton, it will be remembered is the brother of John Swinton, the well-known New York journalist. The latter now publishes a weekly paper in New York in the interests of labor. The former published, until within a few days, a weekly paper called Swinton's Story-Teller.

Mr. Swinton's comment upon the failure of The Story-Teller was significant. "It was too high-toned. It might have gone into back-doors all over the country and paid large dividends upon silly sentimentality, or highly spiced immorality. But I tried to maintain a high standard of fiction. I paid, in one instance, $200 for a single short story. The results of one prize offer of $500 for the best American short story were singularly unsatisfactory. Out of 700 manuscripts offered in competition, all but a half dozen were mediocre in conception, style, and treatment. I thought we had not tempted the best American writers to compete until I came to return the manuscripts. Then I discovered the names of almost every writer now contributing to our best literary magazines. I am at a loss how to account for the lack of the dramatic quality in the present school of fiction writers. American life and character are full of picturesque incident, comedy and tragedy, but the power to combine and assimilate it does not increase with our national aggrandizement." Mr. Swinton, fresh from the perusal of 700 manuscripts, has clearly some ground for his convictions.

There is hope for the "unavailable" manuscript. Cheer-up, great army of "the rejected!"

Business Done by Statesmen.

[London Daily News.]

That the accumulation of wealth in business neither dulls nor entirely absorbs the intelligence nor relaxes public spirit is shown by the intimate connection of manufacturing and commercial firms with recent political history and the immense sums spent on the institutions of the great towns of the north and midlands. Mr. Gladstone, as every Englishman knows, is the son of a Liverpool merchant, while Mr. Bright lives close to his mill on the fringe of the moor at Rochdale. Mr. Forster is a prominent member of the firm whose enterprise has brought wealth into the retired region of Upper Wharfedale; Sir Charles Dilke is the grandson of the founder, and is actually owner of The Athenæum; Mr. Chamberlain has only within a few years retired from the manufacture of wood-screws, as they are called, in order to devote himself to political life; Mr. Mundella manufactures hosiery, Lord Dudley is a coal merchant and iron manufacturer, and is one of a long list of others who, like Lord Londonderry, "run" their own collieries or let them to great consumers like those of Jarrow and Middlesbrough. Lord Ardilaine is a brewer, like Mr. Stansfield and Mr. Bass; Lord Wimborne is an iron-master; Lord Jersey is a banker, like Sir John Lubbock, the Barings, Glyns, and Rothschilds; and the well-known names of Mappin, Coldman, Palmer, Fairbairn. Feildon, Henry. Holden, Hope, Jardine, Leatham, and others too numerous to mention testify to the close alliance between trade and the public life of England.

Stock in the Great Pyramid.

["Mentor" in Chicago Herald.]

"Got something interesting here," said a west-bound passenger, who was just returning from an extensive tour in the old world. "See that!" and he pulled out of a traveling bag a chunk of solid, heavy mortar, nearly white in color. "Don't come none of your games on me," said the fellow traveler to whom the specimen had been handed, testily. "You can't take me in on any mining schemes. I've seen mineral specimens before. S'pose this assays $11,000 a ton, and you would like to sell me some stock, just as a favor, because you have taken a liking to me, eh? Well, you have tackled the wrong customer, my friend. I was bit once, and I never take two chaws from a rotten apple. What, it isn't a mineral specimen? You don't want to sell me any mining stock? What in thunder is it, then?" "It's a piece of mortar about 6,000 years old that I picked out of the northeast corner of the Great Pyramid of Egypt three months ago," replied the tourist. "Gosh!" ejaculated the other, and I thought I saw his suspicious, smart-aleck air change to an expression of genuine awe in the presence of such great antiquity. But I was mistaken; the ruling passion of the once-swindled man was strong even in the shadow of Cheops, and he blurted out: "Well, you can't sell me any stock in the Great Pyramid, sir. Put your darned specimen back in your valise. Can't catch me on any of these schemes, sir."

Improvement in Arithmetics.

[San Francisco News Letter.]

We inquired of a learned public school professor of many years' standing how many arithmetics for the use of public schools he thought had been published in the last fifty years. He said that as near as he could guess about 7,830, all of them progressive. He added that he was publishing an intellectual arithmetic himself, wherein such vulgar hieroglyphics as A, B and C would be entirely expunged and superseded by some cultured prænomina, such as Amanda, Beatrice and Cecilia. For instance, he continued, "Supposing I abolish the vulgar sums about Mike and Jack digging a ditch, and say Florence, Seraphine and Rosie can pluck 4,000 violets in nineteen days, and Rosie and Seraphine can do it in fifteen days, Seraphine and Florence can do it in thirteen and a half days, how long will it take them all to do up their back hair?" "Ah, that sounds something like it," we ejaculated; "and where will you bring it out?" "In Boston," he replied.

The Santa Barbara Bridge.

[Chicago Herald.]

Some of the passengers on western stage coaches give strange accounts of the crossing of swollen streams. Those who recently traveled on the Santa Barbara (Cal.) line say that there the bridge consists of a rope stretched across. The passengers get in a basket attached to the rope. For those going to Santa Barbara the rope is greased, as the bank on this side is the highest. Then the basket is turned loose and the passenger and basket shoot to the other side with lightning speed. Going the other way the passengers draw themselves up the rope by a pulley.

MARVELOUS RESTORATIONS.

The cures which are being made by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, and all chronic diseases, by their new Vitalizing Treatment, are indeed marvelous. If you are a sufferer from any disease, which your physician has failed to cure, write for information about their new Treatment, and it will be promptly sent.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

Bangle bracelets made out of little brass idols and medals are quite fashionable.

NOTICE.

The Following Statements are Published for the Benefit of the Public—Read and Reflect.

"I consider that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure." F. B. RANDOLPH,
Jersey City, N. J. 203 Jewett Ave.

"I have used eight bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, and honestly believe it saved my life." A. F. CARLISLE,
Carlyle, Pa., Feb. 2d. Editor *Clarion.*

"I was given up by my physicians to die with dropsy, but Warner's Safe Cure restored me." D. E. McCARTHY,
Virginia, Nev. *Chronicle.*

"Three bottles of Warner's Safe Cure cured me of severe burning pain in the kidneys, especially at night."
Lodi, Cal. J. M. MUNDELL,

"Five bottles of Warner's Safe Cure cured me of a very severe case of kidney complaint. F. B. SEMPLE,
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"Warner's Safe Cure saved my wife's life when the best doctors and mineral springs of the country did her no good."
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"I had enlargement of the heart, which was pronounced incurable, and I was often thought to be dying, but Warner's Safe Cure and Safe Pills restored me to health." LAFAYETTE WALLINGFORD.
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"Owing to the high temperature of the room in which I worked I contracted a terrible cold that produced serious kidney disorder. Warner's Safe Cure restored me to health." JAMES BRUCE.
Exeter., N. H.

"Warner's Safe Cure has saved my boy's life. Doctors pronounced his the worst case of Bright's disease they ever saw."
E. B. BUCK,
Editor Macoupin County *Enquirer.*
Carlinville, Ills., March 1st.

"I was treated by Drs. Agnew and Webster, of New York, who pronounced me afflicted with Bright's disease. I was bloated exceedingly, but Warner's Safe Cure, I verily believe, saved my life."
GEO. C. STEVENS.
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"I had kidney disorders, indigestion, rheumatism and lumbago for three years. I grew worse and felt as though a hundred pound weight was dragging down my liver and kidneys. Warner's Safe Cure has fully restored me."
C. B. DE NOYELLES.
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"Previous to a year ago I was severely afflicted with kidney difficulty. My back ached, my urine was 'sudsy,' and I was in a bad way. I had tried various remedies, but only with temporary relief, until I began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, three bottles of which, with the Safe Pills, *effectually cured* me, and I have not had an attack since."
HENRY HOEHM,
Cleveland, O. Captain of Police.

"For years I have had excruciating pains in the small of my back and was not able to raise from bed or be in a sitting posture. The doctors claimed that I was suffering from spinal disease, and I never expected to leave my bed again. Though having no hope of recovery, Warner's Safe Cure was recommended to me, which I commenced taking, and eight bottles have made a permanent cure."
MRS. CHRISTJAHN,
No. 28 Thirteenth street.
Chicago, Feb. 26th.

"About two years ago I resorted to the use of Warner's Safe Cure, taking in all thirty-two bottles for kidney and uniary affections, and it has proved a complete success, and radically cured the pain in my back. A lady of this county, a confirmed invalid for three years past, with what the doctors here said was internal cancer, beyond all skill and hope, in the doctors' opinion, has been raised almost from the dead by the use of nine bottles of this excellent medicine."
J. H. HUDSON,
Altoona, Pa., Feb. 27th.

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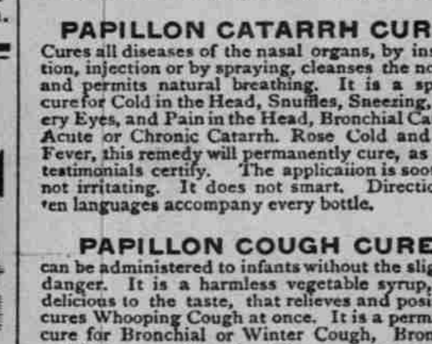

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A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionery in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

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Durham is historic. It was neutral ground during the armistice between Sherman and Johnson. Soldiers of both armies filled their pouches with the tobacco stored there, and, after the surrender, marched homeward. Soon orders came from East, West, North and South, for "more of that elegant tobacco." Then, ten men ran an unknown factory. Now it employs 800 men, uses the pink and pick of the Golden Belt, and the Durham Bull is the trade-mark of this, the best tobacco in the world. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco has the largest sale of any smoking tobacco in the world. Why? Simply because it is the *best.* All dealers have it. Trade-mark of the Bull.

If he'd gone for a package of Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco, as he was told, he wouldn't have been cornered by the bull.

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A positive cure for Salt Rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Scaldhead, Tetter, Hives, Dandruff, Pimples, Plant-Poisoning, Ringworm, Sunburn, and all diseases of the cutaneous system by external application. Inordinate itching of the skin is allayed at once by bathing the parts. For Piles, Cuts, Ulcers or Sores, no remedy is so prompt in soothing and healing. It does not smart or burn. Is absolutely vegetable, therefor perfectly harmless. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

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Cures all diseases of the nasal organs, by insufflation, injection or by spraying, cleanses the nostrils and permits natural breathing. It is a specific cure for Cold in the Head, Snuffles, Sneezing, Watery Eyes, and Pain in the Head, Bronchial Catarrh, Acute or Chronic Catarrh. Rose Cold and Hay Fever, this remedy will permanently cure, as many testimonials certify. The application is soothing, not irritating. It does not smart. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

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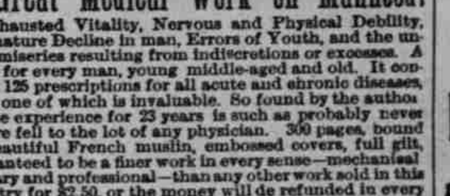

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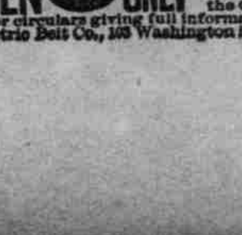

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