LOVE AND LIFE.

[Emily Pfeiffer.]

How beautiful upon the mountains are
The feet of Love, beneath whose tread there grows
The verdure that is the herald of the rose
And Life, in lead of Love, how art thou fair
Thy soul, if tremulous, still brave to dare
The upward path, unwitting where it goes,
And all in holy trust of Love who knows,
To climb at ease from doubt, at rest from care.

Dear Love, that leadeth Life toward the springs
Of Light, what darkness may o'erwhelm her way,
How dense the mist upon the mountain clings;
Though she may see thee not, be thou her stay.
Lo the abyss! take heed, she hath no wings,
But hold her fast—her feet will still obey.

STORY OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

A Stage Passenger Who Did Not Admire His Writings.

[Harper's Magazine.]

Many years ago—in fact, back in the thirties—Dr. Grant of Enfield, whose reputation as a physician in Connecticut is still in memory of the first rank after years of retirement from practice, was traveling in Georgia, his native state, going by stage from Savannah to Augusta. At a certain stopping place it was found that there were more passengers than the stage could carry, and an extra was ordered for the accommodation of five passengers. These passengers were John Forsyth, of Georgia, John Branch, secretary of the navy, George McDuffie, of South Carolina, Dr. Grant and an unknown gentleman.

The party soon became talkative, and by degrees all knew who each one was, with the exception of the one silent stranger. As the stage creaked along, the attention of Dr. Grant, who was a lad at that date, was attracted by a little dog following the stage, which reminded him of one described by Washington Irving in "Astoria," which he had just been reading. He was laughing quietly to himself, when one of the gentlemen insisted that he should tell them the cause of his amusement, that they might join in the fun. Dr. Grant said: "That little dog reminds me of Washington Irving's dog, whose skin was so tight that it drew up his hind legs." This led to a talk about Irving, in which all joined except the unknown man.

One of the gentlemen then appealed to him, and asked if he did not think Irving one of the wittiest and most delightful writers. The person appealed to replied that he could not say that he did. The gentlemen all expressed their astonishment, and one of them persisted in demanding why he did not agree with the others in their admiration of the favorite author. "Have you ever read any of his works?" they asked. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, don't you think the 'Sketch-Book one of the most beautiful specimens of English which our country has produced?" "Well, no," the unknown replied; "I cannot say that I see anything remarkable in it." "Well," said the other, "then you must be Washington Irving himself, for no one else could resist the humor and pathos of his pen." The unknown colored to the roots of his hair, but made no reply, and his tormentor continued: "Come, tell us the truth; are you not Washington Irving himself?" The poor man at last blushingly confessed that he was, and then followed a general introducing and hand-shaking, and a delightful and never-to-be-forgotten stage ride.

The Millions in Petroleum.

[New York Sun.]

There are 20,000 producing oil wells in Pennsylvania, yielding at present 60,000 barrels of oil a day. It requires 5,000 miles of pipe line and 1,600 iron tanks of an average capacity of 25,000 barrels each to transport and store the oil and surplus stocks. There are now nearly 38,000,000 barrels of oil stored in the region in tanks. This oil would make a lake more than one mile square and ten feet deep. The money actually invested in petroleum production since 1860 is estimated to be more than $125,000,000, of which $200,000,000 was capital from New York city. Since 1880 more than $12,000,000 has been used in building iron tanks, and nearly as much in pipe lines, all by one corporation. A 35,000-barrel tank is ninety feet in diameter and twenty-eight feet high. There is a lateral pressure of 6,000 pounds on each square inch of a tank of this size when full of oil. There is 100 tons of iron used in constructing one.

The speculative transactions in petroleum represent more than $400,000,000 annually. The lowest price crude petroleum ever brought was 10 cents a barrel in 1861. In 1859, when there was only one well in existence, Col. Drake's Pioneer at Titusville, the price was $24 a barrel. Besides the 5,000 miles of pipe line in use in the oil regions there are in operation 1,200 miles of trunk pipe lines connecting the regions with Cleveland, Pittsburg, Buffalo, and New York, and lines building to Philadelphia and Baltimore. In the line between Orleans and New York 16,000 barrels of oil are transported daily. These lines are all the property of the Standard Oil company, except one between Bradford and Williamsport, Pa. The Standard employs 100,000 men. The product of its refineries repuires the making of 25,000 oak barrels of forty gallons each, and 100,000 tin cans holding five gallons each, every day. The first American petroleum ever exported was in 1862. Charles Lockart, of Pittsburg, sent nearly 600,000 gallons to Europe in that year and sold it for $2,000 less than the cost of transportation. In 1883 nearly 400,000,000 gallons were exported, for which $60,000,000 were returned to this country.

Plantation Philosophy.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

Dar's a difference twixt truth an' honestness, fur a man is sometimes so truthful dat when he steals he doan deny de fack.

When er man says dat de laws o' de lan' is er bearin' down on him, yer ken mighty nigh allus come to de 'clusion dat he is er tryin' ter b'ar down on de laws.

It is said dat de goose ain' got much sense, but she's got more jedgment den some folks, fur she neber goes inter water what is too shaller fur her ter swim in, but people is mighty ap' ter go inter water what is too deep fur 'em.

Dar is too great causes for men wearin' long faces. De liber complaint an' hippercritness. De fust one ken be cured, but no doctor ken do de udder one any good, fur it come on him wid his growth. Dar is fewer hippercrits 'mong de niggers den der is 'mong de white folks. De reason is dat dar ain' so many niggers in de lan'.

We swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.

When you get into a towering passion you sit astride a horse that is ilk 'y to run away with you.

COACHING IN NEW YORK.

How Some Metropolitan Mortals Amuse Themselves.

[New York Cor. Chicago Herald.]

Coaching is comparatively new to New York, though the recent parade was our fifth annual exhibition of the kind. Of course four-in-hand coaches are to be seen every day in the summer in the parks, and on race days one is pretty certain to encounter five or six on the dusty roads to Jerome park or Sheepshead bay, but once each year, at the opening of summer, the owners who belong to what is known as the Coaching club unite in a parade which is practically a public exhibition of their teams, their turnouts, their fair acquaintances and themselves. This year there were sixteen of these drags in the line, each with the four best horses of its stable of many animals, in the finest, cleanest, brightest harness, each driven by its owner, and each filled inside and covered on top by beautiful women in the newest and showiest of costumes. The top of each coach was a veritable flower bed, so numerous and large were the bouquets; the top of the coaches looked, indeed, like floating gardens, and the ladies seated among them appeared the statelier roses which blossomed in gay hats and ribbons above the dead level of their sister plants.

The ladies wear on such occasions absolutely new costumes, for those reasons good and sufficient and dear to the female heart, viz., to spite their own sex, please ours, and to have them described in next day's papers. The class of men and women who habitually appear in these parades are the same as the class I have noted as figuring at the horse show—a little parvenuish, somewhat horsey, and very much afflicted with the mania for anything English. They mount the ladders to the tops of the coaches and descend them with great crowds of lookers-on pushing forward against the wheels of the coaches with just the slightest tinge of blushes, though they know that their handsome boots are being fully revealed to the profane gaze of the common sort of people. They seem to enjoy the trip in spite of its publicity, however, and also the dinner which follows it. This is usually given at the Hotel Brunswick, though it is hereafter to take place in the magnificent dining-hall of the Hoffman house—a banqueting hall, by the way, unequaled for magnificence in any palace of Europe.

The furniture for this room, I may remark in passing, is to be put on exhibition at Cincinnati this fall, and will certainly astonish by its beauty and elaborate carving. The table of the Coaching club is always set in the form of a horseshoe, and the pieces in confectionery, ices, etc., which grace the table represent coaches, horses, harness, jockeys, etc., and are very elaborate. One English rule is violated at dinner. The ladies remain for the "walnuts and the wine," and, from all accounts, do not let the latter go to waste.

Pride and Pie-Crust.

[Detroit Free Press.]

It was baking day at the Sawyers.

If there was anything Mrs. Sawyer prided herself upon, it was the tender, flaky quality of her paste. Jones knew this.

Mrs. Sawyer was just rolling that tender pie-paste into great sheets of transparent dough, when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Sawyer answered it, rolling-pin in hand. It was Willie Jones who had knocked.

"Please, Mrs. Sawyer," said the innocent child, "pa would like a piece of your pie-crust."

"Certainly, Willie," said Mrs. Sawyer, much flattered, "but it isn't baked yet."

"He doesn't want it baked."

"But he can't eat raw pie-crust."

"He isn't going to eat it."

"Then what is he going to do with it?"

"He said he wanted to mend the harness, and make hinges for the barn door with it, and——"

The rolling-pin hung fire, and the boy escaped, but the barrier between the houses of Jones and Sawyer can never be broken. It is tougher than the pie-crust.

Worse Than Dynamite.

[Exchange.]

These dynamite explosions over in England," said the sleeping-car conductor, "remind me of an old woman and her jug of yeast. She got on at a small station out beyond Stubenville, carrying a gallon jug in her hand, which she told me contained a fine quality of home-made yeast. It was well corked and tied, and the old lady carried it to her berth with her, taking as much care of it as if it had been a baby. An hour or so later, when everybody was asleep, there was the most tremendous explosion ever heard in the sleeping-car, and all the neighbors of the woman had a shower bath of the frothy stuff from the shattered jug. It was dark, and they thought they were covered with their own blood. Such screaming you never heard, and the old woman herself was the most frightened of the lot. The shaking of the car had made the yeast livelier than dynamite, and an extra heavy lurch set it off. The bed-clothes of four sections had to be changed."

Well to Bear in Mind.

[Lime-Kiln Club.]

"Gem'len, dar am sartin things dat it am well to b'ar in mind," said the old man as he slowly uncoiled himself and stood up.

"De man who boasts dat he can't be convinced by argyment hain't wuth de trouble o' knockin' down.

"De man who flatters hisself upon allus speakin' his mind am de werry pusson who kicks hardest when criticised.

"A shillin' in money am mo' to be desired dan a dollar's worf of credit.

"It am much easier to spile a boy of 10 dan it am to reform a man of 40.

"A man worf a millyon dollars may be friendless. New kin buy praise an' flattery, but true friendship seldom soars higher dan de poo' man's cabin.

"De man who sees nuffin' good in de world aroun' him can't have much good in hisself.

"Let us now annihilate de reg'lar programmy."

One of the Wonders of Mechanics.

[Engineering Review.]

An absolutely exact straight-edge of more than thirty-six inches is a wonder of mechanism. One of six feet was not recently believed possible, although several had been made on different plans of web-like and truss construction. It has been claimed, however, that almost absolute exactness has been secured by a straight-edge twelve feet long. The appliance looked like an arched truss, the highest spring of the arch being only twenty inches in a length of twelve feet. The space between the chord and the spring is filled with diagonal lattice work. Such a tool is invaluable in testing lathe and planer beds.

A Minister's Criticism.

[Rev. F. B. Forbush.]

The third objection lies against the class of goody-goody books written principally for Sunday-school libraries, which teach directly, or by implication, that all bad boys break their legs or get drowned, while all the good boys and girls die young and go to heaven. Perhaps the evil here lies partly in the reaction which sends youth to the other extreme, but it is horridly poor stuff to fill children's minds with, and because of its untruth to nature and life, should be studiously avoided.

JUNIOR VICE COMMANDER.

Mr. A. G. Alford, Junior Vice Department Commander of Md., G. A. R., Baltimore, Md., writes: "I have kept St. Jacobs Oil by me and always found it a ready remedy for pains, aches and bruises. When suffering terribly a few weeks since with an ulcerated tooth, I could not get any rest, and I applied it. I was instantly relieved, and my suffering ceased from that time."

A Man Without a Face.

[London Globe.

There is to be seen at Landrecies, in the department of the north, an invalid artillery soldier, who was wounded in in the late Franco-German war, when he was horribly mutilated by the bursting of a Russian shell. The man's face was literally blown off, including both eyes, there being left behind some scanty remnants of the osseous and muscular systems. The skull, which is well covered with hair, was left intact, so that the man had a most hideous and ghastly appearance.

This disfigurement has been completely concealed by a mask, which was made for him under the direction of the principal medical officer of Val de Grace, in Paris, whither he had been transferred from the field ambulance. The mask was constructed by a surgeon-dentist named Delalain. It includes a false palate and a complete set of false teeth; and it is so perfect that the functions of respiration, which were necessarily and imperfectly performed, are almost completely restored to their normal condition, and the voice, which was rather husky, has resumed its natural tone. The man speaks distinctly, the sense of smell, which had entirely disappeared, has returned, and he can even play the flute. He wears two false eyes, simply to fill up the cavities of the orbits, for the parts representing the eyes in the mask are closed. In fact the mask is so well adapted to what remains of the real face as to be considered one of the finest specimens of the prothetic art that could be devised.

The man himself, whose name is Moreau, and who is in perfect health, is looked upon as a living curiosity, and travelers go a good deal out of their way to see him. His face, or rather his mask, is, of course, without any expression, but his special senses, particularly that of touch, are extremely developed, and he goes by the soubriquet of "l'homme a la tete de cire." He wears the military cross of honor, and delights to talk about what he had gone through during the war. To add to his meager pension he sells a small pamphlet containing a full description of his wounds, and of the apparatus that has been so skillfully devised as to render him at least presentable to his fellow creatures.

Dickens in 1842.

[Ben: Perley Poore.]

Charles Dickens, when he first visited Washington in 1842, was just entering his 30th year. He was a middle-sized, somewhat fleshy person, and he wore a brown frock coat, a red-figured vest and a fancy scarf cravat, that concealed the collar and was fastened to the bosom in rather voluptuous folds by a double pin and chain. His hair, which was long and dark, grew low upon the brow, had a wavy kink where it started from the head, and was corkscrewed as it fell on either side of his face. His forehead retreated gradually from the eyes, without any marked protuberance, save at the outer angle, the upper portion of which formed a prominent ridge a little within the assigned position of the organ of ideality. The eyeballs completely filled their sockets. The aperture of the lids was not large, nor the eye uncommonly clear or bright, but quick, moist and expressive. The nose was slightly aquiline, the mouth of moderate dimensions, making no great display of the teeth, the facial muscles occasionally drawing the upper lip most strongly on the left side as the mouth opened in speaking. His features, taken together, were well proportioned, of a glowing and cordial aspect, with more animation than grace, and more intelligence than beauty.

Burlington Hawkeye: There isn't so very much destitution in this country, but there are just acres of want.

REMARKABLE RESTORATION IN THE CASE OF A CLERGYMAN.

Rev. A. W. Moore, of Darlington, S. C., sends us for publication the following results in his case:

"DARLINGTON, S. C., Jan. 16th, 1883.

"MESSRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—Though you have not solicited, I feel it to be my duty to give the following testimonial in favor of 'Compound Oxygen.' I inherited the *pulmonary taint* from my mother; and have suffered with *Bronchitis* from my youth. For the last three or four years, in the early fall, I have been prostrated with an acute attack of severe *Bronchial Asthma.* Last fall this attack was unusually perilous, being complicated with a general derangement of the liver, kidneys, etc. *My medical advisers could not give much hope of any further work in the ministry.*

"In December I commenced the use of your Home Treatment. Shortly after I began its use, nearly all the symptoms were greatly aggravated, but for the last three weeks I have been improving. The constant expectoration has to a great extent ceased. I have a fine appetite; my digestion is good. I sleep well. *I am now preaching twice on Sunday without lassitude. I feel more vigor—more life than I have for years.* I believe the 'Compound Oxygen' a blessed, providential discovery, to which you were unconsciously directed by the great Healer.

"Gratefully, (Rev.) A. W. MOORE."

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen,*" containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free.* Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

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.

Speed of Thought in a Dream.

[Cor. Scientific American.]

A telegraph operator was one night during the Turco-Russian war receiving a press dispatch regarding the war, in which the name of Gortschakoff was being telegraphed. Gortschakoff's name appearing so often in such dispatches, the operator, as soon as he heard the first syllable of the great premier's name, went to sleep and dreamt he went to his mother's home in the Indian territory, went hunting with some Indian friends; had a great deal of sport, and went through an experience which would take days to perform, and finally, after returning from the hunt during the division of their game, he woke up in time to hear the final syllable of Gortschakoff's name, and succeeded in making a complete "copy" of the message. At the rate of forty words per minute, at which telegraphing is usually done, you will see that the time of the dream, which commenced when the middle syliable of Gortschakoff's name was being made, was one-third of one and one-third of a second, or forty-four one-hundredths of a second.

A Simple Remedy.

[Peck's Sun.]

"The best remedy I know of for this foot-and-mouth disease," remarked old Mrs. Blinker, as she looked up from the paper, "is for folks to stay at home more and talk less." And then she resumed her reading.

Henry Ward Beecher: We are what our country and teachers are.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Young Girl's Dementia—How It was Occasioned—Some New and Startling Truths.

The St. Louis express, on the New York Central road, was crowded one evening recently, when at one of the way stations, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, entered the cars and finally secured a seat. As the conductor approached the pair, the young lady arose, and in a pleading voice said:

"Please, sir, don't let him carry me to the asylum. I am not crazy; I am a little tired, but not mad. Oh! no indeed. Won't you please have papa take me back home?"

The conductor, accustomed though he was to all phases of humanity, looked with astonishment at the pair, as did the other passengers in their vicinity. A few words from the father, however, sufficed, and the conductor passed on while the young lady turned her face to the window. The writer chanced to be seated just behind the old gentleman and could not forego the desire to speak to him. With a sad face and a trembling voice the father said:

"My daughter has been attending the seminary in a distant town and was succeeding remarkably. Her natural qualities, together with a great ambition, placed her in the front ranks of the school, but she studied too closely, was not careful of her health, and her poor brain has been turned. I am taking her to a private asylum where we hope she will soon be better."

At the next station the old man and his daughter left the cars, but the incident, so suggestive of Shakespeare's Ophelia, awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the writer. It is an absolute fact that while the population of America increased thirty per cent during the decade between 1870 and 1880 the insanity increase was *over one-hundred and thirty-five per cent* for the same period. Travelers by rail, by boat, or in carriages in any part of the land see large and elaborate buildings, and inquire what they are.

Insane asylums!

Who builds them?

Each state; every county; hundreds of private individuals, and in all cases their capacity is taxed to the utmost.

Why?

Because men, in business and the professions, women, at home or in society, and children at school overtax their mental and nervous forces by work, worry and care. This brings about nervous disorders, indigestion and eventually mania.

It is not always trouble with the head that causes insanity. It far oftener arises from evils in other parts of the body. The nervous system determines the status of the brain. Any one who has periodic headaches; occasional dizziness; a dimness of vision; a ringing in the ears; a feverish head; frequent nausea or a sinking at the pit of the stomach, should take warning at once. The stomach and head are in direct sympathy and if one be impaired the other can never be in order. Acute dyspepsia causes more insane suicides than any other known agency, and the man, woman or child whose stomach is deranged is not and cannot be safe from the coming on at any moment of mania in some one of its many terrible forms.

The value of moderation and the imperative necessity of care in keeping the stomach right must therefore be clear to all. The least appearance of indigestion, or mal-assimilation of food should be watched as carefully as the first approach of an invading army. Many means have been advocated for meeting such attacks, but all have heretofore been more or less defective. There can be no little doubt, however, that for the purpose of regulating the stomach, toning it up to proper action, keeping its nerves in a normal condition and purifying the blood, Warner's Tippecanoe Tie Best, excels all ancient or recent discoveries. It is absolutely pure and vegetable; it is certain to add vigor to adults, while it cannot by any possibility injure even a child. The fact that it was used in the days of the famous Harrison family is proof positive of its merit, as it has so thoroughly withstood the test of time. As a tonic and revivifier it is simply wonderful. It has relieved the agony of the stomach in thousands of cases; soothed the tired nerves; produced peaceful sleep and averted the coming on of a mania more to be dreaded than death itself.

Lunacy Caused by War.

[Paris Figaro.]

Dr. Legrand du Saulle, a distinguished authority on the subject of insanity, recently delivered an interesting lecture in the Salpetriere on the influence of the siege of Paris in the production of mental disease. For a few days after the declaration of war there was a notable dimunition in the number of these cases; but as soon as it became known that the Prussians were marching on Paris the anxiety and alarm felt by the suburban population culminated in many instances in madness of a curious and rarely observed type—extreme melancholy, accompanied with stupor and dazed condition of the faculties. Three hundred and fifty thousand suburban residents had to take refuge in Paris, where they found no other shelter than that afforded by the railway carriages at the terminus, which soon became densely crowded.

Hunger and inanition swelled the statistics of insanity during the siege all the more that wine was to be had in abundance, and the men of the National Guard spent the greater part of the 30 sous allowed them daily on drink, on which, in fact, they and many others lived during the last few days of the siege. The "mania of inventions" became very common at the same time. Gen. Trochu was constantly pestered with lunatics, who came to lay before him all manner of wild contrivances of their invention for the total and instantaneous annihilation of the Prussians.

Afraid of Mice.

[Exchange.]

As they were trudging along to school, a 5-year-old Boston miss said to her companion, a lad of six summers: "Were you ever afrightened at the contiguity of a rodent?" "Nay, forsooth," he replied; "I fear not the juxtaposition of the creature, but dislike its alarming tendency to an intimate propinquity."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

Trade Mark

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the HOSPITALS OF FRANCE. Prompt return of VIGOR. Simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe cases, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. **Civiale Remedial Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.**

ECZEMA!

Eczema is one of the ugliest and most troublesome of all blood diseases. It proceeds from humors in the blood which are sometimes very difficult to eradicate. For five weary years Mr. J. D. Rodefer, of Greendale, Va., suffered terribly from this disease. He writes: "Finding no relief in the many medicines till I used Brown's Iron Bitters, I purchased three bottles; from the use of which I have obtained almost entire relief. I recommend it to every one in my neighborhood for any disorder of the blood and as a general tonic."

The foolishness that can't be cured must be in dude.

Piso's Cure for Consumption does not dry up a cough; it removes the cause.

If you want a good smoke, try "Seal of North Carolina," plug cut."

Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron is the best Nerve Tonic ever discovered.

Papillon Blood Cure is not an alterative, but a positive cure for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia.

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 recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York.

CATARRH—A New Treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC

And Pulmonary Complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative qualities. Sold only in boxes.

Papillon Skin Cure will remove Dandruff, cure Barbers' Itch, Inordinate Itching, Sebaceous Tumors, Blotches, Maggot Pimples, Grog Blossoms, Carbuncles and Boils. It never fails.

SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE.

J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist of Austin, Tex., writes: "I have been handling DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds, and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me another gross."

Brevity Is the Soul of Wit.

[Baltimorean.]

The following amusing story, which was told by Franklin, ought to be read and acted upon by all correspondent-communicating their thoughts to the newspaper press.

A young man, on commencing business, proposed to paint over his shop window, "John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money," to which was added the sign of a hat.

One friend suggested that, as he make and sold hats, the word "hatter was unnecessary. It was therefore struck out and the sign remained, "John Thompson makes and sells hats for ready money."

Another friend advised him to omit the phrase "for ready money," as there would occur occasions for selling on credit; and so the sign read: "John Thompson makes and sells hats."

It was then hinted the buyer of the hat did not care who made it, and that the sign would be better if it read: "John Thompson sells hats."

But another amputation was in store still, for a critic pointed out the uselessness of the phrase "sells hats," for, said he, "no one would ever suppose that the hats were to be given away for nothing." Thus, at last, this aspiring tradesman commenced business, like many worthy successors, under the modest sign of "John Thompson."

Camphor for Cholera.

[Medical Journal.]

Dr. Dudgeon, the famous homeopathist physician of London, recalls the fact—apropos of Koch's investigations into the nature of the cholera germ—that Hahnemann in 1831 suggested that the contagious matter of cholera consisted of "excessively minute invisible living creatures," and accordingly advised the free use of camphor, which he held to be a potent cholera bacilicide—to the efficacy of which treatment, adds Dr. Dudgeon, the statistics of every epidemic in Europe testify.

Watt's Workshop.

[Exchange.]

It is interesting to know that James Watt's workshop is preserved at Heathfield hall just as he left it, his lathe and bench standing at the window, his tools scattered about, and his old leather apron hanging over the vise.

A Crushed Dandy.

Diminutive dude—Why do you make me wait until the last dance? Young lady—Oh, to give you time to grow.

"W." in The Century: The idle rich * * the idle poor—the two classes we have chiefly, if not solely, to dread.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

The reputation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a preventive of epidemics, a stomachic, an invigorant, a general restorative, and a specific for fever and ague, indigestion, bilious affections, rheumatism, nervous debility, constitutional weakness, is established upon the sound basis of more than twenty years' experience, and can no more be shaken by the claptrap nostrums of unscientific pretenders, than the everlasting hills by the winds that rustle through their dells. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DR. HENLEY'S EXTRACT OF CELERY, BEEF AND IRON.

TRADE MARK

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