WOMEN COAL-HANDLERS.

They Toil Faithfully From Morning Till Night for a Mere Pittance.

Among the workers are women and girls from about thirteen years up. To each gang there would be three or four men—one to empty the tub, one to empty the basket, and one at some heavy point near. So rapid were the motions that they seemed often to be worked by machinery. Small girls and boys were present to gather up the baskets and pass them to one who sat astraddle the bulwark and threw them back into the coal boat. From morning till night these people worked, stopping only at noon for an hour or so for their two ounces of rice and their lacquer boxes of fish and vegetables. Not an angry word was ever heard. All were jolly, laughing and talking. Now and then some woman would say something to her neighbor at the expense of us who were watching from the quarter-deck—then one by one look and laugh. A brighter, happier set of people I have never seen at a picnic—indeed, none as bright, for at a picnic there is always a sort of listless appearance of having nothing to do. Here all were busy; all were working, and working with a heart. One of the two days our ship was loading, four or five other ships near by were also doing the same. In other words these people are not at a picnic—but this thing goes on more or less through the whole year, the great Japanese coal fields being close by. They are all clean and tidy. Many of the girls had their hair done up in true style. Over every head was a blue kerchief tied under the chin to a keep out the dust. Many of the gowns were patched and some had holes in them, but not a single one had the slightest appearance of untidiness. All were clean, all looked cheerful, all were ready to laugh, and all seemed happy. Yet the men who did the heavy work received only fifteen and twenty sen a day, the women ten and twelve, and the children five and seven; add to this two ounces of rice for their lunch. These people are the wives and children of fishermen and farmers in the near neighborhood, who do this kind of work when the crops are laid by and when their husbands and fathers are out at sea after fish.

We noticed many of the young women and children with delicate, well cut features and sweet expressions of face. They evidently do not regard work as a hardship. What right have they thus to toil and be happy? In our civilized Christian lands men are taught that work is a penalty and they go at as if they had a grudge against their employers. Here these people work for a pittance, and then seem to feel kindly toward the man who pays the pittance for their work. As I have said in my other letters, they are a strange people. I have studied them as best I could. Heretofore in traveling I have been able to hold some intercourse with the people whereby we could interchange ideas. But I have not attempted to talk with these, even through an interpreter. I have studied them as I study the crows flying at eventide to their roosts; as I study the ants climbing over hill and valley, mountain and gorge in their ceaseless toils; as I study the spider spinning gossamer threads and with them making upon the air geometrical figures; as I study the bees in musical hum toiling in their labor for sweets. I have studied these people and leave them with keen regret that I had not more time to give to the study. If any of you should be induced by what I write to make a tour of Japan I envy you that your pleasure is in the future and not like mine, all—aye, all in the past. This morning early we weighed anchor, and I had for the last time trodden upon the Mikado's soil.—*Carter H. Harrison, in Chicago Mail.*

TALKED TOO MUCH.

How a Chicago Youth Lost the Love of an Enthusiastic Maiden.

"Laura," said young George Van Perkins tenderly, "do you think you could consent to leave this beautiful home, where your innocent childhood was spent, where you have grown to young womanhood, and where you have been surrounded by every luxury that heart could desire or that fond and indulgent parents could bestow—do you think you could leave all these to become the wife of a young man without fame or wealth, and who must go to the Far West to carve out his fortune?"

"I think I could, George," replied Laura, softly.

"You would miss many of the conveniences and enjoyments of city life," pursued George, "in a community of hard-working settlers."

"I should be one of the workers myself," exclaimed the fair girl, with beautiful enthusiasm.

"I was sure you would, my noble Laura. With youth, health, devotion to each other, and the future before us, there is no reason why we can not be happy, even in a Western frontier village, where there are no theaters, no Browning clubs, no street lamps, no daily papers, no cable cars, no swell dinner parties——"

"None of these things, George, are essential to real happiness."

"And where the trivial customs that prevail in so-called refined circles are unknown; where women never turn to look at each other's dresses as they pass on the street——"

"What's that, Mr. Van Perkins?" said Laura, in an altered tone. "Is *that* the kind of an existence to which you would doom me? [Rings for servant.] Victoria, show the gentleman out."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A granddaughter of Charles Dickens does a flourishing business with a typewriter.

—Corn Starch: One pint of milk, three whites of eggs, three tablespoonfuls of corn starch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar; boil the milk, add the other ingredients, and pour in mould. Make a custard of one pint of milk, three yolks of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; flavor. Add boiled milk, and when ready to serve, pour around the white part.—*Boston Budget.*

—Women who do their own work regard their rough hands with great distress. To make and keep them soft wear old gloves at night, just rubbing in an ointment made by beating the white of an egg to a froth and stirring it into a cup of melted lard to which is added one teaspoonful of glycerine. Keep the mixture in a covered jar, excluding the light. Perfume may be added.

—Dr. Stumpf says that a piece of ice placed in a bag, and then in a box or basket containing enough barley-chaff to surround it with a layer of five or six inches thick, will not lose 25 per cent. of its weight in five or six days, in a room the temperature of which is between 70 degrees and 80 degrees. This suggests an excellent way to preserve various articles of food and drink, as well as ice itself.

—Chicken Pie: Cut up your chicken, parboil it, season it in the pot, take up the meat, put in a flour thickening, and scald the gravy; make the crust of cream, put in a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg; take a large tin-pan, line it with crust, put in the meat, and pour in the gravy from the pot; make it nearly full, cover over with a crust, leaving a vent. Bake in a moderate oven two hours or perhaps two and a half.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A poultry raiser up in New York State makes his hens work for their victuals. He says: I like to feed some ear corn to my chickens. I feed about half in this way. The ears are thrown on straw and the birds peck and scratch away at them. They have to work hard for every kernel they get; and this working keeps them busy and out of mischief. Besides, it is the working hen that pays; a lazy hen is like a lazy man.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—If the children have already taken cold and cough, complaining of a tightness in the chest, try this: Into a half-pint of icy cold water dissolve a teaspoonful of salt; bathe the chest with this, applying with cloth, sponge or hand, completing by slapping vigorously and rubbing with a rough towel. The glow that will appear will not be merely external, but will extend throughout the body, giving a feeling of buoyancy and great ease in breathing.

"He who's coy when Fortune's kind,
May after seek and never find."

Only a month ago Geo. A. Clarke, colored, the winner of $5,000 in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery on the 13th ult., was making both ends meet on the small salary of $40 per month. His good fortune was the result of one of those "dreams" so often read about, but which, he states, really prompted him to purchase one-twentieth of ticket No. 8,180, which drew the second capital prize of $100,000. He now has a comfortable home which he purchased but a few days after the receipt of the money, which he received by return post after placing same for collection through the Merchants National Bank. He invested $1,500 in his new home, and says he and his wife can now enjoy the comforts of life by careful investment of his surplus funds.

A similar instance is that of Mr. John McDermott, who was the other lucky holder. He is an employe at Ryan's Mill, and was formerly the recipient of a small bounty, only as a sustenance. He held another twentieth of the same ticket, No. 8,180, and awoke one morning to find himself not great, but rich. He is carefully investing his prize, and says that he will use it as a nucleus to a large income.

The thousands of dollars that this institution has circulated since its organization has lessened the burdens of many in needy circumstances. It is true that people already possessed of means have been lucky holders, but oftener one will note that the winners are ones to whom the good fortune comes as an Arabian night dream.—Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald*, Jan. 4.

February, 1886, had no full moon. Such a thing will not occur again for 2,500,000 years.

A MEMORY OF EARLY DAYS.

Bane of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed oft with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Till you find another dose:
All the shuddering frame revolts
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horror hid,
Climax of all inward ills,
Huge and griping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing, recuperating, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

Last year, in the city of New York, buildings were erected costing over $4,000,000.

The great Orloff diamond, which surmounts the Russian imperial sceptre, is the first in size and third in value in the world. It once formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Seringham, India, and was stolen by a French adventurer. It weighs 189 carats and is valued at $2,500,410.

A REPRIEVE FOR THE CONDEMNED.

Wretched men and women long condemned to suffer the tortures of dyspepsia are filled with new hope after a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This budding hope blossoms into the fruition of certainty, if the Bitters is persisted in. It brings a reprieve to all dyspeptics who seek its aid. Flatulence, heartburn, sinking at the pit of the stomach between meals, the nervous tremors and insomnia of which chronic indigestion is the parent, disappear with their hateful progenitor. Most beneficent of stomachics! who can wonder that in so many instances it awakens grateful eloquence in those who, benefited by it, speak voluntarily in its behalf. It requires a graphic pen to describe the torments of dyspepsia, but in many of the testimonials received by the proprietors of the Bitters, these are portrayed with vivid truthfulness. Constipation, biliousness, muscular debility, malarial fevers and rheumatism are relieved by it.

The government has declined to contribute £7000 for an Arctic expedition as proposed by the Austrian government.

All the art and taste of the best artists seems to have been combined in the magnificent package of imported Oleographic and Chromatic Cards which is being offered by the well known firm of Fleming Brothers, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

To procure these elegant frosted and satin fringed cards, buy a box of Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills for 25 cents from your druggist and mail the outside wrapper with your address plainly written and four cents worth of stamps to Fleming Brothers, Pittsburgh, Pa. You will be surprised and delighted with the beauty and variety of the cards you will receive.

DELICATE CHILDREN, NURSING

Mothers, Overworked Men, and for all diseases where the tissues are wasting away from the inability to digest ordinary food, or from overwork of the brain or body, all such should take **Scott's Emulsion** of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. "I used the Emulsion on a lady who was delicate, and threatened with Bronchitis. It put her in such good health and flesh, that I must say 'tis the best Emulsion I ever used."—L. P. WADDELL, M. D., Hugh's Mills, S. C.

A LITTLE LEAVEN LEAVENETH THE WHOLE LUMP.

A disease in one part of the body will eventually fill the whole body with disease. Every year or two some part of the system grows weak and begins to decay. Such part should be removed at once and new matter be allowed to take its place. There's no need of cutting it out with the surgeon's scalpel. Purge away the old, diseased and worn out parts with BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Then the new body will take care of itself.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

See Antisell Piano advertisement.

Wakelee's Squirrel and Gopher Exterminator. Try it, and prove the best is the cheapest. Wakelee & Co., San Francisco.

Over 200 corpses have been recovered from avalanches which have recently occurred in the Italian Alps.

THE CORRECT TIME.

There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time; and wonderful and delicate mechanisms are devised to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made, the more subject it becomes to derangement, and unless it be kept always perfectly clean, it soon loses its usefulness. What wonder, then, that the human machine—so much more delicate and intricate than any work of Man—should require to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the main-spring of this complex structure, and on the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver, depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption (which is lung-scrofula), is traceable to the imperfect action of this organ. Kidney diseases, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, dropsy, and a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

Four teaspoonfuls are equal to one tablespoonful.

A Slight Cold, if neglected, often attacks the Lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

Two and one-half teacupfuls of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.

$500 REWARD

is offered, in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat ailments and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

The river and harbor bill this year will appropriate not less than $20,000,000.

HOBB'S LITTLE VEGETABLE PILLS tower above and are unlike any other remedy in the world. Price 25 cents a vial. All druggists.

Write plainly on a postal card your name and post-office address, NAMING THIS PAPER, and you will receive free a sample copy of the New York Illustrated News. Address, P. O. Box 1403, New York City.

TRYGERMEA for breakfast.

Camelline improves and preserves the complexion.