

Letter from Jefferson.

JEFFERSON, OR., Jan. 5, 1880.

Dear Friend:

I have not written to you for so long, that I thought it was time for me to write. I expect Ida has told you we are all well. Father is at town. I expect a letter from Lydia. We study at home, and sister Lou teaches us. This has been wash day, so I did not have to study. I have seven little white chickens; I bring them in the house every morning, to keep them from freezing. The field is covered with water, and it don't feel very good to be out in the rain. I am glad I have a good home and keep dry. Daisy-dog is cold, she is out in the rain, but can come in if she wants to. We have three black dogs now. Daisy is Lydia's dog, she left her in my care. I don't allow them to scold her. Ida has a rubber doll; she is making it a new dress. I have little china doll. Ida said she was going to write to you yesterday, but she didn't.

Your little friend,
EMMA MILLER.

Chrysanthemums.

A Beautiful Legend from the Black Forest.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast, as Hermann, the charcoal-burner drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the black forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them, when he heard a faint wailing, guided by the sound he crept about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked up piteously in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou wouldst be dead before morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapped it in his cloak, and warming its cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut, he put down the child and rapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to welcome and gaze at the little newcomer. They showed him their pretty fig-tree, decorated with bright colored lamps, in honor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a fete for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the little room; and as they gazed it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with heavenly lustre. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as if in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming, in awe-struck voices: "The holy Christ-child!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the Heavenly guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where he found

the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers with dark-green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some, and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them chrysanthemums; and every year as the time came round, they put aside a portion of their feast, and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Ex.*

Library Gossip.

Appraising Himself.

A good story, told on himself by the quaint and original humorist, Samuel L. Clemens, "Mark Twain," while breakfasting with a journalistic friend, lately in Chicago, is too good to be kept. It was brought about by some remarks in his speech at the banquet tendered to General Grant. The story is as follows:

"Speaking of banquets reminds me of a rather amusing incident that occurred to me during my stop in smoky, dirty, grand old London. I received an invitation to attend a banquet there and I went. It was one of those tremendous dinners where there are from eight hundred to nine hundred invited guests. I hadn't been used to that sort of thing, and I didn't feel quite at home. When we took our seats at the tables I noticed that at each plate was a little plan of the hall, with the position of each guest numbered so that one could see at a glance where a friend was seated by learning his number. Just before we fell to, some one—the Lord Mayor, or whoever was presiding the occasion—arose and began to read a list of these present—No. 1 Lord So-and-so, No. 2, the Duke of something-or-other, and so on. When this individual read the name of some prominent political character, or literary celebrity, it would be greeted with more or less applause. The individual who was reading the names did so in such a monotonous manner that I became somewhat tired, and began looking about for something to engage my attention. I found the gentlemen next to me, on the right, a well-informed personage, and I entered into conversation with him. I had never seen him before, but he was a good talker, and I enjoyed it. Suddenly, just as he was giving me his views upon the future religious aspect of Great Britain, our ears were assailed by a deafening storm of applause. Such a clapping of hands I had never heard before. It sent the blood to my head with a rush, I got terribly excited. I straightened up and commenced clapping my hands with all my might. I moved about excitedly in my chair, and clapped harder and harder. 'Who is it?' I asked the gentleman on my right. 'Whose name did he read?' 'Samuel L. Clemens,' he answered. 'I stopped applauding. I didn't clap any more. It kind of took the life out of me, and I sat there like a mummy and didn't even get up and bow. It was one of the most distressing fixes I ever got into, and it will be many a day before I forget it.'—*Ex.*

Some of the most eminent writers prove themselves poor editors, while not infrequently men of a fine second-rank order of talent make the best conductors of magazines and periodicals. We have been fortunate in having most of our best magazines managed by men distinguished as writers outside of their editorial capacity. Notable among them are W. D. Howells and Dr. J. G. Holland, respectively having charge of Atlantic and Scribner's Monthly, both of which have thriven in literary excellence and in popularity to a marked degree of late years. S. S. Conant and H. M. Alden control Harper's Magazine, the most successful periodical in the world; George William Curtis being a constant contributor, and not having much to do with the editing of Harper's, as many have erroneously supposed. John Foster Kirk, the historian, conducts Lippincott's, and O. B. Bace edits Appleton's Journal. Much of the new prominence and popularity now being accorded to the North American Review and the International Review are due to the enterprise evinced in their editing. The first editor of the Atlantic Monthly was James Russell Lowell whom James T. Fields succeeded, and the latter, although not possessed of so great a name in literature, showed more tact and attained greater success than his predecessor.

Lydia Maria Child lives in a quiet home at Wayland, Mass. The home is an old one, of only a story and a half, of Quaker simplicity.

Decline of Church-Going in New England.

William C. Prime, an author of some celebrity, and brother, we believe, of Dr. Prime of the New York Observer, is in the habit every autumn of making excursions in his own carriage through the more attractive rural districts of New England, stopping over and attending church wherever Sunday happens to bring him. In a letter to the Journal of Commerce describing the latest of these tours, Mr. Prime thus touches an interesting and important subject:

I confess that year after year I grow more and more to wondering why it is that New England country people do not seem to have much interest in their churches. Whatever the denominations, we always find empty churches on Sunday evenings. In villages of considerable size with surrounding farms on which the population is not small, it never happens that we find a morning congregation of more than forty or fifty persons at church, and usually the number is much less than that; while at evening service it is almost invariably to find only ten or fifteen females and rarely more than two, three or four men. In large towns the attendance is proportional small. The proportion of the people of parts of Northern New England who are regular church-goers would seem to be small, even smaller than in our large cities, if one can judge from personal observation during the past few years on pleasant September and October Sundays.

It was not so once. I know country churches which once gathered in on Sunday morning pretty much all the population around, and which are now full of emptiness. I see plenty of churches behind, which are sheds for horses and wagons, which, by their extensive size, indicate that they were once used by many families, and which are now not only empty, but roofless, shabby and useless; nor could I learn that the building of other churches had led away the congregations. Probably the same is true of part of New York and other States.

The "Ranz Des Vaches."

This peculiar and touching melody is said to have as great a fascination for men and women born in Switzerland as for the animals, which listen delightedly to its sounds. What is there in this wild march which has so great a fascination for the Swiss that, as Jean Jaques Rousseau tells us, it was formerly forbidden, under penalty of death, to play it to Swiss troops, as it made them so homesick that they would either desert or die of ennui and despair at being long away from their beloved mountains? Ranz, in the patois of French Switzerland, means a procession, or a single file, and the "Ranz des Vaches" is the procession of cows going forth to pasture after the long and weary confinement of winter in the barns in the villages is over. The air is so beautiful that Anne of England endeavored to naturalize it in Great Britain; that the Stockhausen made a great reputation and immense sums of money by singing at concerts, and that it has been celebrated in dozens of poems. "It is in the mountain alone that it can be well heard," says Bridel, on the spot where it was originally sung or played by the herdsman, among the rocks of the Alps, at the door of a chalet. It must have the accompaniments of nature, the noise of a torrent and the rustle of the firs, which serves as a continuous bass; the voice of the echo, which repeats and prolongs it, and the lowing of the kine which answers it, jingling sounds at unequal intervals. It is of greatest effect in our loftiest solitudes and seems to our Alpine landscapes something solemn and mysterious, above all when it is played at night at a distance, where one can see neither the player nor the instruments, and when the absolute silence of the place and almost wild modulations, the repetition of which is not monotonous. "I heard it in my youth among my native mountains," adds the good Bridel, "and after forty years it still lingers in my heart." The organist in the cathedral renders the wild and melancholy ranz with all the brilliant and surprising effects of which the monstrous organ is capable, and it is not too much to say that the result is quite overpowering, especially if the traveler arrives in Fribourg at nightfall and enters the cathedral in almost absolute darkness. He seems to be sitting in some cave, listening to the voices of the wind, the snow, the torrents and the shepherd's horn in the mountains.—*Edvard King in the Boston Journal.*

The reading room of the British Museum, a vast circular apartment, has been illumined by means of the electric light with such good effect as to render the smallest print as legible as by daylight.

MISCELLANEOUS.



King of the Blood

Cure all Scrofulous affections and disorders resulting from Impurity of the Blood. It is useless to specify all, as the sufferer can usually perceive their cause; but *Salt Rheum, Pimples, Ulcers, Tumors, Goitre, Swellings, &c.*, are the most common, as well as many affections of the *Heart, Head, Liver and Stomach.*

SCROFULA.

Wonderful Cure of Blindness.

D. RANSOM, SON & CO.: For the benefit of all troubled with Scrofula or Impure Blood in their systems, I hereby recommend King of the Blood. I have been troubled with Scrofula for the past ten years, which so affected my eyes that I was completely blind for six months. I was recommended to try King of the Blood, which has proved a great blessing to me, as it has completely cured me, and I cheerfully recommend it to all troubled as I have been.

Yours truly,
Mrs. S. WEATHERLOW, Gardinia, N. Y.

\$1,000

will be paid to any Public Hospital to be mutually agreed upon, for every certificate of this medicine published by us which is not genuine.

Its Ingredients.

To show our faith in the safety and excellence of the King of the Blood, upon proper personal application, when satisfied that no imposture is intended, we will give the names of all its ingredients, by affidavit. The above offers were never made before by the proprietor of any other Family Medicine in the world.

Many testimonials, further information, and full directions for using will be found in the pamphlet "Treatise on Diseases of the Blood," in which each bottle is enclosed. Price \$1 per bottle containing 12 ounces, or \$4 to \$5 dozen. Sold by druggists. D. RANSOM, SON & CO., Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE GENUINE
DR. C. McLANE'S
Celebrated American
WORM SPECIFIC
OR
VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; feeble pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times constive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hicough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE
will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S
LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has a wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

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Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane*, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

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TO \$6000 A YEAR, or \$5 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from \$500 to \$2000 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and entirely honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5 also free; you can make up your mind for yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., 9-32-33 Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.



(Successors to R. V. PIERCE, M. D.)
Dr. R. V. PIERCE, having acquired a world-wide reputation in the treatment of Chronic Diseases, resulting in a professional business far exceeding his individual ability to conduct, some years ago induced several medical gentlemen to associate themselves with him, as the Faculty of the World's Dispensary, the Consulting Department of which has since been merged with the INVALID HOTEL. The organization has been completed and incorporated under the name and style of World's Dispensary Medical Association, with the following officers:
Hon. R. V. PIERCE, Pres. Y. H. PIERCE, V. Pres.
J. E. PIERCE, Sec. LESTER H. SMITH, Treas.

NINE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS of eminence and skill have been chosen as the Faculty. CHRONIC DISEASES of all forms come within the province of our several specialties.

LUNG DISEASES.—This division of practice is very ably managed by a gentleman of mature judgment and skill. Bronchitis, Throat, and Lung Diseases treated with the most successful results.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.—Especially are our facilities of a superior order for the cure of all those chronic diseases peculiar to females.

NERVOUS DISEASES.—Paralysis, Nervous Debility, Epilepsy (Fits), Chorea (St. Vitus's Dance), Neuralgia, and other nervous affections, receive the attention of an expert in this specialty.

NOT NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.—By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases as successfully without as with a personal consultation. For particulars see "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" (1,000 pages, sent post-paid for \$1.50 or "Invalids and Tourists' Guide Book" (100 pages, 10 cents post-paid).

SURGICAL CASES.—Among the operations which we are called upon most frequently to perform, are those for Nasal Polypus, Harelip, Tumors, Fistula in Ano, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Hydrocele (Dropsy) of the Scrotum, Varicose Veins, Ovarian and Uterine Tumors, Calculi (Stones) in the Bladder, Stricture, etc., etc. We also treat successfully, by a new method without surgical operation, Cancer, Club-foot, Spinal Curvature and other deformities. See pamphlet entitled, "A Nation as a Curative Agent," sent on receipt of 10 cents.

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WOMAN

By an immense practice at the World's Dispensary and Invalid Hotel, having treated many thousands of cases of those diseases peculiar to women, have been enabled to perfect a most potent and positive remedy for these diseases.

To designate this natural specific, I have named it

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

For the cure of all those diseases which are peculiar to women, and which are the cause of so much suffering and misery.

For a full and complete description of the diseases which this medicine cures, and for a full and complete description of the medicine itself, see the pamphlet entitled, "A Nation as a Curative Agent," sent on receipt of 10 cents.

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