TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The total number of children in the United States of "school age," which varies in each state from four to sixteen, is estimated at 16,052,283; the schools rolls for 1882 show a membership of 9,781,521, however, and a daily average attendance of 5,705,342.

The Worshipful Company of Grocers, of London, have issued an announcement, offering a prize of \$5000 for the best original essay on Sanitary Science. This prize is awarded every four years, and is open to universal competition, British and foreign.

Somebody traveling in New South Wales writes that the famous cataracts of this country are mere spigotexhibitions beside the waterfalls to be seen there. At the Wentworth Falls, for instance, the river drops down 1500 feet, with but a single break about midway, and the beholder above is fairly unable to see the bottom because of the spray. And then "the valley below the falls spreads out into a great amphitheater fifty miles across, and hemmed in on every side but one with perpendicular walls on the mountain.'

Over the door of a small frame building in which a colored family is living, in Greenville, Tenn., is a pine board on which is the legend, now almost erased by rain and storm, "A. Johnson, Tailor." A little beyond the western border of the town is a marble monument that marks the last home of "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States." This little pair of facts would provide a full meal for the pessimist, and suggests the incomprehensible space between human greatness and nil.

It is a fact worthy of note that, of all the classic Venuses known to us in modern times, the Venus of Milo is certainly the most popular. It is calculated that every year some fifty-five brain. thousand reproductions of it in marble, plaster and terra cotta are sold in Europe, while for its photographs it in the zenith of their fame. In the recent inventory of state property made by the French government, this matchless statue was computed to be worth a great fortune.

The business of the manufacture and sale of beer has reached enormous proportions in America. The Brewers' Journal shows that the ale and beer sold last year, in six states alone amounted to the following: New York 5,843,254 barrels; Pennsylvania, 1,706, 646 barrels; Ohio, 1,585,852 barrels; Wisconsin, 1,298,183 barrels; Illinois, 1,071,40d barrels, and Missouri, 1,022,-659 barrels. New York city alone shows sales of 3,239,908 barrels; Philadelphia, 1,023,514 barrels. It is evident that the consumption of beer and ale in America is by no means confined to Germans and Englishmen.

The well-known Italian economist, Signor Cirio, has come to the conclusion that Italy ought to raise her own potatoes and that now is the time and Sardinia the place for the experiment. He has selected some of the best varieties, will follow the most approved methods of cultivation, and will carefully note the results for the purpose of ascertaining the kind best adapted to the requirements of the Italian farmer. Signor Cirio, however, has already been reminded that he will have to persuade his countrymen to become a potato-eating people before he can hope to make potato-planting general and popular.

of Norwegians, who have been atcirculars of the railroad and land companies, and still more by letters from friends already on the ground. They are not disappointed, for they are content to begin very humbly. At first ahouse of sods of one room is visitor. Next, the house-made sod is in Northern Africa. stove must make way for an iron one and the sod house itself is deserted for

in its wildest flight can picture nothing more luxurious or beautiful.

A clear example of the ease with which some writers may be misled by peafectly sound statistics is shown in the following: Dr. Guy, the English statistician, calculated with reason that the actual mean age at death, which is twentynine years in England, is only twenty years in America. A careless writer at once made up his mind that America was a very unhealthy place to live in, as compared with England, and it was necessary to inform him that the mean age at death depends upon the proportion of old and young in a population, and that this varies in different places and in the same place at different times. It was also explained that the mean age of death is useless as a test of the healthfulness of trades and professions unless the age distribution of the living persons engaged in them

In the report of the medical officer of the Woking (England) Prison for Females for last year a number of interesting cases are detailed. After instancing the case of a woman who who was over and over again convicted and sent to prison, whose passion for destroying prison furniture and her own clothing never ceased, and who died at fifty years of age whispering a regret that her strength would not permit her to indulge as formerly in acts of violence, the medical officer goes on to say, in connection with the subject of wrong-doing and the condition of the brain, that he was led during a series of examinations to the discovery that a very notable number of convict women have had their skulls fractured. It is not uncommon to hear a woman say, "I knew I was in a temper, but I could not help it; I was mad." This irascibility and loss of self-control are, he adds, not unfrequently associated with a damaged skull and presumably an injured

Mr. Bookwalter, of Ohio, who during his recent tour around the world can claim a greater sale than even made a valuable collection of indus Mrs. Langtry or Miss Mary Anderson trial information as well as of natural curiosities, is much impressed with the actual and prospective competition between the wheat growers of America and those of India. "The fact is a significant one," he says, "that although the India farmer ploughs his ground with a forked stick and employs in al respects the crudest methods of tillage, he succeeds in these conditions in raising an average of a little over eleven bushels of wheat per acre, varying but slightly from the average yield in America, where we have all the appliances of science and skilful methods of farming. This would seem to be sufficient evidence that the climate and soil of India are even more favorable to the growth of wheat than our own, and we are justified in inferring that if the same methods and appliances were employed in India, and with the same intelligence as here, the out-turn per acre would be much increased over that of America."

Some years ago the United States government bought in Asia Minor seventy-six camels, and sent them as beasts of burden for army use in New Mexico and Arizona. For some time they were used between Fort Tejon and Albuquerque, each carrying sometimes 100 gallons of water, and going without a drink for themselves for nine days at a time. For some reason, however, the government condemned and sold the camels at Benicia, Cal., to two Frenchmen, who used them in carrying salt to Virginia City, Nevada. Their next experience was In Dakota there are great numbers in "packing" ore in Southern Arizona, but at the end of it their owners tracted to the country by the flaming turned them loose upon the desert, where they have been roaming wild and multiplying, fattening upon bushes of sage and greasewood and the thorny herbage of the desert. With herds of wild camels in Arizona, ostriches in Southern California, Moorish architecsatisfactory, though the pig is a fellow ture wherever Indians have settled occupant. The first improvement is a and pearl and sponge fishing in its adsty close by the front door, and the pig jacent seas, our remote Southwest can only enters the house occasionally as a offer the tourist pretty much all there

A very remarkable increase of manua dwelling all wood, and costing per-facturing facilities in the South has haps as much as \$200. When this been noted since the latest census was house, with its windows and its taken. The gain has been so large shingled roof, is finally painted white, that it has excited attention from in-

ing to a writer in the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record the manufacture at the South of iron, steel and of agricultural implements acquired in the decade 1871-80 great proportions. Thus, from 345,570 tons of iron in 1870, the production in ten Southern States, not including Virginia, increased to 614,971 tons in 1880. More remarkable still have been the changes in the last three years. Here are a few examples, the figures representing tons of iron and steel:

62,986 125,000 7.060 Alabama, 9,634 35,152 80,000 Georgia, 34,305 77,100 105,000

In 1880 there were in twelve Southern States 296 establishments for the manufacture of agricultural implements, almost all of which, excepting those in Kentucky and Virginia, had been created since 1870. These employed 2,633 hands, and \$3,509,881 capital, paid \$798,012 wages, consumed material valued at 1,646,750, and produced wares valued at \$3,557,604.

A Story of the War.

In that desperate battle of Murfreesboro, or, as some may call it, Stone riv er, on the 31st of December, 1862, a gallant and daring charge was made by Breckinridge's brigade on the masked batteries of Gen. Rosecrans, so placed as to do fearful work. The charge was on of the most desperate of the war, and among the foremost in it was the First Louisiana regiment.

In this regiment a brave soldier and intrepid officer was Lieut. J. B. Trist, of this city. Manfully he went forth to the terrible ordeal, and while leading his men was struck down, mortally wounded. It was impossible to withstand such a rain-storm of missiles, and, decimated and torn, Breckinridge's brigade was forced back. The Feder als swept over the field, which was covered with the dead and dying, and, while the bloody work was still going on, one of their number, Sergt. George W. Kent, who was afterward first lieutenant of company B, 88th Illinois volunteers, saw poor Trist, fast sinking from his wounds, lying on the

Sergt. Kent went to the side of the dying southern lieutenant and gave his parched throat a refreshing draught of water from his canteen, and then, to protect him from the cold, carefully wrapped him up in some blankets packed up on the battlefield In such a bloody hour, such brotherly attention met with a grateful response in the heart of the dying man, and taking off his sword he presented it in almost his last words to the succoring Kent. The war went on, and Sergt. Kent became lieutenant. He treasured the sword dearly, and when the contest ended he had Lieutenant Trist's name, date of battle, etc., engraved on the scabbard, intending to preserve it as a souvenir of the war.

Some months ago, thinking that relatives of the dead lieutenant might desire to recover the sacred relic, Lieut. Kent wrote to the association of the army of the Tennessee, and the family was put in communication with him. A few days ago the sword reached this city, and the brother of the gallant dead officer, N. B. Trist, received it, 21 years after the battle. Lieut, Kent, of Gridley, McLean county, Ill., will ever be remembered here with sentiments of the warmest regard.

Educated by the Newspapers.

A member of a manufacturing firm, that employs 500 men, told a committee of the United States senate that the knowledge he possessed he got by reading the newspapers, and not from books, and that by reading the papers he kept himself informed on the literature and current events of the day. Thousands of other prominent business men would make the same ac knowledgement if questioned on the subject. The tendency of all literature is toward expansion, so the most industrious reader of books can scarcely in a lifetime become well informed: newspapers, on the contrary, condense nearly everything into as few words as possible. Were a student to attempt to give the political, social, religious and literary history of the world for a day he might do it in far more elegant style than the newspapers, but time to object, what can I do?" his history would occupy the reader's time for at least a week. The newspaper is the true American university

The Grand Army of the Republic the climax is reached. Imagination terested persons everywhere. Accord- million members in good standing.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

How He Was Overcome and the Way by Which He was Finally Saved.
(Correspondence Spirit of the Times.)
An unusual adventure which recently occurred to your correspondent while hunting at Brookmere, in this State, is so timely and contains so much that can be made valuable to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire.

to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire:

The day was a most inclement one and the snow quite deep. Rabbit tracks were plentiful, but they principally led in the direction of a large swamp, in which the rabbits could run without difficulty, but where the hunter constantly broke through the thin ice, sinking into the half-frozen mire to his knees. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer had persevered, although a very small bag of game was the result. While tramping about through a perticularly malarial portion of the swamp, a middle-aged man suddenly came into view, carrying a muzzle-leading shotgun and completely leaded down with game of the finest description. Natural curiosity, aside from the involuntary envy that instinctively arose, prompted the writer to enter into conversation with the man, with the following result:

"Year's had fine success, where did you

ter into conversation with the man, with the following result:

"You've had fine success, where did you get all that game?

"Right here, in the swamp."

"It's pretty rough hunting in these parts, especially when a man goes up to his waist every other step."

"Yes, it's not very pleasant, but I am used to it and don't mind it."

"How long have you hunted hereabouts."

"How long have you hunted hereabouts."
"Why, bless you, I have lived here most of
my life and hunted up to ten years ago ever

"How does it happen you omitted the last

ten years?"
"Because I was scarcely able to move, much less hunt."

"I don't understand you?"

"Well, you see, about ten years ago, after I had been tramping around all day in the same swamp, I felt quite a pain in my ankle. I didn't mind it very much, but it kept troubling me for a day or two, and I could see that it kept increasing. The next thing I knew, I felt the same kind of a pain in my shoulder and I found it pained me to move my arm. This thing kept going on and increasing, and though I tried to skake off the feeling and make myself think it was only a little temporary trouble, I found that it did not go. Shortly after this my joints began to ache at the knees and I finally became so bad that I had to remain in the house most of the time." "I don't understand you?"

"And did you trace all this to the fact that you had hunted so much in this swamp?"

"No, I didn't know what to lay it to, but I knew that I was in misery. My joints swelled until it seemed as though all the flesh I had left was bunched at the joints; my ingers crooked in every way, and some of them became double-jointed. In fact, every joint in my body seemed to vie with the others to see which could become the largest and cause me the greatest suffering. In this way several years passed on, during which time I was pretty nearly helpless. I became so nervous and sensitive that I would sit bolstered up in the chair and call to people that entered the room not to come near me, that entered the room not to come near me, or even touch my chair. While all this was going on, I felt an awful burning heat and fever, with cocasional chills running all over my body, but especially along my back and through my shoulders. Then again my blood seemed to be boiling and my brain to be on fire."

fire."
"Didn't you try to prevent all this agony?"
"Try! I should think I did try. I tried
every doctor that came within my reach and
all the proprietory medicines I could hear of
I used washes an I liniments enough to last
me for all time, but the only relief I received
was by injections of morphine."
"Well, you talk in a very strange manner
for a reach the stranger account on a day.

"Well, you talk in a very strange manner for a man who has tramped around on a day like this and in a swamp like this. How in the world do you dare to do lit?"

"Because I am completely well and as sound as a dollar. It may seem strange, but it is true, that I was entirely cured; the rheumatism all driven out of my blood; my joints reduced to their natural size, and my strength made as great as ever before, by means of that great and simple remedy, Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which I believe saved my life."

"And so you now have no fear of rheuma-

And so you now have no fear of rheuma

"Why, no. Even if it should come on, I can easily get rid of it by using the same

remedy."

The writer turned to leave, as it was growing dark, but before I had reached the city precisely she same symptoms I had just heard described came upon me with great violence. Impressed with the hunter's story, I tried the same remedy, and within twenty-four hours all pain and inflammation had disappeared. If any reader is suffering from any manner of rheumatic or neuralgic troubles and desires relief let him by all means try this same great remedy. And if any readers doubt the truth of the above incident or its statements let them write to A. A. Coates, Brookmere, N. Y., who was the man with whom the writer conversed, and convince themselves of its truth or falsity.

J. R. C.

The Governor Kissed Patti.

Governor Crittenden, of Mississippi, has improved his reputation according to a story told by Patti to a St. Louis Post-Dispatch reporter. She was at the time describing the favorable reception of her singing of "Home, Sweet Home." She said: "Now, every one seemed so pleased when I sang it that it made me feel good to see them. Were they not pleased? Such a funny thing happened in connection with-I'll tell you-your Governor-Crittenden, I think his name was-yes, Governor Crittenden came to see me after that night, and what do you think he did? Well, he kissed me. He said: 'Mme. Patti, I may never see you again, and I cannot help it,' and before I knew it he threw his arms around me and was kissing me." The diva laughed heartily and merrily at the recollection of the incident.

"Is that the privilege of governors only, madame?" asked the susceptible

reporter. "Now, it wouldn't do, you know, to have everybody washing my face, but an old gentleman, and a nice-looking old gentleman-I think he was nice lookng-but the truth is he kissed me so quick I didn't have time to see, and especially when they do not give me

Photographing on linen will never wash out. Henry Irving's portrait was on each napkin used at the London banquet given him ere he left for America, has now on its rolls a quarter of a the napkins being intended as souvenirs for the guests to take away.

The Bite of an Epileptic.

in England recently a young man was bitten in the hand by a woman who had fallen in an epileptic fit. Three days after-ward he died, and the neighborhood be-In England recently a young man y came greatly excited over the occurrence. This case only tends to add aditional testimony to the fact that the public love sensations. This death may have been merely a coincidence, or then a bite from any person or any animal will occasionally, or we should rather say, might occasion-ally, set up a degree of inflamation in an already depraved or weakened constitu-tion that might prove fatal. But to suppose that the bite of an epileptic, is any more serious, simply because it is inflicted by an epileptic, than would a similar wound received from any other person is certainly unreasonable, and not to be entertained in the pathological light of to-day. - Surgical and Medical Reporter.

The brotherhood of locomotive engineers now number over 13,000 mem-

My daughter was troubled with Heart Disease for five years, given up by physicians, had sinking spe is, constant pain, great swelling over her heart extending to left arm, and severe spells of neuralgin extending over entire body, doctors could not help her. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cured her within James Tilton, Concord, N. H. \$1 per bottle at druggists.

THE supply of oranges is short of the demand in Florida.

is one that yields its owner a good profit through the whole season. But he must supply the cows with what they need in order for them to be able to bear. them to be able to keep up their product. When their butter gets light in color he must make it "gilt edged" by using Wells, Richardson & Co's, Improved Butter Color. It gives the golden color of June, and adds five cents per pound to the value of the butter.

FOR DYSPERSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Drug-gists, is the best tonic; and for patients recover-ing from fever or other sickness it has no equal-

The Doctor's Indersement, Dr. W. D. Wright, Cincinnati, O., sends the subjoine I professional indorsement: "1 have prescribed Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs in a great number of cases and always with success. One case in particular was given up by several physicians who had been called in for consultation with myself. The patient had all the symptoms of con-firmed consumption—cold night sweats, hectic fever, harassing counts, etc. He com-menced immediately to get better, and was soon restored to his usual health. I also found Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs the most valuable expectorant for breaking up distressing coughs and colds."

For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Catarrh so that I have been confined to my room for two months at a time. I have tried all the humburgs in hopes of relief but with no ancess until I met with an old friend who had used Ely's Cream Balm and advised me to try it. I procured a bottle to please him, and from the first application I found relief. It is the best remedy I ever tried. W. C. MATHEWS, Justice of Peace, Shenandon, Ia.

The medical profession are slow (and rightly so) to indorse every new medicine that is advertised and sold; but honest merit con-vinces the fair-minded after a reasonable time. Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Finkham's Vegetable Com-pound for the cure of female weaknesses.

Thousands Upon Thousands. The proprietors of the world-renowned Car-boline—the natural Hair Restorer—never put up less than 1,000 gallons at a time. This gives but an idea of its immense demand.

Virus of all diseases arises from the blood-Samaritan Nervine cures all blood disorders-Dr. J. A. Patmore, of Riley, Ind., truly re-marks: Samaritan Nervine cures epilepsy-

Phoenix Pectoral cures cold and cough. 25, Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. 25, You would use St. Patrick's Salve if you new the good it would do you.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is not only pleasant to take, but it is sure to cure.

IN THE SPRING

Purify Your Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. One dollar; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

N WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME

WANTED-LADIES TO TAKE OUR NEW

A BLESSING TO WOMEN!

EPILEPTIO FITO.