RED CLOUD CHIEF.
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### THE THREE-CENT STAMP.

Good-bye, old stamp, it's nasty luck
That ends our friendship so.
When others lick you gummy stuck,
But now you must go.
So here's a flood of honest tears,
And here's an honest sigh—
Good-bye, old friend of many years—
Good-bye, old stamp, good bye!

Your life has been a varied one,
With curious phases fraught—
Sometimes a check, sometimes a dun,
Your daily coming brought;
Smiles to a waiting lover's face,
Tears to a mother's eye,
Or joy or pain to every place—
Good-bye, old stamp, good bye!

You bravely toiled, and better men
Will vouch for what I say:
Although you have been licked, 'twas when
You face turned t'other way;
'Twas often in a box you got
(As you will not deny.—
For going through the mails, I wot—
Good bye, old stamp, good bye!

Ah, in your last expiring breath!
Th' tale of years is heard—
The sound of voices hushed in death,
A mother's dying word,
A maiden's answer, soft and sweet,
A wife's regretful sigh,
The patter of a baby's feet—
Good-bye, old stamp, good-bye!

What wonder, then, that at this time
When you and I must part,
I should aspire to speak in rhyme
The promptings of my heart.
Go, bide with all those mem'ries dear
That live when others die—
You've nobly served your purpose here—
Good-bye, old stamp, good-bye!

—*Eugene J. Field, in Chicago News.*

## THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

### A Midnight Experience in the White Mountains.

It had been snowing steadily all day long, not in a boisterous, tempestuous way, but quietly and persistently, as if the feathery flakes which were rapidly piling themselves one upon the other on the frozen ground had come for a long stay. Towards night the wind began to rise, and when the darkness settled down a moderate winter's storm was raging. We were waiting in the little station at L—— for the down train, telegraphed an hour and a half behind time, and were endeavoring to keep warm around the small air-tight stove which served as the only heating medium in the low-studded apartment. L —— is a place of little importance except as a railroad center, for here two trunk lines cross each other, and it is also the point where locomotives were changed on the different trains. With the exception of the bustle and excitement incident to a junction station, there was but little to attract a tourist, and the few natural charms the place possessed at this time were hidden beneath the soft covering of snow. So the weary waiters were forced by dearth of amusement, as well as the storm, to while away the time as best they could in the dingy depot. The different time-tables were perused, the flaming advertisements scrutinized, all to no purpose, for the hands of the monotonous-ticking clock crept around the dial with that tardy pace peculiar to railroad time-pieces when one is waiting for a belated train.

The conductor who was to take charge of the express came in to warm his hands by the little stove, and soon the party was increased by the engineer, whose machine could be dimly seen far down the track ready for its expected charge.

"Bad night, Bob," said the conductor. "Better come in and warm up. She won't be here for an hour yet."

The engineer made some reply, and joined the circle around the stove. He was a man of slight build, drooping shoulders, and perhaps not up to the average height. Rather effeminate at first sight, until one noticed the square firm chin, the quick, steady eyes, and the lines about the mouth, which showed that beneath that calm face and quiet manner lay the will both to do and dare. He had been selected especially to run this night express on account of the danger of the position, for the down train was frequently late, and the lost time must be made up before reaching the end of the road in order to meet connections. Time and again nothing but the coolness and judgment of the engineer had brought this train to its destination in safety, and Bob Jennings, as he was called, had been remarkably fortunate, and had never met with a serious accident. The running of the two trains up to L—— and back to the city constituted his day's work. The position was a responsible one, the remuneration good, and the "job," as the boys termed it, was looked upon with envy by Bob's fellow engineers.

After some minutes passed in conversation between the engineer and conductor, the latter suddenly remarked:

"How was it, Bob, you happened to get this express? The Superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg helped you to it, didn't he, on account of that affair up in the mountains? Tell us about it?"

"Yes, yes," spoke up several who had overheard the conversation. "Let us hear the story, by all means."

"Well, boys," said Bob, as he bit off a generous chew, and deposited the quid lovingly in his cheek, "it ain't much of a yarn, and it'll make you laugh, for you'll think me spooky like. However, it's as true as Gospel, and if Dan was here he'd say so, too.

"'Twas when I was running 49 on the P. & O. Road which hadn't been agoin' more'n a couple of years. You may perhaps be acquainted with the line. She runs through the White Mountain Notch, and is built right on the side of the hills. How they ever had the spunk to start such a road beats me, for at first sight it seems next to hopeless to get around some of them short curves, to say nothing of the big up-grades. Near Crawford's is that spider-like Frankenstein trestle, you've heard so much about, where the track spans a chasm eighty feet wide, and one hundred feet deep. Strong enough, I suppose, but it makes a man feel skittish to go over it for the first time. Well, my good luck is all owing to that trestle. We lived in Portland then, Nell and I. She is my wife, and we was as happy as could be. The only draw-back was that every other night I had to take the late express up to Fabyan's and come back next day on the accommodation. Nell used to be afraid to have me go, particularly as the road was new and accidents would happen spite of all we could do. I kept telling her it was safe enough, and the pay was good, so I'd better stick to my place for while anyway, though, to tell the truth, I didn't like the route, 'twas so awful gloomy like. No big towns to go through, only now and then a little village, and they would be as dark and quiet as a graveyard, when we struck 'em at night. Summers it wasn't so bad, but winters was awful. Well, one night in January, when it was my turn to stay in Portland, the Superintendent sent for me and said:

"Bob, there's a party of directors as wants to get through the mountains to-night, and they're going to start about ten o'clock. I'll have to send a special, but I haven't an engineer that I can trust. Now, it's your night off, I know, but if you'll pull the throttle for them fellows, I'll make it all right with you.'

"'Well, ——, I'll go, of course; but it's goin' to be ——.' mountains.' ——nd night on the

"'That's so, Bob,' says the ——, 'but I know I can rely on you, and they must get through. The directors say they must go through anyhow.'

"So I went back to our little cottage and told Nell as how I'd got to go. She took on very queer like and seemed distressed to have me away, though she never acted like that before.

"'It's an awful night, Bob,' says she, 'can't they send some one else? I don't like to have you go.'

"'Nonsense,' says I, 'the storm won't hurt me, and I'll be back again to-morrow. The Super's promised to do the square thing, and it will come out all right.'

"She seemed a little reassured, and I got out my great coat and muffler, and in 'em I prepared to start out.

"'Well, Bob,' says my wife 'if you must go, why you must, but,' she added, thoughtfully, and there was the queerest look passed over her face 'be careful of that Fankenstein, trestle.'

"I scarcely heard what she said, but bidding her good-bye was soon on my way to the round-house. It was a wild night and no mistake; seems to me I have never seen it blow harder or snow faster. Once or twice I had to turn my back to the blast to keep from blowin' over. Well, I was soon on board my machine, and backing into the station, hitched on to two cars which were to make up the train. As ten o'clock approached the directors began to arrive, pompous looking men, with plenty of money and feeling all their importance.

"Them fellers,' says I to myself, 'feel their steam pretty well. I don't suppose they'd look at an engineer.'

"Dan Smith, my fireman, was on the watch for the conductor's signal, and when the clock struck ten we got the swing of the lantern and off we started.

"I've seen some pretty bad nights, but that one was the worst I ever remember. The storm to-night is hard enough, but it don't begin to blow as it did then. Why, every now and then we would get a blast that would make the whole machine tremble, and as the country round Portland is pretty level, we took the full force of the wind. As we got further inland, it wasn't so bad, and by the time we were forty miles out, it had turned to a summer's gale and was pouring torrents.

"And now comes the singular part of the story. We had the right of way, and our dispatcher was to keep the whole up to Fabyan's open for us, my instructions being to stop only at North Conway for water. So I gave her the throttle, and we bowled along at a good rate of speed, making, perhaps, thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. As we went whistling through Sebago Lake station I had a kind of feeling come over me that there was something wrong. I didn't notice it at first, but every now and then it would come back to me that all was not as it should be, yet I couldn't think of anything that wasn't right. I allers examine my machine before I start, give her a good oilin', look well to the bolts and parallel rods, try the levers and such, and so I knew when we left Portland old '49' was in perfect workin' trim. Yet the feelin' grew on me until it was a steady thing. I tried to shake it off, but 'twan't no use. I felt it in my bones that somethin' was up.

"Now you gentlemen will laugh at me for being a fool, and I don't blame yer, for we was a-goin' along all right, everything from the water-gauge to the cylinders was a workin' in good time, and I knew that it was only my imagination, but, to tell the truth, I began to fell uneasy. I had been an engineer for ten years, and had been through some pretty tough scrapes without blowin' for grapes, and the boys all said as how I had a good deal of pluck. Now I began to lose all confidence.

"'Bob,' said I to myself, 'this won't do. You're gettin' nervous, and all for nothin'! You've no business to be superstitious at your time of life. Brace up!'

"Twan't no use, however. I could hev' stood up in court and sworn that there was a kink somewhere. Well, meanwhile we was sliding along, and pretty soon reached North Conway, where we was to give the machine a drink. 'Dan,' says I to my fireman, 'there's somethin' out of the way with this machine, and I don't know what it is.'

"'What makes you think so?' said Dan.

"'I can't tell,' I replied, 'she works all right; but I feel it in my bones.'

"'Guess your thinkin' of your wife, returned Dan,' with a laugh.

"But while we were gettin' in the water I took a lantern and went round the engine. Looked at every part of her, rapped the bars, knocked the wheels, tried her at every point, and couldn't find nothin'.

"And I tried to think no more about it, but the feeling was there all the same, and do the best I could I wasn't able to throw it off. "Well, we had got a pretty good distance in the mountains, and with that light load '49' didn't make nothin' of the up grades.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you have never been through the hills in winter. It's some different from summer, I can tell yer. The mountains loom up dark and solemn, and with their snow-covered sides they seem kinder like big, ghostly giants that have been turned to stone standing guard over the valley. The silence and desolation sorter awes one, and it don't seem right to go shrieking and screaming along their sides in the dead o' night. This time it was worse than ever. The storm had let loose all the evil spirits in the air. The wind swept down the valley with a roar that could be heard above the rush of the train. It whistled and yelled at the cab windows, and blew the rain and sleet so hard agin the winder frame I could scarcely see the short distance lit by the head-light. The great trees rocked to and fro and seemed to hold out their arms in warning. It was a solemn place for any one, and I felt it particularly as I had this awful weight of anxiety on my mind that had been agrowin' stronger and stronger each minute.

"Well, we had passed Bartlett's, goin' through there at a pretty good jog, when like a flash of lightning the parting words of my wife came back to me: 'Be careful of that Frankenstein trestle!'

"That set me to thinkin'. Could this be a presentment of some disaster? Was there anything the matter with the bridge?

"'Nonsense, says I, 'I'm a natural-born fool. If anything was wrong the train two hours ahead would have found it out and signaled me at Bartlett's. I'll think of it no more, but tend to business.'

"But in spite of me, 'be careful of the Frankenstine trestle,' kept comin' into my head; even the wind seemed to shriek it. I pictured to myself a broken rail and the yawning gulf on each side. What a terrible accident it would make; what a frightful chasm in which to plunge. Then I remembered Nell, and the queer look that came over her face when she gave me that singular caution: 'Be careful of the Frankenstine trestle.' We was a nearin' the bridge, sure enough. On the up grade '49' was making about twenty miles an hour, and in less than ten minutes he would be over the bridge, or— I caught my breath, for at that moment those warning words flashed into my mind once more.

"'If I'm ever to be cured of such stuff,' says I to myself, 'now's my chance. What could Nell know about the bridge? I'll put her across at full speed.'

"A tall white birch that stood on a spur of the mountain was the landmark which showed me that we was acomin' to the straight piece which led across the bridge. I put my hand on the throttle to open the valve, when—

"Well, gentlemen, I don't suppose you'll believe me, but as true as I'm standin' here, my wife's voice whispered in my ear '*not that one, Bob, the brake!*'

"It gave me such a start that before I knew what I did I had opened the Westinghouse for all she was worth, and the train came to a standstill in less than two lengths. Not waitin' to answer any questions from Dan, I grabbed my lantern and rushed up the track to the bridge and walked along the middle plank until I reached the other side, and then back again. Not a thing was out of place, every rail secure, and the bridge was as sound as when first put up!

"'Idiot!' cried I, 'so much for your foolish nonsense. This freak will cost you your job.'

"I could see the lights of the conductor and brakeman, who had with a number of passengers come out to see what was the matter. How the boys would laugh, I thought. I should never hear the last of it. I was speakin' back to the cab, when I came to the switch of a short siding that had been laid, on which to run gravel cars. It wasn't a very long track, not more than a hundred odd feet, and ended within a couple of yards of the precipice. Noticin' somethin' peculiar, I held up my lantern and found a large tree that had just blown down and fallen against the switch rod, breakin' the fastening and throwin' the rails of the main line into the siding!

"'I tell you, boys, it made my hair stand on end. In two minutes that whole train and their directors would a gone off that cliff, and not a one would have lived to tell about it!'

"'What's the row, Bob?' says the conductor.

"'Row enough,' says I, 'look at that switch. I reckon I pulled her up just in time.'

"'Great Heavens!' exclaimed a fat director who was standing by. 'Where does that track lead to?'

"'To the other world,' says I, 'and we came almighty near makin' the trip!'

"'Well, you never see a more grateful set of men. They made up a purse of five hundred dollars on the spot, and when we got to Fabyan's they telegraphed the Super as how I was to stay with them during the excursion, and I went to all the sights in Montreal with 'em just as though I had been one of the regular party. Not content with that, they gave me an elegant gold watch and chain, the President of the road, who happened to be among 'em, making a neat speech. I tell you a peep into the jaws of death will put rich and poor men on the same level, nothing like it to take the bigness out of them.

"'Well, the boys all made a lion of me when I got back to Portland, and Nell never seemed so glad to see me. That night's work was the making of me, for the Super gave me a good show and finally I got this job. I never told the boys why I stopped the train, for I knew they would laugh at me, and I don't know as I told my wife for a long time. One day, however, she came to me and says:

"Bob, I had a queer dream about you, the night of that affair at the Frankenstein. I dreamed I was on the engine with you somewhere and we was agoin' at a frightful rate. Way in the distance I saw what seemed to be a big gulf, and you thought by gettin' good headway you could jump it. I knew, of course, you couldn't, so when you started to open the throttle I said: '*Not that one, the brake!*' then I woke up."

"I told her then the whole story, and gentlemen whenever I hear a similar yarn, and I've heard a number of 'em, I don't turn up my nose and say nonsense! There's more in one's feelings than most people think, for, leastwise, minding my feelings saved my neck that night on the Frankenstein trestle. There comes the express; good-night."

—*Edward H. Crosby, in Boston Courier.*

## The Weed Among the Boers and Chinese.

The Boers grow and manufacture a tobacco of their own which is of such a detestable odor to civilized man that I remember during the Zulu war we used to tip the Kaffir or Afrikander drivers of mail-carts not to smoke except during the halts at stages, and then always to leeward. It was no use to offer them our superior article, for the dreadful Dutchmen scorned it as trash. Equally odious is the ordinary tobacco of the Chinese. The Boer stuff smells rank and green and acrid; but the Celestial has a heavy, clinging, clogging odor that suggests opium in the composition. The South African leaf when ready for consumption looks like crumbled hay, with miscellaneous dead garden-rubbish and the sweepings of a conservatory added. It is full of twigs and knots and threads of vegetable matter, and is of a general greenish-gray tint. The Chinese, on the other hand, is curiously soft; it lifts up in silky skeins of exquisitely fine hair-like strands, and is of a deep chicory-color, and resembles some vegetable fiber steeped in jaggery rather than tobacco leaf. The Boer tobacco blows out of the pipe—it is so dry and vagrant; but the other pads down into the pipe close and firm, and the bowl has to be filled as lightly as possible in order to obtain any draught at all. To smoke a pipe of the former is to scorch the tongue and to go about all day with the taste of Turkey rhubarb in your mouth; to venture on the latter is to enjoy a cool, highly aromatic pipe, with the subsequent penalty of giddiness and sick-headache, as after a blundering administration of chloroform. It requires only an effort of the stomach to return to Boer tobacco a second time; to return to Chinese a second time you must turn Chinaman. In singular contrast to both these disagreeable herbs is the tobacco of the red Indian, which is both light and fragrant—even when there is no tobacco in it. For the savage can not always obtain the precious leaf; and very often when he can, economy and, it may be, taste leads him to adulterate it with various vegetable substances of pleasant flavor. The most usual is the inner bark of the red willow, which I have helped Navajo Indians, in the valley of the Rio Virgin, to prepare in the following way: The young withes of the willow are cut into lengths of about two feet; the outer bark is removed, and the inner is then peeled up in long strips, one end being left adhering to the withes. These are then stuck into the ground round a charcoal fire, and kept there till the strips of bark, hanging down in a fringe, shrivel up with the heat and curl themselves into crisp ringlets round the upper ends. When they seem sufficiently dry they are crumbled up in the hand into pieces of the size of ordinary bran. To this, if the shrub grows in the vicinity, the smoked leaves of a species of sumach is added, which are simply prepared by roasting them over the cinders and then crumbling them. If, finally, a leaf of tobacco be crushed up and mingled with the willow and sumach, a "smoking mixture" of an agreeable aromatic flavor and fragrance and of harmless mildness is obtained. It is smoked, to correct the heat, in a long-stemmed pipe, ending in a capacious cylindrical bowl of clay, which, compared with the small, reed-stemmed opium pipe kind of instrument which the Celestial favors, or the villainously unclean dhudeen of the Boer, is as much superior to both as the mixture smoked in it is superior to either of the others.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—Removing tan: A wash to remove tan is made of sliced cucumbers soaked in milk, applied nightly to the hands and face and left to dry on.—*The Household.*

## HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Many farmers forget that animals need plenty of water.

—Butter for winter use is best packed in stone jars.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk [illegible] placed out of doors in the cool [illegible] night.—*Exchange.*

—A good garden and small orchard, well taken care of, pay more than any acre on the farm, besides the luxury, benefit, pleasure and health it gives to the family.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Galled and sore shoulders in horses are often caused by the mane working under the collar while pulling. This can be avoided by plaiting the mane and tying it up in such a manner that it can not touch the collar. It not only injures the shoulder but the mane, also, which is one of the beauties of the horse.—*N. Y. Post.*

—An able author says: "Pickles are exceedingly unhealthy as articles of food, and often cause acute dyspepsia. Young ladies addicted to their *free use* may be assured that they must certainly part with their favorite dainty or bid farewell to good digestion. Cucumber preserved with salt and vinegar are next to impossible of digestion."

—An appetizing entree is made by taking cold boiled cabbage; chop it fine; for a medium-sized pudding dish full add two well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of cream, with pepper and salt *ad libitum*. Butter the pudding dish, put the cabbage in and bake until brown. This may be eaten cold, but it is much better if served hot. It is especially good with roast pork or pork chops.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Cream Candy: "Place a large cupful of white sugar, granulated is the best, in a porcelain kettle, with three tablespoonfuls of water, and let it dissolve at the back of the stove, then set it forward, and let boil until it will crisp in water. Stir in a teaspoonful of rose or vanilla extract, and half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, pour it into a buttered pan or platter, and when cool work it until it is perfectly white, cut it in little squares and set it away to dry.—*Exchange.*

—Beefsteak Pickled: Lay a steak in a pudding dish, with slices of onions, a few cloves, whole pepper, salt, and bay leaf a sprig of thyme, one of marjoram, and some parsley, add oil and tarragon vinegar in equal parts, just to come up to the steak, and let it steep in this for about twelve hours, turning it occasionally; then either broil it or fry it in butter, and serve with mashed potatoes. It may also be slightly fried in butter, and then stewed with a little common stock, and served with piquante sauce.—*Boston Post.*

### Digging and Storing Potatoes.

As a rule, we do not believe in allowing potatoes to remain in the ground long after they are ripe. They are more liable to rot, while those near the surface are exposed to the air, become green and bitter, and unfit for use. The dying of the stalk indicates that the tubers are ready for the harvest, and they should be dug when the soil is dry; they are then clean and bright and ready either for the market or to be put away under cover. If dug in rainy weather, or when the soil is very heavy, the dirt will adhere to them, they are much more liable to rot and not nearly as marketable. Go into the vegetable market, and you will notice that the smooth, dry and clean potatoes will always be selected first.

Dug in fair weather, potatoes will soon become dry, and when they are so, they can not be gathered up and put into the shade too quickly. Exposure to the sunlight very soon produces a chemical change which renders the tuber unfit for use. The starch is changed to grape sugar, the tuber becomes green, looses its crispness, and when cooked is neither mealy nor agreeable to the taste. If dug early, it may not be best to store them in the cellar at once, lest they gather moisture and rot. They may be spread in a cool shed or barn, and covered with straw until the weather becomes cool enough to put them in the cellar with safety. The shrinkage of potatoes between the time of digging and the following spring amounts to from ten to twenty per cent., and this should be taken into account in marketing them. Freshly dug potatoes are three-fourths water, but evaporation slowly takes place during the winter and spring, reducing the watery portion, and rendering the tuber of greater relative value as food. The old method of storing potatoes in pits is nearly abandoned, though it may still be practiced in newly-settled portions of the country. We can recall remembrances of the "potato hole" was an institution on almost every farm, and it was regarded as a good method of keeping them through the winter. If well stored, they always came out nice in the spring, but that was before the days of the potato rot, and the system might not prove as satisfactory now.

A good potato cellar should be dry, capable of being made perfectly dark and of being quickly and thoroughly ventilated. If the cellar is thoroughly dry, the tubers might be stored upon the floor, but this is not generally the case, and it is usually best to construct bins whose floor is raised somewhat above the cellar bottom. Board partitions may be used to separate varieties; there is much less danger of rot in this arrangement, and a greater opportunity is given to pick them over in case rotting should begin. Temperature is one of the factors in keeping a potato. The germinating power of a potato is injured, if not destroyed, when exposed to a temperature below thirty degrees, and it commences to grow at a temperature above fifty degrees. Then a cellar that could be kept within this range, or better still, from thirty-two to forty degrees, ought to furnish sound potatoes until spring, and that would sprout freely. A light sprinkling of lime upon potatoes when stored is a preventive against potato rot. Potato rot is a parasitic fungus, and the lime destroys the germ.—*Maine Farmer.*

### "The Gentleman That Pays the Rent."

By a careful analysis of the Treasury reports, it is found that the hog furnishes more export material than all the fat cattle, all the dairy products, all the horses, all the mules, all the sheep, and all the poultry and poultry products put together. While the exported hog products for the two years of 1879 and 1880 amounted to the great sum of $186,087,726, and all the products of other domestic animals and the live animals themselves amounted to only $105,870,382, making about $75,000,000 in favor of the hogs as against all and every other domestic animal and products from the same that found an export market. Really, this shows well for hog raising. How important, then, is the hog stock in this Nation, and of the great Northwest in particular. The hog multiplies fast and matures quickly. When it is considered how important a factor the hog is in the production of wealth, is it not a little strange that the real scientific knowledge of hogs to pile about will keep them healthy is so little understood? As cows above the hogs bring more money to this Nation from other nations than all other domestic animals put together, and yet there is not a man in America that understands the diseases of the hog, or can cure him when he is sick. We think there is a field that our agricultural colleges and veterinary doctors had better explore.—*Iowa Homestead.*

## Jewish Colonies in Palestine.

A private telegram has been received in Constantinople from Dr. Schmidt, the British Vice-Consul at Caifa, Syria, respecting the present deplorable condition of the Jewish refugee colony at Zimmarin, in Palestine. The telegram says that the colonists at Zimmarin are literally dying of hunger; they are all ill, and for the last four months nothing has been sent them from Galatz. They implore assistance. Our informant says that a similar telegram reached him about three weeks ago from the colony of Rosh Pinah, and he proceeded to point out the dangers which have threatened the prosperity of both these colonies. "Thousands," he says, "in the case of Rosh Pinah, the want of funds prevented them from the means of bringing to bear upon the resources, "In the case of Zimmarin that more families had been sent there than the land was capable of supporting, in addition to which it will be seen that the assistance they had been led to expect from the central Roumanian committee of Galatz is no longer forthcoming. The whole question of the success of these colonies depended on their receiving judicious organized assistance at starting. Unless it is seen forthcoming it will be too late. I still hope that on attention being drawn to the subject the matter may be taken in hand. It will be a thousand pities if this movement, which bids fair to exercise a regenerating influence on the Jews of Palestine, so many of whom have hitherto led lives of sloth and mendicancy, be allowed to be crushed for want of a little timely assistance.—*London Times.*

### A Life-Like Reminder.

Here is a life-like reminder, from a newspaper of the period, of a time when internal revenue provisions were more complicated and more burdensome than they now are: Internal revenue decisions.—The following are not vouched for as official: The latest decisions of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue cover the following points: Parties using paper collars must use them from the original package; that is, from the box in which they have been purchased; and a three-cent revenue stamp must be attached to each one when put on. When the collar becomes soiled, and is turned with the clean side out, it must receive another three-cent stamp and must also be conspicuously stamped with the word "turned." Boxes when emptied can not be used a second time, but must be destroyed in the room where emptied, and the assessor furnished with a certificate of the fact. If thrown out of the window or carried out in the coal-scuttle or wash-tub, such boxes will be subject to export duty. Bootblacks are requested to use their blacking just as they find it when the box is opened, adding nothing to it whatever. The act of spitting in the box and smearing the contents with the brush constitutes the bootblack a mixer or rectifier, or manufacturer of blacking, and he must pay the ordinary manufacturer's license. Each boot blacked, for which the sum of five cents is paid by the wearer, must receive, at the expense of the bootblack, a four-and-three-quarter-cent stamp.—*N. Y. Star.*

### A Chinese Passport.

If you intend to proceed to the interior of that country by river you must get a "house-boat"—a sort of monster gondola built in junk fashion—you must engage a cook and interpreter, and you must finally obtain a passport, without which you may be turned back by any little mandarin's representative who may choose to challenge you. The house-boat and cook were found for me by the energetic manager of the Hotel des Colonies at Shanghai; the passport, owing to the kindly care of Mr. P. G. Hughes, the much-esteemed English Consul, came just in time to allow me to avail myself of a fair wind and a good strong tide. The passport would have made a first class sheet for a bed, both in point of size and in toughness of material. What it said I shall never know. The man who inscribed it will carry his dead secret to the grave for all I could decipher. Suffice it to say that it contained upward of 400 large Chinese characters, two alone covering nearly six square inches, and that by a Chinese gentleman of my acquaintance it was pronounced "Welly can do."—*Cor. London Telegraph.*

—A crank named Gustavus L. Kern, of San Francisco, has arrived in Washington, having walked across the continent carrying a small United States flag. He claims that he is entitled to $10,000 pension money, having "fit into" four wars, namely, the Mexican, Rebellion, Texas war, and several Indian skirmishes. He does not state what connection his flag-carrying scheme has with his claim.—*Washington Star.*

—The conditions of a race at St. Joseph, Mo., were that the best beast to cross the line was to win, that the riders should honestly ply whip, spur and voice, and that an actual stop, from balkiness or any other cause, should distance the stopper. The winner occupied ten minutes in going a mile, and was nearly three rods behind his closest competitor.—*St. Louis Post.*

### Advance Step in Dentistry.

HAVANA, CUBA.—The most popular dentist of this city, Dr. D. Francisco Garcia, member of the Royal University, states that in all cases of troublesome neuralgia, arising from the teeth, his patrons are recommended to use St. Jacobs Oil, and the most satisfactory cures have followed. It is a specific for toothache, earache, bodily pains, and proof against household accidents.

A GOOD prescription: "Fresh air, plain food, early hours and plenty of exercise," says Mrs. Ramsbotham," are worth all the doctors' nostrums in the world."—*London Punch.*

NO CHARGE is made for the suggestion that the paper car-wheel men ought to use nothing but South American newspapers in their business. These papers are so thoroughly familiar with revolutions as to require no preparation in converting into a first-class wheel.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

A LOCOMOTIVE reminds one of the old man's boot, because it makes the sparks fly.—*The Judge.*

"Can your wife drive?" one Somerville man asked another. "Drive what?" "Drive a horse, of course." "Drive a horse! why, man, she can not drive a nail."—*Somerville Journal.*

A SOCIAL philosopher, in one of the magazines bemoans American extravagance in dress, and insists that if it continues "the result will be bankruptcy save for the tailor and milliner." A survival of the fittest, as one may say.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

MISS AYER, the heiress of the patent medicine and pill man, is worth $3,000,000 and is so fat she can't free. The wretch who would steal her affections would, of course, be a pill-fer-her.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

WHEN the widow buries her first husband she becomes pensive, but after she gets the second she is usually expensive.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know "how 'Limburger' cheese is made." Well, it is made strong enough to knock out the olfactory organ of the average man the first round—and that is all we know about such portuguese.—*Morristown Herald.*

WHEN a man does not know his gun is loaded his bullets are apt to be lead astray.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MRS. VANDERBILT drives a fast nag called Early Bird. There is a favor at couple about this title. Early Bird may be hard to beat, but he should be easily paved.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

LADIES' dress goods called "lawns" should never be less than a yard wide.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

The Successful Undertaking and Strange Work on Impending Death.

(Buffalo, N. Y., News.)

One morning several years ago, just as the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the East, a small band of men might have been seen deployed about a house on Ferry street, in Buffalo. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intention, but it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and, swinging himself outward with wonderful quickness, scaled the roof of the house. This man was Tom Ballard, the notorious counterfeiter; and, armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied justice and the officials below him. Some of the officers, believing the desperate character of the man, ordered to shoot him on sight if he was killed, but one of the number promptly protested, and declared that if his brother officers would assist him to ascend he would capture the man alive. Accordingly he began the difficult and dangerous task, and succeeded in bringing his prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present Superintendent of City Police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands pre-eminently in the front rank of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he possesses a courage, combined with marked physical powers, that make him the terror of evil-doers and the pride of law abiding citizens. Few people can realize, however, the trials, exposures, and even privations, to which the members of every municipal police and fire department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at uncertain hours, subjected to the most inclement weather, and often necessitated by the nature of their duties to protracted undertakings, they endure a nervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Curtin in former days; and it is not surprising that he found himself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. In relating his experience to a representative of this paper, he said:

"At times when I was on duty I would feel an unaccountable weariness and lack of energy. My appetite was also uncertain, and my head seemed dull and heavy. I did not fully understand these troubles, but supposed, as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might overcome it, but found I was mistaken, and I finally became so badly off that it was almost impossible to attend my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I doubt not there are to-day hundreds similarly troubled who, like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

"Your present appearance, Mr. Curtin, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer as he looked at the 220 pounds of bone and muscle standing nearly five feet eleven inches in height before him.

"O, no; that is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect health, although I now realize that I was on the road to certain death by Bright's disease of the kidneys and traveling at a very rapid pace."

"How did you come to recover so completely?"

"That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession, who may possibly hear of it. I began the use of a popular remedy at the earnest solicitation of a number of friends in this city, and found to my great gratification that I began feeling better. This feeling continued, and I gained in strength and vigor until now I am perfectly well—and wholly through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be the best medicine for policemen, firemen, railroad men or any other class of people exposed to danger or a change of weather, ever discovered. Since my recovery I have recommended it everywhere, and never knew a case where it failed either to cure or benefit. I would not be without it under any consideration, and I am positive it is a wonderfully valuable and at the same time entirely harmless remedy. Indeed, I see that Dr. Gunn, dean of the United States Medical College of New York, indorses it in the highest terms."

"So you experience little difficulty in the execution of your duties now, Mr. Curtin, do you?"

"None whatever. Our department was never in better condition than at present."

"And do you never have any fear of some of the desperadoes whom you have been the means of bringing to justice?"

"Not in the least. Such men do not try to retaliate, partially because they have not the courage, but oftener because they respect an officer who does his duty."

The policemen, firemen, letter-carriers and other public employes in this country have a particularly trying life. When, therefore, a simple and pure remedy that can restore and sustain the health of all such men is found, it should be cause for great congratulation, especially when recommended by such men as Superintendent Thomas Curtin, of Buffalo.

SOMNAMBULISM is believed to be an unconscious trance-action.—*Somerville Journal.*

YOUNG and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

TO BE really fashionable the lady who owns a pug dog should wear a pug nose.—*Exchange.*

SWIFT'S Specific (S. S. S.) has relieved me of an obstinate case of Dry Tetter, which had troubled me for twenty-five years, and had baffled all sorts of treatment.
REV. I. R. BRANHAM, Macon, Ga.

SATISFACTORY which should run full time—*Bulbancy Every Saturday.*

IREDELL COUNTY, N. C.—The Ex-Sheriff, Mr. W. F. Wasson, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has improved my digestion and general health."

FASHION hints to ladies—To make your summer bonnet pass through the fall-trowel it out of the third story window.—*Boston Post.*

I CAN SAFELY recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh, Cold in the Head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time. HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven, Mich.

THE hotel cook should be given a wide range.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

AFTER long Mercury and Potash treatment, I found myself a cripple from Mercurial Rheumatism. Tried Hot Springs two years without relief, and was finally cured sound and well by the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) CHAS. BENG, Hot Springs, Ark.

Beautiful Women
are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, disorders and weaknesses that are perfectly cured by following the suggestions given in an illustrated treatise (with colored plates) sent for three letter postage stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL A'TION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN a poet prepares a long-winded poem, does he measure it by the gas meter? That would be a good way to get in the "words that burn."—*The Judge.*

AN enricher of the blood and purifier of the system; cures lassitude and lack of energy; such is Brown's Iron Bitters.

A GOLD pen—A coin vault.—*Boston Star.*

He buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

WHEN'S Axle Grease never gums.

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OF ANIMALS. Harnesses, Horse and Colic, Spavin, Curbs, Screw Worm, Scab, Foot Rot, Hoof Ail, Lameness, Garget, Foundered, Sprains, Bruises, Scratches, Mange, Foot, Mouthness.
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