

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Mississippians feel very proud of their State library in the capitol at Jackson. It comprises thirty-eight thousand volumes.
It is reported in London according to the Pall Mall Gazette that an American daily newspaper will be soon published in that city.
The Marquis who is to marry Mrs. Frank Leslie can shoot his initials in a board, and he writes poetry with the greatest ease.
Stanley has visited the Congo Valley north of the equator, and finds a dense and enterprising population of probably 40,000,000.
Joseph R. Benjamin died in New London recently aged sixty-nine years. He set type on the first New York Herald issue, and with the Sun for twenty years, and afterwards was a compositor for the Harpers.
General Logan is going to write a book. It will contain no reference to the political history of the times, but will be confined entirely to a recital of the General's connection with the war of the rebellion.
The real name of Adelaide Neilson was Lizzie Ann Bland. She was one of twelve children, one only of whom—a bank cashier in Leeds—is now living. Her mother was in early life an actress, and her father was an engraver. The family was highly respectable.
There is in New York a Bureau of Revision, to which are sent all sorts of literary productions for criticism and overhauling. It acts as an intermediary between author and publisher. The manager claims the idea as new, but similar enterprises have existed in other places and years.
David H. Strother, who was once on Banks' staff, and is by courtesy a Colonel, has been United States Consul at the City of Mexico long enough to have been forgotten as a name. He is now in the city of Mexico, and is expected to return in a few days.
Isaac Reed, of Waldoboro, Me., has been moderator of the spring meeting in Waldoboro thirty times, Chairman of Selectmen nineteen times, member of House of Representatives six times, member of Senate four times, has served one year as State Treasurer and one term in Congress. He is seventy-four years of age and his general health is so good that he is ready to run for the next office that comes along.
One of the most promising pupils in the Grass Valley (Cal.) public schools is the nine-year-old daughter of Tin Lov, the Chinese interpreter. Her name is Lulu. The first year she went to school she dressed in Chinese fashion, and her queer costume made her unpleasantly conspicuous. Then she pleaded with her father to let her adopt the garb of civilization from an American standpoint, and after some times she consented. So now she dresses after the fashion of other little girls, even to her hair, which is braided behind and tied with two bright red ribbons, and in front is arranged in the highest style of the art.
The Burlington Hawkeye advises those who are searching for independence to look in the kitchen.
What is a lake? asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mike, what is it?" "Sure it's a hole in the kittle, mum."

HUMOROUS.

The Burlington Hawkeye advises those who are searching for independence to look in the kitchen.
What is a lake? asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mike, what is it?" "Sure it's a hole in the kittle, mum."
A lover, writing to his sweetheart, says: "Delecta le deat! You are so sweet that honey would blush in your presence and treacle stand appalled!"
Will you or a small piece of the dark? asked Bob's uncle, as he carved the turkey at dinner. "I'll have a large piece of both," said Bob.
No, I haven't been to the bird show," said a man who was very deep in debt; "there are too many birds there to suit me, and just now I'm trying to find a way to feather my own nest."
The late husband, who removed his boot in the hall, thinking to steal upstairs without waking his wife, and found that she was watching him from the landing, admitted that it was a bootless attempt.
A Toronto blacksmith advertised for a helper who must be as quick as lightning. The first man who applied for the situation carelessly picked up a hot horseshoe, and the blacksmith hired him at once.
A lady reader writes to say that she has been losing her hair recently and wants to know what she shall do to prevent it. Either keep your bureau drawer locked or else discharge the hired girl and get another of a complexion differing from yours.
There is a fine distinction between a defect and a misfortune; for, while one cannot prevent the latter, the defect may be due to himself. Said a man to a dealer in horses: "You fooled me in the horse I bought last week." "What! I never!" "Yes, you said he had no defects, and I find that he is blind in one eye." "Why, my dear sir, that is not a defect; that's a misfortune."

The Home-Made Dude.

"Do they make you tired?"
"Well, I should hum!"
The question and its metaphorical but vigorously expressive answer were inspired by the presence of a Detroit dude (a genuine specimen of the species) in a Griswold street barber shop. The person who proposed the question was a gentleman who subsequently explained that the sight of a dude or even a dudling (who merely parts his hair in the middle), had almost as marked an effect on him as water has on a dog affected with hydrophobia.
"I get quite a process of them things in my chair," continued the barber, with a curious nervous movement—a cross between a chuckle and a shudder—"but just as soon's warm weather comes I'm goin' to rattle 'em out, now don't you forget it!"
"Why? Are they not profitable customers?"
"Not much! There's that little feller that just went out. We call him Lizzie here in the shop—when he ain't around her first half than a man. I don't 'spos' he's more'n twenty years old, but his git-up's a killer. He come in here the night of the swell skatin' party at McQuade's rink, with a claw-hammer coat on under a tailor (new-market you know), that pretty nearly dragged on the ground, a white handkercher spread out under his vest, and the darndest toothpick pair of toothpick shoes on I ever got out—and I've seen some tough ones in my time. I was waitin' on a customer, and so this feller he set down in that very chair you're in now, hauled out a one-eyed eye-glass, stuck it into his right eye, served up the right-hand corner of his mouth and made out 's' if he was a readin'." Mr. Merryweather, there, laughed so much he's been sick ever since.
"When I got through with my regular customer I tried to fish up an excuse to get out of the shop, but the dude got onto me and I was stuck. I had to bang his hair, then part it down the middle a little ways and then plaster it and bring the ea-locks forward. After that he wanted a hand-glass, and then I had to arch up his eye-brows, which he wouldn't let me do till he'd stuck that one-eyed glass in again."
"Well, you made at least a dollar on the job?"
"Got just twenty-five cents. Why, every time that feller and his kind come around they want the ends of their hair trimmed and don't never want to pay more'n ten cents for it, either."
"Was your observation with respect to the intellectual strength of men who part their hair in the middle?"
"Oh, that depends. We git Canucks and Englishmen here sometimes who do that and yet who seem to have horse sense; but when it comes to our own country folks (Americans, I mean not Africans), the fellers that part their hair in the middle don't amount to a hill of beans—can't talk about anything but clothes and hair oil, with now'n then an exception about gals. Never saw one of 'em, except that didn't think every gal he knowed was dead gone on him, and I'll bet money not one of 'em could tell to save his soul when the Mayflower come over or whether Abe Lincoln or Bismarck issued the emancipation proclamation."
Here Mr. Merryweather seized the opportunity to remark that "none of them dudes dast go to the roller skatin' rinks for fear all the ladies'd be after em to skate to fast music, and that'd sweat their bangs all out."
"See-s-h!" commanded the boss and another dudlet swung open the door and came smirking along to the enemy's chair.
The boss winked wickedly. Mr. Merryweather stuffed one fist into his mouth, the histonaz of the episode paid for two weeks' shaves and the curtain dropped.
Only a Remnant.
Yes, only a bit of crumpled silk hid away amidst the luxuriant disorder of a lady's shopping bag. A slender slice of shimmering silk in close companionship with a dainty pocket-handkerchief, a button-hook, a very rich portmanteau with a very poor interior, ten or twenty wrinkled hair-pins, three car-tickets, a reip or two, a card case, and a miscellaneous assortment of caramels, gum drops, and a dreamy, complex atmosphere of patchouly and hama-malis.
Only a remnant.
But a remnant with a history, a remnant with a future full of romantic possibilities.
That remnant was a verisimilitude that is to say, one of many which were to find temporary accommodation in that shopping-bag; many which were to be got by means similar to those which secured this.

term of that love's silk upon which her eyes lingered so admiringly.
The clerk would, and he did, and hence the remnant in Mrs. Shoppington's shopping-bag, and hence her happy countenance.
But Mrs. Shoppington did not hurry away to the railway station. Possibly she had forgotten her relative in the suburbs whilst feasting her eyes upon those silken temptations or in her joy over the remnant in her shopping-bag.
For she entered the dry-goods house of Hamburg & Co., a few doors away, and went instinctively to the silk counter. She was shown several invoices of the glossy fabric, and then, as in Satis-sheen & Grosgrain's, she informed the patient clerk that she did not intend to purchase. A friend asked her to look at some silks for her and get a few patterns. Mrs. Shoppington did not mention who this friend was. Possibly she referred to that relative in the suburb.
The clerk begged her pardon, but it was contrary to rules to give patterns. Mrs. Shoppington was very sorry. Her friend would be so disappointed. Then she looked at the silk again, and remarked that "that" would just suit her friend, she was sure. Now, couldn't the clerk break the rule for this once? She wouldn't ask such a thing for herself. But her friend—
The clerk related and cut off a snip; and having done this, it was the easiest thing in the world to induce him to give patterns of three or four more pieces; for, possibly, you know, her friend might prefer some one of the others to the piece which suited Mrs. Shoppington's eye.
Only a remnant.
But a solitary remnant no longer. It now had several companions, as rich and lustrous as itself.
Mrs. Shoppington's step was lighter and her smile sweeter than when she first saw her emerging from Satis-sheen & Grosgrain's, notwithstanding she then looked supremely happy.
Mrs. Shoppington's shopping trip promised to be a successful one. It was eminently successful. It is unnecessary to follow her from store to store, or to relate the sweet little sufferings through which she possessed herself of silken patterns of every hue and in only a remnant.
When she arrived home, after her day of pleasure, she opened her shopping bag, and, with face aglow with joy displayed to the admiring family the result of her operations.
"Here," she exclaimed, triumphantly, "I've got enough now. I'm going to work on it to-morrow. You'll see, you won't find another one in the city that will begin to compare with it."
A woman's no simpton, say what thou wilt; She can get without money a silk crazy quilt.
—Boston Transcript.

What Science Is Doing for Us.
"Clearin' up?" replied the Old Settler. "I hain't been able to see no sign of any clearin' up yet. I usey be, b'gosh, that you could go a little by the moon in makin' yer calculations 'bout things; but for all the use the moon is now fur that, ye most jest ez well scoop the in'ards out'n a skim milk cheese, light a taller dip, an' put it in it, an' hang it up on a tag pole. I ben sayin' along during this damp spell: 'Wait till the moon changes, an' this weather'll fop 'roun' with a jerk, an' we'll hev it dryer'n a temper'nce picnic, an colder'n an icicle off'n the North Pole.' Wal, the moon changed 't'other day, but 'stid o' the weather fetchin' up with a short jerk an' takin' the back track, it just tuck to rain'n' all the harder, an' gives me a durm nice record for knowin' a thing or two. I tell ye, b'gosh, that these gastronomers that's a settin' up nights all over the country, puttin' their calculators 'bout drawin' head on a comet ev'ry little spell, an' wingin' a new star now an' then, an' a gossippin' 'bout what they imagine they've foun' out, like a lot o' ole women at a tea party, is a playin' hob with things in this mundane sphere. 'Fore we know'd that they was mountin' on the moon things worked all right. We know'd jist 'wen to pole our beans an' stick our peas; w'en to 'spect wet weather an' w'en we was goin' hev a drou't; w'en to go a fishin' an' w'en to kill our pigs. But now we'r gittin' too smart, an' we don't know nothin'."
The man pulled his hat down, rested his elbows on his knees for a "think," which lasted three or four minutes, and then suddenly arose and said:
"Stranger, I've been a tarmal fool!"
"How?"
"Why, that's a chap livin' nex' door to me at hum who has allus worked four hours to my one, and who earns a dollar in my quarter, and it has never occurred to me to make him pool our wages and whack up!"
—Wall Street News.
—Is it a fact that brown eggs are preferred in market to white ones? If so, why?—because they look better by showing dirt less? We can remember some of us—splenetic against brown eggs when they first appeared, and if the fashion has changed it will probably change again as soon as vigilant management chooses to give its attention to white ones.—N. Y. Post.
—Charles Oakley has lived in New York City for ninety-seven years, and is now approaching his one hundred and second birthday.—N. Y. Times.

The Heroine of "Ivanhoe."
Rebecca Gratz died many years ago. In her younger days she resided with her parents in Philadelphia. She had a warm friend, Miss Hoffman, of New York, and the two girls were in the habit of paying periodical visits to each other in their respective cities. Miss Hoffman was the betrothed of Washington Irving, but before the marriage could take place consumption claimed the fair New York girl, and she succumbed to the disease, tenderly nursed on her death-bed by her friend, Rebecca Gratz, Irving, who never recovered from the loss of his first and only love, naturally formed a warm friendship for his late sweetheart's other self, Rebecca. Miss Gratz was a woman of singularly pure thought and high mind. She felt keenly the slight cast upon her race and color, for in those days the Jewish disability laws still existed in England, and very few of the "chosen people" were admitted into the best American society. During Washington Irving's travels in Europe, Miss Gratz and he were in constant correspondence. The American author was warmly received by English writers. With Walter Scott he enjoyed several weeks. At that time Scott had not avowed the authorship of the Waverley series of novels, but to Irving he confided his secret, and also told him that he (Scott) was at work on a new book, "Ivanhoe." The two authors discussed the plot of "Ivanhoe" together and particularly the character of the Jewess Scott was introducing. "What shall I call her?" asked Scott. "Call her Rebecca," replied Irving, his thoughts wandering to the heroine of his friendship. Irving dwelt on the noble traits in Miss Gratz's character to his friend, and especially drew attention to her steadfastness of creed and the grandeur but melancholy of her thoughts. Scott was filled with sympathy for her character. When "Ivanhoe" was eventually published Sir Walter sent one of the first copies to his American friend, with a long and affectionate letter. A line in it read: "How does my Rebecca fit in with your Rebecca?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.
Developments in Cancer Treatment.
Mr. W. H. Gilbert, Albany, Ga., says: "A gentleman named Moore, near this city, had an eating cancer on his face, which had eaten away his nose and his eye, and had extended up until it nearly reached his eye. The cancer was eating his gums and had rendered his teeth so loose that he thought they might at any time drop out. He has been taking Swift's Specific about three months, and its effect has been wonderful. It has driven the poison from his system, the cancer has healed, and his teeth have become strong again, and he thinks he has been rescued from an awful death. He is the most enthusiastic man I ever saw."
Treatment on Blood and Skin Diseases.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
A MAN TOO LAZY TO MAKE A SUGGESTION CAN EXCEL AS A LEADER OF MEN.—N. Y. Times.
TO OUR READERS.
The proprietors of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER and BRONCHITIS PILLS will publish for the next few weeks in this paper some of the many cures that these remedies have effected.
If you are in need of medicine give them a trial. They guarantee to be made of the purest and best drugs that money can buy, powerful to cure, yet perfectly harmless.
ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is the standard of excellence and like all good things largely imitated. The public is especially cautioned against all so-called porous plasters, none of which contain the healing gums that Alcock's does, but are made from poor and cheap materials and simply gotten up to sell on the reputation of the genuine article.
OPINION OF DR. MOTT, LATE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST, ON ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER.
My investigation of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not present in any other plaster. These ingredients are so perfectly proportioned that the ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER will not cause Blisters or Excessive Irritation, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other Plaster. HENRY A. MOTT, JR., Ph.D., F.C.S., Professor of Chemistry N.Y. Med. College, etc.
It is a remarkable fact that however well young ladies may be treated in matrimony, very few are able to decline matrimony.
I was troubled with Chronic Catarrh and gonorrhea in my head, was very deaf and had a running discharge from my ears, and was unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and today enjoy sound health. C. J. COBBINS, Chestnut street, Field Manager, Philadelphia Publishing House, Pa.
THE GENERAL MARKETS.
KANSAS CITY, April 15, 1884.
CATTLE—Shipping Steers, \$5 25 to \$7 75
Native Heifers, 4 10 to 5 00
Native Cows, 3 50 to 4 25
Butcher's Steers, 5 25 to 6 50
HOGS—Good to choice heavy, 5 50 to 6 25
Light, 5 00 to 6 00
WHEAT—No. 1, 90 to 1 01 1/4
No. 2, 82 to 94
No. 3, 75 to 85
CORN—No. 2, 40 to 40 1/2
OATS—No. 2, 28 to 29 1/2
RYE—No. 1, 40 to 42
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack, 2 25 to 2 30
HAY—Car lots, bright, 1 00 to 1 50
BUTTER—Dressed, 18 to 20
CHEESE—Kansan, 12 to 15
EGGS—Choice, 12 to 13
PORK—Hams, 8 00 to 9 00
Sides, 8 00 to 9 00
LARD—Unwashed, 17 to 18
POTATOES—Per bushel, 45 to 50
ST. LOUIS.
CATTLE—Shipping Steers, 5 00 to 6 50
Butcher's Steers, 5 00 to 6 50
HOGS—Good to choice, 5 50 to 6 10
SHEEP—Fair to choice, 5 25 to 6 00
FLOUR—XX to choice, 3 40 to 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter, 1 05 to 1 08 1/4
No. 3, 95 to 97
CORN—No. 2, 32 to 33
OATS—No. 2, 22 to 23
RYE—No. 2, 30 to 32
COTTON—Middling, 15 to 16
TOBACCO—New Leaf, 4 40 to 4 75
Medicine, 6 25 to 6 75
CHICAGO.
CATTLE—Good shipping, 6 25 to 6 75
HOGS—Good to choice, 5 50 to 6 40
SHEEP—Fair to choice, 4 00 to 4 75
FLOUR—Common to choice, 5 00 to 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red, 1 05 to 1 08 1/4
No. 2 Spring, 75 to 82 1/2
CORN—No. 2, 31 to 32
OATS—No. 2, 22 to 23
RYE, 30 to 32
PORK—New Mess, 17 to 17 50
NEW YORK.
CATTLE—Exports, 6 40 to 7 50
HOGS—Good to choice, 5 25 to 6 25
COTTON—Middling, 10 40 to 10 60
SHEEP—Fair to choice, 4 40 to 4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red, 1 08 to 1 10
No. 2 Spring, 1 05 to 1 08
CORN—No. 2, 31 to 32
OATS—Western, 24 to 26
PORK—Standard Mess, 16 75 to 17 00

VICOR, HEALTH AND LIFE. Is found in the Great Modern Discovery, DR. SCOTT'S COCA, BEEF AND IRON (With Phosphorus). Possessing marvellous curative virtues in all forms of Nervous Debility, Brains, Heart and Nervous Diseases, Dropsy, Weak Limbs, Nervous Exhaustion and Broken Down Constitutions.
DR. C. W. SCOTT, Kansas City, Mo.
USE DR. SCOTT'S LIVER PILLS.
The kidneys act as purifiers of the blood, and when their functions are interfered with through weak-ness, they become healthfully active by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is a natural and powerful purifier of the blood. This superb medicine also prevents and arrests fever and ague, constipation, dyspepsia, indigestion, and other ailments. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers generally.
STOMACH BITTERS. A SPECIFIC FOR Epilepsy, Spasms, Convulsions, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Scrofula, King's Evil, Ugly Blemishes, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, Nervous Weakness, Brain Worry, Blood Scurvy, Biliousness, Catarrhs, Nervous Prostration, Kidney Troubles and Impurities. Sample Free. Price, \$1.00.
SAMARITAN NERVE. THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR. Rheumatism, Nervous Weakness, Brain Worry, Blood Scurvy, Biliousness, Catarrhs, Nervous Prostration, Kidney Troubles and Impurities. Sample Free. Price, \$1.00.
SPRING. Is the season in which bad or poisoned blood is most apt to show itself. Nature, at this juncture, needs something to assist it in throwing off the impurities which have collected by the sluggish circulation of blood during the cold winter months. Swift's Specific is nature's great helper, as it is a purely vegetable active and tonic.
NOW IS THE TIME. To prevent and cure all "Skin Diseases," and to secure a white and beautiful complexion, use BEESON'S Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap. Sold by Druggists. One cake will be sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
BEST and most economical Laundry Soap for all purposes. Cleanses, whitens, and softens the fabric. DREYDOPPEL'S. Sold by all wholesale grocers and first-class retailers.
CHICAGO SCALE CO. 2 TON WAGON SCALE, \$100. 4 TON WAGON SCALE, \$120. 240 LB. FARMER'S SCALE, \$5. 500 OTHER SIZES. Wholesale Price List Sent Free.
FORGES, TOOLS, &c. BEST PORTER BANGS, LIGHT WEIGHT, 500 LB. ADVANTAGEOUS.
FREE! CARDS AND CHROMOS. We will send free by mail a sample set of our large Chromos, 10 in. and 12 in. sizes, and a pair of our 200 and 400 Chromos, on receipt of 10 cents to pay for packing and postage.
5 TON WAGON SCALES. U.S. STANDARD. JONES OF BINGHAMTON. \$60 and up.
CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for consumption. It is the most certain cure of the world and is of long standing.
PISQ'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH. ELY'S CREAM BALM. CATARRH OF THE EYE. CATARRH OF THE EAR. CATARRH OF THE NOSE. CATARRH OF THE THROAT. CATARRH OF THE BLADDER. CATARRH OF THE UTERUS. CATARRH OF THE VAGINA. CATARRH OF THE RECTUM. CATARRH OF THE BLA-DER. CATARRH OF THE UTERUS. CATARRH OF THE VAGINA. CATARRH OF THE RECTUM.
RUSSELL & CO.'S ANNUAL. CEMENT. HAIR.