TAXING BACHELORS.

Some Cogent Reasons Why Anti-Benedicts Should Pay Contributions to the Public Treasury.

There is a proposition on foot in several of the Eastern States to have laws passed taxing bachelors a certain sum each year. The object is two-fold, to raise money from a non-producing class of citizens, and to place bachelors under a ban, and show them that their manner of living with no object in view is not believed to be of value to a community. There are two sides to all questions, and the *Sun* does not know which side to take, consequently it will, as usual, straddle the fence. Bachelors, who are such by choice, will fight it out on that line and claim that they had rather pay a reasonable tax, or even an exorbitant tax, than to marry. They will illustrate their position by pointing to thousands of married men who would be willing to pay their last dollar in taxes, if they could be placed back in the ranks of bachelors. The bachelors will show that on the average they are happier, and more free from care, and enjoy themselves better than the average married man, and on that ground they ought to be willing to pay a tax. They will show that bachelors are, as a rule, rotund and jolly, while married men look as though something was eating them. There may be certain alleged beauties about the life of a bachelor while he is young and in his prime, but when he begins to get old, and pains rack his body, sickness confines him to his lonely bed, and he has to be assisted by strangers and hired help, he will realize what a fool he has made of himself and what a failure his life has been. No wife or children to minister to his wants, the bachelor is a most forlorn object. It is then that he begins to look careworn, cross, and as though something was eating *him*, while the married men who used to look that way is happy and contented. It is better to have some cares and discomforts as a married man at the front end of life, when one can endure them and see a piece of clear sky ahead, than to have a careless picnic in early life, with a prospect of dark clouds all the time after the individual becomes old enough to need kindly offices from loving friends, instead of hiring somebody to be sorry for him at so much a week. The most pitiful object in life is a sick old bachelor at a boarding-house, a hotel or a hospital. It is then that he thinks over his list of friends, male and female, who have homes, and he would give the world to be an inmate of one of those homes. He thinks of the girls he might and ought to have married years ago, and as a hired nurse brings him some pills to take he thinks how much easier he could take them from the hands of a loving wife or daughter. A bachelor with a crick in his back thinks the hand of the hired nurse, who rubs it is a curry-comb, and he thinks of some soft hand he has held in his, years ago, and he would give ten years of his life if he had given to the owner of that soft hand the right to rub the crick out of his back, but it is everlastingly too late. If he went searching for a wife now he would have to take one who was as old and toothless as he is, and her hand would be so harsh and bony that she would produce two cricks in the back where only one grew before. He realizes this when he tosses in pain, and the look on his face plainly shows remorse. Bachelor friends may make formal calls on him when he is sick and wish him a speedy cure, but that does not fill the bill. He dies and the bachelor friends act as bearers to his funeral, friends of other days ride in the carriages as mourners, and talk about the blank life of the deceased, but there are no tears, unless there is a sister who comes from a distance to attend the funeral and see about probating the will. The confirmed bachelor is in hard luck, and perhaps he ought to pay a tax, or license, and wear a check on his neck, so that all may know he is a bachelor.—*Peck's Sun.*

A LA BERTHA CLAY.

A Romance Without Love, Concocted for the Sole Purpose of Making the World Better.

It was a cottage over-looking the sea. From its door, over which the roses climbed, one could look out on the white-winged ships sailing to and fro, and down upon a beach on which the waves were ever gently breaking.

[The only drawback was the fact that old Smith had a mortgage on the said cottage, and that the sewerage about the place was defective.]

It was early in the morning. The bright sun was just rising from his bed in the blue, blue sea, the lark rose from the meadow and soared toward heaven; the low of kine was heard on every hand, and the silent watches of night were about to give place to the bustle of a glorious day. One who stood and drank in the picture would have felt entranced.

[It doesn't cost a cent to get that way, and it is twenty per cent cheaper than working up an enthusiasm by the use of lager beer.]

Suddenly the door was opened and a merry laugh was heard. The fair Ethel had left her couch to greet the rising sun. As she stood amidst the roses, her brown eyes sparkling with enthusiasm—her cheeks glowing with health—her golden hair lighted up by the beams of the morning sun, she was the picture of a queen.

[I had forgotten to say that she had a sylph-like form. This is an oversight for which I can never forgive myself, and I hope the reader will not bear down in malice.]

Even the lark paused in his flight to look back at the beautiful picture, and the blue birds which flitted from rose to rose sang sweeter songs, as if to honor her. For a moment the fair Ethel stood thus, and then she descended the steps and glided toward the gate.

[She wasn't on roller skates, but glided is an expression which I hunted for half a day, and which I am determined to use if it breaks a leg.]

At the gate she paused. Once more she surveyed the placid sea—the romantic beach—the rosy eastern horizon. She was alone with Nature for the moment. Her bosom heaved, her eyes grew brighter, and it was evident that the inspiration was on her. She was about to speak. Just at the instant when her ruby lips were about to part there was a bang on the cottage door and a gruff voice called out:

"What in blazes are you doing out there when your mother is sick and I want breakfast in a hurry?"

The long eye-lashes of the beautiful Ethel hid the sparkle of her eyes; her classic chin drooped; a look of sorrow crossed her face; for a moment she stood the picture of despair, and the stonest heart must have been melted by her attitude. Then she sweetly answered:

"I stuck my hunk of gum on the gate-post last night, and I'll be jugged if some slab-sided slug of humanity hasn't come along and gobbled it!"

[This story didn't have any villain in it. There was no love. There was no grievous trials for any one to pass through, and no narrow escapes to chill the blood. The sole idea was to make the world better. Good-bye.]—*Detroit Free Press.*

BACK NUMBER BOB.

A Man Who Has Complete Files of Newspapers for Sale.

In a crowded little basement in upper Broadway, that was lighted by glimmering gas-jets, a jolly colored man in the prime of life, with a jolly smile on his face and a tall hat on his head, was swiftly sorting newspapers on a counter. Under his feet, over his head, and on either side of him as he stood working were other newspapers all sorted out and tied up in bundles, with paper tags dangling from the strings. Newspaper clippings in glass frames, musty old books and curious old maps filled up all the little remaining space that was not jammed with newspapers.

"Sir," he said, pleasantly, to the reporter who called, "there is not a newspaper published in the town that I can't get you a copy of inside of five minutes, no matter whether it is the first issue that is wanted or to-day's."

"How do you manage it?"

"Why, I have made it a business to collect papers all my life, and now I've got it down so fine that I am making a living of five hundred dollars a year from that branch of my trade alone. Orders come to me now from all over the country, and the newsmen themselves have nicknamed me 'Back Number Bob.' It took an awful deal of time to get complete files, but I succeeded at last by advertising for them, and now I make it pay me to keep the files complete.

"Every day in the year at least one person comes or sends to me for copies that they can't get anywhere else, and pay big for them."

"What is it worth to fill orders?"

"It depends on the dates wanted. The regular schedule of prices runs as follows for each copy: Under fifteen days old, five cents premium; under thirty days, ten cents; over thirty days, five cents extra for each additional month; a year old, fifty cents; each additional year, twenty-five cents.

"The business has grown so," said Back Number Bob cheerfully, "that I have been compelled to give orders to a man to fit me up a storage room out of town. Now I am saving twenty copies of all the dailies published in town, and if the business continues to boom I'll have to double that number. I find that it's a very pleasant occupation."—*N. Y. Sun.*

BILL ARP.

He Demonstrates That He Is the Boss of His Children and Grandchildren.

Our grandchildren are having a good time now. They have finished breaking the bull calf and are very busy making flutter mills under the fishpond dam. The fall is about five feet, and they keep the water busy and the wheel, too, and are talking about a little saw-mill attachment. I just let them go along and dull my handsaw and gap my axe and waste my nails and leave everything where they didn't find it, for they are on a big frolic now, and will have to go back to school in a few days. I overheard them talking about school, and one said: "I wish there wasn't such a thing as school." And another said: "Well, I don't, for the school is all right, and I don't want to grow up a dunce, but I wish my school days were all over that's what I wish." But Jessie, our Jessie, my Jessie, has left us. She has gone to town to school, and we will not see her but one day in a week. It is mighty hard on us, for she is the light of the house and the comfort of my age. One by one they have to leave us. Ralph has gone to Florida to live and work, and we are getting lonesome and homesick. We miss them at night and in the morning and at the table. Even the dog looks sad, and watches the road for their coming. But all's well that ends well, and we are thankful for the good that is left us. Carl is here yet, and a lot of grandchildren. They carry their sling-shots with as much impudence as a town boy carries his pistol in his hip pocket. Two of them made a target of some fine pears in the top of a favorite tree and left the little rocks in the pears. I promised them a whipping, but somehow or somehow else they didn't get it. There is always somebody around to interfere with my arrangements. So they wanted to go to the base-ball again this evening and I just put my foot down and said no. I determined to punish them, and now my opportunity has come. When I take a notion I am boss at my own house, and now I've taken a not on and I'll show the little rascals how to shoot my pears. I'll teach them a lesson.

LATER.—They have gone to the base-ball with their maternal ancestor, and that's the kind of a man I am.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ENGLISH CLAIMS.

Men and Women Who Are Made Cranky by the Representations of Shrewd Swindlers.

That prince of fools, the American heir to English estates, has made himself such a nuisance to the American Legation in London that the Minister has been obliged, in order to save trouble, to prepare the following printed circular, which is sent to all persons applying for aid in making out their claims against the Bank of England and the Court of Chancery. There is probably no branch of domestic swindling more lucrative than that of the agents who undertake to put the American Browns, Smiths and Joneses in possession of great fortunes for which no English Browns, Smiths or Joneses are to be found:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
LONDON, ——— ——, 189—.

In reply to yours of ——— ——— ——— touching a supposed estate or property of large amount in England, belonging to the ——— family, I have to say that so many similar letters are received at this legation that I am compelled to answer them by printed circular.

The pretended prosecution of these pretended American claims to English property is carried on with such persistence and ingenuity by the men charged in it that I despair of being able to make their credulous victims understand what an utter imposture and delusion the whole business is.

I can not too strongly advise you, since you have addressed me on the subject, to have nothing to do with such schemes, and especially to remit no money to their agents. But, if disinclined as you probably will be to accept this advice, I can only say it is all the service in my power to render you in the matter, or which, if rendered, would do you any good.

I should add further, that under the instructions of the State Department of the United States, the legation would not be allowed to take part in the investigation of such claims, even were they supposed to be well founded in point of fact, except in pursuance of specific authority from that Department.

I am, ———,
Your obedient servant,
———,
U. S. Minister.

—*N. Y. Post.*

A COMPARISON.

The Difference Between English and American Agriculture.

The English Government, some years since, sent two worthy gentlemen, both experienced agriculturists, to America, to investigate the general character of American agriculture, especially from the point of view of its growing competition with English farmers. The general impression on those who read the report made by these gentlemen, after their investigation was completed, and in fact on many persons who met them, pending its performance, was, that they had not been able to form a thoroughly correct estimate of American agriculture and its possibilities, owing to their persistent wearing of British spectacles during their visit in this country. The more we hear and learn about English farming and its methods, the less are we surprised that two gentlemen of the mature years of Messrs. Read and Pell, and accustomed all their lives to the methods, usages and conditions of farming in England, should have been unable to estimate with precision the conditions and possibilities of American farming. The truth is, that the latter is in a transitory condition, constantly undergoing changes of various kinds. These changes are brought about by numerous causes, not only in the varying conditions of supply and demand for the products of the farm, conditions which must vary in England as well as here, though less in degree there, but in the character and condition of the farmers themselves. The farmer in England seems to add nothing to his capital; a good tenant adds to the value of his holding, but that is mainly the landlord's benefit; the farmer himself, it seems, requires a capital to begin with, which in our Western States would be regarded as a small fortune, and even the model or prize farms of which we read, the net income, after paying rent and purchasing manures and food, can not be much more than enough to provide a reasonable interest on his capital invested, leaving but a very small sum comparatively as remuneration for the labor of his own head and hands, and that of the members of his family, and on these prize and so-called profitable farms it is evident that unremitting labor forms the portion of all the members of the family almost from childhood. Rigid economy may enable some provision to be made to establish one or two of the sons in life, on just about the same basis as their father started from and with prospects certainly but little more hopeful than his.

In America there is a constant and rapid grading up. The father who began life in one of our Western States thirty years ago, with a few hundred dollars and a new farm, may see himself to-day ready to leave to his son a farm clear of debt, with fairly good buildings and comparatively well-stocked, and whereas the father has been obliged, in the past thirty years, to pay for his farm, put up his buildings, fence and perhaps drain the property, demands which have taxed his resources to the uttermost, the son who succeeds him begins life comparatively well off. Beyond the necessary repairs of house and buildings, fencing, etc., there are but few demands upon the income of the farm. Improvements of various kinds, such as his father never dreamed of, will be available to him. The herd of scrub stock will soon be a herd of high grades if not of pure-bred cattle. If he has been wise, educated on will have been added to his other advantages, and he will bring to his aid a careful method of accounts and a scientific system of farming in which, so far, the English farmers certainly excel us. Another change to be noted in American farming is the large increase of well-to-do business men, who have of late years invested in farms and stock. Take it altogether, we will venture to say that if the before-mentioned English Commissioners will pay another visit to this country, just ten years from the time of the last one they will find many modifications to make of the opinions they then formed. On the other hand our own farmers can not do better than realize that there is much to learn from farmers who can, in addition to paying ten or twelve dollars an acre rent, spend twice as much for foods, manure and labor, and still leave a fair profit per acre left. With the changes in their own circumstances have come changes in the condition of their farms, the nature of their market and character of their competition. The man who is satisfied to "get along" will be amazed, if he ever wakes up to see how far he has fallen behind in the procession. We confidently commend our young farmers, as an aid to keeping up with or getting ahead of the throng, to study some of these English model farms, their methods and ways. In America the farmer has, at least, the pleasure of knowing that whatever he can add to the value of his farm is his own.—*Live Stock Journal.*

An Aged White Oak.

On the farm of John Mix, which is situated two and one-half miles from Centre Square, on the old Cheshire road, there grows a large white oak tree. It grows from the top of a large bowlder whose average height is about eight and one-half feet. From the ground where the rock stands the tree, as nearly as can be ascertained, measures about sixty feet to the top. The surface of the rock is about eighteen by twenty-two feet, and the base of the tree on its surface is spread like putty. The main body of the tree grows in and through the nearly a foot wide fissure of the rock, hidden from public view, except a narrow rent on the outside, which grows to the ground below, thirteen feet. Above the rock the trunk measures seven feet. It is curious to see the way the tree has grown around the projection of the rock and has fitted itself to the curves and grooves. From the highway the tree appears to be about sixty feet high and about sixty or seventy feet broad. The general supposition is that the tree must be nearly two hundred years old, as it was two-thirds as large when the present occupant of the farm, John Mix, was a boy and now he has reached his eighty-fifth year. His father also lived and died on this farm, and as long as he could remember it was a good-sized tree.—*Waterbury (Conn.) American.*

—In an experiment with one hundred plum trees a farmer dusted five trees with air-slaked lime just as the blossoms were falling, and repeated the application every two weeks several times. From the five trees so treated he secured good crops of plums, but upon the remaining ninety-five trees the curculio did not allow a single plum to mature. This is an important discovery to plum-growers should the method prove effectual hereafter.—*Toledo Blade.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A cup of hot water drank before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Never sun feather-beds. Air them thoroughly, on a windy day, in a cool place. The sun draws the oil, and gives the feathers a rancid smell.—*Chicago Journal.*

—It is worth while keeping a supply of ammonia in the household, in case we wish to remove finger marks from paint, or require to cleanse brushes or greasy pans.—*Exchange.*

—Marks on tables caused by leaving hot jugs or plates there will disappear under the soothing influence of lamp oil, well rubbed in with a soft cloth, finishing with a little spirit of wine or eau-de-cologne rubbed dry with another cloth.—*Albany Journal.*

—Cinnamon Cake: Whites of two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-third cup of butter, one and one-half cups of flour and one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, icing: Two yolks, two-thirds cup of brown sugar and one teaspoonful of cinnamon.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—The *Sanitary Engineer* states that decaying wood about the premises is dangerous, assisting towards liability to yellow and typhoid fevers. There is no doubt of it; neither is there any doubt that foul cellars and slop-pails about farm-houses cause the bulk of autumnal miasmatic fevers.

—Baked Custards: One quart of milk, four eggs, five tablespoonfuls sugar beaten with the eggs, nutmeg and two tablespoonfuls flavoring extract. Scald the milk, pour upon the other ingredients, stir together well, flavor and pour into stone-china cups. Set the cups in a pan of hot water, grate nutmeg upon each and bake until firm. Eat cold from the cups.—*The Household.*

—Fowls are more of a help on the farm than many farmers realize. They destroy numberless insects that are injurious to the orchard trees; and the poultry manure, if thoroughly composted, is a valuable fertilizer for corn, grass or grain, and is especially adapted to promote vigorous and healthy growth to fruit trees.—*Troy Times.*

—Meat Pie: Butter a pudding dish and line it thickly with mashed potatoes prepared thus: Three cups of potatoes mashed fine from lumps, mixed with half a cup of milk, two eggs and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Then put in a layer of chopped beef (or any kind of cold meat), well seasoned with pepper, salt and bits of butter. Cover with more of the potato mixture and bake till brown.—*New England Homestead.*

—A good evergreen hedge may be made of the Norway spruce, set two or three feet apart and kept properly cut back with the knife, but never sheared. This hedge may be made to stop cattle if two or three barb wires are successively stretched along inside as it is growing up, the branches gradually covering and stiffening it. In cutting back the sides of an evergreen hedge, cut off the main limb closely up to side branches, which will prevent projecting stubs.—*Detroit Post.*

FARM FENCES.

Why Farmers Should Not Be Forced to Wall In Their Fields.

One night not long ago I was awakened by the ominous sound of tramping feet near my house. I knew too well what it meant, for it was a sound I had heard before—my neighbor's mare and colt had broken into my garden and were tramping and tearing it to pieces.

Well, I did what I suppose every one else would have done under similar circumstances—threw on a few clothes and ran out, intending to drive the intruders into the street. After several vain endeavors to drive them out I finally decided to go to my neighbor, awaken him and tell him the condition of things. He took the matter very quietly, it seemed to me, drove the animals out, and we proceeded to investigate the matter. We found they had broken through an improperly made division fence—a fence made by him, but which he claimed belonged to me. Well, of course the fence was repaired and the matter was settled for the time being.

There is, however, a principle involved in this matter which it may not be unprofitable to consider. Are fences like the Chinese wall, built to keep others out—for protection against intrusion—or are they built to keep our own stock from getting out? In sections where large areas of good grazing land remain open and the omnipresent town cow flourishes, fencing is clearly done for protection, on precisely the same principle on which a man has to carry a sword or a revolver. But in this age—in thickly-settled countries at least—the guardians of the law are supposed to protect our persons and property and if our persons and personal property are protected, why should not our land and crops also be? As our laws have heretofore been, a man has been compelled to build an efficient barrier around his place whether he kept stock or no.

In Ontario, Canada, and many of our own States, this law has become obsolete, and the more equitable law and custom have taken its place, that every man must take care of his own stock. If adjoining farmers agree, for mutual protection and convenience, to build a boundary fence, well and good, but one neighbor ought not to be compelled to protect himself against the depredations of another's horses or cattle. An unruly bull or cow or a vicious horse or a large may do more harm than a kill sheep dog, or even a wild beast, and the responsibility of the man who permits such an animal to inflict injury upon others ought to be as great. Moreover, a single beast at liberty in any neighborhood may compel all the land-owners in the section to go to the heavy expense of inclosing their property to prevent injury from the common nuisance. Thus, the fear of the depredations of a wretched "scrub" may cause an outlay a hundred times greater than the worth of the beast.

It will take a long time, however, to change a custom so deeply rooted as our practice with regard to fencing, but it is evident that it will sooner or later be accomplished. With the improved method of temporary fencing it is, in most localities, easier and cheaper to fence cattle in than to fence them out. Let the principle once become thoroughly established that it is every man's duty to prevent his stock or his dogs from injuring the person and property of others and much of the litigation and hard feeling between neighbors will be avoided. Let us all, as a matter of principle, see to it that our own stock is properly taken care of, at the same time insist that our neighbors shall take care of theirs, and our minds will be easier and we shall be on better terms with our neighbors and live longer and happier.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TRICKS ON THE TRACKS!

Dangers from Which Engineers Save the Public and Themselves.

[The Railway Review.]

One who is accustomed to railway traveling can scarcely realize how much he is dependent for safety upon the engineer. Added to the responsibility of their station, engineers are also in constant danger of accidents caused by the tricks of jealous rivals.

This rivalry, it is said, sometimes prompts to the doing of utterly mean tricks. A Nickle Plate engineer after his very first trip was laid off because he had "cut out" all the bearings of his engine. He was reinstated, however, after he proved that some rival had filled his oiling can with emery. Another new engineer was suspended for burning out the flues of his boiler. Through grief at the loss of his position he died, and then a conscience-stricken rival confessed that he had put oil in the tank so that it burned and allowed water at the top gauge when in reality there was scarcely a quart in the boiler.

These intense jealousies, together with the terrible anxiety incident to their work, have a terrible straining effect on the nerve, and statistics tell us that, though Locomotive Engineers may look strong and vigorous, they are not all a healthy class. Ex-Chief Engineer A. S. Hampton, Indianapolis, Ind., Div. 115, was one of those apparently hearty men, but he says: "The anxiety, strain and jolting come near finishing me." His sufferings resulted in catarrh of the bladder, but he used Warner's safe cure faithfully for twenty weeks and now says emphatically "I am a well man." E. S. Ingraham, of Cleveland, O., Assistant Chief Engineer, and other prominent members are also emphatic in its praise.

The Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood has 17,000 members and 246 divisions. Its headquarters are in Cleveland, O., where Chief Engineer Arthur for twenty years has exercised an autocratic sway. It was organized in August, 1863, by 16 employees of the Michigan Central. It has given nearly two million dollars to the widows and orphans of deceased members.

Politeness of Swedes.

One great peculiarity of traveling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedish are a taciturn and noiseless people. They do much by signs, and never shout; a Swedish crowd makes singularly little sound. Swedes, even of the lowest class, never push or jostle. It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat-lifting that one is obliged to move more slowly than in England to give time for all this courtesy. When a train leaves a platform, or a steam boat a pier, all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travelers. If you address the poorest person in the street you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee-room you must bow to all occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply about Stockholm invariably raise their hats to the occupants of any other boat which passes them. The very mean in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through.—*Chicago Standard.*

—We had the pleasure of a call recently from four very remarkable brothers. They were Messrs. A. G., J. W., H. J. and D. F. Hightower, and aged seventy-nine, seventy-seven, seventy-five and seventy-three years—a total of three hundred and four years. They have in all thirty-four children, sixty-one grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. The four brothers are in good health, and there is not thirteen pounds' difference in weight between the heaviest and lightest. The most remarkable thing is that none of them was ever drunk, or played a game of chance, or took a dram in a barroom. They are all members of the church and lead pious, godly lives.—*La Grange (Ga.) Reporter.*

—He sent up: "I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Swell to a friend with whom he was holding a heated argument. "I beg your pardon, sir, I ought to understand this matter better than you. I am a graduate of two colleges, sir." "You remind me," replied his friend, "very much of a calf my father used to own who had the milk of two cows." "Why, how was that?" "He was a very large calf."—*Lynn Union.*

COMING home at two a. m., he found his wife dressed in deep black, and inquired the reason. "Mourning for my late husband," she replied.

"Laugh and Grow Fat,"

is a precept easily preached, but not so easy to practice. If a person has no appetite, but a distressing nausea, sick-headache, dyspepsia, tedia, or any other ill resulting from inaction of the bowels, it is impossible to get up such a laugh as will produce aldermanic corpulence. In order to laugh satisfactorily you must be well, and to be well you must have your bowels in good order. You can do this and laugh heartily with Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the little regulators of the liver and bowels and best promoters of jollity.

AN exchange speaks of "mineral wool." Let's see. That's the kind they shear from hydraulic rams, isn't it?—*Chicago Journal.*

"THE battle is not always to the strong," said the judge, as he awarded the better premium at a county fair.—*St. Paul Herald.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, October 5.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 25	@ 4 60
Native cows	2 00	@ 2 10
Butchers steers	3 00	@ 3 25
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 05	@ 3 85
Light	2 90	@ 3 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red	77	@ 77½
No. 3 red	66	@ 68
No. 2 soft	85	@ 86
CORN—No. 2	32½	@ 33
OATS—No. 2	23	@ 24½
RYE—No. 2	46	@ 50
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 95	@ 2 05
HAY—Large baled	5 00	@ 6 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	20	@ 22
CHEESE—Full cream	10	@ 11
EGGS—Choice	13	@ 14
BACON—Ham	11	@ 11½
Shoulders	5	@ 5½
Sides	5	@ 5½
LARD	5	@ 5½
WOOL—Missouri unwashed	13	@ 19
POTATOES—New	45	@ 50
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 25	@ 5 75
Butchers' steers	3 25	@ 4 60
HOGS—Packing	3 50	@ 4 05
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 50	@ 5 00
FLOUR—Choice	3 90	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	69½	@ 70
CORN—No. 2	40	@ 41½
OATS—No. 2	24	@ 25
RYE—No. 2	50	@ 52
BUTTER—Creamery	15	@ 21
PORK	8 00	@ 9 00
COTTON—Middling	9	@ 9½
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 25	@ 5 90
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 90	@ 4 25
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 50	@ 4 90
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@ 4 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red	67	@ 68
No. 3	65	@ 66
No. 2 spring	65½	@ 66½
CORN—No. 2	41	@ 41½
OATS—No. 2	23½	@ 23½
RYE	50	@ 52
BUTTER—Creamery	17	@ 22
PORK	8 25	@ 8 40
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Exports	3 75	@ 5 85
HOGS—Good to choice	4 50	@ 5 00
SHEEP—Common to good	3 40	@ 4 25
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 90	@ 5 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	96½	@ 97½
CORN—No. 2	48½	@ 49½
OATS—Western mixed	29	@ 32
BUTTER—Creamery	8	@ 22
PORK	9 00	@ 10 00
PETROLEUM—United	1 01	@ 1 03½

"Shoot Folly as She Flies,"

—*Pop.*

—was the way it appeared in the proof-slip. The argus-eyed proof-reader, however, knew the quotation intended and changed it to read: "Shoot Folly as she flies."—*Pope.* Of course it was an error, yet how many are daily committing much graver errors by allowing the first symptoms of consumption to go unheeded. If afflicted with loss of appetite, chilly sensations, or hacking cough, it is suicidal to delay a single moment the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the great and only reliable remedy yet known for this terribly fatal malady. Send two letter stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on this disease. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Prof. Tribbitts (eloquently): "Yes, all things come by chance, and the great globe itself, like a mushroom, springs up in the night." Little Bessie (brightens): "I should like to know, please, sir, where the seed came from."

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. SOZODONT Sulphur soap heals and beautifies. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills corns & bunions.

MADAME MODJESKA has turned translator and will Polish up Shakespeare.—*Boston Post.*

• • • • Delicate diseases radically cured. Consultation free. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT the inebriate sees may very often be described as circular-saw.—*Traveler's Gazette.*

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FOR THE CURE OF
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Or CHILLS and FEVER.
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

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Listen to Your Wife.

"Windows"

Looking on the ... With change of ... of May ... !!! ... exciting group.

It included one who had been a "Crown spinner," but was now so ... Paralyzed!!!

That he could only bear to be in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was first attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy" (A peculiar disease of nerve fibre that rarely recovers) and was for several years barely able to ... about.

And for the last Five years not able to attend to my business, although ...

Home for Incurables! New Manchester, in May, 1884.

I am an "Advocate!" "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines.

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!!!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could ..."

"Walk."

So started across the floor and back.

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