When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for se me fat position,
In the Hou e or at the pole;
With no stering manhod in him,
Nothing at be, broad or sound,
Des itute of puck or ballast,
Doube shad all sround;
Walk your est with firmer bearing;
Throe your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has herve and marrot
Just the things which his must lack,
A stringer word.

LOVE ON THE HIGH SEAS.

"Now," said the Captain, "we shan' see any more land for a week, and you young ladies 'll have nothing to do but let some of these young fellows fall in let some of these young tends with you."

"Fall in love," cried Hetty, her tiptilted nose cooling with incredulity and
disgust. "Who could fall in love at sea,

I'd like to know?" Who could?" asked the Captain, it

innocent surprise. "Why, everybody does. Why not?" does. Why not?"
Hetty smi ed in evident unbelief, but glanced furtively across the deck toward the handsome young officer where he leans on the rail blowing rings of smoke

into the deep-blue sky.

Mischi vous Deb and the quick-sight ed Captein detect both, and laugh un mercivally. Hetty blushes, and the first officer uncompromisingly turns his back and a deaf ear to the Captain's guffaws. It is evening on shipboard, dinner is over, the day's work is done, and all are assembled on deck. The sun, which has hung all day lik-

a copper gong upon a brass ceiling, is now mercituly disappearing. The mountains of Lower California shine in his fast-fading rays like "the golder hills of heaven," while one little hummock of an island, long and high and narrow, rises out of the sea like the grave-mound of some ocean god.

For once the water is smooth; nothing breaks its stillness but the steamer's

ing breaks its stillness but the steamer's trail, and the seagulls now and then brushing its surface. Far, far away—far as the eye can reach—is nothing but the same expanse of deep blue waters, broken only by those yellow hills, now fast vanishing into distance and night. Overhead, only another and wider expanse, still "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and behind a cloud the new moon just beginning to look forth upon

noon just beginning to look forth upon he boisterous worll below. Prigsby, from Ludon, explains to a caping audience how the scenery now them suffers from comparison before them suffers from comparison with that of the Rhine. Sam Boland, of San Francisco, carelessly replies to an inquirer that he is going prospecting for gold in Gantemala, acknowledges it to be a "pretty risky business" admits the country to be full of road agents and bushwhackers, but "reckous he'll pull through," Meantime Hetty and Deb, seeing the Captain had a story in reserve, settled themselves to hear it.

"Didn't I tell you how my first officer got married? No? Well, nobody

years chi, and I've worked my way from the bottom of the ladder. Well, when I was 30, I was Captain of a large sail ing vessel that was in the South Ameri can trade.
"I sailed from the port of Callao, San

Francisco being my destination. My second officer was an Englishman, but second officer was an Englishman, but my first was an American, only two or three years younger than I—a good-looking young fellow as ever I saw, tall and straight and handsome, with eyes like blue china. He was a right good fellow, too; brave and honest, but frisky as a kitten and up to all sorts of

"Well, we crept up the coast, stopwell, we crept up the coast, stop-ping at every ninth door, as our orders obliged us to do, taking in all sorts of things, all booked for San Francisco. Finally we came to San Jose de Guatemala—that lies ninety miles inland—and there we hove to and waited for a chance to go ashore.
"Did you ever hear of the surf on

that coast, ladies? No? Well, it often rolls fifteen or twenty feet high, and a good part of the time no boat can live in it. Sorry we're not going to stop this trip or you might see it. You see, there's really no harbor—nothing but an open roadstead—and, except in the Bay of Fundy, this place shows the highest and lowest tile in the world. The people here tried to build a breakwater out beyond the surf, but it breaks over it half the time, and when it doesn't it knocks it to pieces. S metimes ve-sels have to ride at anchor for a week before they can put a boat ashore.

"We'd only just hove to when I no-

ticed that a ship at anchor, not far off, was making signals of distress, and that a boat was putting off in our direction. Of course, we were anchored far out be-yond the su f, and it was comparatively easy for the boat to reach us; so it was soon alongside, and one of the men came up the ship's side and told me what was wanted.

"It appears that the ship was a cof-"It appears that the ship was a coffee ship from San Francisco, and had come to San Jose for a cargo. It was only half loaded when one of their boats capsized in the surf, drowning the Captain and first officer. The second officer was very low with a fever, and they had nobody to navigate the vessel; so they'd had to wait in port till some other ship came along and could lend 'em an officer or somebody who understood navigation."

stood navigation.

Well, I called up my first officer, and ont him aboard the coffee ship, and in a lay or two we both sailed. We were er just the same ground—or and, as the two vessels were kept each other in sight We'd been out ten

in American waters a sudden the ship I us to stop. We us to stop. We as we could, and presently, through t being lowered, in it. tion?

re were any pass-hip, though there y own. In a few a my first officer, ng the prettiest ever saw. Oh, y! Eyes like the line form usurping her place, and peep-ing under Hetty's downcast lids are a pair of earnest sailor eyes, whose dawn-ing love and hope no sea can fright or e sweetest little
ing all over it!
test little mortal
ch? I tell you,
yellow, and looked
not believe she'd
of a dinner for a test little

matter?' And I gave the lady a seat on the lounge in my cabin. The poor little thing couldn't sit up straight, so I just hoisted her feet up and made her com-fortable among the pillows. "'Cap'ain,' said he, 'I want you to marry me to this young lady.'

"'Captain,' said he, 'I want you to marry me to this young lady."
"'Marry you?' said I. 'What do you mean? She's too sick to be married, man! She can't stand up. If you and she want to be married, why don't you wait till you get ashore?"
"You see, ladies, we talked out free before her, for she couldn't understand a word of English.
"'If we wait till then,' said he, 'you and I'll be going to her funeral instead of her wedding. We've got to be married, and right away, and you have got to marry us."
"You see again, ladies, we were very great frier ds outside the ship, and when we were alone together we dropped all ceremony.

ceremony.

"'What in thunder are you in such a hurry for?' said I. 'Why can't you wait till you're ashore? Where are the lady's friends?'

"'Her stepfather's aboard my ship,'

he said.
"'I thought so,' said I; 'and I won't have anything to do with it.'

"He just turned and winked me 'ou

of the tail of his eye, and then I remem-bered, in a moment of misplaced confi dence, I had told him of some little circes in regard to my own man "'Hem!' said he, grinning like

"'Hem!' said he, grinning like a monkey, 'I think they're sometimes justifiable. Now, just look here, Cap; listen, and I'll tell you all about it. That little girl has no relations, nothing but a stepfather, and she's dependent on him for support. Well, the old coot's a dotor, and crazy at that; or, if he isn't he's the meanest cuss on earth. He's taken it into his addled old head to discover a sure cure for sea-sickness, and. cover a sure cure for sea-sickness, and, because just the name of a ship sets poor Do or s to casting up accounts, he's been taking her on all sorts of long voybeen taking her on all sorts of long voy-ages, and trying his various decoctions on her. So I want to marry her to get her out of his way. Of course I'm in love with her and all that, said he, look-ing kind of fooli h, 'but if that was all, I'd wait till we got ashore. Of course I can't make him let her alone unless she's my wife, and if he has control of he much longer she'll never see port again.

"Do you mean to say,' said I, staring at him in surprise, 'that he tries experiments on her—gives her things that

ain't medicine?

"'I do, said he; 'and I mean to say
that the last thing he gave her was a
nottle of bed bug poison, and it most

silled her.'
"By the Flying Dutchman! said I,
I should think it would! Where's the old coot now?"
"In irons, L told him I wouldn't have any such doing aboard my ship, and he slapped my face. So I put him in arons, and came off to you."

"Well, ladies, I just went over to th sofa where the little girl was zolling her big black eyes at us, and wondering what

thunder we were saying.
"'How old are you, my dear?"

"You see, I'd been married more'n two years, and I thought I'd a sorter right to be paternal.
"Eighteen, Senor Captain,' said she, in the softest voice in the world.

"Said I: 'Do you love this young man and want to marry him? You needn't if you don't, because I'll see to it your stepfather doesn't bother you

any more.

"I didn't dare look around at Jack, for I knew he'd be looking blacker'n thunder at me just then. And, indeed, he took a step toward us; but I made him keep off till she should have answered for herself.

"Well, she blushed very prettily, and heritated for a second, then answered

and bushwhackers, but "reckous he'll pull through." Meantime Hetty and Deb, seeing the Captain had a story in reserve, settled themselves to hear it.

"Didn't I tell you how my first officer got married? No? Well, nobody to been sicker'n his wite was to saw then I was 12 years old, and I've worked my way from sirce! I ran away to saw then I was 12 years old, and I've worked my way from the better of the ladder. Well, when

sion, would gladly become his wife.

'As she said this, Jack got out of sight behind the door, put his thumb to his nose, and twirled his fingers at me in the most disrespectful manner. I had a great mind to put him in irons for mutiny - but no matter.
"Of course there was nothing to be

done except marry them; she was over 18, and at sea the Captain's as good as a

parson, you know.

"So I called up the passengers and officers; and the ladies dressed her up in their own finery, and we had a wedding in very short order. After that the

in very short order. After that the ship's surgeon prescribed an antidote for the bed-bug poison.

"The second officer went over and took command of the coffee ship in Jack's place, and sent back Dolores' trunk and clothing. At first I thought we couldn't get along without him, for Jack was so deeply in love with his little sea-sick girl I thought he'd be of no manner of use. But we had good weathmanner of use. But we had good weather most of the time, and Jack did his

duty like a man.
"But it was real touching to see him go to his wife's cabin every day and bring her on deck and fix her comfortably on a bed the steward made for her under an awning. And there he'd nurse her and care for her just as if he'd been a sister of charity. You might have seen then, Miss Hetty, how a sailor can love a woman!

"Well, she soon got better and stronger. Jack and the doctor fixed her up between them, and a healthier, livelier, happier little woman never set foot in San Francisco. Jack took her right to his marr ed sister, and there she stayed between voyages till she had a lot of children, and her husband bought her a house of her own.

"What about the coffee ship? Oh, that wad nort der before never the

that made port a day before us, and the ment we touched land. So we were all liadled up in court, and Jack had it out with his step-father-in-law.

"I think the court was rather against us first, but the bed-bug poison and the slap in the face did the business, and travel against the slap in the face was the slap in the slap in the slap in the face was the slap in the

turned everything in our favor. He was afterward declared to be a lunatic, and turned over to his brother's keep

" What's become of Jack ? Why, "What's become of Jack? Why, he sailed with me for several years as first officer; now he's Captain to the companion steamer to this. That good-looking young fellow that's been making eyes at you, Miss Hetty, is his son; and I dare say he agrees with his father that sea-sickness makes precious little difference when a man's in love."

The moon is quite up now, flooding the sea with silver. Between us and the shining mirror interposes the head of young Jack, showing in fine, clear-cut silbouette. What wonder that Hetty has to put severe strain upon her eyes

has to put severe strain upon her eye that they shall not wander in that direc

The Captain saunters away to do the agreeable to other passengers, while Deb strays down to the deck to listen, at a little closer quarters, to the tinkle of a guitar and to a soft voice humming a Spanish love song.

As she strolls back she finds a mascu-

"THERE is not a corporation on the round globe whose specific gravity is greater than that of the old Ærna Life, said I; what's the true as gold." - Phila, Workly Itou.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S "Endymion paid him about 50 cents a word. One of the new journals started in Paris is called Neither God Nor Mas-

A KNIFE with 191 blades was latel

sent to the Prince of Wales on his THE Emperor of Brazil has translated some of Whittier's poems into Portuguese.

Kansas made 16,905,344 pounds of butter and 703,447 pounds of cheese last year. A METHODIST minister of Virden, Ill., won a bet of \$5 and preached a sermon defending it.

JUNE 1, 1882, is the official date fixed upon for the inauguration of the St. Gothard tunnel. MAYOR STOKLEY, of Philadelphia,

MAYOR STOKLEY, of Philadelphia, when a boy worked for \$1 a week and slept under a counter.

GEN. GRANT purchased in Washington a suit of clothes for his grandson, who lives in England.

There is romance in figures. A young man met a girl, 1'er, married her took her on a wedding 2er. MARKET report for travelers—Trunks are heavy and are going down with a crash—at all the railway stations.

"The white race is greatly overrated," said a speaker in a Boston meeting of negroes relative to the Cadet Whittaker

Our of a total of 130,000 railway em ployes in Great Britain and Ireland 4,000 are either killed or injured every

THE seport of the State Auditor of North Carolina shows that the valuation of land has increased in eight years \$13,-

550,000.

KING KALAKAUA, of Hawaii, is coming to this country in February. He has personal friends in Omaha whom he in-tends to visit. MR. PLIMSOLL, who has done so much

for English sailors, now proposes to benefit the coal miners by improving the colliery laws. ADELTNA PATTI is undoubtedly com

ing to this country next autumn to remain two years. All arrangements are made, and the contract signed. CONGRESSMAN O'BRIEN, of New York, has instituted suit for absolute divorce

from his wife, to whom he has married for twenty-three years. PRESIDENT GREVY is 73 years of age

but does not look it, being solidly bunit, robust and firm on his legs, and still a mighty hunter before the Lord. It is funny to see a country editor asking for cordwood on subscriptions, and groaning in an adjoining column about "the glut of silver dollars."

A CANDIDATE for the situation of coachman advertised in a Cork paper that he had good testimonials, and is "both courageous and a good shot." DELEGATE BENNETT, of Dakota, wants the Territory to be cut in half, the southern part to be made into a State. The

growth of that section is remarkable SENATOR CARPENTER has lost flesh since last session, and his face has be come more refined. He has lost none of his keen wit and weight of intellect. WHEN Henry S. Foote drew his pistol

in the Senate to shoot Benton, the latter, catching at his breast as if to tear it open, roared out, "Let the —— assas-

residence in the spring.

THE Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfort, is reported to have just pur-chased for his collection one of the most superb and expensive silver-gilt cups in the world. It cost \$150,000.

THE fourth child of Mrs. Sartoris, formerly Miss Nellie Grant, was born in Englaud last mouth. Her first child, a boy, died when about 1 year old. Of her living children one is a boy and two her living children one is a boy and two are girls.

The State of New Jersey offers \$20 to every free public school in the State with which to start a library, upon the cordi-tion that the district raises as much more. And \$10 is added yearly upon the same condition.

The Catacombs of Paris. The vast catacombs by which a large portion of the city of Paris are undermined were only known by popular tradition until the year 1774, when some alarming accidents aroused the attention of the Government. The old quarries were then surveyed and plans of them taken, and the result was the frightful discovery that the churches, palaces and discovery that the churches, palaces and most of the southern part of Paris was undermined, and in great danger of sinking into the pit below them. A special commission was appointed, and on the very day it met a house in one of the streets sunk ninety-one feet below the level of its court-yard. The pillars which had been left by the quarrymen, in their blind operations, without any regularity, were in many places too weak for the enormous weight above, and in most places had themselves been undermined, or perhaps originally stood upon ground which had previously been hollowed. The aqueduct of Arcueil passed over this treacherous ground; it had already suffered some shocks, and, if the quarries had continued to be neglected, an accident must, sooner or later, have happened to this watercourse, which would have cut off its supply from the fountains of Paris, and have filled the exevations with water. Repairs were fountains of Paris, and have filled the excavations with water. Repairs were forthwith commenced and promptly completed, and a portion of the old quarries was devoted to receive the bones of the dead. This took place in April, 1786; the remains of the dead were removed at night in funeral cars, covered with a pail, and followed by priests chanting the service of the dead. When they reached the catacombs the bones were shot down a well, and the rattling and echoing which they made in their fall were as impressive as any sound ever heard by human ears. Thus ound ever heard by human ears. Thus the limestone quarries that had supplied the materials for building the superb monuments, palaces and houses of Paris occame huge charnel-houses, which they now remain. Calculations differ as to the number of bones collected in the entacombs, but it is certain that they contain the remains of at least 3,000,000 of human beings. - Harper's Young

A Chicago Swear Story. David Swing says that a Chicago girl, who married a profane husband, invited her four bridesmaids to dinner. The five refined and beautiful women sat down at the table with the habitual swearer, but

linguage used, rested his head upon the table and wept with remorse to think that he had ever let en oath cross his lips. This is a very nice story; but is David Swing sure that he still retaes the glittering hatchet of his boyhood?

The public were shocked, not long since, by the account of the death of a lady, the daughter of one of the most eminent professional men in the country, from an overdose of morphine. The wretched story was published all over the country. There is no impropriety, therefore, in our pointing the young girls who are our readers to its me aning. The women was young and heautiful.

girls who are our readers to its maning. The woman was young and beautiful. She had high culture, and was by nature gentle, and lovable. A few years ago she began to take opium for some disease, and soon became its victim. All her struggles against it were in vain. At an age when she should have been in the full vigor of her womanhood, a happy and retired wife and mother, she died alone, and her downfall and disgrace were blazoned in every city of the grace were blazoned in every city of the Union.

Union.

Opium drunkenness is said to be on the increase in this country, and it prevails largely among women. Very few matrons or young ladies, when suffering from weakness or nervous disorders, would resort to brandy or whisky. But a dose of laudanum, or some other anodyne, they regard as harmless.

Physicians too. heedlessly prescribe

Physicians too, heedlessly prescribe omething which they vaguely call 'drops" to an overworked mother, or oung girl exhausted by incessant dancing and flirting, when the proper rem-edies would be a few weeks rest from labor and care, and a more wholesome,

rational life.

American women are, as rule, energetic. The busy housekeeper and the eager belle, find resort to a seemingly innocent little black bottle, when they are "run down," much easier than the giving up of work, or the sacrifice of balls and germans. Before they are conscious of their danger, they are victims to the most hopeless and terrible of appetites—they are opium drunkards.

It is probable that no one who has ever become addicted to this habit has been able to conquer it. De Ouiney

ever become addicted to this habit has been able to conquer it. De Quiney wrote a book that for dramatic horror and pathos, has not its like in literature, to prove that it was possible to rise "out of the deep;" but he sank again, helpless

and hopeless.

The best monograph on the opium habit written in America, was the work of a brilliant man of letters who believed himself cured, yet died its victim. Most of our readers can recall at least one opium drunkard whom they have known. The livid, corpse-like skin, the glassy eye, the vague air of terror, are unmistakable. They are signs that the nightmare, life in death, has seized its prey, and is dragging it surely down to the grave.—Youth's Companion.

Riding by the foot of Hattin, over the place where, 700 years ago, Saladin annihilated the Crusaders' power in Palestine, we at length reached a ridge where we looked out on the distant hills of Bashan, and far below us on a dark blue pear or harp-shaped sheet of water, ly-ing snugly in a deep inclosure of high brown hills. Though less than thirteen nules long and seven miles broad, yet, measured by the events it has witnessed, it is a kind of Pacific ocean. It was the

Sea of Chililee.

As we moved over the long way downward to its level—350 feet below the sin shoot!"

The young unmarried men in the West of Ireland are now pledging themselves by the hundred, at public meetings, never to marry land-grabbers' daughters.

A London paper says that, since the days of Henry V., no English Prince has been so popular in France as the Prince of Wales, who visits Paris several times a year.

W. Barnet Le Van read a paper before the Franklin Institute, at Philadelphia, in which he held that ninety miles an hour was a safely attainable speed on straight and level railroads.

At the request of Thomas Hughes, Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, will make the new Rugby settlement his official and private home, and will build a residence in the surging.

us, and nearly the whole of its coast-line, along or near which once lay the cities of Tarichea, Tiberias, Hippo, Ga-mala, Gergesa, Bethsaida, Cnorazin, Ca-pernaum, Magdala and Beth Arbel. Of these cities, Tiberias once had its Senate of 600; Gamala was able to resist and defeat Vespasian at the head of three legions, and when captured by Vespa-sian and Titus it lost 400 in the fight, and 5,000 who hurled themselves, or sea fight with the Romans, 1,200 slain in cold blood in the stadium, 6,000 cap-tive youth to dig for Nero in the isth-mus, and 30,000 to be sold into slavery. The only existing representatives of this strength and activity were the little cluster of huts called Medjel (Magadala) and the shrunken Tiberias, with its 2,000 inhabitants. From our path not a ves-tige of the other places could be discerned. It was near sunset when we en-tered Tiberias. We followed the road through the gate, but could easily have passed through the rents in the walls.
The now squalid city, mentioned but once in the New Testament, has been the chief home of Jewish learning since the destruction of Jewish learning since the destruction of Jerusalem, Here the Jerusalem Talmud was completed, and here is now what may be called the pres-ent theological school of the Jews.— Prof. Bartlett.

The Nature of an Oath. Early in the rebellion, when the Federal forces were stationed at Beau-fort, S. C., there was an old darkey by the name of Lige Jackson, who, deserted by his master, was left to take care of himself as best he might. Lige was considered a chattel of weak intellect. considered a chattel of weak intellect, and moreover he was exceedingly awkward in his attempts to play the role of a house servant. He smashed and destroyed pretty nearly everything he laid his hands upon, and having waited upon nearly every officer at the post, each in turn, after giving him the benefit of a good cursing for his stupidity, turned him adrift.

It happened that Lige was a witness in a case that came before a court martial, and being called up to give his testimony, was objected to on the part of the defendant, who stated that he didn't believe the negro was of sound mind.

lieve the negro was of sound mind.
"Stand up, Lige," said the court,
"Do you understand the nature of an oath?"

oath?"
Lige scratched his wool for a moment, and then turning up the whites of his eyes, replied:
"Look a yeare, marse; dis nigger has waited on bout haf de ossifers since dev fus cum to dis place, and if he don't understand de nature of an oaf by disting dead deves or written is cressing." time, den dares no wurtue is cussing."

The court considered Lige a competent

Age Cannot Wither Them. It is with alarm that we notice that,

It is with alarm that we notice that, as we leave our country's birthday farther and farther behind us, the negro of longeval proclivities, shows a settled determination to bridge the ever-widening span of years. The aged African, whilom content with a round hundred, now thinks nothing of adding ten of twenty years thereto. We had looked forward to the time when the entire race of nurses and conclument to the father of the table with the habitual swearer, but all failed to go as merry as a mariage bell. The wife got mad and blanked the roast beef, one of the bridesmaids blanked the gravy, and a third blanked blanked the gravy, and a third blanked blanked the servant to blank for her awkwardness. Over the dessert the profanity became fast and furious, and the amazed husband, startled at the utter incongruity and indecency of the

The alarming spread of diphtheria and kindred diseases is a warning to the people of the United States, of which they cannot long neglect to take heed. In many cities and towns diphtheria now exists almost to the extent of becoming epidemic, while there are few sections of the country entirely exempt

rom its ravages.

It is believed that the first cause of It is believed that the first cause of the disease is the preparation of the system by the presence of impure air for the germs of the disease to take effect, while these germs are believed to be multiplied by this impure air. The best houses of the cities, where there is a tide flow, are liable to the disease, because the sewer connections are in the house, and cannot easily be so secure but that the gas is forced by the bellows of the tide back into them. This is also the case with dwellings in cities where high water fills the sewers, or into which from other causes the sewer gas escapes.

which from other causes the sewer gas escapes.

Upon the farm and in villages the sace is propagated by the impure air from cesspools and other sources. The germs of the disease are not des royed by the frost as with those of yellow fever, and the only safety is in a complete removal of all impurities from the vicinity of the dwellings, and not only this but the filth must be entirely deodorized and rendered innocuous.

In the cities the sewer may be made a complete curriage way to a place of safe-

In the cities the sewer may be made a complete carriage way to a place of safety. In the villages and upon the farm the remedy can be made the means of adding largely to the fertilizing element of the country as well as securing health. The farmer and the village improvement societies should take this work in their especial charge.

Guilty of Wrong.

Guilty of Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first cl ss and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—Tribune.

Experiment with a Mirror.

Experiment with a Mirror.

Some of you will remember, in the years agone, the store of Sam Curtis, on Washington street, Boston, where, in his palmy days, he manufactured the best trames, and put up the largest mirrors to be found in the city. Well, once upon a time a curious discussion arose in that store. A large French-plate in the great swell-front window, its mirror-surface toward the street; and the question was: Weuld the most men or the most women stop and look into that mirror in passing?

Most of us, naturally, declared, without hesitation, in favor of the women. We believed six women to one man would stop and take a look at the bright-preflecting surface, as it was so set that

y-reflecting surface, as it was so set that it would reflect the full length of a hu-man figure upon the sidewalk. At length, two of our number agreed to take a favorable stand for observation, and make a strict count; and the result, which may be relied upon, somewhat surprised may be relied upon, somewhat surprised us. Here it is:

They kept their post just one hour. During that time they counted 876 men who went by the store on that side; and all save two glanced at the mirror sufficiently to gain a clear view of themselves, most of them stopping for a longer or shorter period. Of the two who aid not stop, one had a huge bundle on the shoulder next to the window, and could not look in that direction; while the other was being led by a boy—evi-

could not look in that direction; while the other was being led by a boy—evi-ently a blind man.

During that same hour there were 592
women who passed the window, not one
of whom stopped, and only three of
whom even glanced at the mirror. Each and every one of the dear creatures was entirely occupied in studying the dresses

of other women!

That was the report of our watchers; and they were both married men, and truthful, and admirers of the gentler sex.—New York Ledger. A Hammeck's Wild Way.
[From the Cleveland (O.40) Heraid.]

An Illinois exchange feels called to thus

leliver itself: "His hammock swung loose

at the sport of the wind," and tumbled the the application of St. Jacobs Oil, he might have gone "where the woodbine twineth." Even so, dear *Beacon*, as many others have gone, who failing to use the Great German Remedy in time, for their rheumatism and ather dangerous diseases, "have paid the debt of Nature." Rub is our motto. What Not to Kill. The French Minister of Finance has done a good deed in causing a placard to ted which it would be

eyes. It tells farmers, sportsmen and boys and others what creatures—hereto fore by a multitude of ignorant people considered to be pests to be abated—not to kill, as follows:

Hedge-hog—Lives mostly on mice,
small rodents, slugs and grubs—animals
hurtful to agriculture.

Don't kill the

izens of all countries to have before their

hedge-hog.
Toad—Farm assistant; he destroy from 20 to 30 insects per hour. Don't kill the toad.

Mole—It is continually destroying grubs, larvæ, palmer worms and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of

injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is found in its stomach. Don't kill the mole.

Birds—Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemy able to contend against them vigorously. They are the great caterpillar-killers and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb, their nests.

disturb their nests.

Lady-bird-Never destroy, for they are the best friends of farmers and hor-ticulturists, and their presence upon aphis-ridden plants is beneficial.

WHAT WE HATE [From the St. Paul Ploneer-Press.] We hate growling, no matter the source or cause, and recommend herewith the remedy. Use St. Jacobs Oil and laugh at pain. It

will do the work every time. Macaulay s Memory.

Ben Jonson won from his admiring contemporaries the epithet of "rare"—chiefly, if I remember aright, from his powers of memory. But Ben's powers were small compared with those of Macaulay, who recited the greater part of the Lay of the Last Minstrel after reading it for the first time. He used to say, and he was by no means a boastful man, that if by any chance, all the existing copies of Milton were to be destroyed, he thought he could replace the first six books of Paradise Lost from memory. "He seemed," said his friend Milman, "to have read everything; and to remember all that he had read." I have seen a letter of the late Sir William Stirling letter of the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell to a friend, entreating him to

Maxwell to a friend, entreating him to ask "Mr. Macaulay, who knows everything" for some piece of information.

"Macaulay," said Sydney Smith, "can you recite the list of Popes?"

"No," confessed Macaulay, "I get confused with the Johns and Gregories."

"Well," said Hallam, who was present, "can you manage the Archbishops of Canteriury?" of Canterbury?"

"The Archbishops of Canterbury!"
was the disdainful reply, "any fool can recite his Archbishops of Canterbury

backwards. And he began, from Howlev back to No More Hard Times

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times, and have good health.—Chronicle.

Duck Hunting With a Club. A colored man by the name of Ike Simpson was seen standing on a street corner, leaning on an immense club. "What's yer doing dar, Ike?" asked Sam Smith, another darky. "I'se out duck hunting," responded

Simpson.
"What sorter ducks?" "Wild ducks, ob course."
"And sposin' wild ducks was to light about heah, what would you kill 'em

wid?"
"Wid dis here club," said Ike, swingng it over his head in a most alarming

"Well, you is de biggest fool on Galveston island, sure," said Sam Smith.
"Not much I ain't. I'se gwine to rake in dead oodles of wild ducks right heal. on dis corner. I'll bet you a foah-dollar hat I captures moah den a dozen wild duck on dis heah corner wid dis heah short-range club," and once more Ike swung the club to the great discomfort

swing the club to the great discomfort of Sam Smith,

The bet was taken and now Ike sports a fine new hat. When asked how he managed to get the ducks, he explained:

"You knows dat old niggah Noves, what libs down on de island? Well, he borrowed a new saddle wuff \$10 from me befoah de wah, and he hain't neber fotched it back yit. I heerd he was in town wid a wagon-load of ducks for sale, so I jess laid foah him on de corner wid a club, and you bet I kerlected de whole so I jess and roan him on de corner wid a club, and you bet I kerlected de whole amount, wid int-res' to date, in ducks, I has clared moah den \$25 off dem ducks already."—Galveston News.

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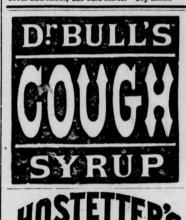
The Epizoetic

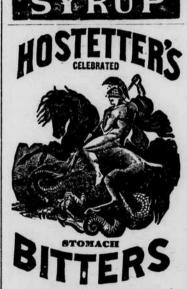
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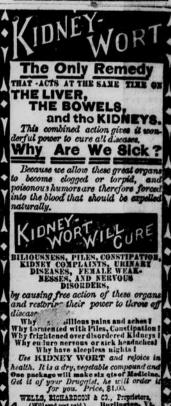
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