THE ADVERTISER.

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BROWNVILLE, : NEBRASKA

GUARD THE FACT.

Speak thou the truth, let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretense
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night
Down on thy watch tower stoop,
Though thou shouldst see thy heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind; though safer seem
In shelter to abide.
We are not made to sit and dream,
The safe must first be tried.

Show thou the light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down.
The smallest spark may send a beam
O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe unto him on safety bent,
Who creeps from age to youth
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought.
And as thy thought, thy speech.
What thou hast not by striving bought
Presume thou not to teach.

Then each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's true.

GREELEY'S BROTHER.

The Old Greeley Farm in Erie County, Pennsylvania.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 25.—Twenty-three miles from here, on one of the barren knobs of Erie county, lives Nathan Barnes Greeley, the only brother of Horace Greeley. To-day I visited him at his home. Leaving the cars on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad at Corry, Pa., a ride for five miles over a road wretched even for a country highway brought me to the "Old Greeley Farm," as it is called by the neighbors.

"Horace Greeley's brother lives in the first house on the hill after you pass the cheese factory," said a native, and I watched anxiously for the cheese factory and for the hill. The country was very poor. The farms through which I drove were, I think, among the very poorest in the state. I saw but two comfortable looking farm houses on the way. Past the cheese factory, and on top of the hill I saw a tumble-down house to the right of the road, and a very poor barn nearly facing it on the left. The house on the right was the Greeley homestead, where Barnes Greeley now lives, where Horace Greeley passed some of his boyhood days, and where his father and mother both died. It is a miserable looking place for the home of the brother of Horace Greeley. Everything about the farm has a tumble-down look. The old barn is in bad repair, the fences are down, and the house, a one story-and-a-half wooden structure, is decidedly shabby. The house is old fashioned, having been built many years ago. A deep porch runs the entire length of it. There is almost as much room on the porch as there is in the house. A one-horse wagon partly filled with pumpkins and potatoes stood out in the rain in the front yard. An old man at Corry had said to me: "Barnes Greeley is a mighty poor farmer," and a glance at the premises told me he was right.

There was no fence in front of the house, which stood back a short distance, and, the mud being ankle deep, I drove up to the door. An old man, gray and ragged, issued up from an inside cellar door, with a basket on his arm. He was tall and spare, slightly stooped. His garb at first sight, on account of a ragged overcoat and a torn felt hat, appeared shabbier than the average farmer wears about home.

"Is this where Mr. Greeley lives?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he at home?"

"I am Mr. Greeley."

I told him I had come twenty-three miles to see the brother of Horace Greeley. This seemed to please the old man, who is nearly seventy, and, although it was raining, he took off his torn hat, and, bowing, said:

"Well, here I am."

The removal of the hat made him look quite a different man, and I saw at once a close resemblance to his illustrious brother. He has a head shaped like Horace's, and almost as bald. He wears a full, long beard, which shows traces of having been sandy, but is now quite gray.

The old man showed me into the house, threw his ragged overcoat on the porch, and gave me the best of three chairs in the room, which were all more or less rickety. The appearance of the room denoted absolute want. There was nothing in it but the three broken chairs and a rusty cooking stove. The room had been plastered, but the plastering had fallen off, both from the walls and ceiling, leaving the lath exposed. I looked for a picture of Horace on the wall, but there was no picture of any kind. The room appeared to be sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen all in one. The floor was bare and not very clean. A little bare-legged girl came in and stared at me before Mr. Greeley joined me. I asked if she was Miss Greeley, and she said: "Yes, ma'am."

When Mr. Greeley came in he took a chair without a back and leaned against the wall. With his overcoat off, I saw he was dressed in a suit of brown jeans, consisting of pants and a "wammus." The "wammus" reached just to the top of his trousers, and fitted him tight around the waist and was loose across the breast. The old gentleman gave me his views on the political situation, and did it very glibly and intelligently. "I am," said he, "a greenbacker clean through. I will have nothing to do with either of the old parties. One harps about the solid south, and the bloody shirt, for the reason that they dare not discuss the real issues before the people." He then gave me what he considered to be the issue that ought to go before the people, which was simply the greenback doctrine of finance.

I asked him for some reminiscence of Horace Greeley as boy at home, but he knew but little of his childhood. Horace had left home when very young, and he saw him only at long intervals. When Horace came to the Greeley homestead, where Barnes Greeley now lives, he was about 19 years old. He remained on the farm but a short time. "He had a black sore on his chin," said Mr. Greeley, "and he devoted most of his time to doctoring that. It was a pretty bad sore, and Horace was afraid of it. I remember he attempted to help us on the farm, but he was very awkward. He was about as awkward and useless on a farm as I would be in a printing office. No, indeed, what Horace Greeley knew about farming at that time was mighty little."

"Did he ever know much about farming?"

"He was a book farmer. He had studied the subject a great deal and was an enthusiast. He raised some very fine crops on his celebrated farm, but they all cost him far more than they were worth, as everybody knows."

Horace's visits home were very rare. He may have returned twice. I was told that he came home to attend the funeral of his mother, who died some fifteen years ago. His father, whose name was Ezekiel, died twelve years ago.

Barnes Greeley related this incident to me: "When Lincoln was elected I took a notion that I would like to have the appointment of mail agent on one of our local roads. The salary was $1,000 a year, which was a big thing for me. I knew Horace could get me the appointment. I spent some money traveling around and getting recommendations, and succeeded in getting what I thought was sufficient. I had letters from a number of the leading business men along the route, as well as from the party men, and these I forwarded to Horace, with a letter asking him to help me. What do you suppose he did? He wrote back, returning my recommendations, with the information penned in his own hand, that he could get the appointment for me without the slightest trouble, but that he didn't want to do it. He wanted me to stick to the farm. He said I was the only boy at home, and he thought it best that I should stay there. I wrote back and explained to him that I could be at home quite frequently; that at that time the salary of $1,000 a year would help me out very considerably; that another party had offered to take the position for $500 a year. I wound up by urging him to help me to the appointment. His reply was this: 'If another man offers to do this service for $500, and you expect $1,000, that is excellent reason why you should not have it. If you had it the government would be losing $500 a year.' In the same letter he made me this proposition: 'Stay on the farm, and if I do not raise more corn on two than you do on ten acres, I will give you $100.' Not being in a position to better myself, I stayed on my farm and accepted his proposition. I picked out ten acres of as good ground as I had and planted it in corn. He planted two acres. When we measured up in the fall, I had beaten him just twenty-five bushels of ears, and he sent me his check for $100."

Rachel's Phedre.

Richard Grant White in January Atlantic.

Phedre is for one reason, if for no other, a character difficult and dangerous to attempt, The play opens on a high key. The heroine makes her first appearance before us with a soul consumed and a body shattered by her devouring passion and the wrestlings of her soul and sense. As Rachel tottered upon the stage we looked wonderingly forward in vague and vain conjecture as to what could be the end of such a beginning; for it seemed as if the climax were already reached. And so, in truth, it was; but it was not ended. Her Phedre was a prolonged climax of agony, through which she revealed the stages of passion and hope and hate and despair by which she had reached it. Her Phedre died, indeed, but only that the tragedy might end. Her poison was needless. It was because her veins were burning with a fiercer, subtler venom that the tragedy began; and she herself had begun to die before she confessed in our hearing the thought for which alone she lived. Rachel made us know and feel all this. When Rachel played characters like Lady Tartuffe, she looked like a thoroughly bad and utterly depraved woman; when she played Phedre she looked like a female fiend. And this not because of any change wrought in the lines of her face by "making up," but because of the expression she assumed. She did not look thus when she came off the stage in the course of an act, nor before she went on. This fiendishness of look made one near to shudder at the hell of mortal hate that flamed into her face as she shrieked, "Œnone, qui l'eut cru; j'avais une rivale!" Her cry, 'Aricie a son cœur, Aricie a sa foi!" was like the utterence of the agony of a damned soul. When she cursed Œnone we did not wonder that the guilty nurse cowered before her, and fled to drown her memory of all this woe in death.

Of this grand, dreadful, almost painful impersonation Mademoiselle Bernhardt's is a weak imitation, a pale, faded copy: whether a deliberate imitation or not I shall not say; whether direct or not I cannot tell, for I do not know Mademoiselle Bernhardt's age. But the traditions of Rachel's Phedre live in the criticism of her day; they live in Paris in the memories of all lovers of the drama who have reached middle age; they live in sketches and painted portaits; and above all they live in the *foyer* of the Theatre Francais. On those traditions Mademoiselle Bernhardt has formed her Phedre; seeking, nevertheless, we may be sure, to give to the impersonation some individual traits of her own imagining. But in this respect she has been able to do very little. Nor is it at all surprising, or in the least to her discredit, that her Pheyre is essentially a copy of Rachel's. Rachel's conception and impersonation of that character was not only grand and strong and vivid beyond that of any other actress who has attempted it, but it was the result of a perception of the only ideal of the character that made it tolerable in art. A Phedre in whom bad passion and deadly hate were aggrandized by an intensity and sublimation of fiendishness that made her a demi-goddess of the infernal sort was at least terrible and wonderful; a Phedre with a touch of true womanly feeling would be revolting. Phedre must not need forgiveness; she must be incapable of repentance. To admire Phedre, to endure her, we must have no sympathy with her. This was Rachel's Phedre, and thenceforward there can be no other.

The Last of His Line.

Detroit Free Press.

We were grieved to read the other day of the death of one of Michigan's jolliest pioneer editors—almost the last man of a band who published weeklies in the State when a coonskin would pay for a column "ad," and three bushels of corn dumped on the office floor stood for a year's subscription. Never a publisher was more liberal with his space. It was hard work for him to charge for anything except the tax list and mortgage sales, and he measured short even on them. One day in the years gone by his paper copied an attack on a county official, and old Mark was dozing at his desk when the injured party stalked in in and began:

"You are a coward, sir—a d—— coward!"

"Mebbe I am," was the editor's complacent reply.

"And I can lick you, sir—lick you out of your wrinkled old boots!"

"I guess you could," answered Mark, as he busted the wrapper off his only exchange.

"I am going to write an article calling you a fool, liar, coward, cur, slanderer, and body-snatcher, and go over to Iona and pay five cents a line to have it published!"

"Hey?" queried the old man as he wheeled around.

"Yes, I'll pay five cents a line to have it published!"

"Say, let me tell you something," replied Mark, "I've got 200 more circulation than the *Banner*, and I'll publish your attack on me for two cents a line and take it out in milk feed or corn stalks! Don't trot over to Iona when you can help build up your own town!"

Mark would have published it word for word, just as he said, and throw in a cut of a horse or a stump-puller free gratis, but the official cooled off.

IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.

INGERSOLL ON THE DRAMA.

What He Thinks of Mary Anderson, Neilson and Bernhardt.

Pittsburg Leader.

When Col. Robert Ingersoll strolled about his room in the Monongahela house the other day, he looked out of his window, and his eye lighted upon a blue and white poster bearing in large letters the name "Mary Anderson.'

"Mary Anderson," said he, turning to our reporter, "is she here yet?"

"Yes."

"I never saw her."

"If you did see her you would not only see an excellent actress but a very handsome woman."

"I notice," said Colonel Rob, taking a seat, "that she is presenting a better class of characters than she did formerly, but I think that in al. she plays no particular genius is necessary. Do you know what my favorite character is?"

"No."

"Beatrice; it requires a woman with genius to play that. Now, there is the character of Juliet; most any actress can play that acceptably, because the language is so beautiful and flowing, but it requires a woman with genius to play it admirably."

"What did you think of Neilson?"

"She was a splendid actress. In Beatrice, Rosalind and Imogene I think she was unrivaled."

"Did you ever see Sara Bernhardt?"

"No."

"Do you not think the anxiety to see her is occasioned as much by the reports of her immorality as by her reputation as an actress?"

"No. From what I have heard of her I think she is a genius. She made her reputation in France, where the ideas among the higher classes are very liberal in regard to matters of morality. Their morals are rather lax among the nobility and the higher classes. There is very little marrying for love; the object to be attained is wealth and position, and love is a secondary consideration."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a third party, and Colonel Robert's conversation drifted into another channel.

Some Reminiscences of Thackeray.

January Atlantic.

When I saw Mr. Thackeray pass our carriage door I knew him, and therefore captured him. Desirous of making way for him, I remarked to my fellow-travelers, a Frenchman and his wife, "I would like to make a place for Mr. Thackeray," The fact that I named Mr. Thackeray made no impression, apparently, upon my French friends. I annotated my remark by saying, "Mr. Thackeray, the celebrated English author." Same indifference. Having hailed Mr. Thackeray and got him installed, as a preliminary remark I referred to my effort to explain his status to my neighbors, and the impression I had made. He laughed, and said, "Oh, it takes fifty years for an English reputation to travel to France." (Indeed, something strongly confirming that view happened only *last year*. To a congress of literary men called to meet in Paris, invitations were sent out to foreign authors of distinction to be present, and among them to Thackeray and Dickens!) He discussed the reasons for the American Revolution—claiming that the resistance of our ancestors to the Stamp Act was unjustifiable. I am afraid the case for the defense was weak, for at that time, being a college graduate, I think I had studied almost everything a man ought to know for his literary salvation except American history. The interest of the conversation centered on his treatment of women in his works. It being represented that he took a low view of female character, his reply literally was, "Would you have me describe them other than they are?" That of course provoked a discussion as to the facts. He became communicative about himself; he spoke of his candidacy for Parliament, what it cost him—a large amount of money, which he named. He stood for the University of Oxford, and was beaten by Sir Robert Walter Cardwell, who was afterwards, I believe, unseated for bribery. I asked him how they took his treatment of the Georges in England, in those killing lectures. He said the aristocracy had cut him. He spoke particularly of Lord Wensleydale, the Baron Parke of the lawyers. He and Wensleydale had long been friends, "but after the lectures," said Thackeray, "he cut me completely."

I remarked to Mr. Thackeray that he had ventured no criticism on our people after his return home; and that I should be glad to know what displeased him most in our ways. He replied promptly, "The abuse heaped by the newspapers on one another; and it wasn't cleverly done, with the exception of a Philadelphia editor, and I told them to keep watch on him." If Mr. Thackeray could come again what would he say? The remarks which were, perhaps, of the deepest interest related to authors. One sentence can never be forgotten: "I were to write as I would like, I would adopt the style of Fielding and Smollett; but society would not tolerate it."

The discussion now going on between realism or naturalism and sentimentalism or idealism is here foreshadowed. Of course we have to condem much that Fielding and Smollett wrote, and what Zola writes, because they speak too plainly, grossly, if you like; but it remains essentially true that their style, as a style, is now fighting for recognition with some chance of success.

Thackeray has, to my mind, not only been influenced in his style by his models, Fielding and Smollet, but by the style in which fiction is treated by the best French authors. The condensed, incisive, epigramatic, and natural style of Thackeray is clearly characteristic of the modern French school of fiction.

England's Other Rows.

Omaha Herald.

The latest published maps of the British empire include a part of south Africa. In addition to gobbling up several so-called principalities and kingdoms of a more or less civilized character in south Africa, England unceremoniously declared the Boers of the Transvaal, a spirited, independent people, to be subjects of the British crown; and at the same time wiped the republican form of government of this people out of existence.

This looked all very nice at the time, and as this poor little republic was too far away for any body to trouble himself much about the matter, went by with a few protests from different parts of the world.

The Boers, however, have been quietly organizing, and it is safe to say they have concentrated their wrongs of many years into this outburst, and from present appearances it looks as though England will be called upon to go through another such experience as the Zulu war.

The uprising may be said to be general. It began with the Basuto rebellion, which is in full blast, and the Pondos followed suit, and are making strong headway. To cap the climax comes the rising of the Boers, resulting in the total demoralization of the cape government and a piteous appeal from it for troops.

All this trouble has its root in the Transvaal aggressions of the English government. The history of this business is truly romantic, and savors much of the experiences of our own Puritan fathers.

In 1806, the English having stolen the Cape Colony from the Dutch, the Boers began to express their disgust at English rule. They moved in great bodies along the coast northeastward into the wilderness, headed by Andries Pretorius. For many years they lived quietly among themselves, divided from the English by the wild Drakenberg mountains. Finally, however, the English crossed the mountains and annexed the whole territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers. This was in 1848. War followed and the battle of Boom Plats settled the issue in favor of the English.

Once more did these stern, uncompromising republicans move into the wilderness, crossing the river Vaal. Here they founded the Transvaal Republic, and for thirty years the English left them at peace, simply menacing these liberty loving people by indirect overt acts.

Theophilus Shepstone was sent to the republic to form a basis of mutual understanding and commerce, but by trickery handed over the Boers to his masters, for which he was knighted. This effort caused but little fighting, but it terminated in the overthrow of the Transvaal Republic and the annexation of all that part of the country the other side of the Vaal.

Out of this sprung the quarrel with the Zulus, whose fortunes were more or less involved in the matter. Out of the Zulu war came the Basuto rebellion and out of the latter, the Pondo trouble. And from this one fountain-head will an uprising of all the tribes come and revolt everywhere.

It is at this critical moment that the Boers have decided to strike for freedom.

The whole is the outcome of treachery and deceit on the part of the English; of murder, for the sake of robbery, and of the total and complete disregard to the rights of men that has characterized England since she first lay hands on this peaceful, prosperous part of the world.

It is a plain case of chickens coming home too roost. It is the result of a crime, that by no argument whatever, can be excused. It is a veritable case of cause add effect.

To make the commentary upon the English government still more bitter, the certainty of another colonial war immeasurably complicates and aggravates the perplexities of the Irish situation, where political crime again is bearing its first fruits.

The Quaker Wilmington of To-day.

Howard Pyle in Harper's Magazine.

From the time of its settlement Wilmington was essentially a Quaker community. It was founded by English Quakers; it was peopled by English Quakers; and as Quakers marry and intermarry almost exclusively among themselves — for to marry otherwise means, or did mean, expulsion from the society—traditions, manners, customs, and peculiarities of old English life have been handed down from generation to generation, as carefully preserved as an old quilted petticoat in lavender. Broader contact with the world and the world's people has rubbed away much of the bloom of quaintness during the last two generations; but the chronicles of the old town, redolent of local flavor, still preserve in a series of sketches the queer life of the old settlement. Even yet many old custons are extant in the modern city, such, for instance, as the "curb-stone markets."

The country people from the neighborhood bring their produce to town in carts, dearborns and market-wagons, which stand with their tail-boards to the pavement, while a row of benches placed along the curb displays their wares; butter as yellow as gold and as sweet as a nut, milk, eggs, sausages, scrapple, vegetables and poultry, all fresh from the farm. Up and down in front of this array of benches the town folk crowd and jostle, inspecting the marketing and driving shrewd bargains with the country people. Rain or shine, on every Saturday and Wednesday, the line of farmers' wagons stands along the pavement. In the hottest day of summer, when the sun beats down on straw hats and shirt sleeves, in the coldest day in winter, when the snow drifts in blinding sheets up the street, these good folk come to town to turn an honest penny. In summer time the wagons stand on the east side of the street, to avoid as much as possible the morning sun, for market is over by noon; in the winter they shift to the west side, so as to gain the warmth as soon as possible. On market days the itinerant vender of patent medicines and the auctioneer of cheap goods do a thriving business at the principal street corners.

During the spring and early summer the markets are gay with flowers, sometimes ranged tier on tier in a gaudy tableau of color and fragrance newly transported from the greenhouse, sometimes tied in homely nosegays of homely flowers — daffodils, lilacs and pinks, pied and plain. Around these stands gather a group of feminine folk, and in many a market basket butter and eggs contest the place with a bouquet, or jostle against a flower pot, in which blooms some sweet blossom, or are decked with a bunch of the water lillies which barefooted boys offer at every corner. Then in the season come the fruits in their natural order, free from forcing-houses, from the early strawberry of spring to the apples of the late autumn, each with a freshness and ripeness only too rarely found in our larger cities.

It has been only a few years since the old town bellman was a dignitary of considerable importance, as he walked along the stony streets ringing his bell, its measured rythmical clang-te-clang, clang-te-clang keeping time with the tap of his club-foot on the cobblestones.

There is but little about the Wilmington of the present day that is different from other towns where the Quaker element predominates, but one hundred years ago it was the oddest, the quaintest, the coziest, the homeliest old town one could find in the country-side.

Put Life into Your Work.

A young man's interest and duty both dictate that he should make himself indispensable to his employer.

A young man should make his employer his friend by doing faithfully and minutely all that is entrusted to him.

It is a great mistake to be over-nicely fastidious about work. Pitch in readily, and your willingness will be appreciated, while the "high-toned" young man, who quibbles about what it is, and about what it is not, his place to do, will get the cold shoulder. There is a story that George Washington once helped to roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the greatest emperor of Russia worked as a shipwright in England, to learn the business. That's just what you want to do. Be energetic, look and act with alacrity, take an interest in your employer's success, work as though the business was your own, and let your employer know he may place absolute reliance on your word and on your act: Be mindful; have your mind on your business; because it is that which is going to help you, not those outside attractions which some of the "boys" are thinking about. Take a pleasure in work; do not go about it in a listless, formal manner, but with alacrity and cheerfulness, and remember that while working thus for others, you are laying the foundation of your own success in life.

THE gentlemen who essayed to serenade Miss L. a few evenings since, should have had 'clear' throats, and their efforts would have been better appreciated. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy extant for a 'thick' or congested condition of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes, giving instant relief.

Women do act their part when they do make their ordered houses know them.

TALENT AND TOBACCO.

How Literature is Saturated with the Smoke of the Weed.

The Boston *Traveler*, in a recent issue, says: James Parton has recently written a letter, which has had wide quotation, exhorting writers and brain-workers to throw away their pipes. This re-opens the discussion of a social topic which affords the largest room for honest divergence of opinion. Suppose, without attempting to decide the mooted point as to the soundness of Mr. Parton's advice, we indulge in a few random observations on the prominence of the pipe in literature.

Mr. Parton's counsel to brain workers may be wise or not, but that he is in a minority is a fact of which there can be little question. The consumption of tobacco increases yearly, and to this increase brain-workers, we believe, contribute a very large proportion. English literature, as a whole may be said to be surcharged with smoke. Anti-tobacconists can point. it is true, to the fact that Shakespeare's pages do not contain a single reference to the weed. But this notable exception only serves to emphasize the rule. Lord Bacon eulogizes tobacco, declaring that "it comforteth the spirits and dischargeth weariness, which it worketh partly by opening, but chiefly by the opiate virtue which condenseth the spirits." Ben Jonson and Drummond, Fletcher and Beaumont constantly renewed their friendships over a pipe. The great Dr. Barrow pronounced his pipe to be a cure-all, his Panpharmacon. Sir Thomas Overbury calls smoking "that delectable pastime." Boxhore, the great Dutch scholar, smoked almost incessantly in his study. Sir Isaac Newton not only loved his pipe, but had a playful and somewhat ungallant way of using the fingers of his lady friends for stoppers. Steele wrote his splendid essays with a pipe in his mouth; Addison sent out his brightest things from a cloud of smoke. Dryden loved his "whiff" only second to his "pinch" and Congreve was fond of soothing long-stemmed clay—the "church warden" of the olden time. Daniel Defoe made his pipe his nearest friend. All the literary men of Queen Anne's day appear wreathed in fragrant clouds, and no period, surely, has given us a greater number of great writers. Charles Lamb was long a devotee of the weed, before he wrote his celebrated "Farewell Tobacco," in which he anathematized it as

"Filth o' the mouth and fog o' the mind."

Coming down to later times, we find the example of Sir Walter Scott, the prince of romancers, on the same side. His novels are full of tobacco. His characters are continually snuffing or smoking. Dominie Sampson heard Meg Merrilies singing on the stairs and groaned deeply, "puffing out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke." He makes the old hag herself a disciple of the weed, introducing her to Henry Bertram "busily engaged with a short black tobacco pipe." Shelley, Edgar Poe and Tom Moore are three modern poets who are to be set down on the other side as anti-tobacconists; Macaulay, we think, may be added to the number.

In our own day Dickens and Tenny, son, who stand, at least in popular estimation, as the English laureates of prose and poetry respectively, are to be set down as ardent lovers of nicotine comfort. Spurgeon has preached some eloquent sermons in defence of the pipe, declaring on one occasion that he had always smoked and always intended to smoke "to the glory of God." On this side we think we shall not err in setting down Longfellow, Lowell, Aldrich and Clemmens, at least, as deciples of Sir Walter Raleigh. Oliver Wendell Holmes, if he follows his own advice to young men, must be set down as of a contrary mind. Mr. Beecher is not addicted to the weed, but a Boston clergyman, whose fame once almost rivaled that of the Brooklyn pastor, was deeply devoted to it. "If you want to find out if Mr.—— is in his study you need not ring the bell, but just look and see if the smoke is pouring out of the window," one of his deacons was wont to say to people who wanted to see him. Bismarck once told a group of visitors the following story: "The value of a good cigar," said he, "is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Koniggratz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I had carefully guarded during the whole of the battle as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors, in my mind, the happy hour in which I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated my chances." "And what," asked one of the company, "was the cause of your miscalculation?" A poor dragoon," replied Bismarck, "who lay helpless with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found I had only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile!. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

The Terrible Year at Hand.

New York Sun.

The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.
MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

It would be difficult to describe all the sinister predictions that have, as by common consent, been concentrated upon the coming year. The soothsayers diviners, oracle makers, astrologers and wizards seem to have combined to cast their spell upon it. Superstitious people of every sort, and some who are not willing to admit that they are superstitious, regard the year 1881 with more or less anxious expectation and dread. As the earth, on New Year's day, swings out into another round about the sun, it will go to meet a host of evil omens. It will go cursed by theomancy and bibliomancy. Aeromancy and meteormancy will glare at it from comets and shooting stars. Oncironmancy will intercept its path with visions of evil, and necromancy will shake the ominous, backward reading numerals "1881" before it. It will beset with scarecrow figures by arithmancy, and with menacing phrases by stichomancy. Yet there is no reason why persons of good digestion should not go to sleep on New Year's night, confident that, after having encountered the average quantity of storm and sunshine, the one horse ball that we call the world will bring them safe through the perils of its 500,000,000-mile flight around to the starting point again.

Timid persons first began to look forward with some alarm to the year that is about to open, when, several years ago, the key to the so-called prophetic symbolism of the great pyramid of Egypt was made public, backed by the name and reputatien of the British astronomer, Piazzi Smyth. Others, using Mr. Smyth's observations and measurements, have gone much further than he did in drawing startling inferences; but no one can read his book without perceiving how powerfully it must affect those who have the slightest leaning toward superstition or credulity. Besides, this record of explorations and experiences in the heart of Egypt's greatest marvels has all the charm and interest of Dr. Schlieman's descriptions of his discoveries in Homer's Troy. Such a book could not well be neglected by the world of readers, and by the nature of the human mind. Many of its readers were sure to be imbued with its ominous dogmas. So the belief, or at least the suspicion, spread that the secret chambers of the great pyramid, under Divine guidance by the most mystical character in all history, Melchisedek, king of Salem, foretell among other things, that the Christian era will end in 1881.

Mother Shipton's so-called prophecy fixes upon the same date for the end of the world. The ominous gingle of her rhymes has probably done at least as much to disturb the equanimity of credulous persons as the more elaborate vaticinations of the pyramid interpreters. Moreover, Mother Shipton is represented as foretelling that in the latter days England will "accept a Jew." As England has, with considerable emphasis, and more than once, accepted the remarkable son of old Isaac Disraeli for her prime minister, this has been taken as a fulfillment of the prophecy. So Lord Beaconsfield's dramatic personality is made a principal figure in the murky cloud of evil prophecy that hangs over 1881.

As if the evil eye of Mother Shipton and the mystical menace of the great pyramid were not enough for one poor twelvemonth to bear, the "horrors of the perihelia" have been denounced upon the coming year. About two years ago a certain pamphlet was circulated through the country, purporting to have been written by men of science, and predicting that awful consequences to mankind would result from all the planets reaching their perihelia, or nearest points to the sun, together. According to these prophets, the sinister effects of the perihelia were to begin making their appearance this fall, when Jupiter passed his perihelion, and next year the scythe of death was to be put to the harvest in the far east, and to sweep westward, with a swathe as broad as the continents, until it reached the Pacific ocean. The narrow Atlantic was to be no more than a brooklet in the path of this terrible harvester. Plagues, famines, pestilences, fires, earthquakes, floods and tornadoes were to scourge the human race until only a few remained, like Noah and his family, to repeople the earth with a steadier and more God-fearing race.

So much alarm was caused by this hocus-pocus of pretended science and prophecy, that some real men of science—Mr. Proctor among others—were at the pains to show that so far as these predictions professed to rest upon scientific facts they were baseless. The great planets will not all be in perihelion in 1881, and they will not all be in perihelion together at any time. It is true that several of the chief planets will reach their perihelion within a few years, and that it is rare for them to be grouped so close together as they will be at one time next year. It is also true that remarkable coincidences have been observed between the existence of great storms on the sun that produce electrical disturbances, and possibly meteorological changes upon the earth, and the presence of Jupiter near his perihelion. Astronomers have also suspected that the influence of some other of the great planets upon the earth can be perceived. But they have never discovered any reason to believe that the combined force of all the planets could, under any circumstances, produce upon the earth 1,000th part of the evil effect ascribed to them by the astrologers, if, indeed, they produced any evil effect whatever.

Still the astrological almanacs for next year are repeating substantially the same predictions of evil things to begin, if not to culminate, in 1881. Because, as they say, the ravages of the Black Death in the middle ages followed the nearly coincident perihelia of four great planets, they predict similar consequences from the configuration of the planets now. But neither in their premises nor their inferences does science recognize any validity.

In truth, howevkr, the astrologers, not less than the astronomers and all star-gazers, will have plenty of phenomena in the heavens to occupy their attention for the next twelve months. The sky will not present such brilliant pageants again this century. There will be a remarkable series of conjunctions, and double and triple conjunctions. The most interesting of these is the great twenty year conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn in April. This conjunction is one of the strongholds of the astrologers. As it occurs in the sign Taurus, which they say rules Turkey and Ireland, they feel safe, on account of recent occurrences, in predicting very momentous effects in those countries from the conjunction. There will also be conjunctions of Jupiter and Mars, Venus and Jupiter, Saturn and Venus, and the far-away giants Uranus and Neptune will play a part in this remarkable planetary levee.

Venus will reach her greatest brightness in the spring, and will be so brilliant as to be visible at noonday. Her delicate crescent will be a favorite object in the amateur astronomer's telescope. Saturn will open still wider its wonderful rings, and will be one of the chief attractions of the evening sky for several months. Jupiter will not lose much of his present brilliancy before he becomes a morning stars in April. Mars will begin to brighten in the latter part of the year, and then his poles and shadowy continents will again become the admiration of those who gaze through telescopes. In short, there will be no end of attractions in the starry heaven, and all the prognostications of the soothsayers will not be able to darken the sky of 1881.

How They Do It.

The train is halted alongside of a cattle train, while the other cattle—those in the passenger car—go up town and get dinner. After dinner the passengers solemnly contemplate the cattle, packed in at the rate of three or four—more or less—to the square inch. "How on earth," asks a very pretty young lady—"how on earth do they pack them in so close?"

"Why," asks a mild-looking young man, with tender blonde whiskers and wistful blue eyes (he is an escaped divinity student, just going out to take charge of a church)—"why, did you never see them load cattle into a car?"

"No," said the pretty girl, with a quick look of interest, "I never did. How do they do it?"

"Why," said the biblical student slowly and very earnestly, "they drive them all in except one—a big fellow with thin shoulders and broad quarters; they save him for a wedge, and drive him in with a hammer."

Somehow or other, it didn't look scarcely fair; nobody protested against its admission, however, so it went on record. But the conversation went into utter bankruptcy right there, and the young divine was the only person in the car who looked supremely satisfied with himself.

Parasites in the Intestines.

Young calves, and lambs as well, are often troubled with diarrhœa and discharges from the nose and eyes from the effects of parasites in the intestines and lungs. Those parasites are slender, white, thread worms, known as *strongylus filaria*, and are produced from eggs taken into the stomach with food. The worms escape from the gullet into the air passages, and cause irritation of the membranes, and in the bowels cause obstinate diarrhœa. The treatment is to give turpentine, a tablespoonful in milk, every morning for a week or ten days, and afterwards the same quantity of castor-oil for two days.

His Last Dose.

Said a sufferer from kidney trouble when asked to try Kidney-Wort for a remedy, 'I'll try it, but it will be my last dose." It cured him, and now he recommends it to all. If you have disordered urine don't fail to try it.—*Yokohama Dispatch.*

UNTYING THE KNOT.

The Divorce Customs of Many Countries--All the New and Varied Styles.

Australians — Divorces have never been sanctioned in Australia.

Jews—In olden times the Jews had a discretionary power for divorcing their wives.

Javans—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum.

Thibetans—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties, neither of whom can afterward remarry.

If the wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again.

Abyssinians—No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper.

Siberians—If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears her cap or veil from her head, and this constitutes a divorce.

Corea—The husband can divorce his wife or treasurer, and leave her the charge of maintaining the children. If she proves unfaithful he can have her put to death.

Siamese—The first wife may be divorced—not sold, as the others may be. She may then claim the first, third and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.

Arctic Regions—When a man desires a divorce, he leaves the house in anger and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves.

Druse and Turkoman—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and he says "go," without adding, "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it, they cannot live together again without being remarried.

If the parties choose to separate they break a pair of chop sticks or a copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to her marriage.

American Indians — Among some tribes the pieces of sticks given the witnesses of the marriage are broken as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has born him sons.

Tartars—The husband may put away his partner and seek another when it pleases him, and the wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a formal divorce.

Chinese—Divorces are allowed in cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell his wife until she leaves him, and becomes a slave to him by the action of the law for desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents.

Circassians—Two kinds of divorce are granted in Circassia—one total, the other provisional. When the first is allowed the parties can immediately marry again; where the second exists the couple agree to separate for a year, and if, at the expiration of that time, the husband does not send for his wife, her relations may command of him a total divorce.

Grecians—A settlement was usually given to a wife at marriage for support in case of a divorce. The wife's portion was then restored to her, and the husband required to pay monthly interest for its use during the time he detained it from her. Usually the men could put their wives away on slight occasions. Even the fear of having too large a family sufficed. Divorces scarcely ever occur in modern Greece.

Hindoos—Either party for a slight cause may leave the other and marry. When both desire it there is not the least trouble. If a man calls his wife "mother," it is considered indelicate to live with her again. Among one tribe, the "Gores," if the wife be beautiful, the husband cannot obtain a divorce unless he gives her all the property and children. A woman, on the contrary, may leave when she pleases, and marry another man, and convey to him the entire property of her former husband.

Romans—In olden times a man might divorce his wife if she was unfaithful, if she counterfeited his private keys, or drank without his knowledge. They would divorce their wives when they pleased. Notwithstanding this, 521 years elapsed without any divorce. Afterward a law was passed, allowing either sex to make the application. Divorces then became frequent on the slightest pretexts. Seneca says that some women no longer reckoned the years by the consols, but by the number of their husbands. St. Jerome speaks of a man who had had twenty wives, and a woman who had buried twenty-two husbands. The emperor Augustus endeavored to restrain the license by penalties.

The Abbott Kiss.

From Nym Crinkle's Feuilleton.

The western reporters have gone recklessly into the psychology of the "Abbott kiss." There is something about it, if we are to believe these mad wags, that stimulates investigation. One of them declares that it has breadth but no depth, and another has detected a sectarian flavor in it. Still another, whose investigations have evidently been in the line of wardrobe, insists that it is "cut bias." The two cities of Chicago and St. Louis having got into an inextricable wrangle over this delicate psychological question, there was nothing to do but to interview the lady herself on the subject, and a St. Louis reporter, to use his own words, "t