GRAN'MA AL'US DOES.

B. A. POE.

I wants to mend my wagon,
An' I has to have some nails;
Jus' two, free will be plenty,
We're going to haul our rails.
The splendidest cob fences
We're makin' ever was!
I wis' you'd help us find 'em—
Gran'ma al'us does.

My horse's name is Betsey;
She jumped an I broke her head;
I put her in the stable
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor;
We didn't make no muss,
I wis' you'd let it stay there,
Gran'ma al'us does.

I's going to the cornfield
To ride on Charley's plow;
I 'spect he'd like to have me—
I wants to go right now.
Oh, won't I gee up awful,
And whoa like Charley whoas
I wis' you wouldn't bother—
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter,
I'se hungry worstest kind;
But Taddie mustn't have none;
'Cause she wouldn't mind;
Put plenty sugar on it.
'Tell you what I knows
It's right to put on sugar—
Gran'ma al'us does.

THE GIVER'S REWARD.

Who gives and hides the giving hand
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath nought been given.
His gift in need, though small indeed
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,
s large as earth and rich as heaven.

OUR 'POSSUM HUNT.

B. G. MILDRED IN HOME AND FARM.

Supper was just over, and the bevy of gay girls had adjourned to the balcony, laughing and chatting, as a crowd of girls will do under even the most trying circumstances; but to-night was as lovely as a dream, with a big full moon flooding the world in a glory of mellow radiance, and the south wind was sweet with the fragrance of autumn.

"What a jewel of a night!" exclaimed the restless Kate. "How I wish we had something to do—something out of the common run, you know, girls; in fact, something just a trifle awful—for," she continued musingly, "I've played 'Miss Harrison' till I'm a perfect lightning rod, and—goodness! what's troubling the hounds to-night? Will you listen to that yell?"

"They're thinking of a hunt," explained Ione "Whenever they group themselves together and howl and whine so, it's a certain indication; not one of them but knows it's an elegant night."

"Oh!" screamed Kate, it's an idea after my own heart; I'll thank you all to death if you'll go 'possum hunting with me. Oh, do—do say yes!" pleaded the extravagant girl in her winsome Irish way.

"Glorious! glorious!" cried Mamie and Belle. "Oh, Ione can't we?"

"Why, I guess so, you foolish children," smiled that young lady in her dark grand way. "However, I'm not sure. I'll go and see Tom-Bob about the horses."

"That's a darling Ione!" called Kate. "Go and see Tom-Bob, and get him in a good humor before you ask him; if you don't he will swear every mother's colt of 'em are in the creek pasture, and they might as well be in Halifax. Promise that oracle anything, give him anything, Ione—give him 'taffy,'" continued the wild girl, laughing softly.

"Kate!" reprovingly, from the gentle Mamie, "your propensity for slang—"

"Oh, hang my propensity! I tell you, Mamie, this 'possum hunt is of more dreadful importance to me right now than every book of etiquette on the American continent."

"I believe you," sighed the little sister. "But girls, you do wrong to laugh at Kate so much; she is getting dreadful."

But no one could help laughing at the redoubtable Kate, and we all laughed anew as she replied solemnly, "Don't you get sarcastic, Mamie; please to remember I was *born* dreadful."

"And pray, what does Tom-Bob say?" I asked, discerning Ione in the shadow of the doorway.

"Well," she answered. ("Thank goodness," from Kate,) "he says there is not a horse in the stable, except Dixie."

"Spirit of truth!" cried Kate, grasping her shoulders. "You did not talk to him right. What did you say to the little rascal? What did you promise him? Where is he? Bet you fifty dollars I can get him!"

"But really, Kate," said one, holding her back, "he is perfectly correct; I remember now, the horses were carried to the plantation this morning. The mules—"

"Ah! bless the mules! the darlings! they'll do just as well. They're the pride of my existence, and no one was ever afraid to ride a good gentle family mule, you know," looking meaningly at the timid Mamie, who was already sighing for the pretty brown pony. And, besides, if any one is ashamed, it's night—and moonlight, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The mules will look as fine as horses. What about saddles, Ione?"

"Only two," said Ione. "So there it is again."

"Well, I'm sure I don't care for one at all, if you'll let me have your Mexican bridle, Ione. Give Mamie and Belle the saddles, and we three will go unincumbered, and you go and inform the oracle that we want four mules, and Dixie for yourself, as no one else wishes to contend with that imp of Satan. Tell Tom-Bob we'll take 'em half-and-half—that is, half saddled, half otherwise. Now girls, lets get our wrap on, and hie away to the stables."

We were soon there, congregated amid the barking of hounds and snorting of mules in all stages of decoration. Ione's splendid black horse stood aside, pawing viciously; and, as Tom-Bob, in a general grin of delight, led forward "Old Rock," all gaily decked in the fanciful toggery of the Mexican bridle, I could not repress a smile, myself. Mamie has an idea that everything in the animal order is wild, until it has been proven to her ladyship that it is too old to move. So she begged Kate to be very careful about mounting that big mule; he looked so awful large and strong, she just knew he would take the bit right between his teeth and run like lightning.

"For shame, Mamie!" indignantly replied Kate. "Thi mule hasn't had a tooth in his head in ten years. He's fifty years if he's a day."

"I don't care; I wouldn't risk his *gums*," insisted Mamie.

"I know it," assented the elder sister; "but you waltz on with your ancient rat. I'll paddle my own—mule!" And she did.

We all got started finally, Ione gracefully sitting her fiery bareback steed, Belle and I each clinging to the respective backbones of two seemingly very kindly disposed mules, while Mamie was securely fixed upon a diminutive animal that Kate said strong circumstantial evidence pointed to as belonging to the race of mules fashioned in the days of Abraham; and Tom-Bob ran on ahead with the hounds, all frantic in their supreme delight.

"Tom-Bob, the oracle," cried Kate, "if you please, where hideth the poor 'possum you seek this night to disturb?"

"Right down here, Miss Kate, in de hollow—dis swamp where de spring branch is, you know, and de big poplar."

"Yes, to be sure," answered she, with a grimace. "I only hope this antiquated hat rack—hello! Bob-Tom, pull down the bars, you monkey!"

"'Scuse me, Miss Kate, I thought for sho'—"

"Yes, you thought I was on a horse; but I'll have you to know this mule is past the jumping age."

"Yes'm, but I thought as how you would make him."

"Oh! go to Guinea. Bob-Tom."

"Yes'm," agreed that accommodating individual.

Down the hill we plunged through the rank grass, wet with the falling dew, and the rapid footfalls of the eager hounds, as they sniffed the damp night air, was pleasing in the extreme; and we began to be just a little excited. As we neared the "big poplar," Bob-Tom warned us to "look out—Ring would have him up d'rectly," for which Kate gravely thanked him. Sure enough, the next moment almost, there was a stifled cry from the dog, then another and another, till every dog joined in, and made the night musical. The oracle yelled till I feared he would injure himself; then, to Mamie's horror, Kate took up the refrain and encouraged the running pack vigorously. Mamie expostulated, but Lady Kate informed her that she "would holler as much as she pleased, and she didn't care a racket what any said—so there!" And urging forward her reluctant steed, she joined in the chase.

About this time a startled scream from Belle reached me, and I reigned in my Belcephalus to discover what had hurt her, and to my dismay discovered her all in a demoralized heap in the tall grass. "Here I am, if you can't find me. I lost my grip on Sambo's backbone, and I think my neck is broken—if it is not, my back certainly is; and my heart ditto, for how am I ever to remount that disconsolate animal?" That was the question, I was prone to admit; but finally she found a stump, and after much coaxing, persuaded him near enough to mount him, and we took a short cut over the hill to join the others.

The hounds had lost the track and were hunting rapidly and almost quietly when we reached them, and Kate was forlorn, but Tom-Bob assured her they would find him presently. After a short while, a prolonged whine from Ring brought every dog to the spot, and Tom-Bob delightedly informed us he (meaning the unfortunate 'possum) was "treed," and forthwith proceeded to the honored locality.

"Dat 'possum," remarked the irrepressible small boy, "must be a natural fool to go up a tree; mout know I sartain to git 'im. Dar 'tis now," musingly; "if he aint picked out a tarnil dark place, which, bress de Lord! is de very ting he has gone and done. Down Ring! off Mac! Now, Miss Kate, what is I to do?"

"What's up?" queried she in response, not having heard his soliloquy.

"Why, den, de 'possum is up one of dese trees, an' it am so confounded dark I can't tell one from which. I wants a light to shine dat 'possum's eyes."

"All right," said she, uncovering her silken red head, and riding under the trees. "Now watch out for him, Bob-Tom."

"My eye, Miss Kate, but you am a good 'un," grinned that ball of darkness, as he swung himself with cat-like agility into the tree; "Des you hold on, Miss Kate, an' I'll have dat 'possum or bust, now in half a minute."

"All right; but let me know, before you drop him to *terra firma*," commanded Kate.

A moment more and a sound of confused scuffling reached us from the tree.

"Have you got him, Tom-Bob?" called Kate, eagerly.

"You *bet* I have; right by the tail! Look out, Miss Kate; here he comes to *tumbly-fumbly*. O Lord!" And down came the little grizzled scamp, and Tom-Bob after him, all in a crash—and such a confusion! Such a yelling from the boy, and such a yelping from the hounds, and such a racket generally, I never encountered. Kate was fairly wild with excitement.

"Oh, Tom," she screamed, "take him away; they'll tear him all to *giblets*! Just look at Mac and Charlie; they are swallowing him whole! For goodness sake, bring him here!"

"Possum tough as whit leather. Dese dogs is barely tetched him," said Tom, as he rescued the little muddy thing of fur, and stretched him out at full length and viewed him meditatively.

"Why, the poor little rabbit is dead, poor thing! It's no 'possum at all—only a dear little rabbit," exclaimed Mamie, just becoming fully alive to the situation. "Oh! its entirely, perfectly dead! Ain't it *awful*, girls?"

"It's enough to bring tears to the eyes of a tar baby," assented Miss Kate, gravely. "But think of it, Mamie, 'a dear little rabbit' indeed! You 're a dear little simpleton—a consummate goose, I must say. Pray, who has ever seen a rabbit with such a tail?"

"Oh, yes!" murmured the subdued "infant," as Kate called her. "To be sure. I had not considered that."

"I guess not," emphatically, from the terrible Kate.

"Well, and what are Mac and Charlie after now?" asked Ione, as a fresh chorus came up from the ditch beyond.

"After something else, I 'spose, Miss 'Ona. Maybe another 'possum. Lemme go see," responded Bob-Tom; and trotted off, while Kate volunteered to keep guard over the deceased "varmint."

The dogs were rather quiet, except for an occasional cry from the vivacious Mac. We were all getting a little tired and sleepy, sitting perfectly still and quiet, when a stifled scream from Kate aroused us with a vengeance. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again! Ye gods! look at that 'possum!" and to our utter dismay and perfect astonishment, the bead-eyed little wretch gathered himself together and made off with startling alacrity. We yelled and screamed for the dogs and Tom-Bob; we did everything possible in the way of noise and girls; but in spite of it all, that ridiculous 'possum waddled through a clump of bushes and was lost to our sight forever.

Bob-Tom and the hounds finally appeared on the scene, the former perfectly disgusted at our recent performance; "he 'thought anybody knowed a 'possum better'n that; anybody what had any fotchin up at all, sho'ly knowed a 'possum was a mighty 'ceivin critter and 'ud bear watchin' all de time."

"Yes, Bob-Tom," answered the contrite Kate; "but I've never had any 'fotchin up,' more's the pity, and I really thought he was stone dead and cold. But 'twas ever thus from childhood's hour. Let's go home; it must be nearly day, and it's certainly no use to look for that 'possum now, as by this time he is certainly going through the next county.

"It's no more dan 10 o'clock, but I 'grees wid you 'bout not huntin' for dat 'possum no more. Don't 'zerve to hab 'im, dat's a fact," in a lower tone.

Suiting action to word, he called Mac and Charlie and started home, the other dogs following their leaders; and we five disconsolate girls faced about, and paced slowly after—a weary, a wiser, if not a *better* party.

The Death of Calhoun.

February Atlantic.

An unpublished letter from Mr. R. M. T. Hunter, a Virginia senator, gives some interesting facts concerning Mr. Calhoun's last moments, and the views at that time of the southern magnates. "Mr. Calhoun's death," wrote Mr. Hunter, "was eminently simple, calm, and unaffected—no display or pretension, nothing for stage effect. He knew that his mortal sickness was upon him, but he did not expect to die so soon. The evening before his death he had his mail read to him, commented upon some of the letters, and directed his son to clear up his table, as was his wont every night. In the night, when he found he was dying, he directed his son to pack up his papers and watch, and to give his pencil to his son Andrew. When speech left him he still showed consciousness by signs; and, beckoning to his son, squeezed his hand and expired, without pain and without fear. He had always said to me previously and to others through his sickness that he had no apprehensions of death; that it was an event in relation to which he felt that he had no right to entertain a wish. He was a man of few quotations, but one which he often used to me was that there was 'the same Providence on the fatal as the natal hour.' He was not consulted as to his birth, nor did he believe that his wishes ought to weigh or even exist as to his death: such I suppose to have been his meaning. He had a greater faith in his abstractions, one and all, than any other man I ever saw, and this was his abstraction (as I think) about death."

"But," Mr. Hunter went on to say, "you must not whisper it to any one: I believe that he died under the firm impression that the south was 'betrayed' and gone. Indeed, he told me it was 'betrayed' the last time I ever saw him. Do not mention this, however. One of the last things he ever said to Judge Butler was, 'Don't despond, judge; never despond!' And if we mean to fight the battle we must not despond; or, if we do, we must not let the people see it until all is manifestly useless. Clay's course and Foote's eternal talk about compromise have done more to let down the tone of southern feeling than everything else put together. Had Clay not taken the course he did, and had Foote and every other southern man forborne to press compromises on those who talked of nothing of the sort themselves, we might have gotten, I think, a fair compromise: say, the line of 36.30 through to the Pacific, with a recognition of slavery south of that line. Such, at least, is my opinion. Buchanan would have been willing to agree to this, I believe, and I think I know others in the north who would have agreed to the same. The north would not have severed the Union sooner than to submit to such a proposition."

Mr. Calhoun's death elicited glowing eulogies in both houses of congress, but the most impressive was that of Henry Clay. Evidently standing on the brink of his own grave, he went on to say, "I was his senior, Mr. President, in years—in nothing else. According to the course of nature, I ought to have preceded him. It has been decreed otherwise; but I know that I shall linger here only a short time, and shall sono follow him."

President Taylor.

February Atlantic.

General Taylor was elected president as an "available" candidate. The whigs, in nominating him rather than Webster or Clay, surrendered their good repute of fidelity, threw off all pretense of principle, and supported the hero of Buena Vista "as the only means"—so said Mr. Winthrop—"of averting the present policy of the country." His defeated competitors for the nomination were naturally much chagrined, for their ambition had not been weakened by age, or disheartened by defeat, while their credulity had only been increased with their years. Mr. Clay had confidently expected to be nominated until the result came upon him like a clap of thunder in a clear sky; and he not only denounced the action of the convention, but was severe in his criticisms upon his former lieutenant, John J. Crittendon, for what he had done to bring it about. Mr. Webster was equally forcible in his denunciation of treacherous friends at the convention, and, while his pecuniary necessities forced him to accept a considerable sum of money from the whig state committee of Massachusetts, in payment for one of his oracular speeches advocating the election of Taylor, he did not hesitate to say that there was "no man more firmly of opinion that such a nomination was not fit to be made."

General Taylor was, of all the men who have filled the presidential chair by the choice of the people, the one least competent to perform its duties. He had been placed before his countrymen as a candidate in spite of his repeated avowals of incapacity, inexperience, and repugnance to all civil duties. Although sixty-four years of age, he had never exercised the right of suffrage, and he was well aware that he was elected because of his military prowess. But no sooner did he learn that he had been chosen than he displayed the same invincible courage, practical sense, and indomitable energy of purpose in the discharge of his new and arduous civil duties which had characterized his military career.

The personal appearance of Gen. Taylor, as he read his inaugural address from a platform erected in front of the eastern portico of the capitol, was not imposing. His figure was somewhat portly, and his legs were short; his thin, gray hair was unbrushed; his whiskers were of the military cut then prescribed; his features were weather-bronzed and care-furrowed; and he read almost inaudibly. It was evident, however, that he was a popular favorite, and when he had concluded, the vociferous cheering of the assembled thousands was echoed by the firing of cannon and the music of the bands.

The inaugural message showed that General Taylor regarded the union as in danger, and that he intended to use every possible exertion for its preservation. Mr. Calhoun had requested, through Mr. Clayton, that nothing should be said in the inaugural on this subject, which had prompted the addition of a paragraph, in which the incoming president declared that a dissolution of the union would be the greatest of calamities, and went on to say, "Whatever dangers may threaten it, I shall stand by it, and maintain it in its integrity, to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred upon me by the constitution."

Wretched, Indeed,

Are those whom a confirmed tendency to biliousness, subjects to the various and changeful symptoms indicative of liver complaint. Nausea, sick headache, constipation, furred tongue, an unpleasant breath, a dull or sharp pain in the neighborhood of the affected organ, impurity of the blood and loss of appetite signalize it as one of the most distressing, as it is one of the most common of maladies. There is, however, a benign specific for the disease and all its unpleasant manifestations. It is the concurrent testimony of the public and the medical profession, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves results speedily felt, thorough and benign. Besides rectifying liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the convalescence of those recovering from enfeebling diseases. Moreover it is the grand specific for fever and ague.

Trifles light as air—boarding house pillows.

Frank's Movements.

The battles of the Valley of Mexico had been fought and the army once more had a season of rest. Recruits, however, continued to arrive at Vera Cruz, and Camp Washington, outside of the city walls, was formed, under the command of Major Pitcher, an amiable gentleman and good officer. Mr. Laws was the assistant adjutant general. Our mess was composed of some wild spirits from the south and west, and many a prank was played on the moonlight nights beside the gulf. Among other splendid fellows long gone to their rest was Lieutenant Mac ——. We subalterns were drilled every morning, but poor Mac, who had a defective memory, never could retain enough tactics in his mind to enable him to give a proper command when the occasion required it. He had a good first sergeant, however, one whose long service had made him familiar with the execution of every order, and Mac habitually depended on him to be prompted. Upon one occasion, as the companies were marching out to evening parade and were forming "on the right by file into line," Mac suddenly forgot the command, and to his discomfiture his first sergeant was on the sick report. Here was a dilemma, and there was but a moment or two to spare. Glancing hastily at the leading files he uttered the following singular command, which caused a roar of laughter from all who heard it: "Do as the rest do, march!"

This was almost equal to a German recruit's reply to the gallant Wynkoop, of the Second Pennsylvania volunteers. He was making the grand rounds at midnight on the march to the City of Mexico, when he came upon the post of weary Tenton who was anxiously counting the hours, waiting to be relieved. "Who comes der?" shouted the sentinel in stentorian tones, bringing his musket to a charge. "The grand rounds," was the reply. "Oh! the grant rounts," was the quick and impatient rejoinder, "I tort it was de releef."

In our mess we had a handsome boy, about twenty years of age, who waited on table, brushed clothes, etc. His name was Frank, and his obliging disposition and general intelligence made him many friends. One day the men were playing ball on the parade-ground, and Lieutenant S——, of Louisiana, was watching the sport, when I observed him suddenly give a singular start.

"Did you notice," he remarked hurriedly, "how Frank attempted to catch the ball?"

"No, I did not," I replied, "was there anything peculiar about it?"

"Rather," he answered, thoughtfully. "Something very peculiar—very. A man would have involuntarily raised his hands, but Frank acted as women do—that is, he used the same motion a woman would use to catch a thing in her dress or apron. What if he should turn out to be a woman? Do you know I have been thinking lately that his smooth face, rich color and the soft languor of his eyes are something strange for a man to possess."

"Suspicious?" I replied. "I'd venture none but yourself ever got such an idea Besides he's quite young."

"The surgeon thinks pretty much as I do," replied S——, as he walked to where Captain Campbell, of Georgia, was standing.

A little later the surgeon and few others were in the mess tent and Frank was ordered to appear and requested by the surgeon to strip. He, or rather she, became deadly pale, and pleaded to be excused. Again the order was repeated, when, finding it no longer possible to conceal the truth, Frances confessed her sex. Her husband was a soldier in the command, and she was compelled to assume her proper garb, and, in consideration of her excellent behavior, she was consigned to the company of her husband as a laundress, which enabled her to draw rations. She pleaded hard to be allowed to wear soldier's clothing until we arrived at the end of our march, but Major Bainbridge, who had assumed command, was inexorable, and Frank was compelled to dress as a woman.

Progress in India.

Missionary Herald.

Mr. Winsor, writing from Siroor, India, says:

"The interest we are having in one of our villages surpasses all I have previously witnessed. The gospel of Christ is really taking hold of the people, and many, I trust, will soon be numbered among those who are renewed in heart and life. The work the teacher has done in Ranjangar has been owned and blest of God. The people have allowed the teacher's little boy to carry off and break up some of their idols. When they began to remonstrate, the teacher said: 'If they are gods, and my boy carries them off, they will either take care of themselves, or punish him for his attempt to despoil them.' The people were content to wait the issue, and the effect on them was most wonderful. They have completely lost all confidence in their idols, and have ceased to bow to the feet of their hitherto respected religious teacher. I have baptized one of these men, and his wife is to be baptized soon."

"A darker day is before this people than ever befell them during the long, long famine. Three months have weary eyes and hearts been looking and hoping for rain; three months and not even a shower sufficient to make grass grow. There is not a blade of green grass to be seen, so to speak, not a single crop this season, so far, and another famine more dreadful than the previous one stares these people in the face. This distress is more especially local. At Satara and Sholapur it may not be so; but here it is worse than before."

Three weeks later than the date of the previous letter, Mr. Winsor writes:

"Thanks be unto God, the heavens drop down fatness. When the last hope was just falling into despair the waters of heaven descended. Rain has fallen in rich abundance; the whole face of nature, and man's too, has become a radiant smile. Your hearts will unite in praising God for his mercy to us.

"I went again to Ranjangar last Friday, and, beyond all my expectations, I came away bringing their god with me. Yes, two images of the god Ganpatti and three images of their Nundi Biles. Before these images these people have bowed for generations, but now, in the presence of each other, they put them into my hands, and they are with me now to be brought to America when we come."

Taking Cold.

This vague "household word" indicates one or more of a long, varied train of unpleasant affections, nearly always traceable to one or the other of only two causes; sudden change of temperature and unequal distribution of temperature. No extremes of heat or cold can alone effect this result; persons frozen to death do not "take cold" during the process. But if a part of the body be rapidly cooled, as by evaporation from a wet article of clothing, or by sitting in a draught of air, the rest of the body remaining at an ordinary temperature; or if the temperature of the whole be suddenly changed by going out into a warm room, there is much liability of trouble. There is an old saying—"when the air comes through a hole, say your prayers to save your soul;" and I should think almost any one could get "a cold" with a spoonful of water, or the wrist held to a key hole. Singular as it may seem, sudden warming, when cold, is more dangerous than the reverse. Everyone has noticed how soon the handkerchief is required on entering a heated room on a cold day. Frost bite is an extreme illustration of this. As the Irishman said, on picking himself up, it was not the fall, but stopping so quickly that hurt him. It is not the lowering of the temperature to the freezing point, but its subsequent elevation that devitalizes the tissue. This is why rubbing with snow, or bathing with cold water, is required to restore safely a frozen part; the arrested circulation must be very gradually restored, or inflamation, perhaps mortification, ensues. General precautions against taking cold are almost self-evident in the light. There is ordinarily little, if any, danger to be apprehended from wet clothes so long as exercise is kept up, for the "glow" about compensates for the extra cooling by evaporation. Nor is a complete drenching more likely to be injurious than wetting of one part. But never sit still wet, and in changing rub the body dry. There is a general tendency, springing from fatigue, indolence and indifference, to neglect damp feet; that is to say, to dry them by the fire; but this process is tedious and uncertain. I would say especially, off with muddy boots and sodden socks at once—dry stockings and slippers, after a hunt, may make just the difference of your being able to go out again or never. Take care never to check perspiration; during this process the body may be in a somewhat critical condition, and a sudden arrest of the function may result disastrously—even fatally. One part of the business of perspiration is to equalize bodily temperature, and it must not be interfered with.

She had Business with Congress.

Washington Post.

"Where's congress? I'm looking for congress," said a tall, one-eyed woman, peering through one of the doors of the house of representatives, the other morning. "Is that fellow with a bald head congress?

"What do you want with congress, anyhow?" demanded a deputy doorkeeper, gruffly. "Hold on, you can't go in there?"

"I come from Bucks county, Pa., to see congress, and if you've got it on draught anywhere around here, I want some. What's the reason I can't go in there?"

"Cause you can't. Nobody allowed here but members."

"That red-headed man with a squint a member?"

"No; he's one of the member's secretaries. He has a right on the floor."

"Is that lop-sided chap with a wig one of the secretaries?"

"No; he's a friend of a member. Had a pass."

"What's that bare-legged boy falling over the back of a chair? Has he got any friends?"

"He's one of the pages."

"Who's that red-nosed artist with a sore-ear? Did he have a pass?"

"That's a messenger. He don't need a pass."

"What's that fellow with his legs on a desk? Is he one of the bosses?"

"He's one of the clerks."

"Any of them fellows pay any taxes?"

"I think not. Don't know," said the doorkeeper indifferently.

"Now, young feller, you want to hunt for room to stand in while I bust through this door. Don't fool with me, or your friends will think you've been doing business with a steam grindstone. I pay taxes on three acres and eight pigs up in Bucks county, and I'm going through this 'ere congress like a contribution box through a congregation. You just crawl out of sight, if you don't want your spine to change places with the next township. Where's the congress from Bucks county? Show me the Bucks county congress, and if he don't get a bill through this town to send that hare-lipped old sky-rocket, who wants to foreclose a mortgage on my place, to the penitentiary, he'll wish he'd been born a tree and cut down and burned up when he was young. Point out the congress from Bucks county before I have you inside out, to see how you're put together. Tell me I can't go in among a lot of clerks, and passes, and pages! If there's a square foot of congress left by the time I reach it, it'll wish it was covered with hair that comes out without hurting."

They induced her to leave by telling her that the member "from Bucks county" held its session in the patent office, and she departed, threatening to get the bill disposing of her mortgage through before she left town, or make the Bucks county member think a "cider barrel had busted under him just as a shot-tower fell on top of him,"

The authorities of the postoffice in Glasgow, Scotland, are about to make arrangments for the permanent lighting of the main deparments of the building with the Compton electric system Satisfactory experiments have been made with that system for some time in the sorting room and in the telegraph instrument office.

"I have no patience with a man who can't remember a thing longer than it's being told him," exclaimed Jones, impatiently. "Now, I can carry a thing in my mind a month, if need be." "You're a lucky dog, Jones," remarked Pendegrast, quickly; "is isn't everybody has so much room in his mind, you know."

The great sorrows of life are either a curse or a blessing to us. Even the open grave may be a doorway into the heaven of a larger faith or the open way into a life of solemn despair.

There will be no eclipses in 1881. They have not been drawing particularly well of late.

What We Know About It.

Cairo (Ill.) Radical Republican.

"What do you know about St. Jacobs Oil?" said one of our oldest subscribers. This was a fair question and we answer, that we are reliably informed that a gentleman of this city who has suffered untold agony, and spent a mint of money to get relief from Rheumatism, in desperation bought some and tried it, and declares that it is the best remedy for Rheumatism he ever heard of.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne had they flourished.

EVERY TIME.

Keokuk Constitution.

A man, or even a piece of machinery, that does its work right every time, is, we think, very correctly judged "valuable." And certainly none the less valuable is any article designed to relieve the ills of mankind, and which does so every time. Messrs Jones, Cook & Co., Bay State Brewery, Boston, Mass., write: We have used St. Jabobs Oil among our men and find that it helps them "every time." We therefore heartily recommend it as a pain-healing liniment.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking out for what he sees in himself.

With a view of approximately ascertaining how long after death phosphorus can be detected in cases of poisoning, Dr. L. Medicus killed a hen with that substance. Twenty-three days afterward the fowl was dissected. The digestive organs were observed to be quite luminous, and the presence of phosphorus was easily detected.

A Physician of Great Prominence in Thirty-sixth street, New York city, was unable to even *help* Mr. Wm. McKee, of Paterson, N. J., suffering the agonies always attendant upon diseased kidneys. As an honest man and practitioner he prescribed and *cured* him by using one bottle of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

A Bad Thing on Vessels.

"This sudden close of navigation is a bad thing on vessels out," remarked an old sail-loft man at Detroit, recently, "bu't I dont expect our lake marine will ever see another such time as in 1843. I was sailing in the Albatross then, and within twenty-four hours Lake Huron froze six inches thick. On the morning of November 10th it was as warm as June. Next day we were fast in the ice under the lee of an island, 100 miles from the main land."

"What was the name of that island?" asked a man who was chewing crackers behind the stove.

"Gentlemen," said the saloon keeper, "this sail-loft man is a person of truth, and I hope there will be no further interruptions."

"There we were, fast as a rock, and the weather growing colder all the time," continued the narrator. "At the end of the next four days the ice around us was twenty-two inches thick."

"Who measured it?" queried an old man with a frost bitten ear.

"Gentlemen, if there is any man here who doesn't believe that ice was twenty-two inches thick, out he goes!" exclaimed the saloonist as he struck his fist down.

"At the end of five days we hadn't a scrap of provisions left. There were seven men of us, and starvation stared us in the face. We fried and ate our boot legs, and made soup of the mate's fur hat, and scraped along for three or four days, and then we drew lots to see who should die. It fell on the cook."

"Was he a nigger?" asked the man over a barrel.

"Gentlemen, we must have order here!" shouted the owner of the place.

"I was selected to kill him," said continued the sail-loft man. "I put him to sleep with morphine and then sawed his head off. He lasted us just three days."

The intellect of man sits visibly enthroned upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed himself to the prophets of old in the still, small voice from the burning bush.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at **Grand Union Hotel**, nearly opposite Grand Central Depot. 350 elegant rooms, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse Cars, Stages and Elevated Railroad to all Depots.

Don't subscribe for an Agricultural paper until you see club rates and premium offer of IOWA HOMESTEAD. Save money enough to get a splendid paper and a Farm, Garden, Household and Business Manual FREE. For sample copy address, HOMESTEAD, Des Moines, Iowa.

IT IS THE MANIFEST DESTINY of GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP to supersede the oily ointments, which, until its introduction, were quite extensively, and it may also be said, erroneously used for cutaneous eruptions.

RAW FURS.

Henry G. Richter, the fur manufacturer, opposite postoffice, Omaha, Neb., pays the highest price for raw furs. Correspond with him before selling elsewhere.

To cure a sore throat almost instantly, gargle with Piso's Cure for Consuption.

Keep on hand Redding's Russia Salve.

Nothing is uglier than a crooked boot or shoe; straighten them with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

The thing desired found at last. Ask druggists for Rough on Rats. It kills rats, mice, roaches, bed bugs, etc. 15c boxes.

Foolishly Frightened.

'Tis folly to be frightened as many are because afflicted with *Piles*, when Bucklin's Arnica Salve will certainly cure the worst cases and only costs 25c. Sold everywhere.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

WOMAN'S TRIUMPH!

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

SOLD BY

Richardson & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

KIDNEY-WORT

This Great Remedy acts at the same time on the diseases of the LIVER, BOWELS & KIDNEYS.

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?

Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health.*

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, (Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely recommend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."

Rev. ——, Washington, D. C.

CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, cures baldness. This is a positive fact, attested by thousands. No other hair preparation in the world will really do this. Besides, as now improved it is a delightful dressing.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last. No One Need Suffer.

A sure cure for the Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams's Indian remedy, called Dr. Williams Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 and 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Williams's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, Itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment: I have used scores of pile cures, and I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment.

For sale by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price, $1.00.

Henry & Davies, Prop's., CLEVELAND, O.

GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM

of Social and Business forms, and self-instructor in Penmanship and Bookkeeping, is larger, cheaper, and vastly superior to any similar work published. Be sure the work you buy is GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM, containing 500 pages. Inferior works, one-third smaller, are being sold at the same price. For an agency, address R. S. PEALE, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

For Sale.

A six horse power portable steam engine and boiler, in first-class order: only six months in use. Price low and terms easy. Reason for selling, more power wanted. Address

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, Geo. A. Joslin, Mgr., Omaha, Nebraska.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a SAFE, SURE, SIMPLE and CHEAP External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 CENTS, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE