

Dust on Your Glasses.

I don't often put on my glasses to examine Katy's work; but one morning, not long since, I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said, modestly.

And sure enough, the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them off, and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said:

"I am glad it was the glasses, and not me this time."

This has taught me a good lesson. I said to myself, upon leaving the room, and one I shall remember through life.

In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so-and-so, and she had said so-and-so. When her story was finished, I said, smilingly:

"There is dust on your glasses, Katy; rub them off, you will see better."

She understood me, and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other:

"Oh, there is dust on your glasses." Sometimes I am referred to.

"Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses; can't he rub it off?"

When I hear a person criticizing another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think, "There's dust on your glasses; rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses.

I said this to John one day, some little matter coming up that called for the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he. "There is Mr. So-and-So, and Mrs. So-and-So, they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint; I don't know, I don't like them."

"I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now."

He laughed, and asked:

"What is a boy to do?"

"Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not."

"I will," he replied.

I think, as a family, we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of "There is dust on your glasses."—Observer.

A Sneezing Time.

When Gallagher packed away his fur overcoat, last year, he resolved the moths should not destroy it, so he put about four pounds of pepper into it. When that cold morning struck us, he got the coat out in a hurry and, without stopping to brush it, put it on and skipped for a horse-car. In he jumped and sat down. As he went down, he fluffed a little lot of pepper and he inhaled it. The pepper made him sneeze. The convulsion of sneezing agitated the coat further, and the pepper kept coming up on him. So, instead of stopping sneezing, he sneezed harder. He sneezed so hard that he attracted general attention. He eye filled with tears. Every sneeze made things worse. He gasped for wrath and tried to stop, but could not. People didn't understand it, and thought the man would die. A benevolent gentleman went to the rescue. He patted Gallagher's back, and a little fluff of pepper arose to him. Katchoo! He was sneezing, too. And his effort had so spread the pepper that not only did Gallagher go it worse, but the people next to Gallagher began to sneeze. The violence of Gallagher's sneezing meantime increased. He shook so that the pepper came out of the coat in a cloud. Soon everybody in the car was sneezing. "What—cathoo—sort of a—cathoo—man are you?" asked one man of Gallagher. But the latter could not reply. The thing was getting serious. The conductor came in to rectify matters, but he got to sneezing, too, and could do nothing. Some of the passengers were furious at Gallagher. Two of them attempted to put him out of the car. They clinched him. Of course the more they shook him the worse things got. Everybody in the car was shedding tears and sneezing frightfully. Consternation prevailed. Finally somebody made a break for the door. They all fled, all but Gallagher, and the men fighting him. Finally they were got off, and Gallagher arose to get out. The car had been stopped. Those who had got out had recovered from their paroxysms and wanted to lick Gallagher. But as they started for him, they thought struck them that they'd get to sneezing again if they meddled with him. So they let him go. And he went home and was so mad at the coat, he took it off and sailed in to kick it and got into another sneezing fit that lasted fifteen minutes.—Boston Post.

"Working People" in New England Fifty Years Ago.

When we talk about "the working-classes," we are using very modern language, which those who formed the great mass of our population forty or fifty years ago would have found it difficult to understand. The term "working-people" was then seldom used, because everybody worked. The minister and the doctor had usually worked with their hands, to defray their college expenses; and they often continued their labor afterwards, to eke out a scanty income. The mistress of a family did her own sewing and housework, or, if it was too much for her, called in a neighbor or a relative as "help." Young girls were glad of an opportunity to earn money for themselves in this way, or by means of any handicraft they could learn, or by teaching the district

school through the summer months; all these employments being considered equally respectable. The children of that generation were brought up to endure hard work. They expected to make something of themselves and of life, but not easily, not without constant exertion. The energy and the earnestness through which their fathers had subdued the savage forces of nature on this continent still lingered in the air, a moral exhilaration.

Children born half a century ago grew up penetrated through every fiber of thought with the idea that idleness is disgrace. It was taught with the alphabet and the spelling-book; it was enforced by precept and example, at home and abroad; and it is to be confessed that it did sometimes haunt the childish imagination almost mercilessly. I know that Dr. Watts's

"How doth the little busy bee,
Improve each shining hour,"

and King Solomon's "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, . . . and be wise," filled one child's mind with a dislike of idleness; they ran and flew and buzzed about her like acceasing spirits that left her no peace in her beautiful day-dreams. It was a great relief to see a bee loiter in the air around the flowers, as if he enjoyed the lazy motion. As for the ants, those little black pagans, they overdid the business by working just as hard on Sundays as on any other day. It surely was not proper to follow their example!—Lucy Loomis, in Atlantic Monthly.

Pills and Potions.

The Anglo-Saxon evinced at an early period that tendency to seek refuge in pills and potions which is so pronounced to-day. One of those unpleasant persons whose business it seems to be to run to earth unwelcome facts, made, some years ago, the horrid discovery that an East Anglian "county family," of the very severest respectability, owed its rise to a successful pill and ointment when the "Merrie Monarch" was King, two centuries ago. It would be a curious study for an idle man to trace the rise, progress, decline and fall of patent nostrums. Are they not to be found written in the chronicles of the daily newspapers? Turn back twenty years ago, and you find the record of beneficent preparations as utterly unknown to the present generation as those of to-day will be to your grandson. Who hears now of Morrison's pills—a peculiar feature of which was that, according to the proprietor, you couldn't take too many—and yet there was a time in the memory of living men when you could not take up a paper, the world over, without seeing attestations of their wondrous virtues. No pill-man, however, even on this soil, has approached as an advertiser Mr. Holloway, of London, whose expenditure in advocating his wares is known to have averaged for a long period over \$150,000 a year. Some time ago a young man appointed to a position in China studied assiduously the language of that country on the voyage thither. On getting into port his eye was at once attracted by a huge poster, in Chinese characters, on a wall of the wharf. Painfully experimenting on his recently-acquired knowledge, he was as surprised as he was amused to find that the poster was chronicling the virtues of Holloway's pills and ointments. Whatever may be the merits of these nostrums, their owner is one of the most benevolent beings who ever trod earth. His well-considered charitable gifts and endowments now amount to \$4,500,000. Some years ago Mr. Holloway came to the conclusion that many persons in that class of society which is above the humble, yet not of the high, were greatly in need of help in cases of mental illness, so he founded a sumptuous "Sanitarium," to accommodate 400 patients, at a cost of \$1,750,000. Then, wishing to raise a memorial to his wife, he built and endowed at a cost of \$2,000,000, a college for the higher education of women. This has accommodation for 350 pupils, each of whom will have a bed and sitting room. No religious test will be imposed. The Principal of this college will be a lady, to be endowed with almost absolute power, but she must be a spinster, under sixty. With a view to encourage the pupils in a taste for art, this establishment will contain masterpieces in painting. The fourteen pictures already bought for it cost \$165,000. It must be admitted after this that pills are serious things, and not to be lightly regarded as motors in human affairs.—N. Y. Times.

The Dream That Frightened a Woman.

A lady in Bath was recently much alarmed by dreaming that some one was holding her wrist. Vainly endeavoring to scream for assistance, she succeeded at length in whispering just loud enough to awaken herself. After a few minutes' relief at being no longer under the influence of the dream, she became conscious that some one was really holding her left wrist, and all her strength was inadequate to release it. Whether to call her hostess or not was easily decided, for her terror rendered her as speechless as she had been before awakening. It could not be that any of her friends had seized her wrist in sport; it was too rigid a clasp, and had been continued some time, for her left hand was cold and numb. But just as she should be able to speak in a moment she found the relentless grasp was that of her own right hand, and not easy to withdraw from its twin companion, so desperate had become its hold.—Bath (Me.) Times.

—The sowing of forest pine seeds has been begun by the Shakers at Enfield, Conn., and the State authorities are considering plans for encouraging this needed industry.

The French Police System.

The police of Paris is under the direction of a Prefect, who is appointed by the Minister of the Interior, and who is required to reside at the Prefecture, which stands on the Quai de l'Horloge, adjoining the Palace of Justice and the Prison of the Conciergerie. He has under his orders a force of nearly seven thousand policemen in uniform, twenty-five hundred detectives and a number of agents *à cheval*, or private paid informers, known only to himself and to the two or three principal members of his staff. This staff consists of the directors, sub-directors and clerks of twelve sections, each of which transacts a special class of business; thus there is the "Bureau des Etrangers," "Bureau de la Surete Generale," "Bureau des Garnis" (for the supervision of hotels and lodging-houses), and so on.

For administrative purposes, Paris is divided into twenty wards (*arrondissements*) and eighty quarters. Each ward has a force of about three hundred and twenty-five policemen, commanded by an officer of the peace; and each quarter a police station, managed by a Commissaire. The officer of the peace is the captain of the police corps in his ward; he wears a silver-laced uniform and sword, ranks with a Captain in the army, and is always a well-educated gentleman, of a status much superior to an English superintendent. He is never chosen from the ranks of the police sergeants, but is generally selected from what one may call the upper or gentleman-detectives of the Prefecture, or else from among the secretaries and clerks to the directors. His pay amounts to about two hundred pounds sterling a year, and he is lodged in the Mairie of his ward, where he is provided with a comfortable suite of apartments with coal and gas free. His duties are to superintend the men of his brigade, to go rounds of inspection in order to see that they are on their beats, and on important occasions, when great crowds have to be kept in order, or when riots have to be suppressed, he takes command of his brigade in the streets. Three times a day he sends reports to the chief of the municipal police at the Prefecture concerning all that has occurred within his ward. In addition to the brigades in the twenty wards, there is a "Brigade Centrale" of two hundred and fifty men and an officer, who, like the A Division of the London police, form a reserve available for special duty.

As the area and population of Paris are barely equal to half those of London, the seven thousand Parisian policemen form a stronger force than the ten thousand and odd who guard the English capital; and we must add to them the gendarmes and Republican guards, who, though under the orders of the Minister of War, may really be described as mounted police. The Parisian policeman, who used to be called *sarvent de ville* but is now termed *gardien de la paix*, has nothing to do beyond keeping order in the streets. It is the Republican guards who escort prisoners in the cellular vans from the jails to the law courts, and stand by them in the criminal docks; who attend at theaters, casinos and all places of public amusement; and who line the streets whenever there is any pageant. On the race-courses soldiers are generally pressed into service to keep the course clear, and thus policemen are never diverted from their regular beats and duties. It is considered so important that a policeman should learn to know all the people in the district where he is stationed that a man's beat is scarcely ever changed. The average term of service in the force is fifteen years, and during that time a man will have to walk, daily and nightly, the same set of streets, till he knows the face of every man, woman and child in the locality. By day each policeman walks singly; by night they always go in pairs, at least in the populous quarters. Their pay begins at fifty-six pounds a year, and rises gradually to eighty pounds.

Every ward of Paris, as above said, has four quarters, and each quarter has its police station with a Commissaire. The Commissaire de Police is an official having no equivalent in England. He is the *custos morum*, the censor, the executive magistrate of the district where he resides. He is not a Justice, for he has no power to pass sentences; but he has unlimited power as to ordering the arrest of persons whom he may regard as suspicious characters; and as arrest in France generally involves three days' detention at least, this puts the liberty of the subject at the Commissaire's mercy.—Cornhill Magazine.

Overwork.

Many people kill themselves in order to make a living. They have others depending upon their efforts, and cannot afford to remain idle long enough to enjoy a much-needed rest; they work both night and day; and so go on and on until, poor wretches! they die in harness, and the people for whose sake they denied themselves all the joys of life live without them very comfortably. No human being should thus sacrifice himself for others. He should have some mercy on himself, and hesitate before he engages in the night-work which must eventually sap away his life; for sleep, as we all know, is food to the nerves; in other words, it is only during sleep that the nerves can rest and readjust the balance of their functions, disturbed by the wear and tear of waking hours. If this balance be lost—and lost it is in the long run even by the strongest who sin against nature's law as regards sleep—a very distressing condition of the whole system is the inevitable result, a condition which may be cured by complete rest and relax-

tion, and a return to more regular and consistent habits of life, but which ends only too often in premature old age and early death. Professional men, literary men, artists and students, are very frequently the victims of nervous exhaustion, produced through the evil habit of turning night into day. For I maintain that good and health-giving sleep, can only be obtained during the silent hours of the night. It may be averred, however, that the very best brain-work can also be performed at night. I doubt it, for the body of a healthy man is always more fresh in the morning, and his mind more light and cheerful. He is then in the best state to do good work without extra wear and tear of brain and nervous tissues. There is no disease so insidious, nor when fully developed so difficult to cure, as that species of nervous degeneration or exhaustion produced by night-work and long hours. The symptoms of nervous prostration are exceedingly painful, we can afford to pity even the man of pleasure, who has by his own foolish conduct induced them, but much more so the brain-worker, who has been burning the midnight oil in the honest endeavor to support a wife and family with respectability in life. He has made a mistake for which he must pay dearly unless it is quickly remedied.

Persian Theatricals.

It is fortunate that theater-goers at home do not take to heart the tragedies which are placed upon the English stage so much as the Persians, who, according to a writer, not only shed tears at the actors' narrative of the death of the Prophet, the martyrdom of Aly, and other incidents in the history of Mohammedanism, but howl piteously as they leave the theater, pull each other's hair, and run knives into themselves with despair. These representations are styled "tear-drops," and they take place during the religious festival of the Moharrum, being got up by wealthy people with the double object of propitiating the Deity and making a display of their rich tapestries and jewels on the stage. The representations are held either in the court-yards of their houses or upon the public squares, the personages of importance viewing them from the windows of the houses, while the crowd gathers round the improvised stage, "camels at rest." Ushers, armed with heavy wands, go round to maintain order, and lads with pipes to hire, and water and cakes to sell, drone out their stock phrases until the story-teller, followed by six chorister-boys, mounts the stage. His business is to prepare the audience for the representation by telling them stories relative to the deaths of the Imams, and in order to produce a more powerful effect upon them he interlards his story with frequent groans and tears, finally throwing down his turban, tearing open his dress, and driving his nails into his chest. His despair moves the whole of the audience to tears, and he then descends from the stage with a bottle, and, sopping up their tears with a piece of cotton wool, presses them into it—one of these tears, in the opinion of the Persians, being sufficient to save the life of a patient who has been given up by the doctors. This prologue over, the actors appear, and the drama begins, with the results described above.

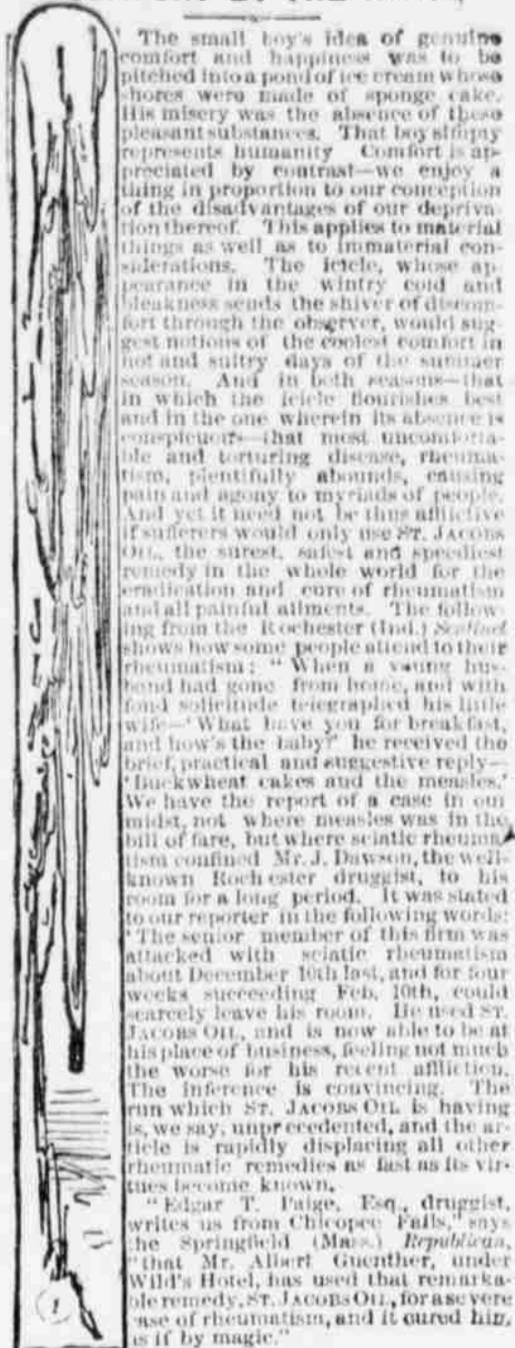
These, however, are not the only plays in the Persian repertoire, the two other kinds being "temechas" and "karaguz," of which the first-named are farces or comedies, full of allusions more or less broad, and improvised by the "Lontys," who are professional dancers and musicians. These Lontys are often accompanied by dancing girls, and even by monkeys and bears, and they grime themselves with soot and flour. The karaguz is very much like our own Punch and Judy, the character of Punch being taken by Ketchel Pehlevan, who is invariably represented as bald, and whose favorite occupation is to deceive the Mollahs by pretending to piety. After having depicted to the Mollahs in very glowing terms the charms of a religious life and the pleasures reserved to good Mussulmans in another world, he begins to sing anaerontic songs until the poor Mollah, carried away by enthusiasm, throws down the Koran and begins to play the guitar and drink the fine wine of Chiraz.—London Daily News.

A Female Lamp-Lighter.

Washington possesses, what no other city, perhaps, in the United States does, a woman lamp-lighter. Her name is Mrs. Welsh. She is of Irish extraction, and is represented as a busy, bustling little woman of about forty years of age. Her district is situated in what is known as Hell's Bottom, one of the worst sections of the city, and through this section, at all hours of the night, Mrs. Welsh may be seen hastening from lamp-post to lamp-post either lighting or extinguishing. She does not use a ladder, but runs up the post with the agility of a squirrel. On the darkest nights she penetrates the inmost recesses of the alleys with a bravery that knows no fear. The lamps along her route are lighted with the utmost regularity and extinguished with equal promptness. In fact, she may be regarded as the model lamp-lighter of the city. Her husband is now in jail, serving out a sentence for an offense which his Irish impetuosity led him into, and to retain the position in the family the little woman assumed to take her husband's place and do his work.

In striking contrast with this case is that of a six-foot man who has charge of a certain district and who whistles vigorously while extinguishing the lamps that are in secluded spots, for his purpose, it is said, of keeping up his courage.—Washington Post.

COMFORT BY THE WAY.



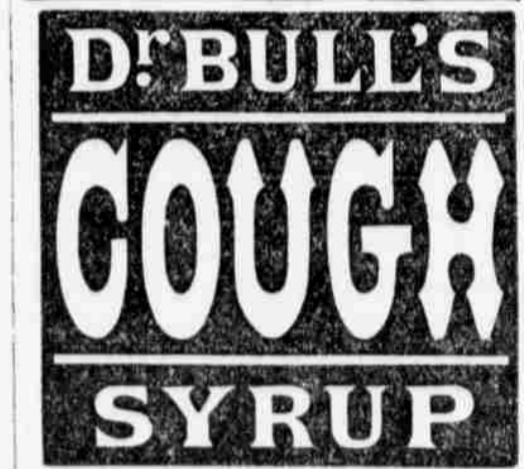
The small boy's idea of genuine comfort and happiness was to be pitched upon a pond of ice cream whose shores were made of sponge cake. His misery was the absence of those pleasant substances. That boy slings represents humanity. Comfort is appreciated by contrast—we enjoy a thing in proportion to our conception of the disadvantages of our deprivation thereof. This applies to material things as well as to immaterial considerations. We cannot appreciate the appearance in the wintry cold and bleakness sends the shiver of discomfort through the observer, would suggest notions of the coolest comfort in hot and sultry days of the summer season. And in both seasons—that in which the icicle boursishes best and in the one wherein its absence is a complaint—that most uncomfortable and torturing disease, rheumatism, plentifully abounds, causing pain and agony to myriads of people, and yet it need not be thus afflictive if sufferers would only use Dr. JACOBS' OIL, the sweet, safe and speediest remedy in the whole world for the rheumatic pain, with its attendant and all painful ailments. The following shows how some people attain to their rheumatism: "I had a severe rheumatism had come from being, and with fond solicitude triergraphed his little wife—'What have you for breakfast, and how do the baby?' he received the brief, practical and suggestive reply—'Buckwheat cakes and the menale.' We have the report of a case in our midst, not where measles was in the bill of fare, but where scientific rheumatism confined Mr. J. Dawson, the well-known Rochester druggist, to his room for a long period. It was stated to our reporter in the following words: 'The senior member of this firm was attacked with acute rheumatism about December 10th last, and for four weeks succeeding Feb. 10th, could scarcely leave his room. He used Dr. JACOBS' OIL, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling not much the worse for his recent affliction. The doctor, who was called in, stated that he had never seen a case of rheumatism which was so rapidly displaced as this other rheumatic remedies as fast as its virtues become known. 'Edgar T. Paige, Esq. Druggist, writes us from Chlocope Falls, says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, that Mr. Albert Guenther, under Wild's Hotel, has used that remarkable remedy, Dr. JACOBS' OIL, for a severe case of rheumatism, and it cured him, as if by magic.'

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