

### The Printer.

The printer, children, is a patron of the art preservative of all arts, but he frequently has the art of getting a poor writer into a pickle.

The printer sets while standing and stands while setting.

The printer is not usually a wealthy person, but generally has a quoin or two about him.

He sometimes does very poor work, but all his work, good or bad, is justifiable.

The printer does not often carry a cane, but you will almost always find him with a stick in his hand. Sometimes he is a stick himself.

The printer is a materialist. All his thoughts are upon matter.

Most men like to have things come out square at the end of each day, but the printer hates to be obliged to bring his work out even. This sounds odd, but it is even so.

Though correcting his errors every day, the printer may all the time be growing worse.

Though a perfect Jack Spratt in his fondness for lean meat, the printer never objects to fat.

He is often a profound reader, but always dislikes solid matter.

The printer is like the actor in the fact that he hates to see a beggarly array of empty boxes.

The printer may not be averse to poetry, but he detests pi.

The good printer is known by his form. So careful is he of his form that he always locks it up.

Though not always correct, the printer's work is invariably done by rule.

The printer is a very inoffensive individual, but is quite clever with the shooting stick.

The printer is not satisfied with thinking that his work is complete. He always wants a proof of it.

The printer is your true man of letters, though he may not be a literary man.

The printer is an upright man, but he is frequently seen about the galleys.

The printer used to be a very bashful sort of fellow, but now that females are employed in printing offices he will set up with a girl six evenings a week.

The types of the human race are scattered all over the earth, and the printer distributes his types in all directions.

The printer is not necessarily a sporting character, but his form may frequently be seen in the chase.

The printer is often beside himself. That is to say, he frequently stands beside his frame.

Like the lawyer, the printer is dependent upon his cases for a livelihood.

When a printer has finished his job, he works it off.

He reckons his work by the token; by this token may you know that he gives you full measure.

Much more might be said of the printer, but this must do for to-day. Let us close by hoping that when he becomes dead matter an imposing stone may be erected to his memory.—*Boston Transcript.*

### The Dangerous Diary.

The conscientious journalist is so often compelled to condemn departments of trade, which appear on the surface entirely reputable and proper and the duty is so unpleasant, that he naturally shrinks from every new requirement of that character. But when the obligation stares him unmistakably in the face it cannot be evaded.

There is the diary business, for example. On its face it is not only harmless but exceedingly useful. To the unreflecting mind it is simply the business of furnishing the people with the means of noting, methodically and accurately, the flight of time and the memorable incidents that mark it. To such it would seem as if the makers and publishers were public benefactors, instilling principles of order and inculcating lessons of prudence and economy. And there is some foundation for this theory. When the child uses the little volume to mark the daily expenditure for taffy or marbles or corn balls; when the careful housewife checks her butcher and grocer and milk-man by the entries therein, and utilizes the remaining space to record such facts as "it snowed to-day," or "sister Nancy's baby came down with the measles," or when the youth fast verging into manhood records upon the earlier of its pure pages his glowing resolutions, leaving the latter pages blank to show what came of those resolutions; then the diary is a useful and instructive work. But alas! it is not confined to such beautiful and noble uses. On the contrary it is an incessant temptation, in the hands of the great mass, to indiscretion, not to say wrong. And for this it must be ruthlessly condemned in spite of its innocuousness in the hands of the few.

Not one person in fifty, probably, can look upon a piece of blank paper without a strong temptation to mark on it. Rule the piece of paper, print a neat date at the top and bind it up with other pieces similarly treated—in short, make a diary of it—and the temptation becomes absolutely irresistible. To let the blank for "January 10," or "September 5," or any other blank, go unused, seems to the average diary-owner—especially if it is a lady, as most diary-owners are—a criminal waste. In sheer conscientiousness she yields to the temptation, and either fills the blanks when she has nothing to write, or far more frequently fills them with soul-communings and heart secrets which she would perish before communicating to a living being, but which she thereby puts in the direct way of being so communicated.

To an active imagination it will not be difficult to embody the manifold evils which may—nay, which must—result from this unfortunate habit which the baneful

diary nourishes and provokes. The law courts recently, in a sister State, furnished a striking illustration. An unhappy lady in Chicago, whose husband was often absent, resorted to the diary among other beguilements. Into its pure pages she poured, from day to day, the overflow of a full heart; and when there was a little space left at the bottom of a page she filled it in with brief, but more or less soulful, allusions to the masculine friends who tried to cheer her lonely hours. With that depravity which Gail Hamilton has assured us is innate in all inanimate things, this diary fell into the hands of the home-returning husband, and the result was its production in a divorce suit for the information of the court and the delectation of counsel and witnesses. The fire of love has gone out upon a domestic hearth where once it glowed and sparkled; a happy home has been broken up; two hearts that fondly beat as one have become estranged and now beat wide asunder; and all because of a contemptible little diary that probably didn't cost more than ten cents, and as likely as not was closed with a simple "tuck."

It is painful, as we intimated, to condemn the product of a business which seems to be legitimate, and which engages the attention and capital of men who are apparently honorable and well-meaning. It is doubly painful in this case, because it is the harvest time of the year for the special product under condemnation. But when a duty is clear it must be performed, however painful.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Fashion Notes.

Shirring is out of favor. Veils are not worn with pokes.

The word chudda means shawl. Brown furs are restored to favor.

Black pearls are worn in mourning. Pointed trains supersede square ones.

New trays for cards are made of plush.

Bangs must not extend across the temples.

Scrap baskets are shaped like antique vases.

Soft pillows of plush are labelled "lean on me."

Mother Hubbard dolls are the favorite this year.

Breast feathers rival ostrich tips for small bonnets.

Polonaises much bunched up are parts of new costumes.

New embroidered "splashes" are mounted on rings and rods.

Antique heads, with jewelled eyes, are the clasps for bracelets.

The new Oriental lace has the long stitches of India embroidery.

Gilded camp stools, covered with embroidered scarfs, are used for foot rests.

Ladies' rings have the stones set around the finger, instead of lengthwise.

A bow of wide ribbon with long ends hanging inclined is added to the caps of nurses.

The absence of all jewelry is considered in better taste than an abundance of it.

Plush linings for cloaks are liked because they are light and almost as warm as fur.

The cat's eye, with a white streak across it, is a favorite stone for gentlemen's scarf pins or rings.

Slender Venetian chains are the only gold chains now worn around the neck with pendants.

Sleeves slightly gathered into the arm hole are more stylish than those made with puffs.

Satin fronts of dresses are in honeycomb pattern, with a head at each corner of the design.

Black velvet suits, with large white embroidered collars and black silk stockings, are worn by small boys.

### Adulteration of Food.

The prevalence of paralysis has caused considerable comment in our city. Three or four prominent citizens have died recently from paralysis in one form or another. A gentleman well posted on this subject called our attention to this a few days since and remarked that paralysis resulted in many cases from the use of adulterated food. This gentleman remarked that a large quantity of the flour, sirup, lard, sugar and coffee now used daily was adulterated, and that nearly all the candy made, except rock candy, was also adulterated. If this be true the prevalence of paralysis can be easily accounted for. We do not vouch for what the gentleman says, but it is a subject that will do to investigate. One thing we do know to be true, and that is that something causes the disease, and if leading articles of food are adulterated, it can be very easily traced to that source. A leading physician, to whose attention this matter has been brought, says that he had no doubt whatever that the prevalence of paralysis now could be traced to the use of adulterated food. It is an injury or disease, he says, of the nervous centers, and acts on a human being just as the use of impure and worthless lubricating oil does on machinery. It clogs up the system and the longer it is used the more certain it is to finally render the machinery utterly useless. It would be well for our Legislature to take some steps to look into this adulteration of food. If it is carried on to one-tenth the extent intimated above, it should be prevented by penal laws at once. It is a subject that consumers should carefully inspect, and in every instance where there is adulteration of any kind to turn their forces against it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—Columbia College, New York, is the richest University on this side of the Atlantic.

—A clothes-pin firm at Denmark, Me., will use 1,000 cords of birch next year.

### Youths' Department.

#### YOU WILL SEE WHAT YOU LOOK FOR.

A dove and a woodpecker chanced to be neighbors. And so went together to call on a peacock one day. Who, they heard people say, Had late come to live at the Hall.

Of course they conversed in a neighborly fashion. Of what I've no leisure to tell, But a part of their talk On the home-going walk Will serve for a lesson quite well.

She scarcely had wanted to be out of hearing Before Mistress Woodpecker cried: "Did you notice his voice? It was terribly hoarse!" And he showed such detestable pride.

"Was that what you saw?" was the dove's gentle answer; "My time I could better employ; The grand tall that he spread, The rich hues on his head, Gave me beauty enough to enjoy." —*Chicago Advertiser.*

### AMATEUR INDIANS.

"It's a shame, that's what it is, and I don't think mothers have got any right to make boys eight years old tend little dried-up-looking babies that can't do anything but cry."

Eddie Barnard's voice expressed the sympathy he felt for his cousin, Charley Harnden, when he found him caring for the baby on that particular Saturday afternoon they had counted on for putting the finishing touches to a large kite which it was believed would outsail any other in the village.

"Boys wasn't made to sit 'round holdin' babies, and I just wish Doctor Abbott hadn't brought this one, 'cause it's just done nothing but plague me ever since it come," and Charley almost shook his little baby brother, who was sucking his thumb as contentedly as if he hadn't an idea how sadly he was in the way.

"I'll tell you what we might do, and then babies wouldn't bother us any more," said Eddie, as he jumped to his feet suddenly. "We might turn Injuns, like two I read of in a book Sam Basset lent me. We could be reg'lar Injun chiefs, an' go out to Chickcommon woods to live."

At first Charley was delighted with the idea, and he danced around at great risk of upsetting the baby entirely; but a sudden thought clouded his joy.

"Injuns have wigwams, an' squaws, an' ponies, an' we can't get any of them."

"Yes we can; we can catch Tom Downey's old blind horse an' play it was a pony, an' you ain't smart if you don't know where to catch a squaw."

"Where?" asked Charley, breathlessly.

"Ain't there your sister Nellie? Can't we get a lot of grasshoppers an' coax her out behind the meetin'-house to see them? An' then can't we catch her an' tie her, an' drag her by the arms up to the woods, just like any Injuns do?"

"Of course. An' we could get some bed-quits for a camp."

"Yes, an' we'll name you Biting Tiger, an' I'll be Big Thunder, an' Nellie can be Moon-face, just as it was in the book."

For some moments the boys sat in silent bliss. Then after a time a serious doubt crept into Biting Tiger's heart, and he asked:

"But what will we do for things to eat?"

"Things to eat?" echoed Eddie. "Chiefs don't bother about such things; they just send the squaws out to get it, 'cause that's what squaws are for."

"My! but won't mother be scared when she finds out that she got an Injun to hold the baby?" said Charley, thinking with delight that in his mother's fear he should be more than repaid for all the trouble the little fellow had caused him.

"But then she won't be so awfully frightened, for he ain't got anything to scalp, if you wanted to do it."

"We can wait till he grows, an' then scalp him 'most every day," said Eddie, consolingly.

Then came the question of how they were to get away, for, valiant chiefs as they were, they could hardly drop the baby on the floor and run.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Eddie. "I'll go home an' get some ropes to tie Nellie with, an' then I'll go for the grasshoppers. When you hear me holler you send Nellie over, an' put the baby in the cradle, and come over lickety-split, so's to hold the squaw's mouth if she sets up a yell."

Big Thunder started for his mother's clothes-line and some grasshoppers, while Biting Tiger sat holding the baby as quietly as if he had never thought of being an Indian.

Surely there never were two chiefs on the eve of starting in the Indian business so fortunate as these two were, for in a short time after Big Thunder's departure Mrs. Harnden took the baby, and Nellie seated herself on the doorstep to play with her doll.

Charley told her of the captive grasshoppers she would see if she went with him; and clasping her doll firmly in her arms, she started for the meeting-house near by, while Charley followed, ready to spring upon her as soon as he should see his brother chief.

Eddie was prepared for the first act in his new life. He had armed himself with a long carving-knife and fully ten yards of clothes-line, so that he was ready for any desperate attempt at escape the squaw might make.

All unsuspecting the horrible fate that awaited her, Nellie approached the fatal spot, when Big Thunder sprang out, winding the rope around her body a dozen times.

"Why don't you cry an' screech an' kick?" asked Charley, thoroughly disappointed because their captive had submitted so quietly.

"What for?" asked Nellie, in surprise.

"Why, 'cause we're Injuns, an' you're a squaw we've caught, an' now we're goin' to drag you off to the woods," replied Eddie, brandishing his knife.

"I don't want to be a squaw," and Nellie now showed signs of making as much of an outcry as the boys could have wished for.

"But you must, and that's all there is about it," said Eddie, sternly; and then he took hold of the ends of the rope, as he shouted to Charley: "Hold your hands over her mouth while I pull her along."

Charley hardly had time to reply before Big Thunder, with the clothes-line drawn taut over his shoulder, started ahead with a force that threatened to overthrow both captive and captor.

For five minutes there was a thrilling and exciting scene as the chief dashed along, dragging behind him the squaw, who was only half-gagged by Biting Tiger.

At the expiration of that time Big Thunder tumbled over a log, striking the ground with a force that caused his nose to bleed, while Nellie, being so suddenly released, fell backward, carrying Biting Tiger with her.

Big Thunder began to cry, but realizing that Indians should not be so particular about a little thump on the nose, urged his companion to "come on," while he forced the captive ahead again.

By the time they reached the first growth of trees that marked the border of the woods the newly-made Indians were feeling very warm, and decidedly uncomfortable as to what their mothers might be able to do in the way of capturing them.

Poor Moon-face was crying as if her little heart was breaking; but it was not noisy grief, and it made her captives look at each other very guiltily, since it showed how much suffering they were causing.

The first halt was made when they reached what they supposed to be the very heart of the forest, and Nellie was tied to a fence that had evidently been placed there for the accommodation of Indians with captives. She had recovered from her grief at being dragged from home, and now played contentedly with her doll, while the boys tried to make a wigwam. But it was not long before they learned how difficult it was to cut down trees with a carving-knife, and by the time they had succeeded in getting about a dozen small branches together they were decidedly hungry.

"We've got to look 'round and find something to eat," said Eddie, after he had withstood the pangs of hunger as long as possible.

"I thought the squaw had to do that," and Charley looked up in surprise that they were obliged to do any work, after all the trouble of finding and catching a squaw.

"So they do, after they get broke in, but I don't spose Nellie could do much toward killing bears and deers until after she gets kind of used to it."

It was sad to think they had a squaw who was not accustomed to the business, and with a sigh Charley released the captive, that all might go in search of food.

It was a long, weary tramp which they had, and it seemed that it must be nearly supper-time, when they suddenly heard a fearful noise among the bushes, as if some enormous animal was coming directly toward them. Then both the Indians turned pale with terror; for what could they do in the way of fighting a bear, with only one carving-knife between them?

Only for a moment did they face the terrible danger, and then both Big Thunder and Biting Tiger started for home as fast as their legs could carry them, while their late captive ran behind, imploring not to be left alone. It was a cowardly flight for two Indians with a captive to make, but the ferocious animal appeared to be pursuing, and they could do no less.

When they reached Charley's home, where Mrs. Harnden could be seen in the sitting-room with the baby in her arms, Eddie's clothes were covered with dirt and the blood that had fallen from his nose; Charley was quite as dirty, although not as bloody as his brother chief, and Nellie's once clean white dress was completely ruined.

The ferocious animal followed them up to the very door of the house, and then it looked more like Benny Cushing's pet calf than it did like a bear.

That night, after the two Indians had settled matters with their respective mothers, both Big Thunder and Biting Tiger wisely concluded that the Indian business was too painful ever to be indulged in again.—*James Otis, in Harper's Young People.*

At the close of the Revolutionary War the Maryland Legislature passed a law giving to the heirs of officers of the Maryland line killed in battle fifty acres of land, without patent, and it was provided that no taxes should be assessed until the lands were transferred by the heirs to other parties. Most of the lands were located in what is now Garrett County, and were only valuable for the timber growing upon them. The heirs, being unable to sell, took no steps to secure their titles, and it is alleged that the present owners hold under escheats issued upon false assertions that there were no living heirs. The rapid advance in the value of property in Garrett County has called attention to the titles of the present holders, and a wide field of litigation is in prospect.

Microscopic investigation discloses 192 different living organisms in the water drawn from a hydrant in Cleveland.

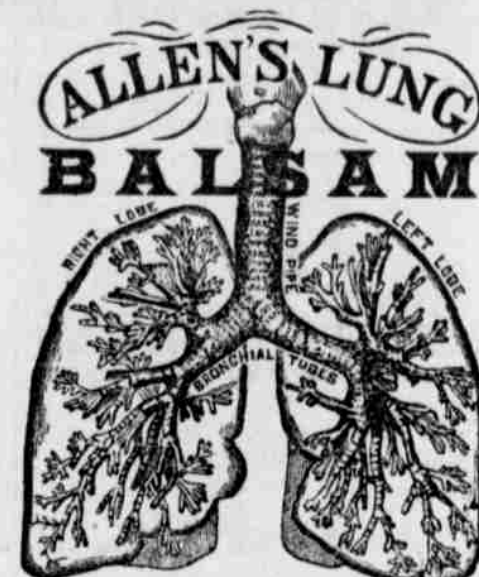
### YACHTING.



One of the most manly and satisfying pleasures as the most agreeable is yachting. It is one who gathers the chief comfort, as he sails his craft for the excitement of the race, or for the genuine enjoyment of guiding his beautiful vessel over the water. Those who have the care, management and working of a yacht dwell almost upon the water. As a class, they are quiet, sober, careful, skillful men, but their life of exposure to the elements is productive of much rheumatism among them, and they suffer considerably from pains, the result of cold, bruises, sprains, etc. St. Jacobs Oil is a favorite remedy with these men, because of the splendid service it renders them. Captain Schmidt, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., says that he has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for many years. He had severe rheumatic pains in nearly every portion of his body, and suffered so that at times he would be entirely unable to attend to active business. He said: "I am quite well now, however, and, as you see, I am able to work without any trouble. I attribute my recovery entirely to St. Jacobs Oil. For I felt better as soon as I commenced to use that remedy; and whenever I feel anything like rheumatism coming on, I rub the place with the Oil, and it always does what is claimed for it. Finding St. Jacobs Oil did me so much good, I got my family to use it whenever they had any pains or colds, and it has done good in every case when they have tried it. I can say that St. Jacobs Oil is a mighty good rheumatic remedy, and I don't intend to be without it." This experience is such as has been enjoyed not only by yachtsmen and others, who follow the water, but by people in every walk of life and variety of pursuit the whole world over.

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