

Places for Things.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," is an adage familiar to us all and full of wisdom. But to keep "everything in its place" one must have a place for everything, and this it is not always easy to have.

So there must be recourse to bureaus, boxes, bags, chests and unprovided closets. The last may be constructed wherever there is space to put a shelf, and may be of the size of the shelf in length and width.

Bags in every variety are needed by the housekeeper. A stout piece of nice bagging makes a good clothes-bag; and an end of rope should be sewed into the hem, so the top of the bag may always be hospitably open.

Wall-pockets and brackets are very great conveniences where one lacks closet room and shelf room. The former may be made of splints or pasteboard covered with cloth and trimmed with cord and embroidery.

It takes time to create places to put things in, and it takes time to keep them in place, but not more time than it takes to hunt them up when they may be anywhere and everywhere and belong nowhere.

Queen Charlotte Islands and the Haidas. The climate of the Queen Charlotte Islands is excessively humid, and they are almost everywhere covered with magnificent coniferous trees.

To the northeast, it is true, a wide stretch of low and nearly level country occurs, which may some day support a farming population; but at the present time its spongy woods, filled with dense undergrowth, and barricaded with prostrate trunks in every stage of decay, offer little to induce either Indian or white to penetrate them.

The halibut is found in great abundance in the vicinity of the islands, and it is more particularly on this fish that the Haidas depend. Their villages are invariably situated along the shore, often on bleak, wave-bashed parts of the coast, but always in proximity to productive halibut banks.

In their mode of life, and the ingenuity and skill they display in their manufacture of canoes and other articles, the Haidas do not differ essentially from the other tribes inhabiting the northern part of the coast of British Columbia and Southern Alaska.

As before stated the permanent villages of the Haidas are invariably situated at the sea-shore. They consist generally of a single long row of houses, with but a narrow grassy border between it and the beach, on which the canoes of the tribe (for each village constitutes a chieftaincy) are drawn up.

Life-Slavery for Debt.

It was recently brought out in a debate in the House of Commons that slavery of the worst class—debt slavery—was not only allowed to exist, but was actually protected and upheld in one of the Malay States which are under the protection of England.

The more Mr. Innes inquired into the subject the more revolting it appeared. It was proved beyond a doubt that the unfortunate slaves never ran away unless their lives were made absolutely unendurable. It also appeared that when, by the agency of the English magistrates or otherwise these poor wretches were caught and returned to their masters, they were not infrequently tortured to death.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The tonnage transported on all the railroads in the United States in 1881 amounted to 350,000,000 tons, which Poor's Railroad Manual estimates, at the too low average of \$50 a ton, would be worth \$18,000,000,000.

It is estimated that the South has this season paid to the North \$55,000,000 for wheat, \$50,000,000 for corn, \$72,000,000 for meats, and about \$25,000,000 for hay, butter, cheese, oats, apples, potatoes, etc.—Chicago Times.

It is pretty well settled that a healthy man who lives to be 70 years of age, in his life eats 7,800 pounds of meat, 72 barrels of flour, 1,500 pounds of butter, 987 dozen eggs, 800 pounds of cheese, 163 bushels of potatoes, and 1,700 pounds of lard.

The annual interest on the public debt is now about \$1.08 for every inhabitant. In 1876 it was more than twice this, being \$2.20 per capita, and in 1865 it was as high as \$4.29 per capita, or \$150,977,697, to be paid by 35,469,000 people.—N. Y. Times.

Pennsylvania and New York are the only States in the Union containing over a million males of the voting age, twenty-one years and over. Two States, Minnesota and Wisconsin, have more foreigners than natives, twenty-one years of age and over.—Chicago Journal.

Since the first oil well was opened in 1859 the product of the wells has added \$1,500,000,000 to the wealth of the United States in the value of the crude oil and its products. To-day the product of these wells lights the cathedrals of Europe, the mosques of Asia, the pagodas of Japan, and even the huts on Africa's sunny soil.

The great cattle range of Wyoming under the military protection of Fort McKinney is about 800 miles square. In this area are now grazing 300,000 head of cattle, worth \$27 per head, amounting to \$8,100,000, to which can be added the value of the horses and ranches of the cattle-men and the farmers, and the stock of the grangers, making at least \$15,000,000 of property under the protection of the post.—N. Y. Herald.

In this country, with a population of 50,000,000, there are 4,204,362 persons above the age of twenty-one years who cannot write. Of this number 2,656,483 are whites, 1,747,900 negroes, about 300,000 Indians and 100,000 Asiatics. It is estimated that in almost every State in the Union, and in the country as a whole, the balance of political power, so far as numbers are concerned, is or can be in the hands of the illiterate voters.—N. Y. Sun.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say anything which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

Fond wife: "How strange! Every time Peter comes home from his lodge he comes to bed with his hat on. But I suppose it is some more of those Masonic doings."

An exchange says that our navy is still in its infancy, which would justify the assertion that the vessels are seldom seen out of their slips.—Yonkers Statesman.

When the man averred that he had seen a trotting match they didn't mind it much, but when he said "A lemon neighed" they threw him under a grip-car.—Chicago Times.

When a doctor who claims to cure by laying on of hands reaches Missouri, he either quits business or starts for the woods with a crowd after him. There are some swindles Missouri can't abide.—Detroit Free Press.

Cause and Effect: Eminent Provincial Tragedian—Come hither, sweet one! Your mother tells me that you shed tears during my soliloquy in exile last night. Sweet One: Yes, sir. Mother kept on pinching me, 'cause I was so sleepy.—Punch.

It is reported that English detectives have proved useless in Ireland, on account of their accent. We should think so. It rather gives a fellow away, hajvoo, when he walks into a Land League meeting in a damp cave and asks: "Beg pawd'n, y' know, but 'ave ye seen such a thing as a suspect about 'ere, y' know?"—Chicago Times.

When he was eating fast and furiously, piling in the food as farmers do hay into the barn on the eve of a thunder shower in June, the head waiter stepped up and said: "Beg pardon, sir, but there's no train out to-night." "I know it," said the man with his mouthful, "and that's why I'm hurrying to catch a good night's sleep!"—Hotel Mail.

An old story in a new form is going the grand rounds, and tells about a young man at table d'hote at one of the rural hotels, where "lady waiters" are employed. He wanted a beverage with his roast, and summoned the maiden, to whom he said: "Have you any porter?" "Yes," she said, "we have three or four, but they are all colored." Where ignorance is bliss it is the height of absurdity to be intelligent.

Preparing Land for a Garden.

A large proportion of farmers declare that vegetable gardens are unprofitable, and that they require a large amount of work, and make a poor return for it. The truth is many excellent farmers are very poor gardeners. They are experts in raising corn, potatoes and small grains, but they do not understand how to produce the ordinary garden vegetables.

The spot selected for a garden should be well drained, and it is well to have it slope toward the south or southeast. The soil should be free from weeds, and the seeds that will produce them. Land that has long been in cultivated crops is not in a condition for a garden unless it is very highly manured.

The plowing should be well done and sufficiently early to insure the rotting of the sod. If the spot is some distance from the farm buildings it will not be likely to be visited by fowls and require no fence to protect it. A garden spot should be liberally manured, and the materials used for fertilizing should be well rotted. It is best to apply the manure the fall before the ground is planted, so it can be incorporated with the soil.

"Hello, Baby!"

M. B. Curtis and his wife have a pet parrot which is their constant traveling companion, and which speaks the King's English with amazing fluency. The loquacious bird caused quite a panic at the Windsor Hotel last night. It seems that the Curtis family occupy rooms directly adjoining Governor Tabor's apartments at the hotel, and last evening as the Governor was entering his apartments he heard what he thought was a female voice saying: "Hello, baby!"

"Hello, baby—pretty baby," said the voice again, and the Governor blushed as he stroked his fierce mustache and tried to brace up and look dignified. "Won't you come and kiss your baby!" called the voice again, in a deliciously seductive sort of way. Now the Governor seldom takes a dare of any kind! To do him justice he is a brave man, and at this particular moment he felt big enough to tackle an army.

Killed the Wrong Hens.

An irascible sea-Captain settled down to Portland life by the side of a well-tempered man, and the two got along very well until the hen question came up. Said the Captain: "I like you as a neighbor, but I don't like your hens, and if they trouble me any more I'll shoot them."

The mild-mannered neighbor studied over the matter some, but knowing the Captain's reputation well by report, he replied: "Well, if we can't get along any other way, shoot the hens, but I'll take it as a favor if you will throw them when dead over into our yard and yell to my wife."

"All right," said the Captain. The next day the Captain's gun was heard, and a dead hen fell in the quiet man's yard. The next day another hen was thrown over, the next two, and the next after three.

"Say," said the quiet man, "couldn't you scatter them along a little? We really can't dispose of the number you are killing." "Give 'em to your poor relations," replied the Captain, gruffly.

One day the Captain said to the quiet man: "I have half a dozen nice hens I'm going to give you if you'll keep quiet about this affair." "How is that," said the quiet man. "Are you sorry because you killed my hens?" "Your hens!" said the Captain. "Why, sir, those hens belonged to my wife! I didn't know she had any until I fed you and your neighbors all summer out of her flock."—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

A Boston paper calls a female swindler "an imposterix." Imposterix is good. Now bring along "beatrix," "loafrix" and "pickpocketrix."—Baltimore American.

ON THE COMPLEXION.

Without going into any aesthetic raptures in regard to personal beauty, it must be admitted by all, that a pure and clear complexion often makes up for plain features, while a rough and shallow skin, or freckly face mars the most perfect Grecian profile that was ever molded from Nature's art gallery; but when a fresh, clear, transparent, and brilliant complexion is combined with a classical pleasing countenance, lustrous eye, and graceful form, the mind becomes enraptured with the beautiful association, and "how lovely" is the involuntary exclamation made by all who gaze upon this rare combination of nature's choicest gift to the human family.

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