Artemus Ward and the London Cabby, ized the

Artemus Ward, the prince of humorists, positively revelled in what I think he was the first to dub a "goak." I re-member, late one night in the fall of 1866, Artemus, dear little Jeff Prowse and my humble self were left alone in the club room at Ashley's. Artemus proposed an adjournment to the Alhambra. Prowse and self joyfully as-sented. Artemus asked Jeff to charter a cab. The vehicle soon drew up. It was a clear night, and the hotel and street lamps shed a bright light, which gave us a full view of the driver's face. He was grave and stolid-looking, and very evidently self-possessed. Artemus seemed to study the man's features for a brief moment; then he intimated to me in a whisper that he was going to have a lark with cabby. Assuming a grave air, which sat so marvelously well on his face, he addressed the man in slow, measured accents. "My friend." he said, "you look to me a man of thought and experience, in fact, the very man likely to decide a most important and most difficult question which has arisen between me and my friend there," pointing to Jeff, who looked slightly puzzled. "Do you take me? Will you be arbiter between us?" Cabby looked so dubious at first that I thought he was going to say "Gam-mon," or "Shut up," or something of the sort. However, so wondrously intent did Artemus look, and so supernally grave was his manner that the man's suspicions faded away from his face as snow will under a hot sun. He gave a half-grunt, then said briefly: "Fire away, guv'nor, let's know wat's all

"Well," responded Artemus, with slow deliberateness, weighing every word, apparently. "Well, look ye here, now, my friend; that gentleman there "—pointing again to Jeff Prowse, who, not knowing exactly how Charley might choose to compromise him with a mayhap irate Jehu, began to give slight signs of feeling rather uncomfortablemaintains that there is the divergence of contradictory opinions, which in the natural logical sequence of reasoning, and in the inferential conclusions of argumentation, must in the final end inevitably lead to convergence, and concord and harmony among people, and bring about that most devoutly-wishedfor consummation when man to man the world all o'er, shall brethren be and a' that. I trust you follow me, my friend!" "I follow you, guv'nor; fire away." said cabby, briefly, who evidently was not quite clear yet what it all could possibly be about. Now, you see, my good fellow," pursued Artemus, with increased intentness of face and graver ponderousness of manner and diction, "I, on the other part, assert, and I mean to stick to it, too, let gainsay who may"-with a ferocious glare our way-"that it is contrariwise and opposite, the convergence of concurrent, concordant and coincident epinions that must inevitably in its corollary and concomitant consequential train of its outcoming results differences"-raising his voice to a higher pitch, and frantically sawing and beating the air with his outstretched right arm-"which will make one man jump at another's throat and strive to strangle him to death?" Then he proceeded, more quietly: "Now, my friend you cannot but admit that I have placed the case fairly before you. Now, please, give us your decision "Cabby, who had apparently listened with much serious attention to this rigmarole, bent his head on one side, and with one eye shut, gave Artemus the benefit f an inimitably droll look. Then he proceeded with gravity of manner equal to Ward's and still more ponderous slowness of enunciation, to deliver himself of the following oracul r decision, which would have done honor to great Busby himself: "Well, guv'nor, it is a knotty pint and a 'ard nut to crack for the likes o' me; seein' as there is a great deal to be said on both sides; and don't ye think, now, guv'nor. it's rayther a dry question to settle? Vich I knowed from the first ye vos a gen'leman, hevery inch o' you, guv'-nor." Having said which he looked ex-"Sold!" pectant. cried Artemus, laughing, jumping into the vehicle folliquor, cabby. Drive on."-Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian.

Egg-Candling.

An odd trade is that of the egg-candler. One having been advertised for a few days ago, a Tribune reporter to whom the word "candler" was full of mystery, took the liberty of calling upon the advertiser for an explanation. Thither the reporter went, and in the shadow of a huge bank of egg-cases on the side-walk discovered a passage-way labeled "Butter" which led into the basement of the building designated. Entering, the reporter found himself in a small apartment, which may be truthfully said to be the fullest apartment be ever entered. The space occupied by two young men, and innumerable eggcases, was filled with a stench so thick that the reporter felt like cutting off a chunk of it and bearing it away as a trophy. But as nothing save "hen-fruit" was visible, he was constrained instead to inquire if poultry-cholera was prevalent just at present. One of the young men tumbled off the pile of cases on which he was reclining, and after rolling over the floor with laughter two or three times, arose and said, quietly: "No; I guess the hens are all well." After a few words of exing patch on the wall, he drew aside an grease; then dip them in a batter made old gray army blanket, disclosing a of egg and flour, and fry them till a light lighted interior beyond. He real- brown and crisp.—N. Y. Post.

for he effect. long enough on the threshold to "Oh! come in. This ain't no trap; BAV: it's the candling-room." The apartment was found to be about seven by three feet, and upon a bench at one end were three open egg-cases. A small metallic oil-lamp was attached by a wooden fixture to the farther end of the middle box. This furnished the only light in the room. The candler walked up to the bench with a watchme-juggle-them air, and, turning back his shirt-sleeves, plunged both hands into the middle box, and suddenly brought forth four "chicken-buds. With the thumb and fore-finger of each hand the uppermost eggs were caught up and held for an instant only in front of the flame. There was a convulsive movement of the hands, and, with all the dexterity of a slight-of-hand performer, the uppermost eggs had given place to the other two, and were being more carefully examined before the light. "There," said the candler, designating an egg with a clear, transparent shell, and a vividly rosy light showing through it, "that is strictly a fresh egg. I put that in the right-hand box, which is intended for the New York market. This one is not quite so fresh, but it will do. This, you see, is spotted; that's where the yelk has fast-ened to the shell because the egg laid too long in one position. It is not a bad egg, however, though it may be slightly stale, and I put it into the lefthand case, which is intended for the Chicago market, and is likely to be speedily sold. There is nothing apparently wrong with this fourth egg, save that its yelk is broken. A housekeeper might not like it, but it is a good baker's Why are all the first-class eggs

shipped to New York?" inquired the reporter.

"Simply because they keep longest, and are longest in finding their way into the consumer's hands. An egg which is perfectly good in Chicago today might not be good ten days hence

The candler proceeded with his work at a truly remarkable rate of speed, stopping only now and then to point out the peculiarity of an egg which had been kept in too warm, cold, or damp a place, or had been subjected to some sort of preserving process while yet in the hands of the farmer. So deft was he in his business that the eggs, as he shuffled them to and fro, seldom or never touched each other, and as for breaking one, that is something a candler very rarely doos. Suddenly he paused over one which plainly showed the ori-gin of the term "chicken-bud."

"That is a good egg for a restaurant man," suggested the reporter.

"Why, he can charge spring chicken prices for it."

Again the candler went off into a convulsion of laughter. It was evident that though he might know stale old eggs when he saw them, he did not know equally stale old jokes when he heard them.

This egg found a resting-place among others in a large bucket, and during the interview the candler busied himself in pointing out monstrosities in the eggs which he had thrown aside as worthless. Very many of these had really been laid by hens that were not well, and all sorts of peculiarities were visible in the "fruit.

The candler's pay is uniformly ten cents per case of thirty-six dozen, and an adept at the business can make three dollars per day easily, and more by working overtime.

Several other candling rooms were visited, and candlers of various degrees of proficiency were conversed with. Said one: "Eggs are a good deal like fruit. A damp, foul atmosphere and extremes of heat or cold affect them as quickly and as seriously as fine fruit. The shell of an egg is exceedingly porus, and when the place of storage is too warm and dry the albumen evaporates, and when too cold and damp the egg seems to lose its vitality and rapidly becomes stale. The porous shell also admits of absorption, and in my opinion a single rotten egg, the shell which happens to be broken or cracked, will contaminate whole dozens of eggs in the same case. Any experienced candler will, I think, tell you the same thing. The present system of egg-carriage, which was designed simply to prevent breakage, has done a great deal to improve the market quality of eggs. They do not come into contact with each other, and after they are once packed no amount of knocking about will addle them."

'There does not seem to be much excuse then for the grocer who sells bad

eggs among good ones?" "There is no excuse at all. If he pays the market price, and buys of some reliable commission man, there can be no excuse. The candler has become a necessity to the egg trade, and if he is a competent man at his business he can read an egg as you would a book. Candling costs but ten cents a case of thirty-six dozen: now wbat excuse can there be for the merchant who refuses to have his eggs candled? He is dishonest, and means to sell rotter eggs, and grocers should avoid him as they would any other swindler."

Just then an order came in for one dozen cases for the New York market, and the candler was obliged to quit talking and go to work .- Chicago Trib-

-One way to give variety to the breakfast is to cook some thin slices of salt pork thus: Put them in cold water. planation as to the nature of the call, and set them on the stove, and let then the young man kindly consented to come to a boil; then drain off all the give an exhibition of egg-candling, and water and fry them for about four min led the way. Going up to a dirty-look- utes, or until they are nearly free from

FACTS AND FIGURES.

-The New York State Fair receipts at Ut ca this year were \$15,540, being the largest sum on record for seven

The maximum rate per mile for passengers over railroads in California has been fixed by the State Board of Railroad Commissioners at 4 cents, a reduction in some cases of about 40 per

-President Barrios, of Guatemala, receives a salary of \$1,000 a month. He has been in office twelve years, and is worth \$8,000,000. The debt of his country is \$9,000,000, and growing.

-The Pennsylvania Steel Association held its annual meeting at Philadelphia recently. The Secretary's report showed that in ten years the production of steel increased from 160,108 tons to 1,778,912 tons.

-A man in Delaware County, Pa., has 600 hens which produce 63,000 "chicken buds" per annum—an average lay of 105 eggs each. His profits amount to about \$1,000 a year on eggs alone. -- Philadelphia Press.

-The demand for high-grade glassware of domestic manufacture has greatly increased in the United States of late years. Not ten years ago the supply was obtained almost entirely from France and Bohemia.

-John Rapp, residing near Glassboro, N. J., has 2,000 cherry trees, 14,000 apple trees, 8,000 peach trees, 1,000 pear trees, 15 acres of grapes, 15 of raspberries and 14 of blackberries. The farm consists of 220 acres.

-In the last fiscal year 19,989 letters with money, 24,575 with drafts, checks, etc., 39,242 with photographs, 52,463 with po-tage stamps, and 90,842 packages of merchandise brought up at the Dead Letter Office. - Detroit Free Press.

-Among remarkable p oductions recently mentioned by local papers of Nebraska . e: Three oat-heads carrying respectively 158, 222 and 254 grains; a peach 11 inches in circumference and weighing 10 ounces; a stalk of corn over 14 f et high and 2 inches in diameter at the thickest part, and an ther 15 feet in length and carrying 9 ears.

-One of the most extensive tree planters in the world is declared by the English journal Land to be the Duke of Athole. Every year, it says, he plants from 600,000 to 1,000,000 trees. During the present season he has covered with trees a plantation of some 2,000 acres. By the gale which dest oyed the Tay bridge his plantations were denuded of 80,000 trees. One of the Dukes of Athole is still known as the Planter Duke. In the year 1774, his Dunkeld hills were almost entirely bare, and he began to plant on a large scale. Before he died he h d planted 27,000,000 trees, which covered 15,000

WIT AND WISDOM.

-Virtue is its own reward, and health and happiness is pay enough for being good.

-When a real shrewd Virginia farmer wants a big tree chopped down and cut up, he tells the neighbors that there's a coon in it, and they'll have it down in ten minutes. - Boston Post.

-The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Road has put on a ball-room car to dance in. Next will be an ice-cream car, and then the boys will walk when they want to go West .- Chicago Herald.

-Medical intelligence is more largely diffused than any other information. There is hardly a house in town where a man can complain of a sore throat or a pain in the head that somebody will | time.' not tell him what will cure it.

-" Eh, bien!" exclaimed Miss Kate to the tradesman. "What is the price of your gneiss peaches?" "Turfa," he replied laconically. "That's schist what I want. Give me two quartz strata way. I want to eatch mica. A doleryte?" And silicate bounced out of the store without paying atoll -Yale Record.

-"My dear," said a very meek and henpecked music teacher to his buxom wife, "don't you think you have spanked Johnny long enough? His cries annoy me exceedingly." "Just one passage more," said the exhilarated mother, shifting the animated key-board to the other knee, and blowing upon her con-gested palm. "We will close with an idyl for the left hand."-Exchange.

-A Suspicious Character: A prominent Austin politician woke up his colored man a few nights ago and told him to search the house, as he was sure there was a burglar on the premises. The darkey hunted the house all over and reported as follows: "Colonel. I has hunted from top to bottom, and ef dar is any 'spishous character 'ceptin' you in de house, I can't find him." Texas Siftings.

-A scholar in one of Binghamton's public schools, who had been over the map of Asia, was reviewed by his teacher, with the following result: "What is geography?" "A big book." What is the earth composed of?" "Mud."
"No; land and water." "Well, that
makes mud, don't it?" "What is the
shape of the earth?" "Flat." "If I. should dig a hole through the earth, where should I come out at?" "Out of the hole."-N. Y. Herald.

-An artist met a connoi-seur on the street the other day and said to him: "1 say, you know all about pictures, and I want you to come up and look at a big one I've just finished and give me your opinion about it. That conceited ass. Sludge, who pretends to be a critic. came up to look at it yesterday and said 'twas bad, and I kicked him down stairs-confound his impudence! But you come up to-morrow and tell me what you think of it." It is not recorded, however, that the connoisseur secepted the invitation-Boston Journal.

Failures at School.

A boy named William Elner died not long since in New York under circumstances of terrible significance to every parent. He had passed into the grammar school in the autumn or winter, and was ambitious to reach a high grade in the next June examinations, in order that his portrait might appear in a certain school journal.

He studied out of school late into the night, giving himself but two hours in the day for recreation. As the examinations approached, the nervous strain up-on him became more exhausting, until one day he sank down at his desk, and was carried home to die with cerebropinal meningitis.

During his delirium he recited his lessons unceasingly, or scribbled problems on his pillow. The strain must have been terrible, as he was not a weak or sickly boy, which was proved by the fact that he lingered for weeks in the grasp of a disease which often proves fatal in a few days.

In the same week in which this boy died, a young girl in a New York grammar school, failing to pass in her examinations, and made insane by her mortification and disappointment, threw herself into the North River.

Now the dullest observer must see that a system of education which produces such destructive effects upon the immature brains of children, is faulty. The object of education is to strengthen the mental faculties, not to cripple them by loading them with burdens which they cannot carry.

Instead of this, the purpose too often seems to be to force in the briefest time the greatest amount of undigested facts into the pupil's mind, that he make a brilliant show at examination. By this course dull boys are urged into a course of study possible only to exceptionally clever boys. Unfortunately, the majority of boys are not exceptionally clever, and the boys who are dull at their books should be considered, for they may have other capabilities which will be quite as useful in the world as those of their more scholarly fellows.

It is the duty of every parent to watch and control the training of his child. If he has a quick brain and strong ambition, like this poor boy. Elner, let him be taught at home that there are higher and broader aims before him than classhonors, or the publication of his portrait in a school paper.

Accurate knowledge, sound physical health, a cheerful temperament, and a clear, calm, reasonable mind, should be the real objects of youthful training. and any feverish competition or petty prizes which destroy these should be avoided.

If a boy is naturally slow, and cannot keep pace with his fellows, let him take heart; learn what he can; learn that thoroughly; and go forward toward the manhood that awaits him. Out in the big world where he is to play his part it matters little whether his school average was two or ten. If he is truthful and honest; if what he has learned he has well digested, and he has shown that he is not a sluggard if he is slow; his work is ready and waiting for him there, and the very qualities of slowness and thoroughness may help him to a higher place among men than if he had been Dux every year at school. - Youth's Companion.

American Fables.

A Horse owned by a Peasant one day refused to draw his load, having become tired of the tyranny of man.

" Perhaps I have been too hard with him," soliloquized the Peasant, "and I will now make his burdens easier for a

The Horse was therefore given lighter loads, his supply of provender increased, and his master never appeared at the stable without a lump of sugar in his fingers.

A Fox who had observed how the thing worked paid a visit to a Mule owned by the same Peasant, and asked: "Do you want more oats and hay?" "I should murmur," replied the

Mule. "And would you like to loaf half your time away in the clover field?"

"I'm blessed if I wouldn't!" "And have some one rub you down with a piece of velvet and feed you cut

loaf sugar "It makes my mouth water to think of it," said the Mule as he nibbled at the fence.

"Very well then," continued the Fox. All you have to do is to refuse to budge when hitched up. The Horse played that game, and the result is that he has become sleek and fat."

Next day when the Peasant hitched the Mule to his cart the animal refused

"What! rebellion in my old Mule, too!" shouted the Peasant. "Indeed I cannot permit both animals to defy my authority. Having exhausted my kind words and Sugar on the Horse, I will try the virtues of a club on the Mule."

He thereupon pounded the animal until he was glad to speed faster and draw a heavier load than ever before. MORAL.

The Fox had been watching the affair from a fence corner, and as he saw the result he chuckled to himself:

"A rich man may have his fence in the street, but a poor man must keep his sidewalk in repair to escape the Law."-Detroit Free Press.

-Pa, I'll be right sorry when you get well," said a little Austin boy to his sick parent. "Why, my son?" "Because I won't get any more empty medicine bottles to sell. I sell 'em for five cents a piece to the drug store."-Texas Siftings.

-Vermont has sixteen savings banks and 42,583 depositors, with \$12,675,. 260.71 to their credit.

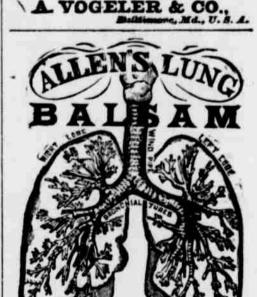


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W. A. GRAHAM & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, write us of the cure of MATRIAN FREEMAN, a well-known citizen, who had been af-fleted with Bronchitis in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as R has many others, of Bronchitis.

VOLUNTARY EDITORIAL FROM THE DUBUQUE HERALD.

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