☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

HURRAH FOR OLD WINTER.

Hurrah for Old Winter! Hurrah for the snow!
Hurrah for the blizzards, and cold may they blow!
We'll bask by the fire so cozy and warm,
And laugh at Jack Frost, who can do us no harm.

We'll revel on pies made of pumpkin and mince,
And slaughter preserves of plums, peaches and quince;
We'll feast upon jellies and turkeys and game,
And buckwheat cakes swimming in 'lasses we'll tame.

We'll skate on the ice and we'll ride in the sleigh,
And dance at the balls, with the maidens so gay
And kiss them at parties and spark by the grate;
'Till bounced by their pa's for remaining so late.

We'll nestle up snug in a big feather bed,
And pull fleecy blankets up over our head;
And list to the storm as it rages and roars,
And answer it back with a volley of snores.

Hurrah for the winter! because we are young;
When old and rheumatic this tune won't be sung;
Then bills from the doctor and coalman and plumber
Will make us hurrah very loud for the summer.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

2,000 YEARS HENCE.

Chicago's Ruins Explored and Wonders Unearthed.

The Board of Trade "Restored"—Wall Advertisements of City Politics and Theatrical Matters—The Mysteries Surrounding So-Called "Base Ball."

A pensive poet away back in the nineteenth century, named Bryant, wrote that

All that tread
The Globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

We can form but little idea, even from the estimates at hand, of the numbers and characteristics of the human race in past ages. It is no more easy task to conjecture the number and importance of the buried cities which exist in every part of the earth. If we could but trace the history of the cities of our own country back to the date of their founding, and recall the names of the now unknown heroes, whose exploits made themselves and their cities alike famous, we would undoubtedly feel the same pride in the ruins of America which the intelligent Greek was wont to feel in the ruined greatness of his own, we are told, marvelous country. The Americans, however, have not been remarkable for their records, and we have but little to guide us in our study of the annals of the ages which have preceded our own. But this year of our Lord 3,885 has been very fruitful in scientific discoveries; old Mother Earth has been forced to yield some of her secrets, and it would seem as though it had been reserved for the generation that is dying out to penetrate, and not in vain, the depths of enigmatical ruins; to disentomb from them the past, and to restore to it the real aspect that once it wore, along with a part of its lost chronology. Thanks to the acquisitions of modern science, for whose progress the genius and the blood of America have helped to clear the way; thanks to the successful excavating by our savant above the ruins of our buried cities, and to their unhoped-for deciphering of the records, rich in detail, that have been unearthed, through which the Americans of twenty centuries ago seem to converse with the men of our own time; thanks to this, the historian can at length present to us testimony certain and reliable regarding them, and, although the idea of again securing the thread, a hundred times broken, of American tradition, must be once for all abandoned, we have it in our power at last to reconstruct the most brilliant part of it almost to perfection. The period that it covers flourished in times which nations the most jealous of their antiquity do not, in their authentic records, pretend to have attained.

The work of subterranean exploration which has been steadily going on in the buried ruins of Chicago for over a century has not yet enabled us to form any accurate notion of the nature and extent of the catastrophe, but it is clearly evident that the city was swallowed up in a few brief moments by a most phenomenal convulsion of nature. Of the discovery of the tomb of Chicago, there are various accounts. That which is the most credited relates to the sinking of a well, the bottom of which fell out, and upon examination revealed the inside of the massive white marble structure which has been unearthed and restored, and which bears the inscription: "Board of Trade." Prof. Henry Schliemann, whose excavating efforts in Chicago have been so successful, is a lineal descendant of the famous Schliemann of the nineteenth century, who, two thousand years ago, did such a grand and noble work in Greece. But it is to the records of America that the intense excitement of the day is directed, and the news which has reached us of Prof. Schliemann's rich find in the ruins of Chicago would seem to indicate that the grandest and most valuable discovery of all had just been made. Chicago is undoubtedly the most wonderful of American antiquities, and no traveler can be disappointed who has any acquaintance with ancient history. The impression which it gives of the actual presence of an American city two thousand years ago is so vivid and intense that it requires but a small effort of the imagination to place yourself among the multitudes which once thronged the streets and theaters, and occupied its now voiceless chambers. The streets before you are generally paved; some are well worn, and others, one broad avenue in particular, in as good preservation as though in use the day before. The houses, many of them, extend in unbroken lines, and in nearly every instance the doors are firmly closed. One curious class of discoveries in Chicago consists of the advertisements upon the dead walls, which relate to city politics and theatrical affairs. Candidates had the blushing impudence to bespeak support for themselves from their friends, and the play-houses announced in bright colors on huge posters the coming attractions, proving that up to the year 1885 the show-printers had the bulge on the press for theatrical advertising. All the observations which have been made from time to time, however, on the discoveries made among the ruins of Chicago are as naught, when we consider the opportunity which is now given us for speculation and study by the great "find" just recorded by Prof. Schliemann. From our news dispatches to-day, we learn that the plan which the professor has been following in his work of exploration and excavation in Chicago, that of investigating the position of the corner-stones among the debris of the largest structures, has resulted in the glorious success chronicled to-day, which is nothing less than the discovery of numbers of the daily papers under dates in September and October, of the year 1885. They give long accounts of a most singular and curious game, which, from the reports seemed to excite a goodly number of people to the highest pitch. In one place an allusion is made to the coming "battle of the giants," and the declaration is made that in the first game, McCormick, who must have been a very celebrated man, will "pitch for the home team." What a field for operations in scientific research has opened before us! Let us find out something authentic in regard to the stature of these "giants"; let us ascertain what the features of this game of so-called "base-ball" were; let us rob the expressions: "Anson's hot-liner," "Welch's sky-scraper" and "Kelly's daisy-cutter," of the mystery which surrounds them. When we shall have been able to comprehend the meaning of "a rank decision by the umpire," the statement that "Dorgan was given a base on balls," the report that "Williamson flew out to Gerhardt," and the emphatic accusation that "Gore took chances, and stole second," we shall, doubtless, have a clear insight to the peculiar customs and characteristics of the people who lived in Chicago in that ancient epoch, together with some understanding of their pastimes and principal occupations. The material now in the professor's hands will require years to exhaust by deliberate study and scholarly criticisms, for how long will it not take to master the significance of expressions like these: "Spalding's Salvationists followed amid tremendous enthusiasm;" "Anson's infants have gained all the glory there is in the world;" "New York's boodle-bearers have dropped both gold and glory;" "the mascot stood on his head;" "'Dal' let Gerhardt throw him out at first;" "Gillespie hit four bases" [now that man must have been a "giant"]; "Connor stole one base on Sunday" [this makes it clear that their moral natures were sadly blunted]; "Kelly's home-run was received with a mighty yell," etc.

The puzzling quotations give but a faint idea of the bewildering mass of material Prof. Schliemann has secured among the ruins of Chicago, a city, which, judging by the report that "five thousand people were around the diamond," must have been one of gigantic splendor and unequaled resources. We have reason to congratulate ourselves on the brilliant results of Prof. Schliemann's labor and upon the valuable addition he has made to the history of America. True enough, it may be years before we shall get at the precise meaning of the assertion that "in the pool-rooms men went mad," which sad condition of affairs, they tell us, was brought about by "betting on run or no run in the eighth inning." In another account it is stated that "the pool-room was suddenly emptied, and for a few minutes loose teeth and bloody noses were very plenty in the alley." All this occurred in connection with what was known as "base-ball" and the "meeting of the giants." From this we should judge that their "national game" was of a barbaric nature, and that the people were fond of violence. This idea is borne out by the report that "Kelly wanted to black Curry's eye for him." This game of "base-ball" must also have been to the taste of the masses, because the papers containing the reports of the game were "extra editions," and we are told that they "sold like hot cakes." Hot cakes must have been plenty and cheap among that very peculiar people. It seems to us that men must have attained great eminence in that city by their connection with the "league," for we learn that exclamations like the following were made on the "grounds" and in the "pool rooms": That "McCormick is a fine dandy;" "the Harlem twirler is no slouch;" "no flies now on the pennant for Anson;" "what a lalla Gore is;" that "O'Rourke is a holy terror;" "Williamson can down them all," and "Mutrie is a kicker."

We shall look with interest for further reports from Prof. Schliemann, and with great curiosity for his understanding of the contents of the papers discovered, for it must be conceded that the day these papers were printed must have been a red-letter one in the calendar, and that the accounts in them of the excessive strain of excitement endured by the people over the "base-ball game" will prove a study of intense interest.—*Chicago Journal.*

RELIC-HUNTERS.

Cranky Individuals Who Deface Furniture and Burial Vaults.

Oh, those relic-hunters!

They seized on everything that they could pull apart. At General Grant's first inauguration, the President had scarcely retired from the grand stand when a crowd of citizens clambered up the sides from the ground below, and, within a minute, the chair which the Chief Magistrate had occupied was split into a score of fragments—one man capturing a leg of it, another an arm, another a part of a rung, and all marching away with them as trophies of the event! After the funeral ceremonies over Senator Sumner the relic-hunters sought to obtain pieces of the mourning emblems around his vacant chair. The crape was cut into bits by a score of knives. Indeed, the jack-knives even attacked the mahogany of the desk itself, and a policeman had to be stationed at the chair!

The relic-hunters go to Mount Vernon to visit the tomb of Washington and break the mortar and rocks from the walls of the old vault, cut twigs from the shrubbery and trees, and carry away any little thing that will serve as a memento of the place.—*Edmund Alton, in St. Nicholas.*

Sleeping-Time of Fish.

An experiment has recently been tried at the Inventions Exhibition Aquarium by Mr. W. August Carter, with a view to discovering how far fish are prone to sleep. After a close examination he found that among fresh-water fishes the roach, dace, gudgeon, carp, tench, minnow and catfish sleep periodically in common with terrestrial animals. The same instincts were found to actuate marine fish, of which the following were observed to be equally influenced by somnolence, viz: the wrasse, conger eel, dory, dogfish, wrasse bass, and all species of flat fish. Mr. Carter states that, so far as he can discover, the goldfish, pike and angler fish never sleep, but rest periodically. Desire for sleep among fish varies according to meteorological conditions. Fish do not necessarily select night-time for repose.—*N. Y. Post.*

GRAND ARMY GLEANINGS.

Nebraska has a law authorizing counties in the State to pay $25 to insure old soldiers a decent burial where the family is unable to do so.

General McClellen was the last living commander of the Army of the Potomac. McDowell and Burnside, Hooker and Meade, and Grant had previously crossed over the river, and now McClellan has joined them on the eternal camping ground.

How did the boys ever get along before the Auxilliary Relief Corps was organized? We look back to the tables we used to spread for ourselves, and in contrasting them with those to which we are now invited, the above question is again enforced upon us. How did we get along?—*Knight and Soldier.*

General Burdett, in a late address, spoke most touchingly of the brave mothers and wives who remained at home and who went through four years of anxiety and pain so nobly and patriotically during the war. He thought they should all join the Woman's Relief Corps, and that every old soldier should become a member of the G. A. R.

Among the subscriptions to the Grant Monument Fund lately received in New York was one for $1,620, through Drexel, Harges & Co., of Paris. The amount represented is from citizens of Paris, Hamburg and Amsterdam. There was also a subscription from the Exchange Bank, of Hastings, Ia., representing a dozen or more residents. The grand total is now over $94,000.

Orin Wisel, living at Bross, Kingman County, Kan., is an old soldier who served three years in Captain Smith's Company, "H," First Wisconsin Cavalry. He enlisted in 1862, and while blacksmithing in the company was injured by an ugly mule so as to entitle him to a pension. He is anxious to see or hear from some one of his old regiment who knows him. He asks that posts make inquiry and inform him.

One of Salina's citizens is probably the oldest soldier in the United States. His name is William Gaines, and he lately removed from Wilson, Kan., to this city. He is now eighty-six years old, and for sixty-two years was a soldier in the United States service, being at the close of the service a Sergeant Major in the Ordinance Department. His military service commenced with the winter of 1812, enlisting as a drummer boy. However, he soon discarded the drum for the musket. He served in the Seminole, Black Hawk and other Indian wars, in the Mexican war and in the war of the rebellion.—*Salina (Kan) Journal.*

General Burdett, who was so much delighted with his Topeka trip, in conversation on that subject spoke again of the great and growing interest the people of Kansas are taking in all that pertains to the Union soldiery. During the reunion he had the pleasure of seeing a company of young ladies, who in imitation of their brothers, had organized themselves into a corps of "Daughters of Veterans." They were attired in a tasty uniform of red, white and blue—red skirts, white jackets and jaunty blue caps—and presented an appearance both novel and attractive.—*Washington (D. C.) National Tribune.*

STOCK ITEMS.

There are 22,000 Cattle Club Jersey cows and heifers in this country, and not over 10,000 cows on the island of Jersey. The place to get good Jerseys now is not Jersey, but the United States.

For warts on stock, I use meat fryings, and it has never failed. Make several applications every two or three days, and give it a little time and the wart will disappear.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

At the late public sale of Herefords at Riverview Park, Kansas City, nineteen bulls averaged $204.15 and six cows averaged $207.50. The general average on twenty-six head disposed of was $227.75.

In using cold dips for the scab and other diseases of sheep, unless the dipping is done in a thorough manner the solution will not penetrate close compact wool and reach all the parasites on the skin, owing to the dirt and other matter in the wool.

The cattle industry in this country is growing into huge proportions. Thirty years ago, it is said, there was not more than one million of dollars invested in cattle ranches, and these were nearly all in Texas. Now it is estimated that this character of ranch industry amounts to over one hundred millions of dollars.—*Texas Farm and Ranch.*

The English thoroughbred horse Hermit has had a great career. He was purchased for 1,000 guineas (over $5,000). He won $65,775 in stakes. His services have been worth $15,000 a year for 14 years in fees, and his yearlings have brought $139,550 for the last three years. It would be putting the figures too low to say that he has hitherto been worth at least $400,000 to his owner, exclusive of bets.—*Exchange.*

The pork raised for family use may be much improved by keeping the hogs under conditions promotive of health. A good run in the pasture, with plenty of exercise, clean water, with corn at the finish, will produce pork fit for any one. Should the pigs necessarily be confined they should receive grass plentifully and the pens kept scrupulously clean. The pork will thus not only be of good quality, but free from many parasite diseases peculiar to the hog.

To destroy the virus of glanders or any other contagious disease mix one pound of sulphuric acid with one pail-full of water; be careful to avoid splashing of the acid. Drench all the woodwork, floors included, with the diluted acid; then wash the whole thoroughly with boiling water and dust it while wet with chloride of lime. Let the stable dry; then burn in it, in an iron pot, a few ounces of sulphur screwed in wisps of paper, and close the stable tightly to retain the fumes. When the vapors of sulphurous acid has disappeared it will be safe to use the stable.—*N. Y. Times.*

Farm Notes.

W. Osgood, of Long Branch, Johnson County, Neb., threshed 230 bushels of oats from three and three-fourths acres of ground. He claims to have beaten the record.

Mr. W. S. Adams, of Stafford County, Kan., raised this season, a large quantity of peanuts. The average yield was seventy-five bushels per acre, the averge price one dollar per bushel.

By sowing a bushel of salt to the acre, a Fayette County (Mo.) farmer believes that he has succeeded in keeping his average of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre maintained for years.

It is well, every autumn, to carefully consider and decide what fields will be improved and what injured by fall plowing, and all that are of a character not to be injured by it should be plowed, thus helping along the spring work at a season when work is not as driving as in the spring.

The expenses of the Pennsylvania State fair at Philadelphia were about $5,000 more than the receipts, owing chiefly to a wet fair week. Merchants contributed to make up the shortage. The State Agricultural Society is now over $50,000 in debt, but the buildings, fixtures, etc., on the fair grounds represent an outlay of $100,000.

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE BEER MAN.

I love each country sight and sound;
I dearly love the strip of way
That passes by and winds around,
In pebbled smoothness far away

Beyond my home: the trees o'er head,
That cast their cooling shadows o'er
The traveler. Yet, oh! I dread
The beer man rattling by the door.

His carriage glitters in the sun,
The shining shoes scarce touch the sand
Of his black steed, as fleet they run;
He sits and never moves a hand.

Yet how he paints: ah me! such skill
I never saw or dreamed before:
Pictures that make my heart stand still—
That beer man rattling by my door.

Where all was glad and bright and free,
And innocent as Eden's day,
One moment, and again I see
Such pictures, that I turn away.

Faces hard drawn with lines of pain,
And eyes which speak the tale oft heard
Of crushed ambition, with its train
Of hearts grown sick and hopes deferred.

The sights I see I can not tell,
Of want and rues, and poverty
Of purse and brain. The doom of hell
Seems battling for the mastery.

Behold I, here, a hand all stained
And dripping, warm with brother's gore!
Who stamped him with the mark of Cain?
The beer man rattling by the door!

I see a strong and sturdy frame
Crushed by a mighty engine's power;
I hear a fond wife sob his name
And children's tears fall in a shower;

Yet unconcerned he sits, the air
Is filling fast, and while I look
Upon the picture painted there,
And read them like an open book,

They change; the figures are withdrawn,
For all that cursed and cursing van
Step slowly down and follow him,
A ghastly, sickly caravan.

The carriage glitters on, and;
While every hoof that beats the sod
Flings dust upon a coffin lid,
Or sends a spirit home to God.

Judgments alone belong to Him.
Oh, Father, God! may these depart!
But send one touch that is akin
To human feeling in the heart!

I love each country sight and sound;
I love each soul God watches o'er;
Yet dread, till dead and under ground,
The beer man rattling by the door.

—*Mattie Flagg Campbell, in Toledo Blade.*

VICTIMS OF RUM.

Writhing On Their Cots in Uncontrollable Agony, and Only Subdued by the Use of Strait-Jackets and Manacles—Scenes at Bellevue Hospital.

Down on the lower basement of Bellevue Hospital a long, low room extends from north to south. On either side heavy oaken doors, in each of which is a small sliding wicket, giving it a prison-like air. To the right a small office looks upon the corridor, and here was found Mr. Connelly, the orderly in charge. He is a slight, clean-shaven gentleman, with twinkling gray eyes that give no token of the heart-rending scenes he has witnessed during the nine years he has presided over the ward.

"You want to know our treatment of patients?" he queried, when asked what use he followed. "Well, I had better begin by telling you the story in my own way. It has never been written up and I am sure will prove interesting.

"We are obliged to receive only people sent from the station-houses or the police courts. Our patients are generally in a pretty bad condition when they arrive, and our first care is to see that they are immediately bathed. In all cases this can not be done, but where it is possible we do it."

"What are the worst cases?"

"Beer-drinkers. It seems to me that whisky does not make such a total wreck of a man as the milder stimulant. Take the drivers of brewery wagons, who continuously dabble in beer—human sponges, in fact. We always experience considerable difficulty in getting them on their legs.

"Of course, the patient's stomach is disordered, and unable to retain any solid nourishment. The constant use of liquor creates an abnormal action of the nerves and a craving for something to quiet the unusual excitement. Limewater and milk is the only thing that will rest upon the stomach after a protracted debauch. To quiet the nerves we administer bromide of potassium."

"Do you ever give stimulants?"

Mr. Connelly smiled at the question.

"But very seldom, and only on a doctor's prescription. They beg for it, but we can not permit them to keep up their spree. They come here as would a ship to a harbor until the storm passes over.

"Some of the cases that come here are quiet; others again require the straight-jacket and several little appliances which we keep on hand."

Hardly had the words passed the speaker's lips when a kick sounded upon the door. When it was opened a tall, straight man with a high, white forehead stood upon the threshold. His hands were manacled to a heavy belt which encircled his waist.

"Mr. Connelly,' he said, as his fingers worked convulsively, "it's time for my medicine."

The orderly rose and took from his cabinet a small vial containing a dark-brown fluid. With tremulous lips, his hands still bound, the patient swallowed the draught and left the room.

"I remember one case in particular," resumed the orderly. "He was a clergymen in this city, and had been drinking for more than three weeks. However, he was never really drunk—always had what the boys call 'a quiet load.' This is the kind of a case that bothers us. Because your cool, self-contained men are nearer the grave than they think for.

"Well, we got him to bed. He hadn't slept for more than four days, and when he told me that I knew his condition was precarious. You see, when a man can't eat or sleep it's time for him to seek medical attendance. After awhile I was startled by the most blood-curdling shriek I ever heard. I ran to my patient's cell and found him writhing on his cot and twisting himself into every conceivable shape. Two of us were insufficient to hold him, and at intervals he broke out in screams that would raise the hair upon your head. I sent at once for a brother clergyman of his, but the attempt to soothe him was futile. He raved and foamed and beat the air with his hands. An injection of morphine was used, and after awhile he sank asleep under the influence of the hypnotic.

"Three days after we were able to discharge him cured. Before he went I asked him in what his dreadful illusions consisted. He told me that he imagined a huge dog, with gleaming teeth, crouched at the foot of his bed. Every once in a while the brute would spring upon him and bury his fangs in his breast; then he shrieked."

"Do you ever have the men return?"

"Why, certainly; though a man who comes here the third time suffering from the delirium tremens is doomed. There is no help for him, because his system is totally enervated and the heart and stomach unable to perform their usual functions. Our deaths average about two per cent. of the people admitted."

"They are searched, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly, and the examination at times develops some curious results. I remember once a fellow came here in a most ragged condition. You wouldn't give two cents for all he had on him. Covered with filth and vermin as he was, we experienced considerable difficulty in cleaning him. During the process I went through his clothes. There were a number of pawn-tickets in his pockets, and I hardly expected to find anything of value after seeing that. As I surmised, he had nothing. Next day he had recuperated in a most extraordinary manner, and asked very solicitously where his shoes had been placed. I got them for him, and he asked me to leave the cell."

Mr. Connelly paused in his narrative and smoothed his chin, while the merry twinkle in his eye became more noticeable.

"From between the two portions of the insole," he went on, "that old tramp took out a small piece of oiled silk. I was watching him through the wicket. When its waterproof covering was removed there lay a $1,000 bill. I opened the door, went in and took it from him. Next day we learned that he had a wife and two children, whom he had deserted.

"Very often it happens that men are sent here who carry about with them not only money but valuables. The Warden receipts for them and they are delivered to the patient when he leaves.

"Sometimes the cries and groans in this place would sicken you. Men cursing and raving and twisting at their bonds, when it is necessary to manacle them. I have an assistant, and we always keep a close watch upon the men under our charge. Should a patient require any extra nourishment, such as eggs, beefsteak or chops, not down in the regular bill of fare, he can always get it."

As the orderly reached this point in his story, there was a timid rap at the outer door, the bolts were shot back, and a trembling woman stood upon the threshold.

"Back again?" queried Mr. Connelly, not unkindly. "I can not do it."

"Only one drink—look at me," said the debauched visitor, as she held out her shaking, toil-stained hands.

Again the orderly shook his head. "I can't do it," he answered; "but here's ten cents."

With a muttered prayer of thanks the woman left.

"There you see the effect of drink," said the orderly, as he turned again to the reporter. "That poor soul was here this morning to ask me to give her a drink from the medicine store. I couldn't do it without an order from a physician, and told her so. Her husband was a patient not more than a month ago, and I suppose she'll be in the woman's ward in a few days."

When the reporter was leaving, a man whose glaring eyes showed but too plainly that he was within a few moments of an attack of the dreadful disease was led in. His hair was disarranged, and there was a nervous, shifting air about his actions that left no doubt of his purpose in being there.

With his experienced eye the orderly noted his appearance, and saw that the case was worse than it appeared upon the surface. Rapidly the man was undressed and taken to a room. Hardly had his shrunken form touched the white counterpane than whatever little light of reason still lingered in his dulled eyes faded away, and his face became distorted with the horror that was filling his diseased brain.

"Take them away!" he shouted, as he tore at the collar of the white night dress that had been put on him. "Take them away!"

"The jacket, Jim," said the orderly, quietly, and a long, sack-like garment was brought in by the assistant.

After a struggle the wriggling patient was inclosed in it, and then the door was locked.

"He'll probably last until to-morrow," said Mr. Connelly, as he turned the key.

"How men can drink when they have such awful examples before them is more than I can understand."—*N. Y. Telegraph.*

A FINAL DRAM.

After Drinking a Pint of Whisky an Old "Example" Drops Dead.

John Chatham, of Pine Station, has been known as a heavy drinker, and has been held up to youths as an example of what degradation will follow the use of intoxicating liquors. It was made known this morning that John died yesterday after drinking a pint of whisky. Chatham had been on a protracted spree. All his money was gone. He was thirsting for a drink, and he walked to the hotel bar and asked for a glass of liquor. The bartender said: "If you drink a pint of whisky you can have it for nothing."

This liberality astonished Chatham. Recovering himself he said in an excited manner: "Give it me and I'll drink it."

The bartender put out a pint of whisky in a large glass. Chatham grasped the glass, raised it to his lips and never lowered it until the last drop gurgled down his throat. Smacking his lips he laid the glass on the bar, rubbing his hands in ecstasy.

He exclaimed as he tottered toward the door: "That has made a new man of me."

He fell to the floor unconscious. The bartender picked him up. Chatham was dead.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Dispatch.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

ONE hundred years ago it was manly to drink. Now it is manly to let drink alone.—*Boston Record.*

THE New York *Independent* says: "It is high time that government put off the saloon by the saloon, and for the saloon, should perish from the earth."

A PRACTICAL Temperance measure is that introducing scientific instruction concerning alcohol into the schools. There is hope, always, in the right education of the young.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

THE W. C. T. U. of San Francisco, Cal., has issued an address to the pastors and members of churches throughout the State, calling their attention to the great increase of intemperance, especially among the young.

A PHYSICIAN has discovered that nitro-glycerine is a superior heart-stimulant to brandy, and may be safely substituted for the latter in many cases. It has the merit of creating no unnatural craving. Thus do the doctors continue to batter down the bulwarks of the liquor trade.—*Current.*

THE most novel bestowment of wealth for the public good, lately, is that of John B. Tolman, of Lynn, Mass., who has given $30,000 for the enforcement of the liquor laws; and trustees of the fund are now pushing liquor prosecutions. Mr. Tolman is seventy-nine years old; never used tobacco, liquor, tea, coffee or meat; and is hale and hearty.

THE CAMEROONS.

Extraordinary Adventures of African Explorers Which Throw Considerable Light Upon Recent Historical and Geographical Events.

There recently arrived in Liverpool from the Cameroons district, says a correspondent, a Polish gentleman named Ragozinski, who for the last three years has been engaged in exploring the vicinity of the Cameroon Mountains, with the view of discovering a river in the interior which eventually empties itself into the Congo. M. Ragozinski's explorations led him into adventures of a most exciting kind. M. Ragozinski was formerly a Lieutenant in the Russian Navy, and in the early part of 1883 sailed from France in his own vessel, the Lucy and Marguerita, from Havre. Arriving safely at the coast M. Ragozinski met the Swiss expedition, and with them arranged to take simultaneous observations, one party being on the Cameroons Peak, and the other in the bay. While with the latter party M. Ragozinski's canoe got capsized, a struggle for life ensued and Dr. Retzer, of the Swiss expedition, was drowned. Some very valuable scientific instruments were also lost by the accident.

In July of the same year M. Ragozinski started with a companion for the river Libre. They met with much opposition by the native "middlemen" of Mokonyeh, who were afraid the explorers intended going to trade with the interior tribes. The Mokonyeh people would not allow the explorers to pass. Another tribe from Beffarenganya, who brought trade from the interior to a town nearer the coast than the Mokonyeh, were more friendly, and wanted the explorers to visit their country. They, however, had to pass the Mokonyeh people, and the explorers promised to accompany the Beffarenganyas if they brought a strong escort. They brought six hundred men, and a battle took place between them and the Mokonyeh people. The latter were victorious, as their following numbered fifteen hundred. Many were killed on both sides. M. Ragozinski had again to betake himself to the coast. The gallant explorers were several times stricken with fever, and it was about this time that M. Ragozinski's companion, M. Toniczek, discovered the Rio del Rey. M. Ragozinski and his companion had been six months in the interior, and it was in the early part of 1884 when they returned to the coast.

M. Ragozinski was now master of the native language, and traveled everywhere with the utmost freedom. Indeed, so much respect did the natives show him that they put him on a level with their great chief or king. His power extended for miles inland, and on the coast from Ambas Bay to the Rio del Rey. Unfortunately the fever carried off M. Toniczek, and M. Ragozinski was joined by M. Yanekonsk. The natives proclaimed M. Ragozinski as Chief of Bota, and while about to arrange for the exploration of the interior, M. Ragozinski heard of the German designs on the Cameroons. The annexation of the Cameroons River was soon after an accomplished fact. Subsequently H. M. S. Forward and Colonel Hewitt arrived at Ambas Bay, and requested M. Ragozinski to put his territory of Bota, which he held by treaty with the natives and chiefs, under the British protection. This he did, and, further, went in the Forward and made treaties for England from Ambas Bay to the Rio del Rey. This was a work of several days, and just as the treaty was being signed in the last town two German war vessels came into the bay. Their object was to annex the territory which had then been handed over to England, and the officers of the war vessels could not hide their chagrin when they saw they had been forestalled. After this the Germans endeavored to get behind the territory of the English with the view of cutting off communication from the interior. The natives became alarmed at this, and Consul White, her Majesty's representative at Old Calabar, visited Ambas Bay and asked Ragozinski to go into the interior and make treaties with the natives, at the same time installing him as British Vice-Consul of the place. M. Ragozinski made treaties with the interior chiefs and eventually came upon the Germans. They had been three days at one place waiting for the chief to sign a treaty, but when M. Ragozinski applied, it was instantly signed on behalf of England. The Germans left, and subsequently the arrest of M. Ragozinski was ordered if found in German territory. Soon afterward, as M. Yankonski was crossing from Batoki to Victoria in a canoe he passed a German war vessel in English waters. Three boats were lowered from the war vessel, and shots were fired in the direction of M. Yanekonski's canoe. Thinking they were practicing, and were careless as to where the shots went, M. Yanekonski still rowed on. At last they fired from a Hotchkiss, and, after several shots, one went through the canoe. The native paddleman terrified, then jumped into the water. The three boats coming up from the German war vessel, M. Yanekonski was asked his name. They, however, would not believe him, stating he was Ragozinski, whom they had orders to arrest. M. Yanekonski was taken prisoner on board the German war vessel. The Germans were jubilant at the arrest, but a note from the shore from Ragozinski himself soon put matters right. Before M. Yanekonski was released, he was shown the armory of the war vessel, also the Hotchkiss which holed the canoe. The officer explaining that most of the shots had missed the mark, but that the next one would have been correct.

While M. Ragozinski was up the country making treaties, the Germans landed at one place—a mile in extent—and this they annexed, being the only place between Ambas Bay and Rio del Rey which was not taken over by England. A few months ago, while M. Ragozinski was administering the place, he received a Blue-book from England which showed him that Count Herbert Bismarck, son of the German Chancellor, had visited London, and that the country which M. Ragozinski had got under British protection had been given to Germany in exchange for some little territory near the Gold Coast Colony. When this startling news reached M. Ragozinski he left, as according to the order issued he was liable to arrest. Mr. Ragozinski did not receive any intimation from the British authorities of their intention, nor yet a word of thanks for his efforts on their behalf.—*London Globe.*

—Water neutralizes the smell of paint. A pan of water placed in a newly painted room will remove the smell, especially if impregnated with a little sulphuric acid. Or straw and hay well saturated with water. Or chloride of lime and water.—*Hartford Courant.*

WHAT

Pure Air More Essential to Preservation of Health than

Almost the first act after birth and the last one, is breathing, which must be continued during mortal life, whatever else may be omitted. This does not depend on our volitions, but continues during our sleeping hours, constantly, though at a reduced rate of speed. Pure air is as needful for the lungs and the skin as bread is for the stomach. Probably there are ten times as many die, or suffer from the want of pure air, as from a deficient amount of food, and yet there is no occasion for any deficient supply, since a vast ocean of pure air surrounds the earth, by some scientists claimed to be two hundred miles deep. This affords an ample supply for all, and, probably, for many times the present number of living creatures on the earth. Aside from exceptional cases this air is pure, renovated by the vegetable creation, by being wafted on the "wings of the wind" to the utmost limits of the earth, the waters absorbing vast quantities in the passage.

In consequence of the great law of diffusion, the air and foul gases are ever intrusive, ever encroaching each upon the other, each tending toward a general sameness and equilibrium. We may attempt to isolate ourselves, almost barricading our sitting-rooms, our sleeping apartments, yet the breezes are constantly about us, demanding an entrance, howling as if disappointed when ruthlessly shut out. When we attempt to tighten our apartment, put double windows, to exclude the pure air of heaven, stop every possible crevice, surround our beds with curtains, close all of the windows and doors of our sleeping rooms, we are ignorantly fighting one of our very best friends.

The man who deliberately deprives himself and his family of God's pure air, thus inducing many forms of disease, is as certainly a guilty man, though he may do it ignorantly, as the one with the same intelligence who deprives his family of their daily food, indeed, if we may credit good authority, a man may live from forty to eighty days without solid food (Captain Taylor, an insane man, starved on the eighty-first day, intending to die in this way), while one would die in less time, if deprived of water, but in a few minutes, if deprived of air. Pure air is the essential of human life, and it can be had simply by the taking.—*Dr. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

COMETS.

The Part They Play in Astrologic Superstition.

Eclipses, comets and conjunctions of the superior planets, play a great part in state astrology. Some well authenticated cases of success in this department are on record. One astrologer, by name Landino, according to Villani, drew the horoscope of religion, and predicted, from a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, that on the 25th of November, 1484, a great reformation of the Christian religion would take place; and it is very singular that Luther was born in the very month of November of 1483 or 1484—some doubt existing as to the year. Tycho Brahe predicted, from the comet of 1577, that in the north of Finland there would be born a Prince who should lay waste Germany and vanish in 1632. Now, Gustavus Adolphus, it is well known, was born in Finland, overran Germany and died in 1632. It is also very singular that during the very worst period of the late troubles in Ireland, Saturn should have been passing through Taurus, a sign which astrologers say rules Ireland, and prior to the passing of the Land Act, Jupiter and Venus should have been in conjunction with Saturn in the same sign. Also, just before the assassination of President Garfield two comets—first seen in the United States—appeared in right ascension corresponding to Gemini, a sign, again, said by astrologers to rule the United States. Now, it is an old astrological doctrine that a comet, visible to the naked eye, appearing in the ruling sign of a country, portends the violent death of the chief ruler. There is no doubt that it is because of chance coincidences of this sort that astrology maintained its place for such a long period of time, and that even at the present day many, otherwise well-educated people, are led to think "there is something in it."—*All The Year Round.*

NOBLE COURAGE.

The Heroic Deed Performed by an English Coast-Guardsman.

The other evening a gallant rescue of six children from a perilous position was affected by a coast-guardsman named Thomas White, stationed at Ryhope, near Sunderland, England. White had just left the house on his beat when his attention was called to a group of people near the road leading from the toll bar in Ryhope Colliery to the beach. He proceeded to the spot, where he learned that six children were missing, and that it was thought that they were on the beach in a hole of the cliff. No one dared to venture down, owing to the incoming tide, but White got some lines, and having taken off his coat, fastened the rope round his waist, and was lowered over the cliff, which is about seventy feet high to the beach below. When he got a safe footing, he heard the cries of the little ones, but was unable to get near them until he had divested himself of the whole of his clothing and waded through the water. On entering the cave he found three he was in search of crouched in the corner, benumbed and almost senseless about waist-deep in the water, every dash of the tide into the cave dashing their heads. White took them one by one, fastened a rope to them, and the people at the top hauled them up. Thus all were safely up, except the youngest, a boy about two years old, who was so exhausted that White thought it advisable to carry him along the beach.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Says a Georgia newspaper: We note with regret the death of J. B. Bryan, of McVille. Mr. Bryan was a harmless gentleman of many peculiarities. He has for many years worn his hair as long as any lady's and done it up in an old-fashioned net. He was a somnambulist—would walk miles through a dense swamp while asleep.

—Doctor—"You see, wifey dear, I have pulled my patient through, after all; a very critical case, I can tell you." His wife—"Yes, dear hubby; but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah, if I had only known you five years earlier! I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Mrs Garfield has an income of $12,000 a year from the Garfield fund.