AT THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

We went to see the pictures, Tom and I.
Because, in truth, we both are fond of art;
And then, besides—well, I will tell you why:
We wished to learn each painter's style by We lingered all the afternoon, we two, It was so pleasant in the softened light. Around and 'round we went, each gem

view, And often almost kneeled for better night. Judging by haltings, and long, eager looks, By rustling converse with our guide and friend, The catalogue had seemed the book of books, And life a stretch of paintings to the end.

Picture by picture, page by page, we went, Dubbed this one "perfect," and that other "poor;"
You never saw two critics so intent.

Yet, do you know? some things drive other If you had asked me ere another day about the pictures on those walls, I doubt It I had known a single word to say.

In fact, that evening, in our homeward walk,
We settled much concerning Tom and me,
And not one word was said, in all our talk,
Of pictures or of painters—don't you see?
—Harper's Bazar.

SAM SPERRY'S PENSION.

For more than two years it was the oke of Bloomington Center-that bright hope, that idle dream, that fond, delusive fancy, known as "Sam Sperry's Pension.

The wits who congregated in the bar-room and grocery of the Bloomington Center Post-office sometimes had only a sad consciousness of futility in their best efforts; the column of facetise in the local newspaper frequently palled on the senses; but Sam Sperry's lank and stooping figure as he descended faithfully, twice every week, from his lone home on the distant mountain, to "learn the news from Washington," bore with it an aroma of never-failing interest and diversion.

"Any 'ficial dokkerments arrived for me?" Sam was accustomed to inquire, on entering the Post-office, with an air of ill-concealed consequence; and on nished his poor home with every combeing answered in the negative, the fort. look of sudden surprise and incredulity which overspread his features was always as fresh and real as it had been during the first six months he had undergone the blow. His recovery was tations, palliated the weakness of official judges with a forbearance which his listeners found even more irresisti-

me, down there to Washington," Sam observed on one occasion, rolling his eyes upon his near neighbor on the counter with a look which was dark without menace, and at the same time forcibly introducing the sharp point of his elbow to that gentleman's ribs—"they think they're comin' it over me, down there to Washington. And all the time they're hangin' off about my pension, what's accumulatin' down."

It contained his weading clothes, hew and sleck broadcloth. In the pathetic loneliness of his home he acquired the habit of fondling these, of gloating over them, even of trying them on before the glass; and then, as he stood in his best mood, with his bonny hair carefully curled, one never saw so sweet and weak a face. Sam longed yet ever hesitated to appear before Mary in these splendid habiliments. my pension, what's accumulatin' down there?-what's accumulatin?" Here Sam's companion was actually obliged to move an inch or two away in order to escape the too severe emphasis of that emaciated elbow. "Back pay!" chuckled Sam: "that's what's accumulatin'-back pay! Let 'em hold off ten or a dozen years longer, and I'll be swim-min' in back pay—I'll be fairly wallerin' in it."

With which the deeply confidential aspect of Sam's face changed to a triumphant simper, and, turning to nudge another companion (as he supposed) on his right, he inadvertently thrust his elbow through the wrappage of a large parcel of sugar, the contents of which were scattered over the grocery

Sam's expression of dismay was piti-

"Have it charged to your back pay, Sam" cried an uproarious though cheer-

Sam took up the cue, and ever after that his descent from the West Mountair, which had before been significant of a small invoice of skunks' fur, blueberries, and the like, at the Bloomington grocery, missed the hampering weight of those hardly-acquired products, and Sam's business transactions at the counter-the understanding being good between the grocer and those jolly Bloomington boys—were rounded by a regally careless: "Charge it to pension, Ned-reg'lar pension or back

pay, I don't care which." Rarely, very rarely, Sam really did find a document waiting for him at the Post-office, marked with the mysterious seal of the Department of the Interior. and opened it with fingers of trembling expectation, only to find a printed sheet of painfully worded statistics, to the effect that "besides the two hundred and ninety thousand filled claims, others were constantly being entered, but that in due time each would receive careful consideration," etc. His first best of desperate indignation yielded later to tears of unaffected sentiment, as he murmured: "Pension! I guess so. boys!-the grass 'll be growing over my

grave before I see any pension," and ater still to smile and hope again. The gunshot wound in his right hand the National bounty was of small account compared with the harm which be had suffered, both in body and soul, from the soldiers' camp life, the South
wretened Aravers mainly, the name of which sion. As he did this, the mirthful grocer cast down his eyes, and blushed to the roots of his hair. Mary took the low; and, in times of sickness or sor
little parchment, read it quietly, and

been, or what he might not 'a been," said procure a day of those coveted serv- Then she turned to the grocer, and un-Judge Holcomb, a prosperous citizen of ices.

Bloomington. "Pon my honor, boys, It was the affliction of unexpected he began uncommon bright, though he company which had overtaken Judge wa'n't never what ve'd call pertick'ler Holcomb's wifeless home and refractory tough or long-winded. But I can tell servants. Mary, with rare firmness, ye one thing, Sam Sperry wa'n't never established there in a day her univer-

er rum, were of such a perfect and face breathing that ineffable refine-heavenly blue as is seldom seen in the ment which the calm endurance of smile her tender smile over these, she undimmed orbs of children. Sam was some hidden and exalted sorrow alone can weep blessed tears over them. their Punch, their by-word, their theater-comique; they would have paid
twice the price of his lordly though prudent negotiations at the counter rather
than miss the zest afforded by his semithan weekly appearance. With touch of real pity, too, perhaps, for their old comrade, they cajoled with him in his passioned, when, some weeks after-forlorn hope, encouraged in him at all ward he left his smart horse and buggy may know. The autumn winds that times the freest expression of his sentiments, flattered him and regaled him. And often, alas! the feet which had come shuffling down the mountain awkwardly enough and loosely enough, retraced their steps in a still more desultory and unsertian manner, and chance research.

ward he left his smart horse and buggy at Mary's gate, and entered the house.

"I formed a very fav'rable opinion of you, Mary," said this grandiose personage, "a good many years ago, and I've her dealers in the valley land below, bring to her clearer sense sweet measures of home.—Harper's Magazine.

—On October 18 the Crown Prince of Clearmany attained his filled. certain manner, and chance passers-by down to my house in the capacity of a Germany attained his fiftieth year. The

mountain. Mary still keeps the green- I-I never could," he repeated, earcovered "speller" in which she and nestly. Sam studied their lessons together.

And Mary answered, as she had done before, "No, Sam, I don't believe you always, the mountain loy and giri— ever could." always at the head of the class, and Mary small, brown-eyed, marp-witted, and Sam handsome and tall, with his cherubic curls and saucy red lips. Then Sam's parents died, and he went over to help John Ellsworth in his

away from the affectionate intimacy of their childhood, and ended by falling —and if you had a better chance—I as deeply in love with each other as don't know what I—what we should bounds of manhood and maidenhood. |-Mary-Their love, having such tender root in as life with them both. Mary would who was of a quick and impetuous nature, found his equilibrium in the sweet firmness of Mary's character, and adored her for the loving sarcasm with

Sam and Mary were engaged when the war broke out: and the two men of John Ellsworth's household went away, and the two women waited in their solitary home on the mountain, cheered by letters at first; afterward their only hope lay in some chance returning figure along the road that came winding up from the villages below. John Ellsworth never came back along that dear familiar road; and when Sam returned one day, weak, ague-shaken, demented, but still fondly. toolishly faithful, Mary, called of God to endure this greater sorrow than any death could bring, spent the solitude of one black night in terrible rebellion, and when the morning dawned, laid her and fevers which shook his frame, broken heart at the foot of the cross, and rose with a calm "I will-for ever-

Sam went back wonderingly to occupy the long-deserted home of his childhood; but it was Mary's hand that brought him bread and meat, that made his bed, and swept the floor, and fur-

Sam knew that it was all changed somehow. The tongue once so winningly sarcastic was now ever too deeply compassionate. He sorrowed over it with the vague sorrow of a child. But he trusted Mary. She knew; she would set it all right in time. he derided the very existence of his proud Nation's capital in terms of the most reckless sarcasm, or, in a softer mood, induced by certain grateful po-

brought with him a percel the contents a look came over it which had never "They think they're comin' it over ne, down there to Washington," Sam of which he had not revealed to any eye. It contained his wedding clothes, new counter and drowsed, and almost faintfore Mary in these splendid habiliments.
That strange trouble on his mind deterred him. He was never so shy, so conscious of his lost estate as when in 'Miss Mary's' presence never withal and all." The last flame of the fever so conscious of his lost estate as when in so strangely happy and content. One evening as he sat before her, the wedding garments he had left at home filled all his thought.

"I -- I never cared for any girl but you, Mary," he exclaimed abruptly, with a spark of the old fire in his eyes. "I-I never could." "No. Sam." Mary answered, gently,

I don't believe you ever could. "You-you promised to marry me once," said Sam, that brief fire changing, for another instant, to a look of solemn wonder and reproach. A deathly pallor crept over Mary's face. Then she came close to Sam, and

laid her hand on his, and looked into his eyes with all the beautiful tenderness and pity of her deeply tried soul. "I shall always be true to you, Sam," she said. "There are some things we can't understand. We must be patient. But that-what we hoped for once-now-in this world-that.

dear Sam, must never be!" "Yes, Mary," Sam answered, sweetly obedient, thrilled through and through by the touch of her dear hand. "that must never be." And he repeated the words simply all the way home: soul, and then the quiet look of one "That must never be." It was all whom God leads home; and the blue right, somehow. "Mary knew." But eyes, piercing now beyond the light of he folded the wedding clothes and put sun or moon, met unshrinkingly the them away that night as one who shadows of the deepening night, and should never need to take them down unshrinkingly the clear gaze of the

After this the ruined life clung still closer to that strong and patient one, brought Sam home to her in his wed-and the little services which Sam ding garments, she looked upon his was accustomed to perform for Mary, face, and she knew that the bridegroom when not suffering with the ague, or following after the fond hallucination of his "pension"—the the strength and beauty of its first esfetching of wood and the drawing tate. And she kissed the dead lips in of water-these lost to his poor, adoring mind every base and menial quat-ity, and were like the offering of a de-

And the time passed all too swiftly tives, with a stammered apology, and for the work of Mary's hands. Besides her ministrations to Sam and her account, but I thought ye might like to mother, her generous thought for the keep it," handed Mary the will in upon which Sam had based his claim on wretched Travers family, the name of which Sam had devised to her his penern marshes and the Southern prisons. row, or added care, the journey up the just the shadow of a smile played about "I don't know what Sam might 'a mountain-side was cheap which could the beautiful tenderness of her lips.

the same man after he come out o' that sal rule of peace. Among the other guests was a young actress from New York, the Judge's niece, blonde, hand-the bill," Mary said; and still transixed

the same words that she had used in ad- ing appellation, however, it is shrewdly

in the little hamlet at the foot of the never cared for any girl but you, Mary,

always at the head of the class, and Sam drew his sleeve quickly across always first and most im rious in play; his eves. "You—you ain't goin' to leave the old mountain, Mary?" Never!" Mary answered, and, as be-fore, her tone quieted and consoled

After what seemed a long time, mill, and the work prospered under his though the tears were still standing in strong, blithe hand. And as the days Sam's blue eyes, "I forgot, Mary," he passed by, Sam and Mary shrank coyly said, meekly. "I came in to savthough they had now for the first time | do without you - but if you had a better exchanged glauces across the rapturous | chance -you-you mustn't-you know

Their love, having such tender root in the past, sent out bright branches of smile, but her heart yearned over Sam hope for the future, and was as strong as a mother's might over a child who has tried in vain to be good and brave have borne anything for Sam; and Sam, and unselfish. And Sam went away comforted.

It was the third bleak winter since Sam's return to the mountain, and he adored her for the loving sarcasm with which she rebuked his pet faults—such bright and captivating faults as Sam's faithful in his inquires after his pension at the Bloomington Post-office. The Bloomington boys thought it a rare joke to impress upon his mind that the only reason why Miss Mary deferred giving him her hand in marriage was his continued inability to obtain his

> "Jest wait till you get your pension, Sam." said Ned Hemingway, the storekeeper, delicately hinting on this point, "and then see!" And Sam doubted utterly at first-

> away down in his heart doubted always: but as he lent himself more and more to the erratic fancy, it fired and consumed his brain. One night, from the alternate chills

Sam fell asleep. Instead of his lone, dark room, the road winding from the mountain to the village rose before his eves. That road, ally so tortuous and long, straight and bathed in light. He traversed it. At the end a palace gate, and at the gate a white winged angel stood, his pension in her shining hand. Sam gazed. Above those peaceful wings was Mary's face. She smiled as she had smiled upon him long ago. He woke, and slept no more that night. With the morning he put on his wed-ding clothes. No doubt or hesitation

possessed him now. There was a terrible exultation in his eyes. This time

Bloomington grocery.

"It's all to go to Mary." he exhe started for home; at four o'clock he had traversed only half of the lonely winter road; at the foot of the mountain-it was sunset-he staggered and fell down. We shrink from the records of fates so sad. We need not fear. One greater than we, and more compassionate by far, comforts the death of His lambs when they fall in the desolate places. The pain in Sam's body eased. Across his mind flitted a brief

"I wish Mary could know." he said. "that I wouldn't touch it-for her sake." And later and more solemnly: "I wish Mary could know-that seem-now-to understand. I seem-

now-to see-" An old story tells of the prodigal who wandered, and who came back to his father's house; of the purpose, running through all the weakness and sin, of the wonder and suffering of our human lives to make us hungry. and to bring us home. So, over Sam's wasting face, there crept first the infinite, unbearable hunger of the

olemn stars. And Mary knew. When they that last act of perfect love and consecration, and knelt and thanked God. A few days after Sam's death, Ned votee laid tremblingly at the test of an Hemingway, entering Mary's house, either from curiosity or worthier mo-

consciously transfixed him with her clear, thoughtful, half inattentive gaze "I think Sam owed you something," she said.

"Oh, no. no," stammered the grocer.
"That's all right. The boys 'll see to

have told how Sam, pausing at length by some way-side fence, frequently andged the post with his elbow, as though having just committed to it which relieved it from any imputation which relieved it from any imputation of stiffness, as she answered, in much constitute to the some gravely confidential or facetious There was one person whom Sam's weakness and derelictions failed to inspire with appreciative mirth. In the meighborhood of Sam's house on the mountain there were two other homes. One was possessed by Isaac Travers with his belligerent wife and numerous small children; in the other Mary Ellsworth dwelt alone with her mother.

Years ago, Sam and Mary had gone flown hand in hand to the school kept to the same words that she had used in addressing Sam some time before, but suspected that his wife, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, is the "better man" of the two. The Crown Prince entered the Prussian army on his tenth birthday. But it is not only to his royal birth that he owes his Field Marshalship, for, by strict attention to his military duties, and by the success of the troops under his command on many a hard-fought field, he has fairly exmed his title and rank. The Coming Farmer.

Many good people are distressing themselves just now about the future of agriculture in this part of the country. Looking abroad for analogies and taking counsel of their fears, the forecast they make is gloomy enough. In England within a few years farm lands have terribly depreciated in value—in many cases to the amount of fifty per cent and more—bankruptcy has been staring a large portion of the tenant farmers of the island in the face, and the entire fabric of English society, which rested largely on landed proprietorship as a basis, is threatened with disorganication. It is alleged that chear freights, which have brought our rich Western ands into direct competition with British farms in their home market, has caused this ruin, and it is argued that the same influence is depressing agri-cultural industry east of the Allegh tnies in our own country, our less easily tilled land being practically removed by railroads 1.000 miles away from market to the side of fertile prairie stretches, so that in the unequal struggle the East must go down. It is urged that our farmers are generally complaining of their lot and mourning for the good old times forever gone. We are told of mortgage foreclosures and homesteads sold, and finally it is questioned whether as civilization advances the farmer must not gradually sink in the social scale to the level of the peasants n the Old World.

whole than they did in the good old days, and they can buy more with their money. In cases were farms are sold by the sheriff cases not so numerous as our prophets of evil imagine—it will be found that ventures outside of the farmer's legitimate industry - ventures prompted by that speculative spirit en-gendered during the demoralizing rush and havoc of war times-have been largely responsible for these melancholy failures. Nevertheless it must be admitted that there was more of what passed for solid comforts in the free and easy times of old than there is to day throughout the farming community. And there ought to be. Farmers dress better, live in better houses and read more than their fathers did. That their wants are of a higher class and more varied proves that they are rising above the social plane where their fathers were content to remain, instead of sinking to the pea-ant level. They set out upon the race of life at a swifter gait, and in order to hold the pace they must use brain as well as muscle, and brain work is wearing work. The solid comfort of the good old days was really stolid comfort—the aluggish satisfaction of an animal with his stomach full. The farmer nowadays who is content with this drowsy existence will invariably be left, for his children will demand and it will not supply the necessities of mod-

ment in method and skill is sure to fail. and the time has come when the same fate awaits the farmer. If he manufactures butter, he must run his cows, which are his machinery, with the same watchful and intelligent care which is exercised by his neighbor who conducts a sugar refinery or a cotton mill. He must see that his cows have a perfectly balanced ration, with the properlyproportioned amounts of protein, starch and fat. He must get his rations at the cheapest possible rate, and, following the example of other manufacturers who sell a finished product and buy a waste product, he will sell his grain and buy cotton-seed meal, brewers, grains, bran, and other wastes of manufacture to make his finished butter product. He will not strive to make more butter than his neighbor unless he can prove that the extra pound can be profitably made. He will make special study of the subjects connected with the particular branch of agriculture which he practices, and he will supplement his own experience by the teachings of recognized authorities, and he will make use of every assistance which can be rendered by such accurate experiments as are conducted and recorded at our best Agricultural Experiment Stations. In other words, he will not be content to remain a mere

ed and well-ordered system. Farming of this kind will pay, to-day and in the future. It will pay not only in the narrow pecuniary sense, but it will grow a crop of better men. The Coming Farmer who survives the fierce struggle of close competition will develop out of the necessities of his surroundings into a broader-minded man than his predecessor. A good deal of pleasant flattery has been written about the sound body .- N. Y. Tribune.

Dress of Infants. Dr. Mercy B. Jackson says: "The special evil of which I speak is the long by that courteously compelling gaze, the same in shoulders, when not firmy from the effects of gue of a Byronic cast, or that his eyes, when not firmy from the effects of gue of rum, were of such a perfect and heavenly him as is selden as that a dress to cover both, often weighted with heavy embroidery, and, if the child is carried out, a double cloak longer than all, so that the skirts reach nearly to the floor as the infant is borne in the nurse's arms. The longer the clother the more aristocratic the help. clothes the more aristocratic the baby, was 56 ounces; the minimum, 31 ounces.

In a large proportion the male brain ranges between 46 and 53 ounces, and around the waist of the child, and hanging over the little feet, pressing down the toes and even forcing the feet out of the control of t their natural position! How much of deformity and suffering this fashion produces none can tell; but that it is depend on the enlightenment of women.

To expose the delicate chest and arms "The brain-weight of the male negro is of a young child in our cold, changeable the same as that of the female Euro-elimate is often to bring on pneumonia, pean."—Miss M. A. Hardaker, in Popuand greatly to lessen the chances of life. And should life be spared, there will be sleepless nights and anxious days for the mother, as well as great suffering for that between the middle of last October

—A fool in high station is like a man in a balloon. Everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to every-

the child."

sor white, it's a mule-at-tow.

Hature's Kitchen.

Let us take a sly glance in at Nature's kitchen and watch her guests at their meal. We shall not call it breakfast, dinner, supper, or lunch, for there is no such formal division. It is a whole-day feast, and a whole-night feast, too, for that matter. The tables are always spread, the guests always hungry; they crowd in from high-ways and by-ways; always one ready to take up every vacant knife, fork, and spoon; or to plange in with fingers, teeth, and claws,

n the true primitive fashion. Nature does her cooking by sunlight. The great, glaring sun is her cook-stove, and by its aid she concoots, from such materials as water, carbonic acid, and ammonia, various palatable dishes, such as sugar, bread, fruits, greens, and a host of similar delicacies.

"There is your dinner," she says, make yourselves at home." And so they do, without waiting to hear the dinner-bell; rich and poor, high and low; the dainty epicureans confining themselves to the fruits and seeds; others feasting on the green leaves and the grasses. But these are only the nobility, those who sit above the salt. The commonalty are more greedy and less particular. They bore in and saw in and dig in. Leaf and flower and fruit, branch and stem and root, each has its epicures. Some take a mean advantage by laying their eggs in the heart of rosy apple or luscious pear, so that their babes may revel in a perfect mountain Now the fact is that farmers to-day of provender. There they lie, odd little white worms, like the chap who wished ret better prices for their crops on the that Lake Superior was all ice-cream, and he plunged into its midst and con-

demned to eat his way out. It has been no triffing task to lift that lofty tree or that broad field of waving grain up out of the lifeless world, and Nature is bound to make it pay ite full duty to the world of life before it drops back again. It is her business to set go-ing all the variety and abundance of life possible, and tree, grass, and grain must furnish food for those high strung creatures who can not, like these plants live on rock, dust, water, and air, but must have their victuals ready cooked

and served. Look at the throng of vegetarians Here is man, daintily plucking the luscious fruits and juicy berries the rich seeds and fat roots, and extracting sugars and wines, vinegars and spices, to make his meal palatable. Yonder are the hosts of the cloven-footed. perfectly content to grow fat upon leaves and grasses. And here are armies of humbler guests cherry-pecking birds, honey-sucking bees, leaf-eating grubs, that convert the waving banner of a leafing tree into one great spider-web. and then perchance go to sleep in hammocks of silks; carpenters and miners who bore into the hard wood itself, and leave behind them long, winding galleries that look like the lanes and alleys of an receive what other children have; and if the farm is managed on the slovenly method employed by our grandfathers wests; and millions of centipeds and setting out the rings a little, then block-

In every community there can be found farmers who do more than subsist the feast. What we call death is only, have run for some time it is impossible In every community there can be on the products of their acres. They prosper in business because they conduct their farms on business principles. With the necessity of getting a more productive increase from the soil comes the necessity of more study and more knowledge. The time has come when the close calculating of the manufacturer. the close calculating of the manufacturer the scale into the lifeless world, yielding must be applied to agricultural practice. force to lift the nutriment in the other In the factory profits are made by sav- scale back again into the circle of life. ing the small percentages of waste, by adopting labor-saving contrivances, by watching the markets, by making as much finished product and of as good a quality as possible with a given amount its blood while alive, are replaced by flat of raw material procured at the lowest lichens, umbrella-like fungi, and luxuripossible outlay. The manufacturer who ant mosses, which feast on its decaying fails to keep abreast of every improve-trunk; while borers, chiselers, and miners do their part in transforming the great dead mass again into living

And when it drops into a heap of decaying vegetable flesh, what new hosts of life fatten upon it? And when the earth takes back the ruins of the dead giant beneath her generous breast, it is not to keep them there. They have too much vitality left for that. They climb to the air and the sunlight again in grasses and ferns and airy little plants. They blossom into flowers, eye-gladdening, honey-vielding, color-mad clumps of bloom, from which not alone the bee

drinks sweets. Thus is the fallen tree tranformed into multitudinous life, bursting above the soil in new generations of beauty, until live again. And creeping rootlets of trees bunt these last fragments underground, and crawling, flexible worms eagerly swallow the earth itself, and di-gest from it the stray crumbe of the old tree that are mixed throughout the soil. -Charles Marris, in Popular Science Monthly.

Physiology of the Woman Question.

Students of physiology see that final and conclusive law can not yet be drawn from differences in brain-weights laborer, but he will assume his true po-sition as the 'administrative head of a sent imperfection of such data. But complicated but intelligently construct there is an even broader and better foundation from which to build up a conclusion, and I propose to stand on this more general ground. In order, however, that such physiological details may have due influence upon the general argument, I give a few best-established facts. Prof. Bastian's work on the brain, published in 1880, sums up his studies of this organ as affected by sex. I condense or quote from him the following statements: "Difference of sax, in its ennobling influence of agriculture. No employment is ennobling which does not require brains, and it is not a misinfluence over capacity of skull, is often fortune that from this time forward the the sexes increases with the developfarmer who succeeds must study and ment of the race, so that the male Euro-think and have a trained mind and a pean excels much more the female than the negro the negress. The difference in the average capacity of the skulls of male and female among modern Parisians is almost double that between the skulls of the male and female inhabitants of ancient Egypt. The general superiority, in absolute weight, of the male over the female brain exists at

a great discomfort to the baby every thinking mother must perceive. High necks and long sleeves are now fashionable for babies; but how soon they may be laid aside for low necks and short sleeves can not be foreseen. That will sleeves can not be foreseen. That will average female brain in weight by about his own hostler and his daughter's maid! pean."-Miss M. A. Hardaker, in Popular Science Monthly. -An Hinglish business circu'ar states and the opening of the present year 28,-000,000 American oysters were shipped to England and consumed, and the cry was for more.

-The marrying of a drunkard to save him is carrying economy too far. Better -A canal-boat animal is neither black let the young man be wasted .- N. Q. SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-A school for railroad officials has been established in Germany. Here employees are instructed in railroading -Housewives will be interested in a new discovery. Instead of ironing clothes with a hot iron on a cold table, the garments would be better done up by using a cold iron on a hot table.

-A tincture of Calabar bean has been found exceedingly efficacious in preserving entomological and other natural history specimens from the destruction caused by mites. It can also be used with advantage in keeping furs and other orticles of dress from moths. A very small quantity is sufficient.

-Chemical science has recently suc ceeded in extracting the coloring matter from human hair. Three coloring pig-ments are found—yellow, red and black—the various shades being produced by mixture. it appears that in pure golden hair there is only the yellow pigment; in red hair the red is mixed with more or less yellow; while in dark hair the black is always mixed with yellow and red-even the blackest hair containing as much red pigment as the very reddest-the lighter colors being overpowered by the black.

-The results of soundings over the bed of the Atlantic have made clear, it is believed, the existence through the middle of the ocean, extending from north to south, of a sunken ridge, often less than 1,000 fathoms from the surface, while on either side the water has a depth of from 3,000 to more than 3,450 fathoms; so that the elevation of the ocean's bottom required to make these depths dry land would bring up between them a mountain range from 9,000 to 15,000 feet in height. higher points of this sunken ridge now form the islands of the Azores.

-The English journals, in discussing the question of domestic poisons, suggest as a protection or remedy prohibiting the use of arsenic in the manufacture of any and all fabrics for processes which leave the arsenie in the finished goods. It appears that the rade interests involved in this practice have been subjected to scientific investigation, and the alleged advantages in employment of arsenic for wall papers, ecc., are shown to be for the most part imaginary. Among the paper stainers the use of arsenical pigments is being acandoned, and in other industries also they are much less resorted to than forthe well-known fact that two or three grains of the article will destroy life, the production of arsenic in Eugland last year was nearly 5,000 tons. -A recent writer on the phenomena

suck the living juicies and fatten on the ing steam in the crank end of the cylin-palatable meat of the tree. | der. | When no steam passes, the rings to make a piston tight without reboring. Care is also requisite, in making a com-plete revolution of the engine by hand, after setting out the rings, to see that the packing does not stick in any of the smaller portions of the cylinder. Again, an engine that requires constant lubri-cations in the cylinder to prevent squeaking needs attention, as generally the rings will be found too tight or the cylin-

PITH AND POINT.

—Always judge a man by his depth. instead of his length.—Detroit Free

-Many a man owes his success in life to the hisses of his enemies, instead of the plaudits of his friends. - Whitehali

-The man who has all knowledge at his fingers' ends should not bite his nails; he might bite off more than he could conveniently chew .- Boston Tran--"The truth always pays in the end" is an old saying, and that is the

reason, probably, why there is so little of it told at the beginning of any business transaction.—Somerville Journal -A gentleman went into a Pearl street dry-goods store yesterday, and asked for ten yards of "naked cam-bric." The young lady blushed and aid: "I guess you mean undressed

Albany Argus. -This Man is very Busy. He is pushed for time. He looks as if he Had More on his hands than he could accomplish. We feel Sorry for him. He has an important Engagement to Keep, and he he Hurrying up Matters to Meet it. He is to be hung at Noon to-morrow.—Benuer

—A Brooklyn man owns thirty des.

We didn't suppose that so much grinding poverty could be centered in one man in that City of Churches. The is dividual who owns five dogs is generally an object of charity. What must be the lestitution of the man who owns thirty? Norristown Herald.

-"Brutus, bay not me!" remarked Cassius, when Brutus, who was in the genteel hair-dressing line, was about to moint his customer's face with the aromatic bay rum. This is important, showing, as it does, that the barber of classic days followed the same course as does his successor of the present time. -New Haven Register.

A Modern Comedy of Errors. The talk of the town is an elopemen hat proved to be a "Comedy of Errors."
A rich old creole opposed the marriage of his only daughter with a poor artist.

One evening there was a carriage drawn cautiously up to the corner of the grand boulevard Esplanade. There was an air of mystery in its movements. The ently from some signal, fixed his eyes at the window of a mansion very little distaut from his halting-place. A female, Shortly after this two cloaked figures passed hurriedly down the steps of the principal entrance and hastily entered the carriage, closed the door, and requested the driver to "speed like light-ning." An old gentleman, the proprie-tor of the mansion and the father of the ble of the carriage and found himself The old fellow had caught them. The

his own hostler and his daughter's maid! The affrighted servants descended from the carriage, and in an agony which was so exquisitly comic that the disap-pointed paterfamilias could not refrain from smiling, fell on their knees and begged forgiveness. The prevailing mania for elopement had seized them. Seeing a carriage before the door, and being under orders from the millionaire to watch the artist's movements, they thought to thwart the elopement of their mixtures by using the artist's continued. mistress by using the artist's carriage for their own. Meanwhile the artist and the lady were being married at the house of a friend.—N. O. Letter in Louis-

with Courier-Journal.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!



KNOWN TO BE ONE

NOT THE BEST UNIMENT EVER

DISCOVERED.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

as a sample of cases cured by it, a statement which was CIVIN UNDER OATH.

Year 1875 I treated with "Kendall's

R. A. GAINES. Enesburgh V. Hs. Vt., Feb. 25, 79, Sworn and subscribed to before me this 25th day of Feb., A. D. 1879.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE:

ON HUMAN FLESH it has been ascertained by repeated trials to be, the very best liniment ever used for any deep seated pain of long standing or of short duration. Also for CORNS, BUNIONS, FROST-BITES

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE:

HEMATITE, MISSOURI, August 20, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., GENTS! - I am so overjoyed in view of the result of an apdication of your Kendall's Spavin Cure that I feel that I ought for Humanities' ake publish it to the world. About thirty-five years ago while riding a young ugly horse, I was injured in one of my testicles, and from that time to three weeks ago a slow but constant enlargement has been the result, giving me a great amount of trouble, almost entirely preventing me from horseback riding, which was my usual way of traveling. I saw a notice of your Kenda i's Spavin Cure, never once hought of it for anything except for horses, but after receiving the medicine and esting over what it was good for, feeling terribly exercised about my difficulty, for had consulted many physicians and none gave me any specific but when it could e endured no longer to remove it with the knife. I applied your Kendall's Spavin Cure as an experiment, and it was so pairful in its application that I concluded not to repeat it and thought no more about it until near a week, and lo and behold one-half the size was gone, with joy I could scarcely believe it, I immediately apfied it over again, and have made in all about 14 dozen applications ranning over space of two weeks and the terrible culargement is almost gone, in view of which cannot express my feelings of delight. It has been a God send to me, may be

Pastor of Hematite Congregational Church. P. S. You are at liberty to put this in any shape you may please. I am not

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

Kendall's Spavin Cure is sure in its effects, mild in its action as it does not blister, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach any deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or any other enlargement if used for several days, such as spavins, splints, callous, sprains, swelling, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man and for any purpose for which a limiment

rirtues. No remedy has met with such unquillfied success to our knowledge, for beast as well as man. Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5, ALL DRUGGISTS have it or can get it for you.

WHEN YOU TRAVEL ALWAYS TAKE THE

Examine map and time tables carefully It will be seen that this line coancets with C. B. & Q. R. R.; in fact they are under one management, and taken together form

Shortest and Quickest Line to

DES MOINES, ROCK ISLAND. And Especially to all Points IOWA, WISCONSIN, INDIANA. LLLINOIS, MICHIGAN, OHIO.

PRINCIPAL ADVANTAGES ARE B. & Q. R. R. No transfers; change from C. B. & Q. R. R. to connect. ing tines all made in Union Depots.

THROUGH TICKETS

LOWEST RATES

CAN BE HAD -Upon application at any station on the road. Agents are also prepared to check baggage through; give all information as to rates, routes, time connections, etc., and to secure sleeping car accomodations.

This company is engaged on an exten-NEW LINE TO DENVER

And all points in Colorado. This extention will be completed and ready for business in a few months, and the public can then enjoy all the advantages of a through line between Denver and Cheago, all under one management.

INDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE. THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE. SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER. Loss of appetite, Nausea, howels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dult sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after esting, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Diminess, Fiuttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yallow Skin, Headache, Rastlessness et night, highly colored Urine.

IF THER WARRINGS ARE WILLEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOOM DE DEVELOPED. Stricts Distasts was stom at Develored.

TUTTS FILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one does effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They increase the Appetite, and cause the hody to Take on Floor, that the existen is necessived, and by their results Action on the Biggstive Capaca, Regular About are produced. Price 2 cents. 3 Hurrary 24. N.Y.

TT'S HAIR DYE. GRAY HAIR OF WHITE EM changed to a GLOSEY BLACK by a single application of this DYK. It imparts a matural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on accept of \$1. OMICS, 38 Murray St., New York. ON TOTTE BASEAL of Velenble Information and Under Receipts will be mailed FRES on application.

ever published, at the low price of terms to agents and clubs. Sample Copies free. Address,

81 PER YEAR.

CHICAGO HERALD COMP'Y 120 and 122 Fifth-av.,

CHICAGO ILL.

Is the only positive on to known, and to show what this remedy will do we give here

Spayin Cure," a bone spayin of several months' growth, nearly half as large as a heas egg, and completely stopped the ameness and removed the enlargement. I have worked the horse ever since very hard, and he never has been lame, nor could I ever see any difference in the size of the hock joints since I treated him with "Kendall's Spavin Cure."

or any bruise, cut or lameness. Some are afraid to use it on human flesh simply because it is a horse medicine, but you should remember that what is good for BEAST is good for MAN, and we know from Experience that "KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE" can be used on a child I year old with perfect safety. Its Effects are wonderful on human flesh and it domestic purposes that is, in all those does not blister or make a sore. Try it and be convinced.

Read below of its wonderful effects as a liniment for the human family.

shamed to have my name under, over or by the side of it.

is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liming at for man ever used acting mild yet certain in its effects. It is used in full strength with perfect safety Send address for Hlustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof, of its

or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price, by the proprietors,

48 Dr. B. J. KENDALL & CO, Enosburg Falls, Vermont.

Columbus Journal

1882.

Is conducted as a FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Devoted to the best mutual interests of its readers and its publish. ers. Published at Columbus, Platte tural portion of Nebraska, it is read by hundreds of people east who are looking towards Nebraska as their future home. Its subscribers in Nebraska are the staunch, solid portion of the community, as is evidenced by the fact that the JOURNAL has never contained a "dun" against them, and by the

ADVERTISING

other fact that

In its columns always brings its reward. Business is business, and those who wish to reach the solid people of Central Nebraska will find the columns of the Journal a splendid medium.

JOB WORK

Of all kinds neatly and quickly ... done, at fair prices. This species of printing is nearly always wanted in a hurry, and, knowing this fact, we have so provided for it that we can furnish envelopes, letter heads, bill heads, circulars. posters, etc., etc., on very short notice, and promptly on time as

we promise.

SUBSCRIPTION. l copy per annum \$2.00 " Six months 100
Three months, 50

Single copy sent to any address in the United States for 5 cts.

M. K. TURNER & CO.,

EVERYBOD Can now afford A CHICAGO DAILY. THE

CHICAGO HERALD, All the News every day on four large pages of seven columns each. The Hon. Frank W. Palmer (Postmaster of Chicago), Editor-in-Chief. A Republican Daily for

\$5 per Year, Three mouths, \$1.50. One mouth on trial 50 cents.

CHICAGO WEEKLY HERALD" Acknowledged by everybody who has read it to be the best eight-page paper

Postage Free. Contains correct market reports, all the news, and general reading interesting to the farmer and his family. Special