THE JOURNAL.

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HOSPITALITY.

Me wear white gloves at her wedding? No, no.
Full dress? Aye—I understand.
But, wife, I must give our daughter away
With a free and uncovered hand.
As I took yours, her mother, so long, long ago;
Then weddings were sacraments, now they are show.

And what could I do with my hands in gloves,
If my eyes should fill up with tears?
I haven't control of my heart to-day,
As I had in earlier years.
No, no, for her sake it won't do; I must try
And not overcloud with my tears her fair sky.

But I want her to feel, when I come to call
On the God of her parents to bless
The child of our years, the touch of my hand,
And the warmth of her father's caress.
And, too, I would cherish the touch of her face
And feel her heart beat in my parting embrace.

When I lifted her first to my heart, then these hands
Were calloused with toil; for I wrought,
And doubled exertion for yours and her sake;
And often, aye, often I've thought,
To hide in one's age the privations of youth
Is, of all, the unmanliest kind of untruth.

Wear your laces and diamonds—you've earned them, good wife—
Look your best—but let me extend
Hospitality's hand all ungloved to my guests.
Suppose, now, some old cherished friend
Should appear without gloves?—can't afford them, may be—
That man must receive double welcome from me.

"And how will the bridgroom look on it," you ask,
"To receive from ungloved hands his bride?"
Well, I trust and believe he has wisdom enough
To receive what we give him with pride;
And I hope he'll remember the wife that he loves
Is the daughter of one who has no need of gloves.

—*Youth's Companion.*

TOO FOND OF MAPLE SUGAR.

The sugar-making season was closing along the river valley. The April sun was riding high and shining warmly; the snow was gone from the lowlands and south-sloping hillsides, and the maple buds were swelling rapidly toward leaf-bursting. Plainly, no more pure-flavored sugar could be obtained from the Lyman's "sugar-bush" that season.

But, over the hills six miles away, where the Lymans' relatives, the Deans and the Allisons, lived, it was different. That locality was much higher, without the sunny exposure and southern opening of the valley, the soil was colder, the forests denser, and, all things considered, the prospect was fair for a week more of sugar-making.

So thought the Lymans on Friday evening when they found it necessary to make the last "run of sap" into molasses, because it would not "grain;" and as they sat talking it over, it was decided to make their friends a visit, going Saturday afternoon and returning Monday forenoon. The children were joyous over the prospect, for the families were very affectionate relatives. Their intermarriage cemented them most closely. Mrs. Lyman was a Dean; Mrs. Dean was an Allison, and Mrs. Allison was a Lyman; and there were from three to six children in each family. They moved from the East at the same time, and had prospered much alike. The Allisons and Deans, however, had settled on a small stream among the hills, where the two men had built a mill, while the Lymans had preferred the river valley.

Immediately after the Saturday dinner they all made ready for the start. The "best clothes" were donned; the hymn-book was taken from the chest, for they were faithful Methodists and expected to "go to meetin' at the Hill meetin'-house;" the big ox-sled was nearly filled with straw for warmth, and some comfortable split-bottomed chairs tied in as seats for mother and grandmother; the oxen were yoked—big, lank, gentle-eyed fellows; the stock was fed a double portion, and Mr. Weston, who lived across the river, was engaged to come over and feed again Sunday morning.

As the slope was bare, Mr. Lyman and the two boys walked to the brow of the hill where the evergreens began, from which point all the way to their destination there was more or less snow.

Away they went at the dignified rate of two miles an hour, but as happy and chatty as if their steeds were "dapple-grays," with strings of merry bells and a three-hundred-dollar sleigh.

In due season they reached their friends and a jolly time they had visiting, on matters past, present and future. The men looked at the stock of cattle, the mill-yard of saw-logs, talked of their work, and compared notes generally; the women recounted in-door affairs; the children whispered and giggled and romped; and all did justice to the warm sugar. Next day they went to meeting in proper form, and in the evening attended class-meeting.

Monday morning bright and early after a breakfast of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, they were off for home, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, grandmother, Amos and George—big boys of seventeen and fifteen—Mary and the baby. Onward they trudged till toward noon, the snow everywhere less than on Saturday, but the sturdy oxen making sure work of it. When they reached the outskirts of the "sugar-bush," through which the road led around the hill, Mr. Lyman said:

"Now, Mary, if you can walk the rest o' the way with the boys, we'll set the kettles and other things at the camp right on the sled, and take 'em to the house."

"All right, I'd like to, on the green grass," responded Mary, a buxom lassie of ten years; and springing off, she joined her brothers on the grassy bank at the roadside. How gay and birdlike children are when spring first uncovers the ground, after the long, snowy winter?

They had gone but a few roods further when the oxen began to lift their noses, bend forward their ears, and look earnestly ahead, as if they smelt, heard or saw, something quite uncommon; but Mr. Lyman could discover nothing strange, and remarking that the creatures were probably excited by their near approach to home, with a loud "Whoa, haw, go 'long!" urged them on. But the oxen did not "go 'long" very well; they swung around now this way and now that, stopped often, and acted so wild and nervous that Mrs. Lyman called out, excitedly:

"Stop, husband, stop, and let mother and me out. I'm afraid o' the creatures, they act so. They'll tip us over yet."

The boys and Mary were watching the proceedings from the roadside, and Amos called:

"Hold on, mother; let me take the baby, and then you can help grandmother."

Just as he stepped back on the grassy bank with the little one in his arms, keen-eyed Mary exclaimed, in an agitated undertone:

"O, my! what's that running around down by the sugar-camp?"

Looking in that direction, Amos and George saw certain movements that astonished them very much.

"A bear! a bear!" shouted George. "But what a looking head!"

"If it's a bear, he's drunk! See him tumble!" exclaimed Amos. "Here, mother, take the baby."

Mrs. Lyman took the child, and the boys bounded away to investigate the mystery, while Mary wished she was a boy and brave enough to go with her brothers.

Meantime Mr. Lyman was having trouble with the team, whoaing, hawing and geeing with the vehemence of a first-class backwoodsman, but to little purpose, for they were beside themselves with terror. Finally, however, he succeeded in driving them along till they were opposite the object of their fears, which was now some rods above the camp among the trees; but here he lost all control of them, and they rushed in wild and characteristic awkwardness down the hill homeward. With no team to take his attention, Mr. Lyman turned aside to learn the cause of all this commotion. The two women and Mary were standing by the camp fireplace, while George and Amos had gone up nearer to the creature. Sure enough, it was a bear; but Amos' suspicion was a slander against the poor animal, for it had only thrust its head deep into a sugar kettle and could not remove it.

Bears are very fond of sweet things, and no doubt this one had been attracted to the camp by the smell of sugar; and after licking out various other vessels, had come to this kettle, an old-fashioned iron pot, and finding the inside surface peculiarly inviting, had pushed his head deeper and deeper into it until it slipped over his big bony jaws and thick ears. In this predicament he could neither see nor hear, and his mouth was effectually shut as to mischief, so that, although his mighty paws were free, they were harmless so long as the kettle held him prisoner. He now was trying to run away, but, being unable to make out the points of the compass or perceive the logs, stumps and trees in his path, was like a person playing carelessly at "blind-man's buff," constantly running against obstacles and tumbling himself over, and upon regaining his feet, starting of in another direction. Amos and George, fearless of him in his misfortune, were amusing themselves by pulling his stubbed tail, George even venturing to leap astride of him and ride several yards.

"Oh, don't! don't! boys," called Mrs. Lyman. "What if it should come off all at once? he'd kill you in an instant."

"Which do you mean, mother, the kettle or the tail?" gleefully responded Amos. "They're both fast enough; so never fear. He's tried to get the kettle off till he's scratched his neck dreadfully."

Every few minutes the animal would stand on his haunches and paw at the kettle with a vigor that would have removed it had that been possible. Finally, Mr. Lyman said:

"Boys, you stay and watch him, and I'll carry the baby to the house, take care o' the oxen, and get some ropes; and we'll see if we can lead him to the corn-barn and shut him up."

In half an hour he returned, and after careful managing they had Bruin haltered, and by much pulling and hauling got him under way toward his quarters. Once started on open ground, he struck into such a pace that it required their utmost effort to keep him from running away as the oxen had done. At length, mainly by the creature's eagerness to escape, they steered him into the corn-barn, a strong log building, and made him fast by a chain.

When they had assured themselves that he was absolutely secure, the problem arose how to remove the kettle. The only way seemed to be to break it in pieces; yet of course the instant this was done the ugly mouth and keen eyes would be at liberty, and he might make matters lively for his liberator if within reach.

Amos insisted that this task belonged by right to him, because he was spryer than George, who was too young, or than his father, who was too old. Mr. Lyman, hesitated, having not the greatest confidence in his son's agility. After much parleying, however, Amos gained his point.

"You must not strike on top, or at the side," said Mr. Lyman, "or you may not only break the kettle, but kill the bear, strike well back along the neck on the under side, so as to crush the rim round the top of the kettle."

Taking the hammer in hand, Amos approached the bear. All the family stood near the door, but where they could instantly dart into the house if necessary.

"Now, *do* take care!" said the anxious mother.

"Of the bear, do you mean!" laughed Amos; and then added, in a pompous tone, like a hero of many victories, "O, pshaw, mother! he's tied so short he can't come an inch this way; and if he could, I'm too spry for him."

Going up within convenient striking distance, he swung the hammer two or three times just where he wished to strike, so as to make accurate work of it, and then gave the kettle a ringing blow.

But the only result was to startle the bear and cause him to spring suddenly forward, which in turn so scared Amos that he tripped over his own heels and fell awarkwardly through the doorway upon the ground outside; this frightened the baby, a child of three years, and Mary, so that one cried and the other screamed. But the rest of the family were greatly amused, Mrs. Lyman saying:

"How spry, oh, how very spry you are, Amos!"

But Amos sprang to his feet and marched in to try it again. The bear had changed position, giving chance for a fairer blow at the kettle, and this time it snapped in pieces, leaving the creature's head free once more. But instead of offering his liberator any violence or showing the least ferocity, he sat blinking at the light, seeming amazed at the sudden change. But in a few days he developed a fierce and restless temper, and being several years old, it was found impossible to tame him in the least.

All that summer they kept him firmly chained in the corn-barn and fed him well; but as winter approached he grew more and more savage, and so they made a laprobe of his furry hide, and meat of the best parts of his flesh.—*Wide Awake.*

The Good Father.

"Father," began the innocent child, as he leaned on his father's knee, "you are an awful good man?—"

"Yes, I hope so, my son."

"You wouldn't cheat anybody out of a cent, would you?"

"Of course I wouldn't, why do you ask?"

"Suppose, father, that you had $10,000 in Wabash preferred which had cost you $80?"

"Yes."

"And they went down to 55?"

"Yes."

"And suppose an old friend from Elmira came here to buy stocks, and could be talked into believing that Wabash preferred would touch 75 before September, would you unload on him at 60 and rake in his cash?"

"No—ahem—that is—see here, Sylvanus! The next time I have a dear old friend call to see me and you listen at the library door to catch our conversation, you'll get a dividend on curiosity that will last you a lifetime! Tell your mother to put you to bed an hour ahead of time for the next week!"—*Wall Street Daily News.*

—The recent report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue gives the number of liquor dealers in each State, and the population, so that it is easy to arrive at the ratio of one to the other. Vermont has one retail dealer to every 812 of population; Maine, one to 791; Massachusetts, one to 245; Illinois, one to 267; Iowa, one to 377. On the other hand, Nevada has one to each 65; Montana, one to 51; Colorado, one to 76. The State with the fewest is Vermont, and the one with the most is Nevada.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A light employment—making gas.

Both Useful and Ornamental.

Is is very easy to say that the decorative mania leads our women to waste time and to deface crockery and other objects. Instead of thus ridiculing those whom we should treat with the utmost tenderness, why do we not take them by their respective hands—figuratively speaking, of course—and lead them into fields where their passion for decoration can be exercised in a way that will be of real benefit to the race? That this can be done has been practically demonstrated by Mr. Simeon Brewster, of West Middleton, Mass., and his example deserves to be held up to the imitation of his fellow-men throughout the country.

Miss Sophonisba Brewster has for some time delighted in decorating the family china—including the preserve-jars and the porcelain-lined preserve-kettle. Mr. Brewster regarded his daughter's labors with great disdain, but, unlike most men, he knew that ridicule would be of no use. Whether he had in view the train of consequences which followed his suggestion that Sophonisba should decorate "our new rooster," or whether he merely mentioned the rooster because he imagined that his daughter would regard the bird as beneath her notice, is not positively known, but in view of the fact that his daughter believed the proposal to be made in perfectly good faith, and prepared to carry it into execution, we may assume that he made it with a full knowledge of what would follow.

Mr. Brewster's poultry-yard at the time in question contained but two fowls—the new rooster and a venerable hen, and hence did not yield a large daily crop of eggs. Miss Brewster, in accordance with her father's wishes, caught the rooster, and binding him firmly, so as to prevent him from struggling, decorated him with admirable taste. Her first operation was to paint him a rich dark blue as a background. Upon this she spread designs in white or in gold—such as golden heads of grain, golden grasshoppers, pure white lilies and arabesques of mingled gold and white. The appearance of that fowl when completed would have drawn tears of admiration from the most hardened naturalist. He was simply magnificent, and when he had surveyed himself in a mirror, thoughtfully provided for the purpose, he expressed his own appreciation of Miss Brewster's work by a triumphant crow.

The bird when turned loose in the yard soon became the subject of unrestrained admiration on the part of the hens of the vicinity, who came to the fence and, peering through at him, remarked to one another in a cackle too plain to be misunderstood: "Isn't he just too, too, too, too, too utterly utter?" Noticing their admiring glances, the decorated fowl flew over the fence and strolled down the street, followed by his enthusiastic adorers. He returned at dark in company with twenty-seven hens, all of whom had evidently sworn to follow him to the end of the world. The hens occupied the Brewster woodshed during the night, and on the next morning laid two dozen eggs in various available localities on the Brewster premises.

In the course of the day the owners of the hens appeared and carried them away, but before night the decorated rooster went fourth and brought back a new harem of thirty-four facinated hens, all of whom furnished the Brewster household with eggs on the next morning. Once more the neighbors came for there missing hens, and having discovered that the decorated Brewster fowl was irresistible in the eyes of the females of his species, no less than five leading citizens induced their daughters to follow the example of Miss Brewster and to provide their fond parents with blue and gold roosters.

The new rivals of the original decorated rooster were sufficiently gorgeous to retain the allegiance of their harems, and three of them challenged him to single combat, and whipped him so thoroughly that the discouraged bird persistently remained at home and shunned all female society. Mr. Brewster, however, was not discouraged. He sent to Boston for a game-cock of demonstrated prowess, and on the arrival of the fowl Miss Brewster decorated him in the Pompeiian style, with black wings and a red body, picked out with geometrical figures in dead gold. Thus decorated, he was far more beautiful than his predecessor, and Mr. Brewster, after keeping him shut up for a few days, turned him loose, armed with a pair of long steel spurs.

That night the game-cock returned home, at the head of a procession of three hundred and eleven hens. In fact, as was afterward learned, there were not six hens left in the whole township who had not yielded to the fascinations of the gallant Pompeiian stranger. Furthermore, he had fought and killed thirty roosters who had rashly ventured to defend their marital rights, and among the dead were the five decorated roosters, the work of the pious daughters of West Middletown. Mr. Brewster now reaps an average of a hundred eggs every morning, and though the neighbors constantly come and take away their hens, the Pompeiian game-cock never fails to lure them away from their duty a few hours later.

Thus we see that woman's fondness for decoration may, if properly directed, be made a source of much profit to intelligent and upright men.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Dog of Niagara.

It has always been supposed that no living being could be swept over Niagara Falls and survive the terrible plunge. The feat, however, was successfuly performed by a dog a few days ago. The name of this able animal is unknown, and it is only too probable that he will be mentioned in history merely as the Dog of Niagara.

He first attracted attention while he was in the rapids above the falls, and as he struggled with the current which was swiftly sweeping him along, it was supposed that he had only a few moments to live. He was seen to plunge over the falls, and then, to the amazement of those who had watched his descent, he emerged from the cloud of spray that rises at the foot of the cataract and climbed upon a cake of floating ice.

The news that a dog had gone over the falls and was still alive spread rapidly, and in a few moments the bank of the river was lined with people. The dog floated down the river on his cake of ice but he had very little confidence in its seaworthy qualities, and howled loudly for help. Of course no one could help him, for it would have been impossible to reach him with a boat, and had a rope been thrown to him as he passed under the Suspension Bridge it is hardly probable that he could have caught it.

Some distance below the bridge the river forms a terrible whirlpool, and when the dog and his cake of ice reached the whirlpool they were carried around at a frightful speed. Presently the cake of ice broke in two, and the dog was thrown into the water. He struggled bravely for a few moments, and then disappeared under the waves, and never rose again.

When it is remembered that when the dog reached the foot of the falls, hundreds of tons of water must have fallen upon him, and beaten him down toward the bottom of the river, it seems almost incredible that he should have been able to rise to the surface and to reach his cake of ice. Had he escaped the whirlpool and reached the shore, he would have been the most famous of living dogs.

He was as brave as he was enduring, for he never lost his presence of mind; and instead of trying to reach the bank of the river, where the perpendicular rocks would have given him no foothold, he saw that his only possible chance was to float down the stream on a cake of ice until he should reach quiet water. It is a pity that so brave an animal should have no tombstone, and no name to be placed upon it.—*Harper's Young People.*

An Arab Police Court.

The French masters of Algiers have instituted a court called the Bureau Arabe. Over it presides a Frenchman, known as the President. A table is before him. On either side of the room, ranged against the wall, are three or four gentlemen, the court officials. People are squatted about, while the clerk is painting in, rather than writing, the "notes." The court is open, and below is a picture of a scene given by an Eastern traveler:

Enter an Arab, with a face of agony, and clothes filthy and in disorder. He drags himself to the front, raises his right hand out of his mantle (bernous), and with the fore-finger pointing to heaven, exclaims in a shrill tone:

"I invoke God and His justice!"

"What have you to complain of? Speak!" says the President.

With the shrillest of screams, the Arab repeats: "I invoke God and His justice!"

"Well, see here; explain yourself, and try not to scream so loud."

"I am an unfortunate man; poor, but virtuous. I have never robbed, nor lied, nor murdered, nor betrayed any one."

"Don't yell so loud! You are screaming like a hungry pig. Lower your voice."

"I will tell you my story," the Arab now concludes to say. "She was very quiet at our home. One day I went to market. I come back; I find my tent empty.

"I then began to have my doubts. I go to my neighbor, as perfect as you could wish him to be. Says he: 'I saw them slip away, yesterday.'

"I search everywhere; I wear myself out with searching. After three months of searches—may my two eyes be put out if it was not three whole months!—I reach this place. A man says: 'Give me five douros, and I will show where she is.' I give him five douros, and he leads me to a tent, where I perceive him established with her, like husband and wife.

"I suppose you are speaking of your wife," returns the President, "and come to claim her back, who has been carried off by some one, whose name you have forgotten to mention."

"How? Have I not named him? His name is Moustapha ben Krain, of the tribe of Ouled Krain. (With a deep sigh.) Ah, my poor wife! who knew so well how to make fritters and griddle-cakes. I would swear the scoundrel took her off by force, and that she did all she could to resist him."

"Control yourself!" explains the President, "Here is the Kaid of the Ouled Krain present; he will help us to put this matter right."

(With a groan)—"What a wife I have lost in her! She cost me forty douros."

"Come, now," said the Kaid, turning to the Arab, "could we not arrange this matter in a friendly way?"

(With virtuous indignation)—"Never! never! I appeal to God and His justice!" (He sobs) "My poor wife! Ah! if they had not carried her off by force, I should have her still. What a dear creature she was!"

"How much did she cost you?" asks the Kaid.

"Who? My wife? Forty douros. Alas! The joy of my tent is departed with her. Forty douros, without counting the jewels."

"I am ready to give you twenty on account of the man who now holds her in possession."

Changing his whole manner, the Arab replies: "How? I beg your pardon! Twenty douros? But she cost me forty."

"But she was then young. She is now beginning to grow old, and she has dropped much under her first value."

"That's true. She has gone down. She is not what she was. Twenty douros? It is a bargain. Count them out at once. My word is my bond."

The money is counted out before the plaintiff, whose eyes sparkle with greediness.

"But stop!" exclaims the President. "The plaintiff has affirmed that she would not for all the world be separated from him. Now, if this poor woman loves him——"

"She love him! She has said that she had rather be cut to pieces alive than return to him," answers the Kaid.

"There may be something in it," quietly returns the Arab. "For some time she has taken the bridle off her tongue more than befits a woman. I have been obliged to box her ears on many an occasion.

"But you said you loved her dearly."

Stowing away his money and rising from his knees, the Arab replies: "True; but she had begun to get a little the worse for wear. She limped a good bit, and then her left eye was not as clear as it might have been. Twenty douros; it is a reasonable price. I am a just and virtuous man, I am. Everybody will tell you so. I am satisfied. I desire a document that the actual possessor of my wife is forbidden to bring her back to me. God be with you!"

He goes out satisfied.

Science of Perfumes.

By a process known as enfluerage, which is the exposure of beef fat to fresh flowers, in close boxes, until it is thoroughly permeated and charged with their odors, the perfumes of six flowers are obtained, which could in no other manner known to science be preserved apart from the fresh petals. Those flowers are violet, jasmin, tuberose, rose, orange flower and cassie (cinnamon flower). From these six there are fifty or more combinations made, for the simulation of the odors of other flowers. Sweet pea is made with jasmin and orange flower; hyacinth is counterfeited by jasmin and tuberose; lily of the valley by violet and tuberose. But the resources of the perfumery are by no means confined to the pomades, as the scented fats are termed. He uses many essential oils, the principal of which are sandalwood, bergamot, lemon, rosemary, neroli (made from bitter orange flowers), patchouli and attar of roses. It is very difficult to get the last-named in a pure state, because its great cost tempts to dishonest adulteration. Very often rose-geranium oil is substituted for it. Musk is another important ingredient, entering, as it does, into almost all perfumes, except those which are actually imitations of flower odors, or, as styled by perfumers, "natural," as, for instance, heliotrope, tuberose, white rose and violet.—*Boston Herald.*

—Twelve boxes of young monkeys arrived at New York recently. They were sea-sick all the way over; howled and coughed like babies. Among them were two "holy monkeys" worshiped by certain African tribes. They—the monkeys, not the tribes—are covered with long, soft, white hair. The importer said there weren't monkeys enough in this country to supply the demand. They die of consumption at the rate of five hundred annually.—*Chicago Times.*

—Massachusetts has been having an epidemic of big fires. In the words of a native of the Emerald Isle: "The inhabitants of that State are hardy, but the towns are tinder."

—The sunflower craze is coming to a bad.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Baptist ministerial army in the United States numbers 16,514, beside the licentiates.

—A man in Knox County, Maine, who wanted to vote against a projected high school, wrote his ballot "Know."

—Omaha is to have a Young Men's Christian Association. Steps have been taken by some leading citizens toward organizing one.

—The number of white and colored pupils attending the public schools at Danville, Va., is the same—370 each. The average attendance is one point in favor of the white pupils.

—In Springfield, Ill., the young men of the Christian Association hold services in the jail every Sunday afternoon for the benefit of the prisoners. These brethren are sure of their audience rain or shine.

—President Cheney, of Bates College, Maine, has published an appeal for an addition of $100,000 to the college's present endowment of $150,000. The women of the country are asked to raise $20,000 for the endowment of a chair.

—A young couple in Trousdale County professed religion on the same day in the same church, were baptized in the same creek, in the same hour, by the same minister, and were united in marriage before changing their baptismal clothes.—*Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.*

—General James M. Coale, who died at Frederick, Md., a few days ago, left $10,000 each to the following institutions: Georgetown College, Georgetown, D. C.; St. John's Literary Society, Baltimore; St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys, Baltimore, and the Little Sisters of the Poor, Baltimore; besides smaller bequests of from $2,000 to $5,000 to other schools and charities.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—At a meeting of Baptist ministers at Philadelphia, a resolution was adopted protesting in the name of Christianity against the arrest of Godfrey Hubert, a Baptist pastor at Skiem, Norway, who was recently sentenced by the courts there to pay a fine of $30 for baptizing a convert, both of whose parents were members of his church. It was resolved to request the Secretary of State to instruct the American Minister to Sweden and Norway to inquire into the case.—*Chicago News.*

—The Lee Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, whose pastor, the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, now a member of Congress, recently resigned after thirteen years' service, has dissolved under its former name, and a new church has been formed under the name of the South Baptist Church. The Rev. N. B. Thompson is now pastor. As the church edifice has been sold for an academy of music, a site for a new church is being looked for. Services will be held in the old structure for six months.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A restless young preacher with a congregation of working people, in a manufacturing town, wrote to Prof. Phelps desiring his help to a better position, and remarked: "I am throwing myself away in this shoe town." Prof. Phelps wrote to the young man that he could not make a better throw. If by throwing himself away on these people, whom he considered unworthy of his superior talent, he could lift them up intellectually and spiritually, he was doing a work which would be worth the sacrifice.—*Chicago Herald.*

The New Comet.

At present the comet is about one hundred and sixty millions of miles from the earth, and its distance from us will probably not be less than eighty millions at any time, though further calculations will be necessary to settle that point. But though it will not approach us so nearly as other comets have done, it may be expected to make a fine display for a few days in the early part of June. Only ten comets have hitherto been known to approach the sun so nearly as this in all probability will. It is to be regretted, however, that its greatest brilliancy will occur at a time when it will be invisible to us, and seen only in the Southern Hemisphere. In this respect it will resemble the great comet of 1880. The present extraordinary intensity of its light which comes to us from the enormous distance of 160,000,000 miles, proves that it has plenty of material for future display, and it will probably show a long and nearly straight tail of enormous dimensions to our antipodes. How much of the same sort it will give us is still somewhat problematical, and can only be decided on the basis of further observations.

It is now invisible to the naked eye, and by a small telescope, though it is readily seen, yet owing to its smallness it can hardly be distinguished from the stars which surround it. After passing its perihelion it will probably become visible in the Northern hemisphere. It now appears in the constellation of the Lyre, near Vega. It will pass to the westward of that star, and will continue on its journey up into Cepheus, when in May it will make an abrupt turn and go plunging in toward the sun.

The elements of the orbit of the new comet are: Perihelion passage, June 15; perihelion place, 49 degrees, 35 minutes; longitude of node, 206 degrees, 49 minutes; inclination, 74 degrees, 47 minutes; perihelion distance, 10,000,000 miles, motion direct.

This comet appears to have no analogue in the past, as no comet is known with elements sufficiently resembling these to constitute reasonable belief in identity. The elements of the comet of 1097 somewhat resemble those of the present comet, but the perihelion distance of the former is computed to be seven times as great as that of the latter. Two weeks of further observation will serve to remove many uncertainties which now exist as to the future of this comet, and these observations will unquestionably be awaited with the greatest interest.—*Albany Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Opening the Car Window.

May be a man feels happy and proud and flattered and envied and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window on a railway car, and he jumps up and gets in ahead of the other boys and says: "Allow me?" Oh, *so* courteously, and she says: "Oh, *if* you please: I would be *so* glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of the seat and tackles the window in a knowing way with one hand, if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist, but it kind of holds on, and he takes hold with both hands, but it sort of doesn't let go to any alarming extent, and then he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle a "leetle" closer into the place, and then he comes around and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance, and he grapples that window and bows up his back and tugs, and pulls, and sweats, and grunts, and strains, and his hat falls off, and his suspender buttons fetch loose, and his vest buckle parts, and his face gets red, and his feet slip, and people laugh, and irreverent young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts and cry out: "Now then, *all* together," as if in mockery, and he bursts his collar at the forward button, and the pretty young lady, vexed at having been made so conspicuous, says, in her iciest manner: "Oh, never mind, thank you. It doesn't make any difference," and then calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself together and reads a book upside down—oh *doesn't* he feel good, just? May be he isn't happy, but if you think he isn't don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't want it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In his experiments with the strength of insects, Plateau, the French naturalist, has ascertained that, in proportion to its size, a Junebug is as powerful as a locomotive.

—California is to have a cotton factory. Manufacturers of wool there say that California cotton is more serviceable to them than that of the Southern States.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Some observations were lately made in a balloon by M. de Fouviele on an opaque cloud which covered the region of Paris for several days. The cloud was hardly 300 meters thick. The upper part of the guide rope was covered with hoar frost. The mean temperature of the cloud was 5 degrees.

—A Minnesota inventor, says the *New England Farmer*, proposes to send grain from the West to the seaboard by means of a pipe line, somewhat as petroleum is sent from the oil regions, the grain being propelled by compressed air. The experiment has been found to work perfectly in a short tube, and machinery is being built for a decisive test of the merits of the plan.

—It is said that the fifteen dynamite manufactories now under the control of M. Nobel (the man who introduced nitro-glycerine in its various forms into public use) turn out about 5,000 tons a year. In this country and in Europe it is estimated that the production of explosives containing nitro-glycerine is between 7,000 and 8,000 tons a year, and this quantity has the energy of at least 45,000 tons of ordinary gunpowder.

—The value of the cotton plant, it would seem, has been increased by the discovery that the bark of the roots yield a promising dye-stuff. It appears that, when the bark of cotton root is exhausted by alcohol of the specific gravity of 0.84, a dark reddish-brown liquid is obtained, which, when distilled to recover the spirit, leaves a resinous matter which amounts to eight per cent. of the original weight of the bark. The new product thus obtained appears black and shining, but when pulverized takes the color of cochineal. It dissolves in fourteen parts of alcohol, fifteen of chloroform, and 122 of benzol; it dissolves also in caustic alkalies, and is precipitated from those solutions by acids. Hydrate of potash colors green. Sulphuric acid dissolves it with a red-brown coler.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

—If you can not inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself—all that runs over will be yours.

—A Philadelphia surgeon makes dimples to order for $15 apiece, and the average servant girl takes four and strikes for an increase of wages.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mustard is said by the fashion mongers to have a seasonable color. It will be worn this summer by the salt of the earth.—*N. Y. Comercial Advertiser.*

—An up-country man bought a Roman candle and lighted it to go to bed by. He says you can bet your sweet life he'll lick the man that loaded it, if he can find him out.—*Boston Post.*

—An Irish gentleman, hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, that's a good idea! Shure an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man a lifetime."

—A fashion item says "oval necks are more fashionable than the pompadour squares." This fashion should be encouraged. Girls born with square necks don't look as well as those whose necks are oval.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Is the doctor in?" asked an anxious-looking young man. "No, sir," replied the person addressed; "but you can leave an order on the slate. Is it a very urgent case?" "Well, yes," the young man said—"rather urgent, I think. Just as I started away from home my youngest brother was falling out of a second story window."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Is there a letter here in a scented envelope for my wife?" he asked the postmaster, while the green fire from his eyes made the office look like a leafy forest. "Yes, sir," answered the postmaster as he handed it out. The jealous man tore it open at once, when, lo and behold! it was the milliner's bill.

—The Court, austerely: "Prisoner how did you have the audacity to break into this man's house at midnight and rob him?" Prisoner, (piteously): "But, your Honor, last time I was before you you wanted to know how I could have the audacity to rob a man on the highway at high noon. When do you want me to get in my work.—*New Haven Register.*

An Honest Man.

One day in the years agone a stranger arrived at Dearborn, in this county, and inquired for a citizen commonly known as Uncle Ike. The old man was soon found in a grocery, and after the usual "how-de-do" the stranger said:

"Do I address Uncle Ike Barlow?"

"You dew," was the reply.

"Well, my name is Thorburn, of Ann Arbor."

"Jess so."

"They tell me that you are a great horse-trader."

"Wall, I dew make a trade now and then. What ye got?"

"I've got a horse I brought along on purpose to trade with you. Let us first understand each other. You are a member of the church?"

"Y-e-s; I expect I be."

"Then of course I shall expect you to be honest with me. I've been looking at your old nag over there by the post. How old is he?"

"That 'ere hoss," slowly replied Uncle Ike, as he puckered his lips and squinted his left eye—"let's see—let's see! Wall, now, I quite forgit whether he's nine or ten years old, but we'll say ten."

"Uncle Ike, isn't that horse all of twenty years old? Come, now, as a member of the church, give me an honest answer."

"Look a-here, mister," said the old man, after a strong gaze at the stranger, "I never trade hosses but one way."

"How's that?"

"When I'm buying of a hoss I'm a purty good member of the church. When I'm a-selling of a hoss I reckon on skipping about two prayer meetings. When Im a-trading hosses then I calkerlate on backsliding altogether for a full month, or until I know the victim won't begin no lawsuit. Now, stranger, that's me, and if you have come here to trade hosses don't reckon that Matthew, Mark, Luke or John ever writ a line advising a church member to come right down and give away the ring bones on his own anamile!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Physicians' Fees.

Fifty years ago physicians in New Bedford, Mass., were paid a fee of 6 1-2 cents per visit. A few years later the price rose to 25 cents a visit, including free medicine. In 1830 an advance was made to 50 cents, which brought forth an outburst of indignation from the people, and the medical fraternity were obliged to explain that if they received pay from all of their patients they might be able to gain a livelihood, and something besides, from their old prices. By the time people became reconciled to this advance another was made to $1, and then again to $2, and in some cases more. This is the history of the profession in nearly all of the Massachusetts cities and towns, and is said to account for the favor with which patent medicines are regarded there, people preferring to doctor themselves rather than to submit to what they term ruinous charges.—*Chicago Herald.*

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

IT CURES SPAVINS, SPLINTS, RING BONES, CURBS AND ALL MILK BLEMISHES AND REMOVES THE BUNCH WITHOUT BLISTERING.

FOR MAN IT IS NOW KNOWN TO BE ONE OF THE BEST IF NOT THE BEST LINIMENT EVER DISCOVERED.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

It has cured thousands of cases and is destined to cure millions and millions more

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE!

Is the only positive cure known, and to show what this remedy will do we give as a sample of cases cured by it, a statement which was

GIVEN UNDER OATH.

To Whom it May Concern.—In the year 1875 I treated with "Kendall's Spavin Cure," a bone spavin of several months' growth, nearly half as large as a hens egg, and completely stopped the lameness 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."

R. A. GAINES.

Enosburgh Falls, Vt., Feb. 25, '79.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 25th day of Feb., A. D. 1879.
JOHN G. JENNE,
Justice of Peace

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 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 1 year old with perfect safety Its Effects are wonderful on human flesh and it does not blister or make a sore. Try it and be convinced.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE;

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

HEMATITE, MISSOURI, AUGUST 20, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL & CO., GENTS:—I am so overjoyed in view of the result of an application of your Kendall's Spavin Cure that I feel that I ought for Humanities' sake 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 Kendall's Spavin Cure, never once thought of it for anything except for horses, but after receiving he medicine and reading over what it was good for, feeling terribly exercised about my difficulty, for I had consulted many physicians and none gave me any specific but when it could be endured no longer to remove it with the knife. I applied your Kendall's Spavin Cure as an experiment, and it was so painful 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 applied it over again and have made in all about ½ dozen applications running over a space of two weeks and the terrible enlargement is almost gone, in view of which I cannot express my feelings of delight. It has been a God send to me, may he send to others with like troubles.

JOHN RICE.

Pastor of Hematite Congregational Church.

P. S. You are at liberty to put this in any shape you may please. I am not ashamed to have my name under, over or by the side of it.

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 liniment is used for man or beast. It is now