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THE JOURNAL.

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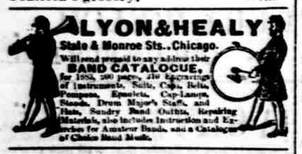

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Miraculous Escape.

W. W. Reed, druggist, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "One of my customers, Mrs. Louisa Pike, Bartonis, Randolph county, Ind., was a long sufferer with Consumption, and was given up to die by her physicians. She heard of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and began buying it of me. In six months' time she walked to this city, a distance of six miles, and is now so much improved she has quit using it. She feels she owes her life to it." Free trial bottles at Dowty & Heitkemper's Drug Store.

LOCAL option election were held the other day at many points in North Carolina. The prohibitionists carried the day at Raleigh by sixty majority, and also at the following places: Concore, Oxford, Kingston, Henderson, Warrenton, Lousiburg, Winston, Salem, Apex, Beauford and Seaboard. The anti-prohibitionists carried the election at Charlotte, Durham, Franklinton, Reasville, Holly Springs, Morehead, Ashville, Galesboro, Littleton and Statesville. The election was on the question of license or no license for the sale of spiritous liquors and goes into effect at once where prohibition was carried.

A SHORT time ago, a friend of mine, a ranchman in Douglas county, suffered terribly from cramp colic, and was nearly crazy when I stopped at his ranch. I at once took out a bottle of Chamberlin's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, and gave him two small doses, relieving him almost instantly, and perhaps saving his life. It now forms one of his principal stand-bys. It has saved me and my family much pain and suffering, and I would not be without this great Remedy for any consideration. O. S. McClain, Real Estate Agent, 301 Sixteenth St., Denver Colo. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper.

NEWS from Dublin states that rioting continues in the Orange districts of Monaghan. At Lurgan several militiamen were wounded, some houses wrecked and several persons shot, some being dangerously wounded. One Thos. Gallagher was shot and has died. Troops were ordered from Armogh to clear the streets. Almost all the constables were injured by stones and bricks.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Dowty & Heitkemper.

NEWS from Montreal states that the works of the North American Glass company, at Tachelaga, were turned the other day, including the workshops, sheds, building, plant and appliances. The property destroyed is valued at $150,000.

A NEW method of treating small-pox with ether and opium, the ether being administered hypodermically and the opium by the mouth, has recently been tried in Paris with remarkable success, even in very severe cases.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dowty & Heitkemper. May17-1y

THE Boston & Albany Railroad has a circulating library of 2,000 volumes free to its employes. A most excellent thing, and probably no equal investment of money brings them so great a return.

AT her home, near Stugatuck, Mich., the other day a girl of 12 lay down to take a nap; and, notwithstanding medical aid has been invoked, she still slumbers, and breathes naturally.

JOHN W. SHEARER died on the train from Los Angeles, en route to his home at Montezuma, Iowa, the other night, between Plum Creek and Elm Creek.

THE Virginia organized militia contains thirty-four white companies, nineteen colored, three batteries of artillery, and three troops of cavalry.

AT Comanche, Iowa, the other day saloonkeepers mobbed a witness in a liquor case, and threatened to hang the prosecuting attorney.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad will not receive applications for employment from any man who is over forty-five years of age.

IN a quarry near Youngstown, O., the other morning, a dynamite blast, which was being redrilled, exploded killing two men.

SWITZERLAND has a factory in which a very durable cloth is made out of a mixture of wool and peat fiber.

A NEW-FASHIONED GIRL.

She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics and pneumatics very vast.

She was stuffed with erudition, as you stuff a leather cushion, all the ologies of the colleges, and the knowledges of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology and geology o'er and o'er.

She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques and the Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles, and the victuals that they gnawed;

She'd discuss, the learned charmer, the theology of Bramah, and the scandals of the Vandals, and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.

—*Lyon Union.*

MILLY'S MUSTANG.

A Trying Beast, and Yet 'Twas He Who "Did It."

It is not "sixty years since," although perhaps half that number of months may have passed, one lovely April afternoon a young man might have been seen to descend from one of those stately brown-stone mansions which at that time adorned the lower part of Fifth avenue, and join the moving throng of promenaders. That young man was the present writer, Frederick Benthuysen Vanderheyden, and as I sauntered on, enjoying the pleasant air, and now and then acknowledging the greeting of a friend, or doffing my hat to some fair acquaintance, I felt what a pleasant thing life is to one who is fortunate enough to be young and free, with good digestion, good spirits, a fair share of good looks, and a reasonable portion of this world's goods. But

"With equal pace impartial Fate,
Knocks at the palace and the cottage gate,"

and even then the lame goddess was on my track. Some hours later I retraced my steps an abject boudman, and as utterly, and for the time hopelessly, miserable as any one possessing all the above et ceteras could well be. The cause of this transformation—well, that is what I am about to tell.

Already I had reached Fifty-third street, and was turning to cross the other side of Fifth avenue, when I was joined by my friend Bob Van Rensselear Jones, who proposed that I should go with him to look at a horse which he had just purchased and installed at Dickel's Riding Academy. Never having seen the inside of that resort of New York's aspiring equestrians, I consented, and all unknowing what awaited me, I entered those imposing portals. In an amateur way I considered myself something of a judge of a horse, but it was not easy to find much amiss with Bob's new acquisition. The animal was visited, examined, approved, the comfortable quarters and deft saddling admired, and then I must needs adjourn to the ring and see the horse put through his paces. Bob was a very fair rider, and watching him make the animal curvet and passage, I began to consider whether it might not be worth while to order a horse for myself, and take a turn with him in the park.

While I stood thus idly leaning on the barricade and debating pros and cons, there came a sharp ting, a door flew open, impelled by some invisible agency, a girlish figure flitted by me, and a sweet voice said: "Will you order my horse, Mr. Wahl?"

I liked the voice; each syllable fell distinct and clear and lingered pleasantly on the ear. I felt attracted by it, I knew not why, and as soon as I could do so without rudeness, I changed my position in order to get a look at the speaker, and then it was all up with me. I may as well own it first as last that then and there, upon the floor of Dickel's, I fell over head and ears in love with Milicent Tremaine. Let me try and picture her as I saw her then and so many times afterward. She was small, with a pretty rounded figure, quick and darting in her motions as a bird or a squirrel, and had an arch way of glancing up from under her eyelashes that made you think of a roguish child. Her eyes dark and soft, yet shining, looked out from beneath a fringe of short curly hair that would never stay tucked away under the prim little Derby, but insisted on straying in soft little rings about her temples and tiny ears. No wonder, for the cheek was so soft and round and dimpled that it was small blame to the curls if they liked to caress it. A dark gray habit fitting perfectly to the lithe figure, a Derby hat of the same color set jauntily a little back from the face, the neatest and glossiest of patent-leather boots, and a gold-handled riding-whip completed the outfit.

Miss Tremaine seemed quite unconscious of the presence of any one except her maid, to whom she occasionally addressed a few words as she stood half concealed behind a pillar waiting the arrival of her horse. Nor was it long before the order: "Send in Miss Tremaine's Comet," was answered by the appearance of a chestnut pony whose short, compact form and dark stripe down the back, as well as his erratic modes of advance, proclaimed the Texas mustang.

The pony, led by an unnecessarily good-looking groom, upon whom Miss Tremaine bestowed a smile that ought to have made him happy for twenty-four hours, approached the mounting-block. Miss Tremaine had already descended into the ring, and stood awaiting the master whose duty it was to aid her in mounting. I was already insanely jealous of the pleasant-faced, soft-voiced young German on whom this agreeable task devolved, and I began to consider whether the pony's vagaries would not justify me in offering some assistance. The next instant my heart came into my throat, when the pony, scarcely waiting for the rider to gain her seat, much less a stirrup, broke from the groom's detaining hand, reared perfectly straight, then, dropping to all fours, executed a succession of bounds and plunges calculated, I should have thought, to shake not only the breath from a man's body, but the very flesh from his bones. Miss Tremaine seemed in no wise disturbed by this eccentric conduct on the part of her pet, which, in truth, more befitted a falling-star than a comet, but merely saying, in a tone of remonstrance: "Now, Comet! now, Comet!" she soon reduced him to a reasonable degree of quiet. She was presently joined by a fine-looking elderly gentleman, presumably her father, from the likeness, and together they left the school for the park. I had now no inducement to linger, and soon quitted the building as deeply in love as man could be with a girl whose name I barely knew, and yet resolved, as was ever knight of old, that there was the one woman of the world for me.

I need not weary my readers with the details of the steps I took to obtain an introduction to Miss Tremaine. Moving on the same social plane, the wonder was rather that we had never met before. In fact, there had been in past times some connection by marriage between our families, and a faint and far-away relationship actually existed—a vantage-point of which, once discovered, I made great use, and which won me such favor in the eyes of Milicent's grandmother and guardian that before long I was allowed the privilege of sometimes accompanying the young lady on her rides, a smart groom in belt and buttons doing propriety at the correct distance of forty yards behind. What more, you will say, could any lover ask? What, indeed, save that his inamorata should not love, own and ride a mustang pony. That (it will out) confounded mustang! How many times in the park have I paused to inwardly execrate the man who first took mustangs from the sphere where they were useful and perhaps honored, and brought them to the cities to be the bane of lovers! Milicent, I am aware, holds a different opinion, but the above speech comes from the depths of a bitter experience.

Milicent doted upon the Comet, viewed his failings, which were many, with an indulgent eye, and magnified his merits, which were few indeed. Often have I choked at the words when, to please her, I exhausted myself in praise of the Comet, and extolled his glossy coat, bright eyes, small ears, silky mane, slender legs and tiny feet. She never wearied of the theme, and would dilate by the hour upon the little wretch's perfections until I actually hated the sight of him. In vain did I purchase a bushel of carrots and a barrel of sugar with which to win the Comet's good will. He kicked at me in his stall, bit me when I fed him, and once actually butted me over when I undertook to hold him for a moment while the groom tightened a girth. Milicent said he was only frightened at a rabbit which ran across the road, but I shall always believe that he was actuated by malice prepense.

Certainly no dragon ever guarded a captive damsel more carefully than the Comet guarded Milicent. When, in the earnestness of conversation, I sought to lay my hand upon his smooth neck as an excuse for drawing closer to his rider, the Comet instantly swerving, would put half a dozen yards between us. Or if, as the afternoon waned, I endeavored to keep the horses walking more and more slowly on the shady bridle-path, the Comet would hear an imaginary coyote on his track, and putting down his head, would dash through the bushes and skim along the carriage-road in open day. Again and again, when the words that were to decide my fate trembled on my tongue, the Comet, suddenly shying, has cannoned against me with a force that brought words of far different import to my lips. A woman's French heel jammed sharply against your knee can inflict considerable pain, and for the time effectually banishes sentiment, however bewitching to you the owner may be.

All this time Milicent's patience with the little cayuse, the grace and ease with which she sat him, her perfect readiness to resume any topic of conversation, after the interludes of kicking, shying, and bolting with which the Comet was ever ready to diversify a ride, excited me continually to admiration, and each day as it passed saw me more in love and more determined to win her for my wife. If you want to kown a woman well and test her as a life companion, ride with her day after day, week after week, month after month. It is a critical test; and if she does not bore you then, you may safely put the question; she will stand the further ordeal. A month's companionship had showed me how fully Milicent could bear this test, and I only sought on opportunity; but how offer your hand and heart to a woman when all you can see of her is a pair of laughing eyes glancing archly at you from between the ears of a rearing pony?

Still, as the proverb says: "*Tout vient a qui sait attendre*" and my day came at last. It was a misty, rainy morning, and we had gone for a long ride out on the Kingsbridge road. As we were returning, the groom's horse cast a shoe, and he was obliged to stop at a blacksmith's. Milicent proposed that instead of waiting, we should go round by what she called the river road, past the West End Hotel, and let the groom meet us at the north entrance of the park. We turned in accordingly, and finding the road in good condition, determined to run our horses for a few hundred yards. Up to this time the Comet had been behaving unusually well, and we were about to pull up, when the pony, swerving sharply, rushed up a small embankment and stood rearing on the very edge, just visible through the trees and shrubs that covered its sloping sides. Another second, before I could even check my horse, the Comet sprang over the edge, a drop of some ten feet, on to the road below.

Heaven forbid I should ever know such another moment! Nothing, it seemed, could save my darling; the mad brute must land on his head, roll over, and then— The whole scene grew dark before me, when I heard a calm voice, Milicent's own, saying: "Didn't the Comet do that cleverly?" Slowly the cloud passed from my eyes, and there before me sat Milicent on the Comet as quietly and as much at her ease as though nothing had disturbed her, though the pony shook and trembled in every limb. As she afterward described the scene: "I gave the Comet plenty of rein while we were in the air, that he might see what he had to do, sat well back, and the moment he landed got his head up; the clever little pet did the rest himself."

Not then, however, did I hear this tale. In a second I was off my horse, snatched Milicent from her saddle, and all the feeling so long repressed poured forth like a flood. There beneath the cloudy heavens I told her how I had loved her from the first moment that I saw her, and pleaded for a word, a sign, a look, even, of encouragement. Nor did I plead wholly in vain. In her own pretty way, amid smiles and blushes, Milicent gave me the pledge I sought, and promised some day to be mine. How long it was before a distant growl of thunder recalled us to earth I never knew, but at length Milicent pushed me gently away and turned to look at the Comet, who all this time had stood like a lamb. It was wonderful, but beyond a few slight scratches, the pony had sustained no injury, though so near had he been to turning over that the deepest scrape was on his forehead. Only Milicent's coolness and the pony's agility had saved her. It will hardly be believed, but before we had reached Manhattanville the irrepressible mustang was as lively as ever, and apparently more determined to allow me no chance with Milicent. He ran for a mile down St. Nicholas avenue, rushed round the corner at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and before Milicent could pull him in had reached the park, and was tearing down the East drive. Misguided pony! he did not know this was his last day of triumph. Before many days had passed Mr. Dickel was persuaded to accept him, together with a considerable honorarium, in exchange for a good-looking black thoroughbred of unexceptionable manners, which still carries Mrs. Vanderheyden when it pleases her to display the prettiest figure and most graceful seat in New York in the park, as of old.

Here, kind readers, ends the tale of Milly's mustang, properly, in the old-fashioned style, with a wedding. To those, however, who have any curiosity as to his after-fate, I would say that, as far as I know, he still lives at Dickel's. After a brief period, during which he was on sale, and was very successful in teaching several young men what they did not know about riding he became the property of my friend Schuyler Van Wart. Schuyler does not care how many traps he smashes in the course of a season; neither does the Comet; so they are well matched.

Milicent, who has just come in, says I am very ungrateful, and that if it had not been for the Comet's freak I would never have had the courage to propose to her, in fact, *it was the mustang did it.* Two years of married life have convinced me that Mrs. Vanderheyden is seldom wrong. If, therefore, the case stands thus, I can only confess my error, take back all the abuse I have heaped upon the Comet, and acknowledge that I owe the happiness of my life, the light of my home, to—"Milly's Mustang."—*Harper's Bazar.*

ICELAND IN SUMMER.

A Cool Spot For American Warm-Weather Tourists.

Holiday-makers who are at a loss where to go to insure a cool spot, may, perhaps, be tempted to try Iceland. It is not necessarily cool there, notwithstanding the refreshing sound of the name, but it is a good deal less likely to be hot than Swiss or even Scotch valleys, and there is a good deal more to see that would be fresh to the visitor. Nor is the island by any means difficult to get at. The Danish royal mail steamers make a monthly voyage from Copenhagen to Reykjavik, and five of them run all round the island, as well as calling on each voyage at Leith. There is also an English line during the summer from Leith to Reykjavik. Iceland is by no means the diminutive country which people who do not look at large maps are in danger of supposing it to be, when they read that the population does not exceed that of a third-rate English town. It is possible to travel from east to west in a direct line for a greater distance than from London to Carlisle, so that the island is really of very respectable dimensions. Nor are the people, remote as is their dwelling-place from the centers of sweetness and light, by any means an uncultured race. They have had a parliament of their own—the Althing—for now nearly one thousand years, and they are a great deal better instructed than European populations generally.

The ordinary cockney tourist would hardly find himself at home among them; but an intelligent observer, interested in the study of nature and in the ways of isolated communities, might really do much worse during the summer months than brace himself up for the winter by a week or two in Iceland. Fishing and farming are the Icelander's principal pursuits, and fishing is more important, perhaps, than farming. There are practically no manufactures in the country, and trade is so little developed that up to last year the island did not even possess a bank, though the Althing was seriously occupying itself with the establishment of such an institution. Some interesting information on Icelandic fisheries is contained in the last report presented to Foreign Office by Mr. Consul Paterson. The Iceland fisherman's best customers are not his comparatively near neighbors—he has no neighbors at all but the Greenlanders, within six hundred miles—but the Spaniards. A good deal of the fish caught goes to Copenhagen, but more to Spain, and Spain gets the pick of the catches. Wheat-growing is no part of the Icelandic farmer's industry. For that the climate is not warm enough. He breeds flocks and herds, and during his short summer is much concerned for the results of his hay harvest. These, last year, were not satisfactory in the southern part of the land, owing to the occurrence of wet weather late in the summer. A further reduction of live stock was the consequence of the scarcity of fodder. In the north, however, the hay crop was good, and the farming interest there is fairly prosperous.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

THE TELETOPOMETER.

An Apparatus Adapted for Land-Surveying and Military Purposes.

An ingenious instrument for ascertaining the distance of accessible and inaccessible points from the observer and from each other has been invented by Dr. Luigi Cerebotani, a professor of the university of Verona. The apparatus consists mainly of a pair of telescopes mounted on a stand and fixed on a tripod for use. The telescopes are both brought to bear on the object, and a reading is then taken from a graduated scale on the instrument, which, compared with a set of printed tables, gives the distance. By this means the inventor obviates the necessity for the base-line, which has hitherto had to be laid down in these operations, and he dispenses with all trigonometrical calculations. Distances can be measured between far-off objects, and by means of a sheet of paper fixed on a drawing board a rough plan of the country under measurement can be sketched. In the same way the distances of ships at sea, or of moving objects on land, can be determined. The apparatus appears to be well adapted for land surveying, and particularly for military purposes. In fact, it is stated to have been already adopted in the German army in the latter connection, and it is about to be tried by the authorities of the British War Department. A practical trial was recently made with the instrument on the Thames embankment, when its varied usefulness was demonstrated.—*St. James' Gazette.*

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NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

W. R. Tedrow, Co. Supt.

I will be at Humphrey the 24th, Platte Center the first of May, and at my office in the Court House on the second of May, all for the examination of teachers. 39-tf

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MEXICAN LIFE.

Some of the Epicurean Morsels Enjoyed by the Hidalgos.

Tortillas is not only one of the great Mexican dishes, but one of the women's chief industries. In almost any street there can be seen women on their knees mashing corn between smooth stones, making it into a batter and finally shaping it into round, flat cakes. They spit on their hands to prevent the dough from sticking, and bake in a pan of hot grease, kept boiling by a few lumps of charcoal. Rich and poor buy and eat them, apparently unmindful of the way they are made. But it is a bread that Americans must be educated to. Many surprise the Mexicans by refusing even a taste after they see the bakers.

There are some really beautiful girls among the low class of people. Hair three-quarters the length of the women and of wonderful thickness is common. It is often worn loose, but more frequently in two long plaits. Wig-makers find no employment here. The men wear long, heavy bangs.

There is but one thing that poor and rich indulge in with equal delight and pleasure. That is cigarette-smoking. Those tottering with age down to the creeping babe, are continually smoking. No spot in Mexico is sacred from them; in churches, on the railway cars, on the streets, in the theaters—every where are to be seen men and women, of the elite, smoking.

The Mexicans are unsurpassed servants. Their thievery, which is a historic complaint, must be confined to those in the suburbs, for those in houses could not be more honest. Their cleanliness is something overwhelming, when one recalls the tales that have been told of the filth of the "greasers." Early in the mornings, the streets, walks in the plaza and pavements are swept as clean as any thing can be, and that with brooms not as good as those children play with in the States. Put an American domestic and a Mexican servant together, even with the difference in the working implements, and the American will "get left" every time. But this cleanliness may be confined somewhat to such work as sweeping and scrubbing; it does not certainly exist in the preparation of food.

The meat express does not by any means serve to make the meat more palatable. Generally an old mule or horse that has reached its second childhood serves for the express. A long iron rod, from which hooks project, is fastened on the back of the beast by means of straps. The meat is hung on these hooks, where it is exposed to the mud and dirt of the streets as well as the hair of the animal. Men with two large baskets, one in front, one behind, filled with the refuse of meat, follow near by. If they wear trousers they have them rolled up high so the blood from the dripping meat will not soil them but run down their bare legs and be absorbed in the sand. It is asserted that the poor do not allow this mixture in the basket to go to waste, but are as glad to get it as we are to get sirloin steak.

Men with cages of fowls, baskets of eggs and bushels of roots and charcoal come from the mountain in droves of from twenty-five to fifty, carrying packs which average three hundred pounds.

Pulque, which is sucked from the mother plant into a man's mouth and thence ejected into a water jar, is brought to town in pigskins. The skins are filled and then tied on to burros, or sometimes—not frequently—carried in wagons, the filled skin rolling from side to side. Never less than four filled skins are ever loaded on to a burro; oftener eight and ten. The burros are never harnessed, but go along in trains, which often number fifty. Mexican politeness extends even among the lowest classes. In all their dealings they are as polite as a dancing master. The moment one is addressed off comes his poor, old ragged hat, and bareheaded he stands until you leave him. They are not only polite to other people, but among themselves. One poor, ragged woman was trying to sell a broken knife and rusty lock at a pawnbroker's stand. "Will you buy?" she asked, plaintively. "No, Senorita, gracias" (I thank you), was the polite reply.—*Mexico Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

A GREAT TELESCOPE.

Alvan Clark's Crowning Work—Bringing the Moon Within a Hundred Miles.

The largest refracting telescope in the world is now in process of construction in the modest work-shop of the venerable Alvan Clark, the eminent telescope-maker, in Henry street, Cambridgeport, Boston. The two disks of glass go to form the lens of the great Lick telescope which will be placed in the observatory on the peak of Mt. Hamilton, a bequest of the California millionaire, James Lick. These two circular glasses are valued at $25,000 each, and if destroyed they could not be duplicated within the next six months for millions of dollars. The disks were cast in Paris, the order being given five years ago, but the failures were so numerous that they were not received by Messrs. Clark until last September. When finished the lens will be thirty-six inches in diameter, six inches wider than the one they recently completed for the Russian Government. Since receiving the blocks last September, Mr. Clark and his sons have been constantly at work upon them, but they do not expect to have them completed much before fall. When completed the two lenses will weigh about 700 pounds. The work of polishing the disks has reached that stage where the removal of a few grains more or less from the wrong place would ruin them. The only instrument used is the hand smeared with rouge, a polishing substance finer than the finest emery.

Some idea of the power of the instrument may be gained from the statement recently made by an astronomer, that gazing at the moon, 240,000 miles away, that orb by this telescope will be brought to within less than one hundred miles from the eye of the beholder. Mr. Clark is eighty-two years of age. He and his wife on March 25 celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. He was born in Ashfield, Mass., and brought up a farmer's boy, but his self-taught skill gained him a situation as an engineer, at the age of twenty-two, in a Lowell calico mill. Ten years later he had become a miniature painter in Boston, with a studio in Court street. All the time that he was painting these portraits he was grinding away at lenses for a pastime, and when the daguerreotype threatened the extinction of the portrait-painting profession he stepped into telescope making.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—About 150,000 copies of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" have been issued. The "House of Seven Gables" did not reach more than half that number.

—A draped shaft of Italian marble twenty-five feet high is to be placed over the graves of General Toombs and his wife at Washington, Ga. It will be made in Italy.

—Horatio Seymour died on Abraham Lincoln's seventy-eighth birthday, and General Hancock died on the seventy-second anniversary of Samuel J. Tilden's birth.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mrs. M. E. De Geer, of Scott City, Kan., has pre-empted land, founded several towns, built several hotels and established several paying newspapers in Kansas.—*Chicago Sun.*

—Talcot Williams, managing editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, has a collection of biographies of noted persons ready to be used as obituaries on their demise, which is insured for $3,000.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"With my own eyes," said Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler to some Yale students, the other day, "I have seen Mr. Gladstone kneel by the side of a common street-sweeper and pray for the salvation of his soul."

—The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: "The recent death of B. Gratz Brown carried off the last of the National candidates of 1872—Grant, Greely and Wilson having gone before. And the death of Horatio Seymour carried off the last of the candidates of 1868, the others being Grant, Colfax and Blair."

—General Hancock was married in St. Louis in 1850 to Miss Almira Russell, of that city, who survives him. Probably it was her full name the dying man was trying to pronounce when his utterance broke into "Allie," "Myra," as given in some of the reports of his last moments.—*St. Louis Post.*

—Elder Thomas Parker Dudley, of Lexington, Ky., is said to be the oldest Baptist minister in America. He is ninety-four years old, blind and very feeble. He began preaching in 1820, and has preached in Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Kansas, Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The richest woman in the world has lately been discovered. Donna Isidora Cousino, of Chili, is the lucky individual. No one, not even herself, knows the exact amount of her wealth, which is derived from land, cattle, mines, house and ship property to any extent. In addition to these sources of income she owns the only coal mines in South America, from which she draws about £16,000 a month. It is stated that Donna Cousino is a "remarkable business woman."

HUMOROUS.

—Society's favorite flower—the dandy-lion.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

—A "Young Lady Reader" wishes to know what will remove grease spots from a silk dress. A pair of scissors.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts; do you mean that you are a sculptor?" "No, sir, I don't sculp myself, but I furnish the stone to the man what does."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Little Beggar—"Please give me a penny to buy a loaf of bread." Old Party—"But you can't buy a loaf of bread with one cent." Little Beggar—"No, but I'm buying on the installment plan."—*The Judge.*

—An old man-of-war sailor, who had lost a leg in the service of his country, became a retailer of peanuts. He said he was obliged to be a retailer, because having lost a leg, he could not be a whole sailor.—*The Judge.*

—Sick husband—"Did the doctor say that I am to take all that medicine?" Wife—"Yes, dear." Sick husband—"Why, there is enough in that bottle to kill a mule." Wife (anxiously)—"Then you had better be very careful, John."—*N. Y. World.*

—"My son," said a stern father to a seven-year-old hopeful "I must discipline you. Your teacher said you were the worst boy in the school." "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she said I was just like my father."—*Montreal Witness.*

—A farmer demanded free admission to a show on the strength of being in the same business. "I fail to see," said the manager, "how you make that out." "Well, I'll tell you," responded the farmer. "I make my money by selling specked apples, and you make yours by selling spectators." He was admitted.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—An album containing the photographs of twenty million stars is being prepared by a French astronomer. We believe that is about the number a man sees when he sits down in an inverted position on the icy sidewalk, but how the astronomer managed to get instantaneous photographs of them when in such an awkward position is difficult to understand.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Wife—"I think, mother, we had better be starting for our shopping. By the way, John, what are the weather probabilities?" John (reading from the paper)—"Heavy rains, followed by snow, hail, sleet, blizzards, cyclones, tornadoes, simoons, hurricanes and earthquakes." Wife—"H'm, how provoking! Shall we venture out, mother?" Mother—"Certainly. We are not made of sugar."—*Life.*

—A certain divine, who had wandered, in the course of his travels, beyond the conveniences of the railroad, was obliged to take to a horse. Being unaccustomed to riding he said to his host: "I hope you are not so unregenerate in these parts that you would give me a horse who would throw a good Presbyterian minister?" "Wall, I dunno," was the reply. "We believe in spreadin' the Gospel!"—*N. Y. Independent.*

Not a Hopeless Case.

Mose Schaumburg had loaned Sam Bingtom seven hundred dollars. As Mose had not seen Sam on the streets of Austin for several days it occurred to him to call at Sam's house and find out how he was coming on. He did not see Sam, but Mrs. Bingtom was at home. She looked very sad, and had black rings around her eyes.

"I am in great distress, Mr. Schaumberg."

"Vat vash de matter?"

"Mr. Bingtom has lost his mind and has been taken out into the country."

"Did he leave dot money mit you to pay dot note what comes due next week?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Schaumburg, he is not crazy enough to do that. He has not lost his reasoning faculties entirely."—*Texas Siftings.*