A daughter of Adam Poe, known to the present pioneer-history reading gen-eration as Adam Poe, the Indian fighter, is the oldest person living in Wayne county, Ohio, writes the correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. She is nearly 95 years of age, the 16th of next month being the first day of her ninetysixth year. She is in full possession of all her faculties. She lives alone in the little village of Congress, in the northeastern part of the county, where she has resided for a number of years.

Aunt Sallie Cuffle, a name by which she is known to all acquaintances, is the youngest child of Adam Poe. She was born July 15, 1791, in Washington county, Pennsylvania. At the age of 18 she was married to Adam Cuffle. His death occurred seventeen years ago. To them were born twelve children. Since her husband's death she has kept house by herself. About three years ago she received her second sight, and could read fine print. She has been a regular attendant at the village church, walking a mile in order to be present at the semi-monthly meetings. Her present residence is a homestead left her by her husband, and the house being too large for her alone, a family occupies one part, although she lives apart from them. Her father, Adam Poe, whose life has been chronicled by different historians, and who occupies a conspicuous position in the border strife of the Buckeye state, resided in Wooster in 1813, and worked at shoemaking. Mrs. Cuffle relates the political meeting was in progress in Massillon. The large crowd being in-

following in regard to his death: formed that Adam Poe, the slayer of Bigfoot, the celebrated Indian chieftain resided in the vicinity, sent a delegation after him. He was brought and carried on the shoulders of the admiring throng. Although past 90 years of age he enjoyed the sport, but several days after he became prostrated and died soon after. Mrs. Cuffle resided at Congress at the time, and hearing of her father's illness she mounted a horse and rode through the night to her father, reaching his bedside just before he died. She was then 47 years of age. In speaking of the conflict with Bigfoot she states that her father's account of the fight differs from the account given by historians, who wrote that her father. Adam Poc. had the encounter with Bigfoot, when she says that her father always told that his brother, Andrew Poe, had the hand-to-hand fight with the Indian chief, while he, Adam, shot and killed the Indian. Her recital of her father's account is as follows: "A body of seven Wyandots made a raid upon a white settlement on the Ohio river, near Fort Pitt, and killed an old man who set out to capture and punish the mur-derers. They followed the Indians all the parlor they found had a long bar night, and next morning found a trail leading to the river. My uncle Andrew did not go directly to the river, but left father and the others and went through the thicket. He stole down to the bank and discovered Bigfoot and a little Indian with guns ready waiting for the pursuing party. Uncle Andrew con-cluded to shoot Bigfoot and raised his gun and pulled the trigger. The gun only snapped and did not discharge. The snapping attracted the attention of the Indians and they discovered Andrew, who saw it was too late for him to run. so he sprang toward the Indians. He caught them both and threw them down. The little Indian got loose and drew his tomahawk to kill Andrew, who kicked backward and knocked the tomahawk from the little Indian's hand. Meanwhile Andrew was holding Bigfoot. He finally released himself and, seizing a gun belonging to the Indians, shot the little Indian. Bigfoot again grabbed Andrew and they rolled into the water, and Andrew got Bigfoot's head under water, and supposing the Indian was drowned, he released his hold. His supposition was not correct, and they

rent. The remainder of the pursuing party came up, and seeing Andrew in the water took him for an Indian and shot him in the shoulder, but he soon recovered. The other Indians were

both started for shore. Bigfoot reached

the shore first and picked up the gun

with which Andrew had shot the little

Indian. At this time my father appear-

ed on the scene, attracted there by the

report of the gun. His gun happened to be empty, and both he and Bigfoot

started on a race to load. In his hurry

Bigfoot jerked his ramrod out too far.

and it fell out of his hand. My father

Indian was raising his gun. Seeing Andrew in the water my father looked

after him, and found that he had been

The Romance of a Nickel.

my father was wounded.

A romantic courtship begun in Baltimore under peculiar circumstances has ended in a happy marriage in Richmond, Va., writes a Baltimore correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Densocrat The bride is Miss Blanche Thursfield, and the groom is Mr. Thomas Bowers, now a merchant in Richmond. but at the time this love story opens a resident of this city. One afternoon last June Mr. Bowers boarded an uptown Madison avenue car, and was soon deeply interested in an afternoon paper. Presently a handsome young lady enter-ed and took a seat beside him. He glanced at the new and pretty passenger, and as he looked at the pretty face and figure beside him he noticed the young lady draw her hand from her

pocket and a blush mantle her cheek. purse, and as she was in the act of sigcheek, and her embarrassment increased when she informed Mr. Bowers of her aituation.

"But permit me to pay your fare," requested the gentleman. "If you will give me your card so that I can return the money I will consent."

she replied. The conductor came along and Mr. Bowers dropped the additional nickel in his hand.

Cards were exchanged, and the next morning a messenger entered Mr. Bowers office and handed him a neat few of our entomologists seem to have envelope addressed in a lady's hand. It contained a nickel and the neatly-expressed thanks of Miss Thursfield. Correspondence followed, and the account. dence followed, and the acquaint-on a cloudy day, indeed, our fields and formed soon ripened into a ance thus formed soon ripened into a friendship and terminated as above re lated, and the bridal couple are now crossing the Atlantic on their wedding trip. Mr. Bowers is a well-known and successful merchant of Richmond.

AN IRREVERENT JOKER He Drives a Toom of Mules Boblad & Gor

The coaching season was opened donday, says the New York Times, when the red-bodied coach Tantivy was Istal Brunswick to the County club in

drag had passed through Central Park and started down Fifth avenue. Then the Tantivy's glory departed. The guard blew one merry blast and fell back on his perch horrified. J. R. Roosevelt, who was proudly handling the lines, blushed a little as he heard the shoute of laughter which took the place of the plaudits which should have greeted the party. The ladies laughed irrevererently. So did some of their escorts. Everyone on the avenue joined in the laughter, which made the finish of the l'antivy's first trip rather farcial. Edward G. Gilmore, the manager of Nib-lo's Garden, and a notorious practical joker, was at the bottom of the scheme which made Fifth avenue roar, and led all the dudes who had gathered at the Brunswick to look upon him as little

called the clown of all this heyday.

With what an air of solemn mock-

tion! It matters not what his position.

that pupil is incessantly riveted upon

edge of the eye, as the case may be.

now true of both, and you are confront-

Now he confronts you, "bows

lifts one hind-leg like a mast high in

the air, wriggling his long series of terminal toes as if to simulate a pen-

nant, his slender antennæ thrown back

from the apex of his long bowsprit like

ib-stays. And have I not seen similar

classy bull's-eyes or light-holes in the

prows of ocean craft? Yes; and look!

now the machinery begins to work, you

can almost hear the propeller as the

hulk begins to sway and tremble, and

the spinning engine lets off its noisy calliope, as already described. For it

is a fact that in no other grasshopper is

the sound of the shrilling mechanism

so plainly perceptible beneath its song.

all the worse for wear. All through

this mimetic exhibition our clown has

been accomplishing the feat of looking cross-eyed over the back of his head.

He would seem to afford a perfect

though an exaggerated embodiment of

the simile of Cicero that "the eyes are

like sentinels, and occupy the highest place in the body." Nothing escapes

the sentry of this watch-tower, it is cer-

tain, with its two goggles suggesting

minaret. But our harlequin is not

yet done with us; we need not be sur-

responding position below his wing, he

will presently work the shank of the

bringing his jointed toes between his

fore-feet. After repeating the exercise

with the other leg, he next lifts his fore-

foot and pulls down his long tapering

antenne into his crimson mouth, draw-

ing them through his palpi or teeth, with the two loops gradually enlarging

in front of his face. This is his magic

act, for how else could those exquisitely

fragile members escape unharmed the

And so on until the programme is

finished and our cone-capped pantaloon takes a sudden notion to skip.—W. H.

Gibson, in Harper's Magazine for July.

THE LIFEBOAT IN SERVICE

English Coast.

We will imagine the watch set an

all the other good Caister folk in bed.

The night wears away, until as day be-

the result that a vessel is descried fast

aground on the Cross Sand with a heavy

Out dash the men on to the staging. One lays hold of the cord attached to

the clapper of the bell and the other

rushes at breakneck pace down the

steps and up the gap, shouting and ham-

mering at the doors as he goes. Then breaks out a Babel of sounds. Men rush

from every door and side road, some of

making for one point, the shed. There,

hung up to the rails at the roof, are their

oilers, sou'westers, and boat stockings;

under the benches their big sea boots.

In a twinkling the men have donned

their seagear, and are making a bee-line

across the sands for the life boat. The

over the Scroby. They have to make a long leg to fetch the wreck, and as they

rise on a wave they can sometimes

make her out dimly with seas spouting

schooner, and her crew-two men and

two wretched, half-starved looking boys

and an equally wretched-looking mon-

grel cur-are huddled together in the

weather shrouds of the foremast; the

mizzenmast has already gone over the side. The lifeboat fights her way to

windward, then anchors, and lowering

her lugs veers down to the wreck, drops

alongside and takes in the poor half-

drowned wretches and their poor dog.

hauls back to the anchor, then up sail

and away to the beach, where the rest

of the company is awaiting them. - En-

Fourteen years ago a German officer who had deserted and come to this

country under an assumed name mar-

A Sketch of the Work Perform

sea breaking over her.

prospecting windows in the summit

suggestion of axles, cogs, and cams,

concerts the merry-andrew.

short of sacrilegious.

Trotting behind the swell Tantivy on its course down the avenue were two mules-mules with extraordinary ears; mules closely clipped and with shiring coats; mules meek and lowly, but arrayed in heavily-plated harness, and hitch ed in the most improved four-in-hand fashion to a most thoroughly English break. "Ned" Gilmore held the lines, and flourished a most gorgeously decorated coachman's whip. Two colored greems had seats of honor behind him, and Gilmore had as his only passenger W. H. Ripley, of Chicago, who had icked up the team of mules out in Pennsylvania for aqueduct contractor W. R. Howard, who is to use them as a fancy team at his country residence this summer. Gilmore looked proud as he drove, and Ripley looked as if he would rather be on the sidewalk. Being a party to such a practical joke didn't appear to be wholly to his taste. But he had to grin and bear it, and Gilmore had to explain to him that it wasn't his fault that the Tantivy should get ahead of him and keep directly in his way until the Brunswick was reach-Ripley is still a trutle sceptical regarding that explanation.

"Why don't you get horses, Ned?" shouted an irreverent broker standing n front of the Windsor. "Ten to five you can't pass the swell bus," cried another, who had not that

respect for coaching that every wellregulated Fifth avenue frequenter is experted to have. Gilmore paid no attention to these rude people, but drove on, modestly accepting the applause bestowed.

seemed at home in his triumphal procession and perfectly happy. The Tantivy drove up to the Bruns wick at precisely 5:30. The grooms sprang out and led the horses in from of the main entrance. An instant later four mules halted in the rear, with their colored grooms at their heads. The Anglo-maniacs wondered. The American contingent enjoyed the burlesque was alone in a cabin. The news of the immensely. The coaching party sought murder soon spread, and my father and the seclusion of the Brunswick pariors uncle Andrew, with some neighbors, as quickly as they could gracefully do

> and a free lunch in it. "The only thing I regret about my first coaching trip this season," explained Gilmore, as he wiped his lips, "is that it didn't take place last week. If the season had only opened then I could have had a party of 'The Black Crook' chorus girls as passengers, and then I could have knocked out anything on the avenue for style."

GRASSHOPPER MUSICIANS.

I am never weary of renewing my acquaintance with these quaint little meadow musicians, as I stroll afield, these "high-elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass." The weedy pasture or neglected fallow is their paradise. Amid all their intense vibratory I can generally catch a certain familiar strain, and follow it to the end-tsip, tsip, tsip, tsip, tsee-e-e-e. It emanates apparently a rod or so in advance of me. I approach stealthily, starting up the in-evitable swarms of flying locusts that pitch with headlong momentum into the quivering herbage on right and left. They certainly would break their precious necks were they not so re-enforced by that stiff protecting collar—an armor in which those close-titting, ram-shaped heads revolve as in a socket joint. The song now rises again amid the din of thousands which might be its echo, still apparently some distance in advance of loaded first, and shot Bigfoot just as the cautiously, I await developments.

surf is smashing on the beach in tons, and the wind is howling across the beach and up the gap, bringing with it clouds of sand until the air seems aimost solid me, thus with a certain alluring quality decoying me on and on, until at last the with it. The red tanned lugsails are carone particular strain on which my atried down and placed in the boat ready tention has been focussed is positively for hoisting, and the skids laid down approached, and seems now to rise forward of the boat; the legs which kept directly from my feet. Seating myself the boat on an even keel are taken away and replaced by the broad backs of the A branch of bramble bends in the wounded in the wrist by the much in dian's tomahawk. Andrew called to father that he could help himself, but is arrested by a small but sharply defined shadow plainly transmitted timed shadow plainly transmitted sturdy beachmen, amid shouts of "Hold her up;" the hauling off warp, which is anchored out to seaward, is taken in over the pulley in the bow, and the boat went to his assistance, while Bigfoot, in through the sunlit leaf close by-a begins to move on her porpoise-oiled skids. As she goes over and clears the his dying struggles, rolled into the river, shadow rendered all the more sugard his body was carried off by the curgestive by the projecting tips of the one at her stern it is caught up by the side handles by two beachmen and two slender antennæ exploring so gingerly out beyond. "Zip, zip, zip, zip, taken to her bows, and placed in line ze-e-e-e." The gauzy minstrel has endured the limit of his silence, and ready to pick her up again as she comes steadily on down the sand. Then the men tumble on board and haul at the now again takes up his strain, and is overtaken and killed, and in that fight almost immediately answered from nuwarp. The remaining men keep her moving over her skids until she dashes merous mysterious sources on every her bows into a mass of water just breakside. But he has evidently caught a ing and thundering on the beach, and, glimpse of my unguarded movement, for the "high-elbowed grig" kicks off shipping tons of it and giving her crew the first smother of many they will have suddenly from his perch and pitches hap-hazard into space, alighting upon before they return, she moves slowly on. Another breaker catches her ere she has a swaying stem of timothy-grass, and fairly gathered way and she looks alat length straddiing with an air of comical solemnity upon a spray of capmost like coming back, but the beachmen on shore have had the sett ready. sella, where he seems to gain confi-They ship it on to the stern and shove dence, and permits a full view of himher off into the smother. Up goes the self. This is the common diurnal meadow grasshopper (Orchelimum vul-gare). He is a pellucid green creature, with the outline of his body readily foresail with a run; up goes the mizzen, and the boat thrashes through the broken water; overboard goes the hauling-off warp and she is clear of the seen through the filmy wings. He is beach and fighting her way through the about an inch in length, and the long heavy seas to the wreck; sea after sea legs suggest the fragile consistency of breaks over her until they can see nothglass, and one involuntarily wonders ing of that boat, only feel it under their how these slender members could have feet, hang like grim death to the ridgesurvived intact such reckless gymnasropes and take a breath when the sea tics as they are continually called upon gives them a chance. to sustain as well as instigate. Turn-Over the Barber they thrash, then

He saw that she had forgotten her ing upon his perch, he brings to view naling the conductor to stop the car he politely asked her if he could be of any politely asked her if he could be of any service. The flush again rose to her inclined as an exceedingly uncomforted inclined as an exceedingly uncomfort able-looking collar. Even as we take our first glimpse of this diminutive, filmy taboret, a strange tremor seems to have taken possession of the insect, the edges of the wings seem blurred and indistinct in the rapid vibratory movement, and then follow a few quick, convulsive efforts, resulting in the stridulous strain already described, and whose multitudinous repetition on every "I am ever so much obliged," said the pretty miss. "Now, will you give me your card?" hand so saturates the quivering ether. For this is perhaps the most omnipresent meadow sound of the New England summer noon; certainly the most prominent. And yet, singularly enough,

> ried a young woman in Toledo. Four years ago they moved to Terre Haute, and now there are six children. The almost still, our present musician among the rest. He is a "lover of the wife never knew that her husband was living under an assumed name until and revels in midsummer tropic quite recently, when she learned it by accident. She questioned him and he acknowledged it. Then she insisted There is another mysterious dweller recognition in positive and rasping accepta, "tsip, tsip, tsip, tsip," a continuous, rapid, exasperating stridulation, a reiterated noisy parody, simulating the prelude of the meadow grassbarrer. prelude of the meadow grasshopper already described, always foreshadowing some musical feat that shall distance his little rival, but never getting any further than a brag. This is the loudest and most percentagory challenge we shall meet in the entire meadow, in its spring. The honey, extracted from the comb sells for ten centre a pound.

Ingersoll on Napoleon. A little while ago I stood by the grave

After having once discussed him, and separated his green individuality from the surrounding herbage, and fully satisfied yourself that his long wings are actual insect membranes and not a brace of abbreviated blades of timothyof the old Napoleon a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sar-cophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restgrass, it will interest you to observe him closely. This insect is known as the "cone-headed grasshopper" (Conoless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought of the career of the greatcephalus ensiger), and may be fittingly est soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of gravity he straddles around among the herbage, keeping you ever in the field of his view, with the jet-black pupil of Paris; I saw him at the head of the army of Italy; I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi, with the tri-color in his the one white eve turned in your direchand; I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids; I saw him conquer the you, traveling to the upper or the lower Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at And if perchance he now rears up and Marengo, at Ulm and Austerlitz; I saw faces you, what was true of one eye is him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild ed with a cross-eyed grin that brings your long suppressed laugh to a final outburst, which for the time being disblast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paria. clutched like a wild beast, banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. saw him upon the frightful field Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king; and I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the orphans and widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of am-bition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant, and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the sun died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been that man and gone down into the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonator of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great. And so

Beauties of Mexican Taxation.

I would, ten thousand times.

prised at anything. He will now per-form the contortionist act. Lowering his elbowed thigh almost to a cor-So much for the tariff system of Mexico. The "excise" or "internal revenue" system of the country is no less extraleg around beneath his body, thus ordinary. It is essentially a tax on sales, collected in great part through the agency of stamps—a repetition of the old "alcavala" tax of Spain, which Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," describes as one of the worst forms of taxation that could be inflicted upon a country, and as largely responsible for the decay of Spanish manufactures and agriculture. Thus the Mexican law, re-enacted January, 1885, cent upon the value in excess of \$20 of month. Five cents' worth of pumice transactions of buying or selling of stone will cover a year, and nothing every kind of merchandise, whether at but a match is needed to start with. wholesale or retail, in whatever place | Dip the pine in the stone and rub about throughout the whole republic." Also, and between the teeth till all trace of one-half of one cent "on all sales and resales of country or city property; upon all exchanges of movable or immovable property; on mortgages, transfers, or gifts, collateral or bequeathed inheritances; on bonds, rents of farms, when the rent exceeds \$2,000 annually; and gins to break a longer look than ordi-nary is taken through the glass and a on all contracts with the Federal, State, or municipal governments." Every indiscussion of bearings, etc., ensues, with habitant of the republic who sells goods to the value of over \$20 must give to the buyer "an invoice, note, or other document accrediting the purchase,' and affix to the same, and cancel, a stamp corresponding to the value of the sale. Sales at retail are exempt from this tax; and retail sales are defined to be "sales made with a single buyer, whose value does not exceed \$20. The reunion, in a single invoice, of various parcels, every one of which does not amount to \$20, but which in the aggrethem with their trousers on, pulling on their shirts as they run, stumbling in the dark, through the heavy sand, but all gate exceed that quantity," remains subject to the tax. Retail sales in the public markets, or by ambulatory sell-ers, or licensed establishments, whose capital does not exceed \$300, are also exempt. Tickets of all descriptionsrailroad, theater, etc.-must have a

stamp, as must each page of the reports of meetings; each leaf of a merchant's ledger, day or cash book, and every cigar sold singly, which must be delivered to the buyer in a stamped wrap-per. Sales of spirits at wholesale pay three per cent; gross receipts of city railroads, four per cent; public amusements, two per cent upon the amount paid for entrance; playing-cards, fifty per cent—paid in stamps—on the retail price; and manufactured tobacco a variety of taxes, proportioned to quality and value. Mercantile drafts are taxed at \$10 per \$1,000, which means a dollar on every hundred .- Hon. David A.

"You talk of tact!" said the shorthand reporter. "I remember a case of tact that was as pretty as anything I can imagine. It was at the house of a governor of a western state. His wife was one of the most refined and charming women I ever knew, and she was just 'chock full' of tact. The governor had to give receptions to influential men in the state, and you can fancy that some of them were very uncouth and uneducated. One evening there

Wells, in Popular Science Monthly.

was a large dinner party, and a rather rough old cove, a wealthy and important man, was the chief guest. The din-ner went along very nicely. Beyond making a few rather gauche remarks, the old western fellow behaved pretty well. But when the finger-bowls were put on the table he was rather knocked over, and like many other heroes of such stories he took his up and drank out of it. Nobody happened to see him except the hostess, and quick as a wink she signaled to the servants. They removed every finger-bowl before anybody could touch them, and the old fellow doesn't know to-day, if he's living, what a mistake he made. Now that's tact!" "That you call tact!" said an Irish-

man, sitting opposite the stenographer. "I can beat that myself. I got out of a scrape the other night at the Baldwin a row, and there was a mighty pretty woman I had to pass to get there. was squeezing my way along, and I couldn't help casting a squint at her as I went. While I was doing that I trod on her toe and she gave a little scream. The fellow with her looked as if he was going to lick me.

"I beg your pardon, madame,' I said politely. 'I could not, judging by your hand, imagine your feet were so large. What are you laughing at?"
"Oh, nothing." - San Francisco Chronicle.

Just Like Many Older People.

A boy brought his teacher some very beautiful and sweet-smelling spring flowers the other morning, for which just now." The boy, however, was persistent. He apparently thought he was entitled to some special favor, and he repeated his request in a loud tone. The teacher, however, said "nay" the second time more decidedly than the first, and at this the retitioner gave year to his

TEETH

Indispensible Bezu! v.

A mouthful of gond teeth is one of the rare gifts of nature. Like bright eyes, pink-mooned finger-nails, or a fine exion, they indicate the bequests of heredity, and are symbolic of a sweet breath, good digestion, and a wholesome stomach. A wealth of dentine is not as highly prized as formerly owing to the remarkable progress made in dentistry within the last quarter of a century. Molar-makers think nothing of working a cheval-de-frise sort of a set of teeth into a double row of most presentable ivories, and the skill with which china teeth are made to duplicate nature is sufficient to keep the genuine articles under a constant ban of suspicion. All these facts were doubtless known to the fashionable mother, who prayed for "just good eyes and a fine complexion" for her little daughter. Eyes and skin from nature, and art can manage the rest, at least to the satisfaction of the modern beau-In remodeling teeth, everything fails before the final surrender to a false set. Where the overlap space has to be made

at the sacrifice often of good material, and where by accident, a tooth is wanted, the gap is filled by spacing the In the color of teeth almost as much variety exists as in hair and eyes. Some teeth are naturally grey, yellow, or blush in east, and to try to whiten them is time wasted. The only solace lies in keeping them clean and straight It is inmaterial to anyone with a mustache or a very long upper lip, whether he has any front teeth or not. With ladies or beardless men, especially those who laugh much with the lips, a remedy is sought among the Del s'Arte people. These refiners of nature at-

tempt, and with success too, to cultivate a very low voice in speaking, for-bid the license of heated discussion, and endeavor to cultivate a laugh in the eves, rather than about the lips. The training is a long and severe task, but there are few ordeals too severe for a fashionable man or woman to endure, when the goal is good looks. It is almost impossible to say any

thing new on the subject of powders The best powder is the one that does the least harm to the gums and keeps the enamel clean. Wintergreen is as safe as any polish, but a frequent use of soft brush and warm water renders much of that cleansing powder superduous. Teeth that are brushed four times a day will not need a powder more than once a week. Toothpicks are indispensable, and even with them t is often necessary to run a thread between the teeth to remove any possible accumulation or splinter.

There might be a diminution of dentistry bills if those who had teeth would mineral accumulation has been removed The inside surfaces must be cleaned separately, and the task finished by rubbing the face and crown of the tooth with a soft handkerchief disped in the powder. Unless the operation is made habitual it will consume the best part of an hour to produce any good effects.

British Agriculture. It seems now to be settled that under existing conditions it does not pay to grow grain or raise cattle in the part of the Continent and the British Isles. For this curious and alarming state of things the world is indebted to the extension of steam navigation to all parts of the earth. Wheat, barley, oats. etc., can be grown on almost any arable land. It follows that wherever the factors are most favorable that region gets the benefit of this cheap access to the consuming market. A few years ago India contributed but 90,000 bushels of wheat to countries outside of the peninsula. Its export supply is now about 50,000,000 bushels, and with the extension of the railway system it will have fully 100,000,000 for outside consump-

The secret of India's ability to sell in distant markets is the extraordinary cheapness of labor, which does not command more than 10 cents a day of our money. The United States, Australia, and New Zealand can produce wheat and lay it down in Liverpool at a price which is simply ruinous to the English and European wheat-grower. This is because of cheaper and more fertile lands and the use of machinery on the broad prairies and plains, which dispenses with costly labor. Recent statistics show that tenant farmers in the British Islands who contine themselves to cereals and cattle-raising cannot make both ends meet if the undertake to pay their rent. This accounts for the distress among the agricultural classes in the Old World, and more especially for the abject misery of the Irish people, who have no diversified industries. because the island is without coal or iron, and British laws discourage manufact-

ures of any kind in that unhappy coun-This inability to raise grain is effecting a social revolution. It has struck a fatal blow at the authority and prestige of the Peers, who are the great land owners, and it will end in agricultural land being transferred to the peasants in England and Scotland as well as Ireland. These agricultural workers, having no rents to pay, will be able to make a living out of the soil, for they can raise perishable vegetables, poultry, eggs, and dairy products, as these are safe from foreign competition. In the meantime the cities of Europe are growing rapidly, and are yearly consuming more and more, not only of the grain and cattle raised in distant regions, but also of the vegetables, poultry, fruit, and dairy products of near-by production. This explanation of the agricultural situation throws a good deal of light upon the political and social changes now taking place in the Old World. - Demorest's Monthly.

Two Peculiar Cata

A Newark hardware dealer has two female cats which have heretofore evinced a strong batred for each other. but now are on the most friendly terms. They patered up a peace on Sunday night after a very noisy fight in the cellar, where each old cat had a litter of kittens in separate nests lined with hay. The owner of the cats heard the battle raging until midnight, and confidently expected to find in the morning that it had been a war of extermination. He went down-stairs early to gather up the slain, and to his intense surprise found the two old cats comfortably curled up together in one of the nests, while both families of kittens occupied the other. A few hours later the old cats concluded to move their famishe thanked him very kindly as she placed them in a tumbler of water upon her desk. In the course of the morning the youthful giver held up his hand and the water the course of the morning the youthful giver held up his hand and the water the course of the morning the lost in the lot, and the water the course of the morning the youthful giver held up his hand and the water the course of the said: "Please, marm, can I wet my sponge?" "No," said the teacher; "not just now." The boy, however, was per-

Under the above title, in the August Century, Charles G. Leland writes of Charlotte Cooper, one of the oldest and most famous of the Romanies: "Fifty or sixty years ago the gypsie

their habits there were hundreds of louely places in dell and dingle where they could hatch the tan, or pitch the tent, their blood had been little mixed with that of the Gorgio, or Gentile: they spoke their language with greater ourity than at present, and still kept heir old characteristics unchanged. If they had the faults of the Arabs, they had also many of their good qualities. If they stole horses and foraged on farmers, if their women told fortunes, lied, and sometimes cheated a man out of all his ready money by prefending to find a treasure in his cellar, on the other hand they were extremely grateful and honest to those who befriended them, and manifested in many ways a rough manliness which partially redeemed their petty vices. They were all, as are many of their sons at present, indomitable 'rough riders,' of the horse horsey,' and to a man boxers, so that many of them were distinguished in the prize-ring, the last of these being Jem-Mace. At this time there prevailed among the English Romany a strong mutual faith, a tribal honesty, which was limited, but all the stronger for that, even as the arms of a man grow stronger when he loses the use of his legs. They were a people of powerful frames, passions, and traditional princi-ples. Their weak children soon died from the hardships of nomadic life, the remainder illustrated selection by suffering, and the survival of the fittestwith such characteristics there coul-

not fail among the gypsies many strik-ing instances of warm friendship, in-tense love, and the fidelity which endures even till death. This was known of them when little else was known beyond their most apparent and repul-sive traits. Walter Scott indulged in no romantic license when he depicted Havraddin Mangrabin as devoted to Quentin Durward; even at present the incident of a thoughtful gift or any like act of kindness to them will be remem bered with a gratitude out of all propor tion to its value, and go the rounds o all the Romany in the United States. And therefore when men fell in love with women there often resulted those instances of intense passion and steady faith, which at the present day are really becoming mythical. The gypsy in this, as in everything else, has been a continuation of the middle ages, or of becoming mythical. The gypsy in the romance era.

"Such a passion was inspired more than half a century ago by Jack Cooper, the Kurumengro Rom, or Fighting name was Charlotte Lee, and it was about 1830 that Leslie, the Royal Academican, led by the fame of her beauty, painted the picture, now in New York in the possession of his sister, Miss Emma Leslie, from which the engraving here given was taken. The fame of her charms still survives among her people, and when a few days ago as I write, I was talking of Charlotte to some gypsies of her kin near Philadel-phia, I was asked if I meant the Rinkem; that is, the Beautiful one."

A Royal Printer.

It is not generally known that Prince Ludwig of Battenberg, son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, is a practical printer. Like most of the princes of the Prussian royal house, who have been taught either an art or a trade, Prince Ludwig of Battenberg was early called upon to choose a calling, and his choice fell upon the art of Guttenberg. In the palace of his father the prince has a printing office completely fitted up for ordinary printing and book work.

Prince Ludwig prides himself on his ability to compete with compositors and printers who follow typography for a livelihood. What is still more interesting is that the princess, the eldest daughter of grand duke of Hesse, is a printer, too, and that the high-born pair work regularly together at the case. The latest work which has come from Prince Ludwig of Battenberg's press is a vol-ume of notes on travels written by the prince's sister, the countess of Erbach-Schonberg. The book is said to be executed in a thoroughly printer-like way. -Pall Mall Gazette.

A Shrewd Dog.

A family let their house furnished. leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room, but as the dog was also very fond of this chair, she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog, she did not care to drive him out, and therefore she used to go to the window and call "Cats!" The dog would then rush to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady and barked excitedly. The old lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair. - Youth's Companion.

In a lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Professor Oliver Lodge has endeavored to show that electricity might be employed to clear the upper atmo-sphere of great cities of the overhanging clouds of dust and smoke. He exhibited bell jars filled with dense smoke, and rendered them clear in an instant by an electric discharge from a friction machine. A similar discharge of electricity on a large scale into the dust and smoke laden air over London would, he thinks, produce a like effect, and he is desirious of making experithents of sufficient magnitude to test the correctness of this view.

There is still flourishing in the porch of the Convent of Santa Sabina, in Rome, an orange tree that is said to have been planted in A. D. 1200. Another, in the Monastery at Tondi, is supposed to have been planted by Sir Thomas Aquinas in 1278. In the Moorsh Alcazar, at Seville, Spain, exists one that was planted during the reign of Pedro I., between 1350 and 1366. Others

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The interesting discovery has been made in Switzerland of a bright green moss growing on calcareous rocks 200 feet below the surface of Lake Leman. No other moss has been known so far under water, and how chlorphy!-the green coloring matter—could have been so richly developed in a place so remote from the light is a problem.

Mrs. Somerville, the only woman who has gained distinction as a geologist, did not know how to spell at the age of 11. Even after her marriage she was compelled to give her attention to household work almost entirely; and not till ber husband died did she have opportunity to cultivate her talents.

He had just had his photograph taken for the rogues' gallery and was being led away. "Er-1 beg your pardon, sir," said the artist, as delicately as possible, "but would you like the negative preserved?"-N. Y. Times.

A Chicago jeweler is said to have invented a self-winding watch. Now let the same genius apply himself to the invention of a self-finding watch-key.—

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