The Story of Two Old People.

Once he was twenty and she only ten,
She was a child, he scarcely in his prime;
Youth seemed so long, and age so distant then,
And noon came not, as now, ere morning time.

But later on, they chanced again to meet,
And he was thirty and she twenty now;
"Why, he is old," exclaimed the maiden sweet,
And passed with careless heart and cloudless brow.

Ten years (a weary round) roll on again,
Whose days and weeks, so like each other, pass,
That, when they meet, 'tis he, with sudden pain,
Who cries, in turn, "Why, she is old, alas!"

But often on those tender April eves,
When hearts beat time to hidden melodies,
"Why was I never loved?" he asks—and grieves,
"Why did I never love?" she asks—and sighs.

And now, oppress with vain regret, they say,
As years wear on in ever-deepening gloom:
"Children, enjoy the sunshine, while you may,
And pluck the flower in its morning bloom."
—Alex. Hayes in Argosy.

The Old Maid.

The old maid sits in her chair and she rocks,
While crooning a plaint of the old long ago;
Building a dream and soothing her locks,
As the shadows of years just a shade longer grow.

Ever about her the sweep of the tide
Of a world filled heav'n-high with love and its glow;
For her but heart-longings and strivings to hide
The wraith of her hope in the lost long ago.

Who in the wide world divines her dumb pain?
What seer who may read in the soul 'neath that face
Where dolorous ruth has traced lines in vain
To conquer derision with pain, patient grace?

Lest, all supreme to what never shall be!
Her life is the saints', lonely guarding love dead;
Whence tenderest lessons to thee and to me
That we pass on our way with but reverent tread.

—Edgar L. Wakeman.

A HAPPY OCCASION.

"*Do not come too late.*" That was the wording of the telegram which Capt. Richard Irton held in his hand as he sat, in a temperature of 109 degrees in the shade, on the veranda of his Indian bungalow.

"Do not come too late?" he muttered to himself. By Jove, as if it were probable that he would dawdle now! It was just like Mrs. Lennox to send such a chaffing wire as this. He might have been a long time making up his mind, but it was made up now, and he meant to go home and marry her. It was her last letter that had settled the matter—the letter in which she hinted that Lord Shorthorn was awfully "mashed." No, he wasn't going to stand by and see Dorothy Lennox married to a cad like Shorthorn. He had been a whole year, he reminded himself, in this infernal station, with its furnace heat, its inane gossip, and its eternal tennis and polo. How he loathed the very sight of his Major's wife, with her white eye-lashes, her malicious giggle, and her flirting manners!

And then he thought of Mrs. Lennox. He remembered the first night he had met her—in the ballroom of a great house in London—and how he had seen her surrounded by a dozen other fellows, and how he had "made the running," and had cut out all those outsiders. And he recollected the call he had paid next day at her tiny house in Park street, when she had been so sweet and graceful, and had talked to him as no woman had ever talked before. He didn't go in for brains or any of that rot, but, by Jove! Dorothy Lennox made him feel another fellow. He thought of the cool amber-tinted room where she always sat, with its drooping palms, its masses of azaleas, its Rajon etchings, and its blue-and-white Nankin. It was always cool and cosy in Mrs. Lennox's house, and she had a way of taking a fellow's hand and looking him seriously in the eyes which was quite irresistible. He remembered how it had become almost a habit to drop in of an afternoon, to lounge on her soft divan, and listen to her half-chaffing talk and her low delicious laugh. And when a woman is deuced good-looking as well as clever, why, what is a fellow to do? Perhaps it was was wrong to make love in quite such a serious way as he did, but, hang it! she wasn't a kitten, and she might have known he wasn't the marrying sort.

All that was a year ago, but he hadn't forgotten her a bit—worse luck. And her letters—how awfully nice they were! how like herself! Not spoony, like those he wrote to her; but frank, humorous, and thoroughly bon camarade. Hang it all! it was much easier to keep heart-whole in London than in this sultry and monotonous hole. He had managed to evade compromising himself definitely even when he had gone to bid Mrs. Lennox good-by, although he had been perilously near proposing to her that last evening; but he had got away, and nothing had been said which would have tied him down to an engagement.

Dick, in his roving life, had committed every folly except that which he considered the hugest folly of all—the folly of tying yourself to one woman for life. He remembered how he had congratulated himself on all this when he went on board the Jumna. Was he the best-looking fellow and keenest sportsman in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Hussars, to knock under like any spoony young sub, the moment he met a pretty woman? But now things were changed. He had never bargained, somehow, for her marrying again; he had got to look upon her more or less as his own. When she had written that letter with all the allusions to Shorthorn in it, his blood had fairly boiled. He didn't regret a bit the letter he had written in reply, telling her he was leaving India the very day he could get leave and asking her to be his wife. After all, why shouldn't he marry? He was over 30 and he had had, as he remembered with a smile, his "fling." The other fellows in his regiment used to chaff him and call him "teasual," and said that he never did to-day what he could put off till to-morrow. But that was all nonsense. He could make up his mind like other men, even to matrimony. And here was her answer to his letter: "Do not come too late." Well, he had got his leave and would be with her in three weeks.

It was a bright morning in June when Capt. Irton arrived at Charing Cross Station, thoroughly fagged and wearied with his long journey. He had come as fast as P. & O. steamers and mail-trains can bring a man from Bombay to the Strand. But in a couple of hours he hoped to have rid himself of all signs of travel, to have got inside a decent coat, and to be in the shady drawing-room in Park street, with Dorothy Lennox's soft arms round his neck. He felt very sleepy and somewhat aggrieved, for he had nursed the unreasoning hope of seeing her at the station, although she could not possibly know exactly when he would arrive. He had started by the very next mail from Bombay, so that writing would have been useless. He felt, indeed, that he had answered her telegram in a very practical fashion. How overjoyed she would be to have him back! He hoped it would not be too much for her—seeing him suddenly again like this. So, throwing himself on the bed in his room at the Grand Hotel, he fell asleep.

When Dick awoke it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Tubbing and unpacking took an hour, and then he had to go out and buy a tall hat. After this he directed the cabman to the house in Park street.

The shady Mayfair street looked bright and pleasant as his hansom rattled along, the houses smartened up for the season with new blinds, and window-boxes full of daisies and spirea. A light breeze blew in his face, and a couple of fair-haired girls in pink cotton made a bright patch against the gray-toned houses. By Jove! how awfully nice it all was, after India! A man might be very happy in London, with a charming wife who would know how to give little dinners, and the club, and the theatres, and the park.

Pulling up at the house, Dick's jaw fell. There was an awning from the door to the curbstone, with a crowd of nursemaids and urchins gaping on each side. The street was full of carriages, too. What did it mean? Then Dick remembered that Mrs. Lennox gave a great many afternoon parties. Well, it was deuced disappointing, he said to himself, when you had come all the way from India to see a woman, to find she was giving one of those infernal kettledrums the very day you arrive.

Inside the house there was the usual elbowing, well-dressed crowd that you see any afternoon in the season in Mayfair. Boys in gray coats with pink carnations in their button-holes jogged old club-men in brown coats and white gardenias. In the dining-room hook-nosed dowagers were foraging for ices.

On the stairs Dick met a woman he knew, an enthusiastic girl of 43, who was dressed in more juvenile garb than when he had last seen her. Murmuring "Charmed to see you back—happy occasion!" she tripped past him.

"Happy occasion, was it?" said Dick to himself, wishing his gushing acquaintance and the rest of the guests at the bottom of the sea. It would have been a happier occasion still if he could have found his Dorothy alone in her amber-tinted room.

When Capt. Irton reached the door he could see Mrs. Lennox standing in the midst of a crowd of people, who all seemed to be talking at once. By Jove! how "fetching" she looked in her silver-gray gown, with a huge bouquet of orchids, and that gray tulle thing she had on her head! Was that a new fashion, Dick wondered, for women to wear bonnets at their own "at homes?" And there was that ass, Sborthorn, close beside her, with a particularly fatuous expression on his face! it was high time he had written, Dick thought; it was high time he had come. Why, the fellow was far gone—over head and ears; Dick could see that by the way he appropriated Mrs. Lennox with his eyes.

Then one of the circle moved away, and Dorothy turned and saw Capt. Irton at the door. She looked as if she had seen a ghost. Coming forward he took her hand, and then he saw that something was wrong. Without a word, she motioned him into an adjoining room, which for the moment was empty.

"Good God!" she whispered, "why have you come now? I wired that you were not to come, that it was too late. I wrote, too, but you cannot have got my letter."

"Too late, Dorothy! what do you mean? Your telegram said: 'Do not come too late.' Well, I started the next day."

"Poor Dick," she said at last, "what a dreadful mistake you have made! 'Do not come. Too late,' was the message I sent. Did you not remember that there are no full-stops in telegraphy? I was married an hour ago to Lord Shorthorn. Come in and let me introduce you to my husband."

And this was Dick Irton's little mistake. There are no full-stops in telegraphy, but when, ten minutes later, Dick saw Lord and Lady Shorthorn drive off amidst showers of rice and slippers he knew that he had had a moral full-stop which he would remember all his life.—*London World.*

ANCIENT WIGGINSES.

How They Foretold Hurricanes and Bad Weather—The Rising of the Sun and Moon as Indicators.

Long before a national weather bureau telegraphed all over the country its predictions as to whether to-morrow would be stormy, showery, cloudy, or fine, or a Wiggins began to announce—never to come—earthquakes which were to shake a continent, or cyclones and hurricanes which were to blow away cities, households were governed by a set of rules in the battles of the elements. These rules are to be found in hand-books published as late as half a century ago, and some of them are very curious. They number nearly two hundred, some relating to the movements of clouds and winds, others to the appearance of the sun and moon, and others to the actions of various animals, including insects and birds, and by them the ancient Wiggins foretold when a storm was at hand. Some housewives still adhere to the ancient sayings as infallible, and they look to the sun in the morning and to the moon at night for indications of the weather on the morrow. The motion, rapid or slow, of the clouds was regarded as one of the methods for foretelling the approach of rain or snow. When there was a mist before the rise of the full moon, if clouds were seen in the west before the sun rose, or there was a mist in the fields before sunrise, wet weather was expected. When the mists vanished rapidly and the moon seemed to rise faster than usual fine weather was sure to gladden the hearts of merry-makers on the succeeding day. If clouds suddenly appeared in the south and there was a north wind in April the farmers predicted a storm. When the winds changed and the clouds flew along in "tail," then the rules prescribed rain. Some other of the curious rules, many of which are still referred to in the conversation of everyday life, were as follows:

If spiders, in spinning their webs, make the terminating filaments long, we may, in proportion to their length, conclude that the weather will be serene and continue so for ten or twelve days.

If there are no falling stars to be seen on a bright summer's evening you may look for fine weather.

Spiders generally alter their web once in twenty-four hours; if they do this between 6 and 7 in the evening there will be a fine night; if they alter their web in the morning, expect a fine day; if they work during rain, expect fine weather; and the more active and busy the spider is the finer will be the weather.

If many gnats are seen in spring, expect a fine autumn; if gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun there will be fine weather.

If spiders' webs fly in the autumn with a south wind, expect an east wind with fine weather.

If bats flutter and beetles fly about there will be a fine morrow.

If owls scream during foul weather it will change to fair.

If storks and cranes fly high and steadily there will be fine weather.

If the garden spiders break and destroy their webs and creep away, expect rainy or showery weather.

If there be many falling stars on a clear evening in the summer there will be thunder.

If the stars above forty-five degrees, especially the north star, flicker strongly and appear closer than usual, there will be rain.

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning.

If old and rheumatic people complain of their corns and joints and limbs once broken at the place of their union there will be foul or wet ther.

If the smoke from chimneys blows down, or if soot takes fire more readily than usual, or falls down the chimney into the grate, expect rain.

If ditches and drains smell stronger than usual, expect rain; and when tobacco smoke seems denser and more powerful, expect bad weather.

If the marigold continues shut after 7 o'clock in the evening, expect rain.

If the convolvulus and chickweed close, there will be rain.

If sheep, rams and goats spring about in the meadows and fight more than usual, expect rain.

If asses shake their ears, bray and rub against walls and trees, expect rain.

If cattle leave off feeding and chase each other in their pastures, it will rain.

If cats lick their bodies and wash their faces it will rain.

If foxes and dogs howl and bark more than usual; if dogs grow sleepy and dull, rain.

If swine be restless and grunt loudly; if they squeak and jerk up their heads, there will be much wind. From this rule sprang the proverb: "Pigs can see much wind."

If moles cast up hills, rain.

If horses stretch out their necks and sniff the air and assemble in the corner of a field with their heads to leeward, rain.

If rats and mice be restless it will rain.

If peacocks and guinea fowls scream and turkeys gobble, and if quails make more noise than usual, there will be rain.

If sea birds fly toward land and land birds toward the sea there will be rain.

If the cock crows more than usual and earlier, expect rain.

If swallows fly lower than usual, expect rain.

If the crows make a great deal of noise and fly round and round, expect rain.

If water fowl scream more than usual and plunge into the water, expect rain.

If birds in general pick their feathers, wash themselves, and fly to their nests, it will rain.

If cranes place their bills under wings, rain.

If bees remain in their hives or fly but a short distance from them, rain.

If fish bite more readily, and gambol near the surface of streams and ponds, rain.

If gnats, flies, etc., bite sharper than usual, expect rain.

If worms creep out of the ground in great numbers, expect rain.

If frogs and toads croak more than usual, expect rain.

If the crickets sing louder than usual, it will rain.

If the owls screech, death is near and there will be rain.

If the sea-anemone shut, and according to the extent it open, so will the weather be fine or less so.

If porpoises and whales sport about ships, expect a hurricane.

If the trefoil contract its leaves, expect thunder and heavy rain.

If the mole digs his hole two feet and a half deep, expect a very severe winter; if two feet deep, not so severe; one foot deep, a mild winter.

If robins approach nearer houses than usual, expect frost; if the ice crack much the frost will continue.

If the leaves of the trees move without any perceptible wind, rain may be expected.

These rules are evidently made to do service for all parts of the world.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Cigarettes and Pictures.

There is a suggestion of lechery in certain windows in this city which ought to be dealt with by the societies who aim to suppress noxious literature. This objectionable display is to be seen in a majority of all the windows of the cigar-shops, and especially those in which cigarettes are for sale. It is composed entirely of the figures of young women, who are seen posed in every conceivable shape which permits or affords a lascivious suggestion.

The purpose of this is plain. The smokers of cigarettes are almost wholly composed of boys and young men, who are necessarily of a susceptible age, and on whom it is intended by these pictures to produce something in the nature of a conviction that the smoking of these products is somehow a part of the voluptuous exhibition. The feeble-minded noodle who puffs the cigarette smoke of burnt papers and tobacco through his nostrils associates with each exhalation something of the sensuousness of the window exhibitions. The dreamy eyes, the suggestive lips, the naked, well-rounded limbs, the exposed bust, and the languishing pose of the figures all become unconsciously a part of his cigarette habit, and he is doubly demoralized—once by the enervating practice, and again by the libidinous promptings of the meretricious displays.

The whole thing, both the smoking and the painted invitations in the windows, is a deplorable debasement. It is a sapping of the slender stock of virility of the youth who offer the incense of the cigarette at the shrines of these semi-dude voluptuaries. There is nothing about it, either in the effeminate smokers or the painted sirens, that is manly, robust, or strengthening. It is a mistake to tolerate these gaudy presentations, to permit them to influence the weak souls and prurieat natures of the class that they reach. The seduction offered by the window exhibition has a tendency, in connection with the vice of cigarette-smoking, to produce a class, lascivious in thought, salacious in imagination, rickety in brain, and feeble, marrowless, and exhausted in body. It may be that it would be well to interpose no obstacle to this degradation of a class, and it would be well, providing the damage could be limited to those now affected. They would in time disappear, and society would be relieved of their presence. Unfortunately, their vice is contagious; they communicate it to others, and thus their existence is perpetuated.

Let the society having in charge the matter of obscene literature and similar damaging products take this condition into consideration. There is certainly in it an evil, and a growing one. It may be possible that when a callow and incontinent youth can no longer be stimulated by amorous suggestions when he buys his cigarette he may cease to patronize it.—*Chicago Times.*

Aunt Maria on Sunday Observance.

Aunt Maria has been our cook for twenty years, and though she sometimes nods in the chimney-corner, she is not so old as to burn the roast beef or scorch the biscuits.

Aunt Maria generally wears a bright-colored handkerchief upon her head in the shape of a cornucopia. When she puts on one as crimson as a scrap of sunset, and very stiff with starch, she is in a talkative mood.

At such times she loves to sit upon an old horse-hair sofa in the corner of the kitchen, and tell what she calls, "De tales my gran'daddy told me w'en I wuz a gal."

During the Christmas holidays Aunt Maria entertained her young nephew from the city with an opossum story, evidently intended to "point a moral" through the medium of the supernatural.

"I'll tell you," she said, with an air of infinite instruction, "w'at a 'possum's like."

"He's 'bout twict de size ob a growed-up cat, an' he's gray an' sorter shaggy, wid long wool, but hit ain't kinky like a nigger's. He's got feet like a cat, an' his tail is ex cl'ar ob ha'r ex a hoop staff. Dat's de describement ob him.

"He's a powerful deceivin' animal. He acts jest like he's dead when he ain't. He lays on de groun' quietsome ex a corpse, an' dey ain't nuthin' kin beat his deceivinniss.

"I know some humans dat plays 'possum ter keep from gwin ter work, an' I ain't got no use for such trash.

"A fat 'possum is better eatin' dan a roas' pig. He's greasy an' good ter de tase. Some people ruther chaw on de bones ob a 'possum dan de meat ob a rabbit.

"Dar's a mighty big diffrunce 'twixt a 'possum an' a 'coon. 'Coon meat is a heap stronger ter de taste dan 'possum meat, an' dey don't favor wun anudder enny ways.

"Dar's a teetotal diffrunce 'twixt all de animils. I'm gwin ter sing a song fer you dat de cullud folks sings 'bout de 'coon, de 'possum, an' de rabbit."

Without further preface, Aunt Maria plunged into the liveliest of tunes, which she sang in a somewhat cracked but very energetic voice. The words of the chorus were these:

De raccoon tale got a ring all 'roun',
An' de 'possum tail go bar,
De rabbit he got no tail at all,
But a leetle bunch ob ha'r.

Aunt Maria's delighted listener asked her enthusiastically to sing something else.

"I'm obleeged ter you, honey," she replied with evident gratification, "but I'm fleshier dan I use ter be, an' I'se got de asmatics in my chist. I'se afeard ter sing, 'cept wunst in a while. But I'll tell you a tale dat my gran'daddy told me 'bout a man dat used ter hab de wickedness ob huntin' on Sundays. Gran'daddy said de man—he was a nigger man dat wuzn't converted by baptisin'—follered huntin' for a bisness all de days ob de week, an' Sundays too.

"He wuz a big 'possum-hunter. He went out wun Sunday nite wid a gang ob dogs ter hunt fer 'possums.

"Atter awhile de dogs got on de trail ob a 'possum, an' treed hit. De dogs wuz a good ways ahead ob de man, an' he called ter dem, an' kep' dem baying at de tree tel he come.

"When he got dar he seed a big w'te thing civering up de limbs of de tree. He tuk his ax, an' struck a heaby lick inter de tree, an' cut hit down. But 'twarn't a live 'possum he cotched, *'twuz de gose ob wun!*

"De sperit spoke ter him an' sed: 'Munday nite, Chuseday nite, Wensday nite, Thursday nite, Friday nite, Sad'day nite, *Sunday nite* poor 'possum can't git no res'.'

"Den de gose pitched on him from de tree, an' wrapped him an' his dogs up in a sheet. An' w'on de sperit unwoun' hit de dogs runned off an' nebber wus seed no mo' by nobody. De man went home, an' tuck ter his bed an' died.

"An' I b'lieves de killin' wuz done by de Lord, 'case de hunter man nebber minded w'at de good book ses 'bout de keepin' ob de Lord's day."—*William H. Hayne, in Southern Bivouac.*

THE SARCASM OF NAMES.

Some Examples of Anything but Appropriateness.

What funny names people give to their children, anyhow, writes Bob Burdette. Not the high-sounding, or fanciful, or romantic names: they do well enough, although they do harmonize ill with red hair and freckles sometimes. But real good, sensible names, even family names, I mean. Now, one of the boys with whom I went to school was named Newton, Isaac Newton. His ideas of heaven and mathematics were equally well founded. I shall never forget his amazement when the teacher assured him that two and two made four. He stuck out for seven for a long time, and at length agreed to leave it to the class, and when we unanimously decided in favor of four he said it was the beatin'est thing ever happened to him. The day he learned that an apple, loosed from the tree, would fall down instead of up, he sat without speaking a word all day, dumb under the overpowering burden of this revelation that fell upon him like the world-renowned clap of thunder out of a clear sky. And one day, overhearing the teacher declare that the sun was more than twice as large as the earth he gathered up his books and said he couldn't stand any more of this nonsense. He never came back to school. He got a place as clerk in a coal-yard, where his immovable faith in the doctrine that two and two make seven, and the attraction of gravitation makes things fall up, so that the lighter anything weighs the heavier it is, paved his way to a partnership and great wealth. He kept on knowing less and less every day, until now he is a most eminently respectable citizen.

Then there was young Solomon Wiseman. He stood at the foot of the same class five years; that was the lowest class in school. He never got out of it. Said the teacher: "Can fish live on the land, Wiseman?" And Solomon thought a moment and said: "Yes'm." Then she said no, and explained why they couldn't, and then asked, "Could they live in the air?" and he said, cheerfully, "Yes'm." But she said no, and explained why, and then asked, "But they could live in the water, couldn't they?" And young Wiseman said, very confidently, "Nome." She said they could, and this discouraged him. He never came so near answering a question correctly again. He staid in school five years, during which time he drove two teachers to suicide. He is a rich man now and a member of a local board of civil-service reform. When he left school he got a place down at the gas works, and his unfailing capacity for making everything mean exactly what it didn't say led to the invention of the gas-meter, and so he sped on to fortune.

Why, do you know, I could give a dozen instances of these misnomers. There was Jerry Blackhart, not Jeremiah, but Jeroboam. He was a half-breed Indian, son of old Col. Blackhart, a miserable old thief of an Indian trader, who called this boy Jeroboam to spite the chaplain of the post. That boy just loved his worthless old father, and he wouldn't have his name changed for anything, though everybody shortened it to Jerry. But he was the whitest boy in that school. He never used a word or an expression that he couldn't have used in Sunday-school. He was the soul of honor, and was religious clear through. He got up a noon prayer-meeting in school and it led to a revival, and he is a missionary to-day working among his brethren in the Far West.

And there was Nick Doolittle; he was the busiest boy in school. He read by firelight until he was bald at 17, studied himself into brain-fever at 18; then he became a civil engineer; laid out railroads faster than the Gould family could gobble them up, and every time he gets unusually busy he discharges two or three clerks because, he says, they get in his way and retard his work. Fact is, you can't tell much about a boy by his name, except in the old-time Sunday-school books, where the good boys are always named John and Charles and the bad ones are called Bob and Bill.

DOCTORS IN NEW YORK.

Learned Men Who Amuse the Patient While Nature Performs the Cure.

Talking a day or two since with a prominent physician about the rapid increase of doctors in town, and expressing surprise how they all live, he said that many of them merely vegetate. He added that few laymen have any idea what a struggle the profession of medicine involves in a great city like this. The popular notion that it is generally lucrative is altogether erroneous. There are at present, he says, about 5,000 physicians in New York, and hardly one-fifth of them are in any way prosperous. At least 1,500, if not 2,000, lead a precarious existence, subsisting partially on credit and by all manner of shifts and turns.

Many of those who regard themselves as well established and have been long in practice do not earn more than $2,500 to $6,500. Very few, until they are past their prime, have an income of $5,000, and those who have an income of $10,000 and upward, supposed to be quite common, are to be counted by the dozen. The physicians that get rich by their practice are those in attendance on wealthy and fashionable families.

Dr. McLane, who went abroad with William H. Vanderbilt, and who was summoned when he had his fatal attack of apoplexy, is one of these. Dr. Jared Linsly, now past 80, who was at Cornelius Vanderbilt's bedside for weeks previous to his death, is another. The old Commodore gave him $25,000 as a present by his will. Dr. Fordyce Barker, the family physician of John Jacob Astor, has a very handsome revenue. His fee for his specialty, with most physicians from $100 to $200, is uniformly $1,000. Dr. Brown-Sequard, considered the best authority extant on nervous disorders, earned, when he practiced here, from $80,000 to $100,000, and earns as much in Paris, where he now lives. He has a world-wide fame, and is consulted by patients from every quarter of civilization. A native of Mauritius, his mother was French; his father, Edward Brown, was a Philadelphian, and at one time commanded an American merchantman.

Dr. Loomis' practice is worth $50,000, and Dr. Salisbury's $60,000. That of Drs. Mercy and White, with a fashionable patronage, is more than $100,000 each.

To be a fashionable physician is the sole guarantee of wealth in this city, unless one happens to be particularly eminent in some specialty, in which case one is pretty certain to become fashionable. Many a doctor, however, has become fashionable without any remarkable ability; but, having acquired that place, reputation follows. Some physicians strive after social position only to benefit their practice, and when they get it they make it highly remunerative.

A well-known doctor here some months since endured agony in the lumbar region. He could not sleep or scarcely lie down for some days. When he grew easier, feeling the necessity of permanent relief, he asked the advice of a dozen leading physicians. Each one diagnosed differently, and the opinion of all diverged from his own. He then acted on his own judgment and recovered. He says that if he had been a layman he would have been compelled from lack of means—he himself is my informant—to accept the diagnosis of the first physician consulted and to follow his advice. But as he could consult many physicians gratuitously he did so. Nothing renders one more skeptical of the skill of doctors than to consult a number of them. He who has a specialty is pretty sure to see that specialty in his patient, and medical opinion is colored by the medical man's temperament. Is there not much truth in Voltaire's definition of a physician, "A learned man who amuses the patient, while nature performs the cure?"—*Letter in Boston Record.*

Stonewall Jackson at Manassas.

I never was close to him on the field of battle but once—that was on the hill not far from the Henry house, at the first battle of Manassas. He was extremely pale, but his eyes glared with an unnatural brilliancy. It was on that occasion that Col. Baylor of Augusta county rode hurriedly up to him and said: "General, my men are armed with the old flint-lock musket, and not half of them will fire." He replied: "If you will examine it you will find that old musket has the best bayonet in the world. Use the bayonet, colonel." In a short while the federal troops began to give way, and it is possible that this circumstance turned the tide of battle. I have seen the statement somewhere that Gen. Bee said to him, "General, they are beating us back," and Jackson's reply was: "We will give them the bayonet, sir." This may be true, but it is probable that the remark made to Col. Baylor was afterward claimed to have been made to Gen. Bee. I will never forget the terrific fighting that evening about 3 o'clock—the roar of artillery, the screaming, bursting shells, the rattle of small arms. The smoke blinded me; I stooped low to see how to lead my men. We were almost exhausted, and burning with thirst. Beauregard galloped by; this gave us some hope, and we cheered him and pressed on. The federals fought desperately. At last I saw Jackson, and I felt safe, for his presence always inspired his men with confidence. That evening he was shot through the bridle-hand. Gen. Imboden approached, called his attention to the fact, and suggested surgical aid. Jackson said: "It is a mere scratch, sir." His hand was bound up with a sash, he continuing on the field until the engagement ceased. He then repaired to the place where the wounded had been collected. The surgeons were busy, of course. One of them, seeing Gen. Jackson, approached and offered him assistance. The general insisted that the surgeon attend to those who were more seriously hurt than himself, saying he preferred waiting until the private soldiers were relieved.—*Southern Bivouac.*

Wanted to Change His "Booking."

"I was in New York one day last week," said a railroad agent, who looks after the immigration business for a trunk line, "and while at Castle Garden saw a very ludicrous incident. Hanging on the wall there was a map of the United States containing on the margin the advertisement of a firm of land and immigration agents. Printed on the map, over the location of several western cities, was a red flag, designed to draw attention to the various points at which the firm's branch offices were located. Chicago was thus marked, and so was Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul and Denver. While I was standing there an Englishman came up, looked at the map, and immediately became greatly excited.

"'Ere's a go,' he exclaimed, pulling out his railroad ticket. 'Hi'm booked for Homa'a, and on the map theer Hi see it is a Hanarchist town. Hi'll never go to a Hanarchist place. Hi'll go back to Hingland first, so theer!' Cawn't I change me booking, y'know?'

"And that wild Englishman took on at a great rate, and rushed around asking everybody he saw if the Hanarchists' had complete possession of Omaha and if it was safe for a traveler to set foot in the town, and if he would have to pass through Chicago to get to Omaha, and if there wasn't some way in which he could have his 'booking' changed, and so on. When at last he was calmed sufficiently to tell the officers the cause of his excitement, it was learned that he had taken the red flag on the map to mean that the cities so marked were in the power of the Anarchists. Wasn't it funny?"—*Chicago Herald.*

Tell Your Wife About It.

I think it is safe for a man to tell his wife all he knows. And it is unsafe for him to keep her in ignorance of his financial affairs, or in ignorance of anything bearing directly upon her domestic affairs. The judgment of most true wives and mothers is often remarkably good; better, in many cases, than that of their husbands. "Tell your wife," should be the husband's motto. No need to ask wives to tell their husbands all they know. They do it anyhow. And this is no sinr on them, for they have a right to.—*Zenas Dane, in Good Housekeeping.*

The fashionable young woman with indigestion within and a bloodless skin without represents the pale of swell society.—*Washington Critic.*

There are twenty lime-kilns in Alabama that turn out 21,000 barrels daily.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. I very bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half a dollar a bottle at Dowty & Heitkemper's drug store.

CAPTAIN LERU at Washington City, received subscriptions the other day from W. K. Vanderbilt $1,000; from C. Vanderbilt $1,000 and $200 from Edwin Cowles, all for the L gan fund. Lemon has invested $20,000 in U S 4½ per cent. bonds on account of the L gan fund.

MR. F. H. GOODRICH, a St. Louis Traveling Man, representing the Graham Paper Co., contributes the following, it may be of value to you: "I have been troubled with colds and soreness of the breast the past year and find great relief in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I cheerfully recommend it to any one troubled with coughs or colds, give it a trial." L. Harry, a merchant of Sweet Home, Mo., has also used it for several years and knows its value; he says Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to give quick relief, and that he always keeps it in the house and would not be without it for five times its cost. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper, druggists.

CHARLES N. WHEELER, of Williamtic, Conn., who has been a member of a banking house in Chicago, and very respectably connected, was arrested the other day upon a requisition from Gov Oglesby, of Illinois, on the charge of grand larceny.

A Lucky Man.

"A lucky man is rarer than a white crow," says Juvenal, and we think he knew. However, we have heard of thousands of lucky ones and we propose to let their secret out. They were people broken down in health, suffering with liver, blood and skin diseases, scrofula, dropsy, and consumption, and were lucky enough to hear of and wise enough to use Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign blood purifier, tonic and alterative of the age.

IT is said that farmers can improve their corn by growing seed corn in a patch by itself, where special attention shall be given to the matter of fertilization. Now is the time to manure plants for next spring's planting.

The Population of Columbus

Is about 3,000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on us and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price 50c and $1.00. *Trial size free.* Respectfully, Dr. A. Heintz.

THE best grain for cows, mares and ewes is oats, either whole or in the ground condition. For this class of animals corn is rich in oil and liable to give them milk fever.

ITCH, Prairie Mange, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by G. B. Stillman, druggist Columbus.

IT is said that the sharp competition recently among the grain buyers of Stromsburg is adding a few cents to the prices, and farmers are rapidly delivering their crops.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Dowty & Heitkemper's.

A UNION PACIFIC train recently made Fremont from Omaha, a distance of forty-seven miles, including a two and one half minute stop, in forty-eight minutes.

CHAMBERLAIN'S Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy never fails and is pleasant and safe. Sold by Dowty & Heitkemper.

ONION seed sown or planted in the fall will generally insure an early crop of onions in the spring. Did you ever try it?

A Bonanza Mind

of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections thousands testify.

THE Omaha street car system will be increased at once by the addition of twenty new cars.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the Agency for it. Price 50c and $1. *Trial size free.*

IT is stated in an exchange that misguided highwaymen attempted to hold up a Nebraska City printer recently.

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Feb. 17-1

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DAILY

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The Proprietors of THE DAILY NEBRASKA STATE JOURNAL beg leave to announce many great improvements in the paper for the coming year, large in extending its value as a complete read and news paper. Arrangements are being perfected for increased telegraph facilities, which will place THE JOURNAL second to no paper in the west as a general news paper, while our special telegraphic service throughout Nebraska and the west generally will be more than doubled.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The coming session of the state legislature promises to be the most interesting one ever held in the state and THE JOURNAL each morning will present a complete report of the proceedings in detail, and will be the ONLY paper in the state that will publish such a report. With our new perfecting press, which will be in operation by the first of January, printing 15,000 complete copies of the paper an hour, we will be enabled to mail to all parts of the state on all early morning trains, reaching nine tenths of the post offices in the state from two to ten hours in advance of any other morning paper.

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THE STATE JOURNAL being published at the capital of the state, is enabled to give fuller reports of the Nebraska Supreme Court, U. S. District and Circuit Court proceedings, news from the state departments and State University than all other papers in the state combined.

MARKET REPORTS.

The completion of the two large packing houses and the stock yards will place Lincoln in the front rank as an important live stock market and THE JOURNAL will pay especial attention to giving accurate and reliable local stock market reports, besides the latest telegraphic quotations in grain, stock and merchandise from every market centre in the world.

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Eight Pages—Fifty-Six Columns.

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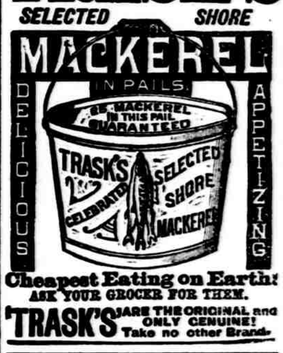

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