Bitter-Sweet.

There comes a time when even grief grows weary,
And eyes for want of tears must cease to weep;
When life for want of light is scarcely dreary,
Because the shadows are so very deep.

We grow forgetful of the sun's existence,
And find protection in eternal night;
Hope does not mock us with its mad persistence,
Nor gage our gloom with its deceptive light.

Remorse has seasons when it sinks to slumber,
And sweet, dead days of bliss are lived again;
So real seems pleasure that we do not number
The intervening days of wo and pain.

The sin remembered seems well worth the sinning
For that one taste of rapture that it brought;
And broken bubbles seem well worth the winning
When triumph with such precious joy was fraught.

There is no hell without its glimpse of heaven—
Brief moments when a common source supplies
Delight as rare as that to angels given,
And peace as perfect as the saved ones' prize.

—Flora McDonald.

NIXIE.

Nobody would take little Nixie Markham for a heroine, nor would one suppose that little quiet figure possessed nerve enough to save hundreds of lives by her prompt action, but this was the way of it: It was a hot summer afternoon, and the most absolute quiet reigned over the little railroad station of Parkerstown, up in Northern New England, on these sweltering July days. Not even the customary loafers were around, and only at train time was there any show of life.

The down-train was due at 5:10, but until then, as the sensational writers say, "all was quiet as the grave."

Nixie was the station agent's daughter and only child. She was 15, although so small she looked three years younger, and was usually quiet as a mouse—"not much zip to her," as the country folks said. In spite of the current opinion, however, she had, except the small portion of time which the little country town set apart for the school season, spent nearly all of her time in the ticket-office with her father, picking up letter by letter and word by word, the sounds of the Morse instrument; and, finally, one day she astonished her father by taking a telegram by sound, giving him a neat "copy."

From that day Nixie was installed as telegraph operator, and the indulgent father often said "Nick could run that office jest as well as he could himself"—which, considering that Mr. Markham was considered by the boys "a plug operator;" might be called a doubtful compliment to Nixie.

Well, this particular afternoon we are talking about, the aforesaid "plug" sauntered into the depot with trouble enthroned on his majestic brow.

"Nick, I'm summoned on a jury case up to the Centre Village this afternoon. It's too late to get anybody here, even s'posing there was anybody to get. What are we going to do about it? S'pose you can 'tend the concern alone until I get back—probably by 6?"

"I guess so, father," replied Nixie. "There won't be much of anything to do. Likely there won't be many passengers for the down train this hot day, and I hope I know enough to sell a ticket or two if there are."

"Well, see that those boxes go by express. The waybills are ready and in the drawer—guess you'll get along all right"—and off he went, leaving Nixie mistress of the situation—which phase meant more than you might imagine, that very particular day.

At first she felt her newly-acquired importance somewhat and stepped briskly around, dusting the musty little office and watering the few plants in the window, but there being absolutely nothing to do and no one coming near, she dropped into inactivity and listened to the click of the telegraph instrument, which to her was as companionable as the talk of near friends would be. As the afternoon passed drowsily along the heat and stillness overcame her, and dropping her flaxen head on the desk before her, she was soon—as one of the good ladies of Parkerstown was wont to express it—"in the arms of Morphine."

Afterwards, the first thing she could remember about it, a voice seeming to come from her dreams said: "'Taint likely she is left here alone, and asleep, too."

"No," responded another evil voice, "the old man's prob'ly 'round somewhere—but," in a lower tone, "come on, let's go 'long. The down train 'll be along and we'll just lay 'em out."

Nixie was wide awake enough now, but she had presence of mind in her small body, and realized that safety lay in keeping still.

"How fur is it up there?"

"'Sh! Keep mum. Do you want to knock the hull thing in the head, and yourself too?" And then the girl's quickened hearing caught the sound of heavy footsteps passing by the window and on up the track.

Nixie waited until she couldn't hear the footsteps and then cautiously turned and looked out of the window. There they were—two miserable-looking tramps hastening up the track. She recognized them at once as two men who had been discharged from a construction-train that had been at work down the road. What should she do? O, if she could send for her father! But there was no one anywhere near, and, besides, by the time he could get home it might be too late—for it was evident that the desperate wretches were bent upon revenging themselves of their fancied wrongs upon the innocent. She looked at the clock. Half-past 4! She ran out and looked around the lonely station. No living being in sight. She called once, feebly, but what was the use. If she sent for her father she had no tangible explanation to give or real reason to make him hurry home—only she was sure there was harm coming to the down train—that long crowded express filled with mountain tourists. But she must do something.

The men had disappeared around a slight bend in the track. Nixie ran in, locked up the office, snatched a hat from a nail in the corner, and then hurried up the track until she arrived at a slight curve. Then she "made haste more slowly," for there were the men. Stepping behind a clump of bushes she watched them. They had stopped and were doing something, she could not at first see what, to the track. Pretty soon up came a rail, and in a minute more it was thrown down a steep ledge within four feet of the track—where the whole train must be precipitated in less than an hour if something could not be done to warn them. Nixie saw it all now, and for a moment stood, her eyes dilated with horror, while she saw the scoundrels shake their fists toward her way and heard an imprecation. Then they passed on and Nixie, growing cold in the sudden extremity, turned and sped toward the depot.

The rail had been removed on a curve which was shaded on the west side by a high bank so that at half-past 5 it was quite dusk there, and as the train always came in on a down grade they came at full speed. So Nixie thought to herself, "I'm so glad I came, for now I'll hurry and telegraph to Stratford before the train comes by, and then we'll see, Mr. Tramps, how your little scheme comes out."

She reached the office and looked at the clock. Five minutes to 5! and the train left Stratford at 5:03. Well, eight minutes was more than plenty of time if she could "raise" Stratford. She grasped the key. "Sd-sd-sd," clicked the instrument. Never before was there so impatient an operator on that line. With her eyes on the clock, which seemed then, if ever, to say "forever—never—never—forever," she kept up the call. Somebody on the other side "broke her" twice, but she gave all the danger signals she could think of and kept on. The moments kept on—one, two, three, four, five—slowly pealed the old clock—each stroke an agony to the girl.

Meanwhile the agent at Stratford could not operate at all, and the boy who could and who served as general chore-boy about the place, had gone for the cows, and there was no one to answer the call on which so much depended.

A few minutes and it was too late, and Nixie was in a new dilemma.

Nixie closed the key in despair. She did not know the train signals, but seized the red flag under the old desk and ran for dear life—literally the dear lives of her fellow-creatures. Not until she got to the wrecked place did she remember that she must go beyond the curve to stop them or she would be of no use. Already she heard the approaching train rumble in the distance. Faster, faster she sped round the curve straight on up the track. She could see them now coming in. On they rushed, the great engine bent on destroying its precious freight. Nixie stopped in the midst of the track and frantically swung her red flag, but still the monster rushed toward her, showing no abatement of speed.

Meanwhile the engineer and fireman had seen the slight form of the girl and the fireman stood aghast to see the engineer so utterly regardless of her.

"Stop, man!" he shouted; "don't you see the girl?"

"Yes," said the half-drunk engineer. "Why don't the little fool get out of my way? I'll teach her," and made no movement to stop.

Nixie waited with a sinking heart—O, why did everything go against her? Was it the will of God that this dreadful thing must happen? The engine was close upon her and she ran up on a jutting rock by the railroad still waving her scarlet flag—but just as the engine came alongside of her she heard the sharp click of the call-bell in the engine and saw the fireman push the engineer aside and reverse the engine. The conductor, who had just seen her and excitedly pulled the bell-rope, jumped off and came toward her. But the reaction was to much for poor Nixie and she could only gasp out: "Round the curve," and then she was a white heap, with no sense of anything.

Passengers rushed out, and, after some had been to the curve and seen what the little girl had saved them from, no lady in the land could be so loyally waited upon as she was when she had been lifted into the car and told modestly her little story. It was some little time before the track was ready for the train to proceed, and, when Nixie got out at her own station, many kind hands pressed hers in farewell, and the conductor left something in her hand, too, just as the train left, saying: "You are the bravest little woman in the State."

Not until she had been in the office a good half hour with her father, who had got home from his lawsuit and wondered what made the train late and where Nixie had gone to, and told him all the story, did Nixie think to look at the packet. Then she read a note: "Will Miss Eunice Markham accept the accompanying from the friends she so bravely saved Aug. 23, 1880?"

The note was wrapped around $500 in bank notes.

"O, papa! now you can pay off the mortgage on the house," cried Nixie, and the father said:

"I declare, Nick, you get higher wages as agent than I do!"

The Superintendent of the Q. & L. Railroad Company came down to Parkerstown that week, and soon after there was a vacancy in one of the best offices of the company in a neighboring city and Mr. Markham was tendered the situation. He accepted, "so Nixie can have the schooling she wants so much," he said; and to-day Miss Eunice Markham is one of the most promising pupils in the high school of that city. But more than ever is she the pride of her father's heart, who never tires of telling of the afternoon "his girl was station agent."

But, after all, you would never take her for a heroine.

ROYAL LADIES.

Four Queens Described, One of Them in Very Uncomplimentary Terms.

Queens are not any better-looking, after all, than other women, and some of those now reigning may even be classed among the very plain-women, says a writer in the New York *Mail and Express*. Not even the most regal of their state garments could make them anything else. The idea that patrician blood shows in the beauty and grace of the royal ladies is a great mistake, for it is quite the contrary, as far as I have seen, and the bluer the blood the uglier the queen. In Vienna, at their great exposition, were gathered a number of the then reigning ladies of Europe, and I had several views of those who were there. The first glimpse I had at all of royalty was of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. I was in the Turkish section when I noticed a coarse, fat, elderly woman, plainly dressed and vulgar in every movement, come waddling along. She was shaking all over like a bowl of jelly, and looking keenly about her with beady eyes, while behind her walked a youth hardly come to manhood's age. He wore a stovepipe hat and a Prince Albert coat, and appeared to be a modest fellow with little taste for display. The ex-queen wore a black lace overdress over black silk. The silk was cut low in the neck and with short sleeves, after the fashion then prevailing in Vienna, and the other dress was high in the neck and with long sleeves. She wore a black lace bonnet, with long streamers of ribbon behind, and a mass of red roses mingled with the lace, and she had some very beautiful diamonds in her ears and at the throat. She went about cheapening everything and looking for some Turkish rugs to buy, but she seemed to think that the price was raised on account of her royalty, and in a loud aside in French she spoke to her young son, saying that evidently they intended to make her pay too much, and that he must come there the next morning wearing a plain suit and a cap, so that they should not know him, and get the carpets at a lower price. I saw this same queen at the opera soon after in all the glory of full dress, and she made, to my thinking, one of the most revolting sights I ever witnessed. The aged and amiable empress of Prussia made a short visit to Vienna during the exhibition, but she appeared nowhere in public except as she rode from the station to the palace with her venerable husband. She sat leaning far back in the open carriage, and as the horses dashed by she left but a confused remembrance of a frail but sweet face, mild eyes, and womanly grace. She was wrapped in shawls, although the weather was very warm, and she appeared to be very thin.

The empress of Austria and Queen Olga of Greece are the two beautiful women of all that I saw, and whatever their station in life they would still be called so. The empress of Austria seems to be too active a woman for the close confinement and rigid dignity that other queens think necessary, and she goes and comes as she likes, rides and walks abroad without let or hindrance, and very simply. On state occasions, when there is a public parade, or anything like that the streets are cleared by soldiers, who take positions on each side. These streets have been previously swept and sprinkled, and no vehicle or person can travel there until after the pageant has passed. Then after hours of patient waiting in the hot sun, with eyes half blinded by the white reflection of the houses and streets, there will be a dash and flash of glittering uniforms, a clash of sabers and spurs and trample of prancing steeds, and a magnificent open barouche comes into view with a tableau of a soldiery-looking man in his uniform with jewels and decorations blazing all over his breast, and by his side a vision of beauty dressed in the national colors.

As this radiant picture comes into view there is a bust of cheers and welcome from all people. The poorest and the richest alike shout with a spontaneity that is born of a true affection for the beautiful empress, at least. Behind their carriage is another, a smaller one, with a young man and a young girl, the children of the royal couple, and they receive as many plaudits and good wishes as their parents, and then, before one hardly has seen them, the whole is gone and the crowds are let loose to fill the streets or go to work again.

One day in the exposition the empress walked about without ceremony or fuss, with a few of her ladies. She was dressed in a lilac muslin trimmed with lace, and certainly looked not an hour over 25. Her tall form was as lithe and graceful as a girl's and her matchless eyes, hair, and lips would make the beauty of any woman. The expression of her face was simply enchanting. After walking about until she was tired, she took her seat in one of those rolling chairs, and the driver rolled directly over my foot. I could not repress a slight expression of pain, which the empress heard, and she made as many apologies as I should have thought necessary had I squeezed her royal toes. Then she chatted several minutes in a perfectly unreserved manner with me, and said some day she might visit America, as she always longed for a ride on the prairies. I saw her at the opera afterward in full dress, with diamonds and pearls, and her exquisite neck and arms bare, and she was positively dazzling.

Queen Olga is of another type, but equally handsome. She is stouter and shorter, but her figure is graceful and well formed, and her hands and feet are true Russian, being almost as small as a 10-year-old child's. Her eyes are large and dark, with long, heavy lashes. Her hair is superb, and her features mobile and beautiful, and her laugh very charming. She is a brunette, with a lovely, rich color, which comes and goes with her emotions. While in Vienna Queen Olga was greatly admired wherever she went, and she went everywhere, being perfectly simple and unaffected. She is a fine horsewoman as well as the empress of Austria, but she did not ride in Vienna. Nearly every day she visited the exposition, and always dressed in her national colors, blue and white. I saw her afterward in her own home, in Athens, and was still more charmed with her, from her sweet and simple manners that are still full of grave dignity. She is a model mother and a true helpmeet to her husband, who would be nothing and nobody without her. She is always at work while at home on some bit of lacework, which she afterward takes pleasure in giving away as little souvenirs. The people of Athens adore her for her large sympathies and gentle charities, and they love her for her goodness and womanliness no less than for her rich beauty and the fact that she is their queen.

SURGICAL NURSING.

The house mother should always be prepared for emergencies. A few bandages and a bottle of carbolized oil do not take up much room in a corner of the closet shelf and they are invaluable in case of an accident requiring their use. Bandages can easily be made from an old sheet. Cut it into strips about two inches wide and sew two lengths together, lay the raw edges over one another so that one will be on each side of the bandage and run them together, forming a flat joining with no hard ridge at the seam. The strips can be any width that is desired, but two inches is the most useful size. To roll them begin at one end and roll as tightly as possible, keeping the edges even. Hospital nurses learn to make with the fingers a roll as compact as can be done with a bandage roller. When finished turn in the end to form a point, fasten it with a pin, pull off the ravellings from the edges and the bandage is completed. Carbolized oil can be procured from the druggist, or made at home by adding one teaspoonful of carbolic acid crystals dissolved in glycerine, to fourteen teaspoonfuls of sweet oil. It is an excellent remedy for slight cuts as well as more serious injuries. It is spread on a piece of linen and bound on the wound. Carbolic acid being an antiseptic, prevents decomposition and so permits the wound to heal. Nature, or whatever name we may choose to give to the mysterious recuperative power which enables the human body to recover from disease and injuries, is the great healer. Science can only surround the injured part with the conditions most favorable to its recovery. No power on earth can make the tiny cells collect to form the new tissue and change into flesh, or cause skin to form over the surface unless nature wills that it shall be so. The air is full of minute germs, invisible to the naked eye. It is the office of these germs when life ceases in any organization to turn it again into its original elements. Fermentation, as in yeast, and souring is the beginning of their work. When the skin is broken the vitality of the surrounding parts being destroyed by the injury, a hot bed is prepared in which bacteria flourish with fatal rapidity. The poison thus generated is absorbed into the system and in bad cases the patient dies of pyæmia, or blood poisoning. The name of Pasteur will go down to posterity in connection with his discoveries in the method of treating hydrophobia and it was his researches which first directed attention to antiseptic dressings for wounds. Mr. Lister, one of the surgeons at St. Bartholemew's Hospital, London, conceived the idea that if the surrounding air could be disinfected and the wound dressed with some substance that would kill the bacteria which might find an entrance, decomposition would be prevented and the wound placed in the most favorable condition for healing. He fixed upon carbolic acid as the agent most certain to be effective, and since the introduction of his method, and modified forms of it which experience has suggested, recovery is the almost invariable rule and the once dreaded diseases of wounds the rare exception.

When a serious accident happens and the victim is brought home, if a limb has been broken a bed should be prepared for the sufferer while the surgeon is coming. This bed will have to be occupied probably for several weeks, nor, in many cases, will the occupant be able to be moved from it. A woven wire mattress with a hair mattress over it, is the most desirable foundation; on this should be spread a sheet smoothly tucked in at the sides and ends. A piece of India rubber sheeting should always be amongst the household stores, a yard of the soft twilled kind can be purchased for $1.50, and if cut into two will be a useful size. One-half should be folded in part of an old cotton sheet and placed under the wounded part to prevent the damp dressings from wetting the mattress. A sheet folded in two lengthwise should be placed across the middle of the bed and the ends firmly tucked under the mattress. It can be changed more easily than the whole sheet and kept smooth and free from crumbs. The upper bed clothes must be folded back over the foot of the bedstead until the sufferer is lifted in.—*Elizabeth Robinson Scovil in Good Housekeeping.*

A Puzzled Traveler.

I find myself this morning in a novel predicament, amusing if one is philosophical enough to look at the amusing side of it, but at the same time very annoying, writes a correspondent from Placquemine, La., to the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. We are brought to a halt here by a railroad wreck, and are likely to be detained here for at least a day. I have my family with me, and naturally there are expenses to pay. I have in my pocket a number of coins made of gold and bearing the stamp of the United States government in certification of their weight and fineness. These coins are American $5, $10, and $20 gold pieces, and if I were in England, or Germany, or Russia, or India, or anywhere else in the world except right here in Placquemine, La., I should find my money current at its nominal and actual value, because the two are everywhere known to be identical.

But here in Placquemine, La., a little town whose people are direct descendants of Longfellow's Acadians, my American gold is uncurrent money!

I first encountered this state of things last night when I offered gold to the porter of the Pullman car in payment for my berths. That worthy politely refused it on the ground that "that kind o' money an't good out here, sah." I remonstrated with him, and told him that American gold was worth its face everywhere, because the gold in it, merely as gold, is worth very nearly the amount of the face value of the piece. He was deaf to arguments of that kind, and so I expounded the law to him, and quoted the provision making the gold coin of the United States legal tender in payment of all debts. It was equally useless. The porter knew nothing about legal-tender laws or standards of value, or anything of the kind; he only know, or thought he knew, that gold coins were bad and uncurrent money in this quarter of the country, and he would have none of them. I managed to scrape together enough silver, eked out with nickels, to pay for the berths and decide in my own mind that the porter must have got hold of a counterfeit gold coin, and finding it bad, must have concluded that all gold was bad money.

This morning I have learned better. Finding ourselves stopped here, I ordered breakfast from the buffet, and after eating, set out to get some of my gold changed into bills or silver at the shops of the town. Alas! the shopkeepers of the place, even including the saloon men, were like-minded with the porter. One and all were persuaded that gold was not not good money, and with one mind they refused to take it. I offered to "treat all round" at a saloon if the barkeeper would take a $5 gold piece in payment and give me change, but he declined. I asked if the genuineness of my gold was doubted, thinking that might be the trouble, but I was assured that all gold was refused in the town, and one man, a merchant, told me he believed there had been "some government action on the subject which made gold *no longer of any account.*" Finally one man came to my rescue and gave me silver in return for a $5 gold piece, saying that the gold might perhaps "go for *something* in New Orleans." He did it very much as he might have given $5 to a human being in distress, and I could see that he had very little hope of ever getting anything out of the bright new gold piece which I had drawn a few days before from the London and San Francisco bank, in full faith that the gold coins of my country were the best and surest possible representative of value anywhere to be found.

I am still without any explanation of the phenomenon, but it is a fact worth recording that American gold coin is not current money in Placquemine, La.

Under Orange Blossoms.

English and continental customs that have so perceptibly modified the manners of American society of late years have nowhere shown so marked an effect as in fashions for weddings. The latest innovation is the carrying of a prayer-book by the bride instead of the conventional bouquet—a fashion inaugurated at a New York wedding the other day. The book harmonizes with the bridal costume in color, and is covered with white ivory, mother-of-pearl, or velvet, mounted in silver or gold. Like the bridal veil, it is laid away after the ceremony as a memento of the great event.

The introduction of the maid of honor into the wedding procession is another new fashion, or, rather, the revival of a very old one. It is her office to assist the bride at the altar during the wedding ceremony in removing her glove when the ring is put on, relieve her of her fan, bouquet, or prayer-book, and perform all those little services that are necessary on the occasion. While white is *en rigeur* the costume of the bride and bridemaids, the maid of honor is distinguished from the rest by wearing a dress of some light tint, usually pale pink or blue. Soft canton crepe, gauze, tulle, or crepe lisse are the materials of which it is made. The bridemaids wear white tulle over satin or moire, while for the bride a trained robe is prepared of rich satin or faille francais, trimmed with deep flouncings of real lace, side-panels of cut and uncut velvet, and sprays of orange blossoms.

The maid of honor and bridemaids wear their dresses short, with the slippers of bronze kid and silk hose to match, for such is the latest decree of fashion. The slippers of the bride are made of a piece of her dress, and are worn with white silk hose that are embroidered or have lace inserted in the instep. If the wedding takes place at home the bridal veil of tulle, fastened in the hair by a cluster of orange blossoms, falls over the shoulders and the train, leaving the face uncovered, but if it is solemnized in church it covers the face also, falling down to the hem of the skirt and enveloping the figure as in a mist.

It is the fashion for the bride to enter the church on the arm of her father or guardian, the maid of honor walking behind alone. After the maid of honor come the bridemaids; arranged in couples. The groom, accompanied by his best man, enters the church by another door and meets his bride at the altar, where he receives her from the hands of her guardian.

White nephitos-buds, bride roses, a new variety of white rose with delicately-curled edges tinted a bluish pink, and lilies of the valley, all form charming bouquets. Frequently the roses and lilies are combined. Real orange blossoms, the traditional bridal flower, are not often used, as they fail so soon, and where they are used for dress decorations they are in all cases artificial.

Florists say they make up rose bouquets for weddings in sets, white, of course, for the bride, pale pink or yellow for the maid of honor, as best suit her dress, either Catharine mermets la France, or Marechal Niels, and for the bridemaids, to whom it is allowable to have a little more color, bunches of vivid crimson Jack roses, or, their substitute, the Bennett, the immense deep pink American beauty, or perle des jardins, which are yellow. All of these bouquets are made very large, the stems cut long and gracefully tied together with a bow of satin ribbon matching the roses in color. For the sake of variety fancy baskets filled with roses and decorated with ribbons are sometimes carried instead of bouquets.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Girls in Service in Holland.

It has been said that the young women of this country who follow the culinary and scrubbing profession are born as such, arriving fully equipped with bucket of water and scrub-brush, and as a Dutch servant girl only awakens from phlegmatic slumbering existence when inspired with the prospect of something to scrub, there seems to be a foundation for the legend. The dienst meisjes of this city and the other cities of the Netherlands are dressed in light calico gowns, white aprons, white neckerchiefs, white hose, and wooden shoes. Winter or summer, rain or shine, the dress is the same. The use of gloves, even in the coldest weather, is not allowable, and a present of a pair of nice, warm mittens on Santa Claus day was only excused because the giver was an American lady and not posted on servant-girl etiquet.

A Holland lady must be a housekeeper, it being customary to give out the provisions necessary for the family use daily to the cook and keep the storeroom under lock and key. The servants receive for their own use a certain amount of coffee, tea, butter, etc., per week, all stipulated in the service contract, and at dinner draw their rations from the family table like soldiers. To introduce the American method would create rebellion in the kitchen in one day. The period of service is never less than six months, and a notification of two months on the part of mistress or servant is neccessary for its termination.

Every servant girl is in the possession of a sort of conduct-book, in which her behavior is noted by the mistress semi-annually, and is countersigned by the police when she changes her employ. No servant girl can find a place without this book, and to hear of servants who have been in a family for twenty years or over is a common occurrence. The wages paid to cooks are from $24 to $36 and to second girls from $16 to $28 per year. In addition they are granted a douceur at stated holidays. The requisits of footitjes received from visitors, etc., are taken care of by the lady of the house and disbursed every three months.

In the cities where the yearly kermis has not as yet been abolished participation in these festivities by the servant girls makes an escort necessary, and those who have not been able to attract an admirer by personal charms provide themselves with the article in a rather business-like manner. Weeks before the kermis takes place lists of names of young men willing to play the part of the lover for this occasion only are handed around to lonely maidens. In addition to paying all expenses incidental to the festivities, remuneration in cash, graded in accordance with the profession of the selected one, is paid by the servant girl. Barbers and tailors, as a rule, are high-priced cavaliers and in great demand, but to see 200 pounds of plain Holland cook of uncertain age parading around with ninety pounds of dressed-up tailor makes it questionable if the position of the lesser being is altogether a sinecure.—*Amsterdam Letter.*

Jugglers of Words.

Literary men, I dare say, have their merits. I should be very sorry to deny all merit to any class of my fellow-creatures; but literary men have also their faults, whereof (since life is short, however tedious art may be) I will only mention one—viz., their intolerable and aggressive self-conceit. Here is some wretched little knock-kneed, weak-chested fellow, whose back is bowed and whose eyes are (practically) blind, who can do nothing in this world but write, and can't do that if a child cries in the next street or an organ grinds in the next parish; yet he gives himself the airs of a commander-in-chief at the very least. If you ask him to dinner you and all your guests must sit mum while he relates some interminable anecdote, or fires off (if they will go off, but they often miss) the terrible "impromptus" which he has spent the whole afternoon, constructing over his study table. He has done nothing in his life at all worth doing; he knows nothing in this world really worth knowing; he has no science, or skill, or art under heaven, except the art of stringing words together, and he can't even do that at all decently unless he is given plenty of time. Yet on the strength of having written half a dozen morbid and unnatural stories, or some poems that nobody can read without going to sleep, or having put together a bundle of ill-natured criticisms, or edited some wrong-headed newspaper or magazine, he spreads his wretched little jackdaw tail with all the arrogance of a genuine peacock. To hear him talk you would imagine that if he did not actually make the world, yet he is quite equal to taking it to pieces and putting it together again. I remember a picture in an old number of *Punch* in which the belle of the evening is represented as surrounded by a crowd of these creatures—"rising young geniuses," as they are denominated. In the corner are two human beings, and one of them says to the other: "Rather a scrubby, grubby lot, the rising young geniuses, eh?" Well, I must confess that a good many of the eminent literary men of my acquaintance seem to me to answer to these adjectives "scrubby" and "grubby." I should not like to be brought into terms of very familiar intercourse with them. I should not care to go a long voyage with them or spend a wet day with them in a country house.—*London Truth.*

The Distribution of Wealth.

In Rome, under the empire, wealth at one pole was a symptom of misery at the other, because Rome was not an industrial state. Its income came from plunder. The wealth had a source independent of the production of the society of Rome. That part of the booty which some got, others could not have. No such thing is true of an industrial society. The wealth of the commercial cities of Italy and southern Germany, in the middle ages, was largely in the hands of merchant-princes. If one were told that some of these merchants were very rich, he would have no ground of inference that others in those cities must have been poor. The rich were those who developed the opportunities of commerce which were, in the first instance, open to all. What they gained came out of nothing which anybody else ever had or would have had. The fact that there are wealthy men in England, France, and the United States today, is no evidence that there must be poor men here. The riches of the rich are perfectly consistent with a high condition of wealth of all, down to the last. In fact, the aggregations of wealth, both while being made and after realization, develope and sustain the prosperity of all. The forward movement of a strong population, with abundance of land and highly developed command by machinery over the forces of nature, must produce a state of society in which average and minimum comfort are high, while special aggregations may be enormous, misfortune and vice being left out of account.

Whatever nexus there is between wealth at one pole and poverty at the other can be found only by turning the proposition into its converse—misery at one pole makes wealth at the other. If the mass at one pole should, through any form of industrial vice, fall into misery, they would offer to the few wise an opportunity to become rich by taking advantage of them. They would offer a large supply of labor at low wages, a high demand for capital at high rates of interest, and a fierce demand for land at high rent.—*Prof. W. G. Sumner, in Popular Science Monthly.*

The Elephant.

The elephant is a foor-footed quadruped, large for his dimensions. In fact, he is the greatest beast known. To be more accurate, he averages about the size of an ordinary three-story house, as any circus poster will show. His skin is wrinkled to allow for contraction by the cold, and is so thick that a 10-inch gun makes no impression on it. In his native country it is sawn up into planks and used to construct bridges. The most wonderful thing about the elephant, however, is his trunk. To this he has so close an attachment that he is never seen without it, and it is the only kind that utterly defies the baggage-smasher. With it he can pick up a pin or delay a railroad train. He is the most sagacious of all animals, and can be taught to do the chores, build rail fences—driving all the nails, put children to bed, milk the cows, and carry trunks other than his own to the station. In India, in the rainy season, he is employed to wash windows and sprinkle the roads by taking up the water in his trunk. Male elephants are also used to carry and bring letters to and from the post-office. In captivity his food consists chiefly of peanuts and cookies.—*Journal of Education.*

How Much Timber a Tree Will Make.

How is the amount of timber in a standing tree calculated? The usual rule for measuring timber is to measure the trunk round the middle, take one-fourth part of the girth and square it, and multiply this square by the length or hight of the tree. In calculating a standing tree it is usual to measure the hight of the tree to the first fork, and if there is still a good portion of trunk above that is measured separately and added to the previous calculation. If a tree is very irregular, divide it into several lengths and find the solidity of each part separately; or add all the girths together and divide the sum by the number of them. When the square of the quarter girth is multiplied by the length, the product gives a result nearly one-fourth less than the quantity in the tree. This rule is, however, invariably practiced by timber merchants, and is not likely to be abolished. Some allowance ought to be made to the purchaser on account of the waste in squaring the wood so as to be fit for use. Dr. Hutton recommends the following rule, which will give the contents extremely near the truth: "Multiply the square of one-fifth of the girth by twice the length, and the product will be the contents."

On the 4th in Chicago over six thousand carpenters went out on a strike. They have resolved that nothing shall be done in their line until the bosses, or at least a great majority of them, have acceded to their demands, eight hours a day and 35 cents an hour.

The strike in Cincinnati last week took out about 1,100 carpenters for nine hours and $2.80 a day, and eight hours for Saturday. The demand is one that the employers refuse to concede.

The steamer City of Peking arrived the other day at San Francisco, from Hong Kong, bringing 1,100 Chinese, among whom small-pox had broken out. The vessel was found to contain cases of small-pox and was ordered by officer McAllister to be placed in strictest quarantine.

Purify Your Blood.

If your tongue is coated.
If your skin is yellow and dry.
If you have boils.
If you have fever.
If you are thin or nervous.
If you are bilious.
If you are constipated.
If your bones ache.
If your head aches.
If you have no appetite.
If you have no ambition, one bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will relieve any and all of the above complaints. Sold and warranted by Dr. A. Heintz.

The balloon for the Paris exhibition of 1889 will carry up 100 persons.

Florida, "The Land of Flowers," is a paradise for the invalid, and the "Fountain of Youth" was once thought to be hid in one of its forest glades. It is now the heaven of many consumptives, who find benefit in her genial warmth and fragrant flowers. The consumptive invalid need not necessarily go so far from home and friends to get relief. For if not in the last stages of the disease, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will restore to perfect health. For all chronic throat, bronchial and lung diseases it is a most reliable specific. By druggists.

An average election campaign in New York city costs the candidates or their supporters about $200,000.

The Homeliest Man in Columbus.

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on Dr. A. Heintz and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 50 cents and $1. Dec22-86

In the New York sub-treasury 220,000 silver dollars passed through the hands of the clerks in one day for the purpose of redemption.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not let any dealer impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist on getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottle free at Dowty & Heitkemper's drug store.

The United States grand jury at San Francisco last week, which had been engaged nearly two weeks investigating alleged fraudulent land surveys by which an amount of money had been obtained from the government, returned forty indictments for conspiracy and perjury as the result of their labors.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, in fact, will now use no other kind, it properly relieves coughs and is unequaled for the throat and lungs. ROBERT A. NEFF, Comedian, with Peck's Bad Boy Co., Denver, Col., March 1,1887. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is sold by Dowty & Becher.

Keeping the bowels open and regular is one of the greatest secrets of human health. People are seldom sick when their bowels are regular. They are seldom well when they are irregular. When a physic is necessary, St. Patrick's Pills will be found to be all that can be desired. They regulate the bowels and liver and cleanse the entire system. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

On the 4th inst., 4,000 emigrants started west from Castle Garden being an accumulation of arrivals since Friday.

Saved His Life.

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Phthisic, also Diabetes; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles, was entirely cured, and he gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Dowty & Heitkemper.

The county poor house at Bloomington, Ind., was burned last week.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. *Trial size free.* Dr. A. Heintz.

In India there are four female missionaries to every 1,000,000 of women.

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 O. B. Stillman, druggist Columbus.

There are 38,706 more women in Massachusetts than men and the surplus in Boston is 18,029.

Do You Know

that Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup will relieve that cough almost instantly and make expiration easy? Acts simultaneously on the bowels, kidney and liver, thereby relieving the lungs of the soreness and pain and also stopping that tickling sensation in the throat by removing the cause. One trial of it will convince any one that it has no equal on earth for coughs and colds. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the sale of it and will guarantee every bottle to give satisfaction. 3feb23

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris has taken a house in London until the Easter holidays are over.

Mother's Smiles are the Sunlight of Home.

There would be fewer clouds and brighter sunlight in many households if every dispirited suffering woman realizes what a boon Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is for all weaknesses and maladies to which her sex is liable. No lady who gives the wonderful remedy a trial will be disappointed by its result. It not only acts promptly upon all functional derangements, but by its rare nervine and tonic properties strengthens and repairs the whole feminine system. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

An unknown schooner ran between Nantucket and Hyannes during a storm a week ago and sunk, only her mast heads being visible from the shore. A boat was sent to her rescue, but none of the vessels crew could be found and are supposed to be lost.

Salt Rheum or Eczema.

Old sores and ulcers,
Scaldhead and ringworm,
Pain in the back and spine,
Swelling of the knee joints,
Sprains and bruises.
Neuralgia and toothache,
Tender feet caused by bunions, corns and chilblains, we warrant Beggs' Tropical Oil to relieve any and all of the above. Dr. A. Heintz.

Mrs. Cleveland has been enjoying a visit from her former schoolmate and confidential friend, Miss Jelt, of New York.

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 & Becher. 6may86-1y

THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK

—west of Omaha, at—

GREISEN BROS.

The best manufactories of the country represented. Not to be undersold by anybody. Come and see prices at

GREISEN BROS.

This is the most PRACTICAL HIGH-CUT SHOE ever invented.
It is very GENTEEL and DRESSY and gives the same protection as a book or over-gaiter. It is convenient to put on and the top can be adjusted to fit any ankle by simply moving the buttons.
For sale by

GREISEN BROS. 13th Oct. '86-tf

FOR MAN AND BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

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