OUR BEST REWARD.

WINSTON, FORSYTHE CO., N. C., March 15, 1880.

TO THE HOP BITTERS MFG. CO.:

Gents—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters.

Very respectfully,
REV. H. FEREBEE.

ROCHESTER N. Y., March 11, 1880.

HOP BITTERS CO.:

Please accept our grateful acknowledgment for the Hop Bitters you were so kind to donate, and which were such a benefit to us. Yours, very gratefully.
OLD LADIES OF THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

DELEVAN, Wis., Sept. 24, 1878.

Gents—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of seventy-eight when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at thirty. I see a great many that need such a medicine.
D. BOYCE.

MONROE, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

Sirs—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of the kidneys and bladder; it has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of the bitters seemed like magic to me.
W. L. CARTER.

BRADFORD, Pa., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year since I took Hop Bitters. Several of my neighbors use them.
MISS FANNIE GREEN.

Immense Sale.

EVANSVILLE, Wis., June 24, 1879.

Gentlemen—No Bitters have had one-half the sale here and given such universal satisfaction as your Hop Bitters have. We take pleasure in speaking for their welfare, as every one who tries them is well satisfied with their results. Several such remarkable cures have been made with them here that there are a number of earnest workers in the Hop Bitters cause. One person gained eleven pounds from taking only a few bottles.
SMITH & IDE.

BAY CITY, Mich., Feb. 3, 1880.

HOP BITTERS COMPANY:

I think it my duty to send you a recommend for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.
DR. A. PRATT,
Treater of Chronic Diseases.

SUPERIOR, Wis., Jan., 1880.

I heard in my neighborhood that your Hop Bitters was doing such a great deal of good among the sick and afflicted with most every kind of disease, and as I had been troubled for fifteen years with neuralgia and all kinds of rheumatic complaints and kidney trouble, I took one bottle according to directions. It at once did me a great deal of good, and I used another bottle. I am an old man, but am now as well as I can wish. There are seven or eight families in our place using Hop Bitters as their family medicine, and are so well satisfied with it they will not use any other. One lady here had been bedridden for years, is well and doing her work from the use of three bottles.
LEONARD WHITBECK

A Voice from the Press.

I take the opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter and composed of bad whisky, we were agreeably surprised at their mild taste, just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Cresswell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. The two former ailments are gone, and the latter greatly improved. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now.
S GILLILAND, *People's Advocate.*
July 25, 1879. Pittsburg, Pa.

For Hay Fever,

Catarrh, Cold in the Head, etc., insert with little finger a particle of the Balm into the nostrils; draw strong breaths through both nose. It will be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

For Deafness,

Occasionally apply a particle into and back of the ear, rubbing in thoroughly.

From Ex-Mayor Rob't. W. Townley.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 27, 1879.

Messrs. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.: Gents—I have been afflicted for the past twenty years, during the months of August and September, with Hay Fever, and during this time have tried various remedies suggested by my friends, for its relief, without success. About a month since, I was informed by a friend who had been benefited by its use, to try your Cream Balm. I have used it with very favorable results, and can confidently recommend it to all who are similarly afflicted.
ROBERT W. TOWNLEY.

Price—50 cts. On receipt of 60 cents, will mail a package free. Send for circular, with full information, Pamphlet, etc. ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists.

"A MEDICINE WITHOUT A RIVAL."

KIDNEY

Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes, are cured by

HUNT'S REMEDY,

the Great Kidney and Liver Medicine.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Nonretention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Female Weakness and Excesses.

HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.

HUNT'S REMEDY

ACTS AT ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

Send for pamphlet to
WM. E. CLARKE, Providence, R. I.
Trial size, 75 cents. Large size cheapest.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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First Mortgage 7 Per Cent. **Gold Bonds**

OF THE
Fort Madison & Northwestern Railway Co.
DATED APRIL 1, 1880, AND DUE IN 1905.
Bonds of $500 and $1,000 each.
Principal and Interest Payable in Gold in New York.
UNION TRUST CO., New York, TRUSTEE.
Length of Road, 100 miles; whole issue of Bonds, $700,000, being $7,000 per mile.
Location of Road—From City of Fort Madison, Iowa, on Mississippi River, to City of Osceola, Iowa.
Interest payable April 1st and October 1st.
For sale at 95 and accrued interest.
With each $500 and $1,000 Bond there will be given as a bonus $100 and $200 respectively in full paid capital stock of the company.
Applications for Bonds, or for further information, Circulars, etc., should be made to
JAMES M. DRAKE & CO., Bankers,
Drexel Building, 29 Wall St., N. Y.

Look, Agents!

Every man wants his property protected from burglars. Secure the agency for the "Safety Window Fastening" in your county quick. Sells everywhere at sight. Immense profits. Terms free. Address C. M. CARNAHAN, Cleveland, O.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the LIFE OF

GEN. JAS. A. GARFIELD

by his comrade in arms and personal friend, Gen. J. S. RUSHSIN, an author of wide celebrity. This work is complete, authentic, low-priced. Fully illustrated. Positively the best and cheapest book. None other official. Send 50c. at once for outfit. We give the best terms. Act quick and you can coin money. HUBBARD BROS., Pubs., 723 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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This wonderful substance is acknowledged by physicians throughout the world to be the best remedy discovered for the cure of Wounds, Burns, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Piles, Catarrh, Chilblains, &c. In order that every one may try it, it is put up in 15 and 25 cent bottles for household use. Obtain it from your druggist, and you will find it superior to anything you have ever used.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Only a Word.

Only one little word
It it be a word of love,
Is always gladly heard,
And may place one above
The grief drawn sighs and sadder tears of earth—
The sorrow and care which to thee gave birth.

Only one little word,
It it be a word of praise,
Hath oft to ambition spurr'd
Those long deal to its lays.
And they've bravely renewed the battle of life,
Who erst had been conquered in the strife.

Only one little word,
It it be a word of hope,
Hath brighten'd eyes long blurr'd
With tears. And giv'n strength to cope
With wearisome burdens hard to be borne,
Reviving some faint heart, tired and worn.

Only one little word,
If it be a word of blame,
The fount of tears hath stirr'd
And dropped the heart with shame,
Pierc'd as an arrow to its inmost core;
And left it wounded—sorrowing—sore.

Only one little word,
If it be a word of peace,
Hath touched some tender chord
And bade contention cease.
Hov'ring o'er the soul like a gentle dove,
Implanting there rare flowers of love.

Speak words of hope and love,
Omitting the word of blame;
Speak words which lift above
Sighs or tears, grief or shame.
Speak gently—tenderly to hearts betray'd;
Lead back the feet which in wrong paths have stray'd.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

MR. RUSSET AT SARATOGA.

When the doctors recommended six weeks at Saratoga to Reuben Russet, they possibly didn't think of Pennie Joyce. Doctors are apt to be men of one idea. Mr. Russet's digestive apparatus was certainly out of order; but little Miss Joyce's heart—that was quite another thing.

Mr. Russet was a young theological student, with pale brown hair, an intellectual face, and a slight stoop in the shoulders. Pennie Joyce was a farmer's rose-cheeked daughter, the eldest of a large family of children, and one of those thrifty girls who understand the whole theory and practice of housekeeping from Alpha to Omega. To become a minister's wife was a visible promotion to her, and she exulted in it, in her quiet way. But to be separated from him for six whole weeks—that was a trial.

"The time will soon pass, my love," said Reuben, in the slightly patronizing manner which he affected toward Pennie.

"Yes, I know it will, dear," said Pennie, valiantly trying to smile.

"And I shall write every day."

"That will be so good of you!" said Pennie.

"And really, you know, Pennie, a man whose mission is to reach the soul ought to have a little knowledge of human nature."

"Yes, of course," assented the girl.

"And where can one obtain it so well as at one of these great human hives where the fashionable world congregates?"

"To be sure!" said Pennie.

"I only wish you were going," he added, affectionately.

Pennie sighed softly.

"Of course that is out of the question," said she.

Farmer Joyce shook his head when he heard the dictum of the medical man.

"Saratogy, indeed!" said he. "I don't believe Saratogy is a bit better than our spring down by the maple grove. I'd venture Reub Russet'd be well enough if he'd go out and weed onions half an hour every morning; and besides, I've heerd there's a lot of temptation at a place like Saratogy."

"I dare say," said Pennie, with mild superiority, "for some people. But Reuben is above that sort of thing."

"Humph!" said Farmer Joyce. "I ain't so sure of that."

"Father, how can you?" cried the indignant girl, bristling up like a hen-canary.

"Human natur' is human natur', whether it's at Saratogy or any other place," stoutly maintained the farmer.

Mr. Russet went to Saratoga and took rooms at a fashionable boarding-house, near the Hathorn spring. He walked up and down the elm-shaded paths with two little devotional books, of a morning, listened to the band, and studied out telling sentences for possible sermons, in the afternoon, and edged himself modestly into the glittering ball-rooms of the monster hotels at night, when the German was in full career.

"Merely to study my fellow-creatures!" said Mr. Russet, as he adjusted his eye-glasses.

"Such a delightful study!" said Miss Gushington Gordon, who blazed with jewels, and wore long-trained skirts, such as Mr. Russet never had beheld at Raspberry Vale.

Miss Gushington Gordon had the best rooms at the house, the largest wardrobe, and the most brilliant necklaces. Rumor called her a great heiress, and Mr. Russet found her very agreeable.

She had big, purple-blue eyes, hair of the real Roman gold, a complexion which was undeniably a work of art, and a soft, languid voice, whose syllables dropped from her lips like globules of silver.

"Life is such a vacuum!" said Miss Gushington Gordon.

"My experience exactly!" said the young theological student, who was fast losing his head.

"At least," corrected the beauty, "I have always found it so until now. But your grand grasp of subjects, your reading of the book of existence has somehow awakened me to a new sense of things!"

Mr. Russet grew red to the very roots of his hair, with a pleasurable tingling.

"I am but too proud," he stammered, "if I have succeeded in unraveling any problem which—"

"Oh!" cried Miss Gushington Gordon, "have I said too much? Pray, pray forgive my impulsiveness! I am the creature of emotion!"

She put out a little, sparkling hand with bewitching frankness to the spectacled student. Mr. Russet gave it a gentle pressure, and forgot to drop it again.

That was the first day that he omitted to write to little Penelope Joyce, at the red farmhouse in Raspberry Vale.

"She won't be so foolish as to expect a letter by every mail," he said, a little impatiently.

At the end of the six weeks he came home. Pennie met him at the railway station, with her dimpled lips put up for a kiss.

"I may as well tell you, at once, Pennie—" he began.

But just then Deacon Oberne came up, with that vise-like hand-grip of his, and there was no chance to say more until they parted at the cross-roads, by the mill.

"Perhaps it is just as well," said the theological student, to himself. "I'll write to her that I have changed my mind, and engaged myself to Antoinette Gushington Gordon. I ought to have written from Saratoga, but one dreads to send such a letter."

Mr. Russet felt as if he had behaved very like a scoundrel, now that he was removed from the magnetic influence of the heiress and her jewels.

"But of course," he pleaded, before the tribunal of his own conscience, "a man devoted to my profession should select the sphere in which he can do the most good. And with Antoinette's wealth and position, I am morally certain of rapid advance in the world."

But, somehow, the letter would not get itself written. To do a a contemptible action, is one thing, to confess it boldly to one's fellow creatures, is another.

Two or three days later, Mr. Russet could not bring himself to tell Pennie Joyce about the Saratoga heiress, with the purple-blue eyes and the low, silver-syllabled voice.

Pennie watched him, wistfully.

"He is changed," she admitted to herself; "but of course I could hardly expect him always to be just the same. Only—only—"

And the tears came into Pennie's eyes, she scarcely knew why, and she blamed herself for being "such a foolish little goose."

But, one sultry summer evening, Mr. Russet did force himself to write the letter—a vague, mysterious sort of missive, containing only one plain fact—that he was engaged to Miss Gushington Gordon.

And, as he wrote it, he felt more and more what a fatal mistake he had made in giving up Pennie Joyce's true, womanly heart for the artificial smiles of the Saratoga belle.

As he folded and sealed it, the landlady's little boy handed in the evening mail—two papers and a letter.

A letter from one Ernest Valdez, whose acquaintance he had made at Saratoga—an idle, good-humored young fellow, with no harm in him, and a deal of latent good.

Mr. Valdez wrote:

"We are all progressing much the same as ever. We drink the waters, we criticise the music, we watch for the incoming trains. By the way, you surely haven't forgotten that tall girl at your house, with the curious pansy-colored eyes and the magnificently-dyed hair? Miss Gushington Gordon, you know? Well, she has turned out a humbug—an imposition—a stupendous fraud. It seems she is only a lady's-maid, the whole time, and she has been skillfully masquerading in her mistress' wardrobe, during that lady's absence at the sick-bed of a dying relation.

"Mrs. Montague has come back; the 'daw in borrowed feathers' has been stripped of her gay plumage, and Miss Gushington Gordon, with her imitation diamonds, and second-hand airs and graces has disappeared entirely from the arena.

"Some say she has been arrested; others declare that Mrs. Montague has forgiven her, on condition of her retiring to her native place, in an obscure English town. At all events, she has vanished from the stage of action, and the places that knew her once now know her no more."

Three or four closely-written pages of gossip and clever satire followed, but Reuben Russet never paused to glance at these. He sprang from his chair with an exclamation of relief.

"That Providence!" he exclaimed, "that I am no longer bound to that false-hearted, hollow pretender! Little Pennie is worth ten thousand of her."

He tore up the letter of confession, and went straight to spend the evening at the Joyce farmhouse, and innocent little Pennie never knew how nearly that season at Saratoga had cost her her lover.

As for Reuben Russet, he is a wiser if not a sadder man. And he wants no more lessons in human nature.

The History of Drums.

Drummers and their drums are to be eliminated from the French army by the reforming zeal of General Farre, and that the infantry soldier will not march better in consequence of this innovation may be safely predicted, for any attempt he may have made hitherto to keep step has been mainly due to the ratoplan. Comparatively little importance, however, is attached in France to regularity of step, though a regiment which makes any show of it is invariably the most cheered at reviews, this being one of the inconsistencies prevalent here which it would be vain to attempt explaining. The minister of war explained before the budget committee that his reason for adopting the change is because drummers are not combatants, so he proposes to replace them by trumpeters, who do come under that category. Like the white leather aprons of the sappers, which have disappeared for some time, the little parchment covered cylinders are henceforth doomed. I do not know whether the origin of the drum has ever been traced by some patient inquirer. We have been told that it comes to us from the East, and that the Moors first brought it into Europe. Certain is the fact that the most savage races have always rejoiced in their tamtams, and as the pleasure of making a noise is inherent in human nature, perhaps this most effective way of creating a din was invented by Adam's sons or grandsons. But the drum does not appear to have been used in the French army until toward the close of the fourteenth century, and its introduction is attributed to the English invasion under Edward III.; its general adoption by the infantry dates back to the time of Louis XI., when the Swiss element was largely infused into the royal forces. The drum at that epoch was a shapeless instrument, and served more for rallying the troops or for the conveyance of the word of command than for regulating the step, which was far from being as measured as it is now. Each captain had a drummer in his private livery, and he employed him to carry his orders or his instructions, as much as for beating the word of command; the drummer in those days appears to have been a kind of aid-de-camp. The covering was usually made from the hide of some animal—generally of an ass—though if it be true that John Zisca, the avenger of Huss, bequeathed his skin to his gallant companions in arms to form the covering of a drum which was to summon them in case of danger, material more noble was at least once made to serve the purpose. The drum was not used for drilling infantry to keep step until the middle of the eighteenth century, and the roll such as we now know it was only regulated some hundred years ago. The drummer's art then became more difficult, and to perfect it regimental schools were established, the master of which was the drum-major, who in recent times was still such a prominent and popular personage in each French regiment. The period of his greatest glory was the first empire, when the drum major of the Grenadiers of the Guard had rank as a captain and wore a uniform which cost Napoleon $600. Under the restoration and the monarchy of July, drum-majors were given to the regiments of firemen, and even to those of the national guard, but of late years their prestige has diminished in a great extent, and also their stature; they are no longer such imposing clothes-horses, all lace and feathers, towering above ordinary mortals; the race has in fact been visibly deteriorating. Such as they are, however, they will now disappear from the head of French regiments with their drums.—*London Post.*

A Smart Dog.

A Dubuque lady has a dog whose education has been so well attended to that it would seem to be about finished. A couple of days ago she went calling and forgot that she had locked the door in the house. When she returned she found her music laid out piece by piece on the chairs in the parlor, and a hundred and one things carried from all parts of the house scattered around the floor. For his pains he got a whack on the back with a parasol handle, at which he took offense, left, went to the lady's mother's, and staid there until he was coaxed home. He seemed to think he had to do something to make up for past conduct, and the next morning he walked into the house with a fine dress in his mouth, wagging his tail as proudly as if he had done something especially worthy of commendation How he got the dress is a mystery. The lady had loaned it a day or two before to a friend to cut a pattern from it. A little time explained the matter. The dog walked into the strange lady's house and saw his mistress' dress spread on the floor, as is probably done in the pattern-cutting process. He evidently recognized it, made a dive at the lady as if he wanted a piece of her veal for lunch. She made a dive for the next room and peeked at him timidly through the crack of the door while he deliberately rolled that dress up, grabbed it in his mouth and shot out of the door as if he had found a piece of property on which there was a reward offered. The lady was in a wicked state of mind, for the borrowed dress was a silk one, and she fancied it was gone forever. She hurried to her friend's house and was astonished to find that the dress was there before her, and the dog seemed to think she had no business about the premises. The dress escaped without much injury, to the delight of both ladies.—*Dubuque Herald.*

Kentucky still indulges in barbecues, which are attended by thousands of people. A venerable colored man in Boone county has superintended every one that has been held in his neighborhood these forty years. At the last one the roast consisted of two beeves, six hogs and twenty-five sheep.

Sleeves of mourning dresses are nearly tight-fitting, and are so little trimmed that an outside cuff of white organdy, or else a frill of plaited lisse will look well on them.

The Local Paper.

The columns of a paper are the publisher's stock in trade, and the parties who ask us to use them for their special benefit must expect to pay for the same, and we hope that parties will, after due consideration, view the matter in the proper light. As every public-spirited citizen of a place should have pride in seeing his town and surrounding country improve. Every new house or barn in the town or country, every fence, road, shade tree, every new manufacturing establishment erected, every new business opened, enhances the value of property in our midst. Every honest, reflecting mind knows this to be true, and you should not forget that the local newspaper adds much to the general wealth and prosperity of the place, as well as increases the reputation of the town abroad. It benefits all who have business in the place, enhances the value of property, besides being a desirable public convenience, even if not conducted in the interests of the ruling political power. If its columns are not filled with brilliant editorials, still it benefits you in many ways. It increases trade, it cautions against imposition, it saves you from loss, it warns you of danger, it points out different advantages and increases your profits. Now if you want such a newspaper you must support it by advertising your business in it, and assist us in increasing its circulation by getting your neighbors to subscribe with you for it. If you want such a paper you must not consider it an act of charity to support it, but as a means to increase your own wealth as well as that of the place in which you live. The local press is the power that moves the people, therefore support it by advertising and subscribing and paying for it.—*Newville (Pa.) Enterprise.*

The Chemistry of Butter.

The production of butter by churning is both a chemical and a mechanical process. Milk, according to analysis, is composed of:

Caseine, pure curd	4.48
Butter	3.13
Milk sugar	4.77
Saline matter	.60
Water	87.05

Good butter should contain at least eighty-two per cent. of fat or oil. This fat is composed of solid or margarine fat and liquid of olein. Winter butter contains, of solid fat, sixty-five parts in one hundred, summer butter only forty parts. This fact explains why milk should be churned at different temperatures in different seasons of the year. This fat, oily substance, in the forms of globules, is formed in suspension in the milk. By the mechanical action of the churn, the envelopes of the globules are broken, and the globules brought into cohesion and separated from the other portions or components of the cream. By the cheimical process the sugar of milk is converted into lactic acid, and the bulk of the fluid, which was put into the sweet churn is instantly soured. Boussingault prescribes the temperature for churning to be fifty-nine degrees for sweet cream, sixty-two degrees for sour cream and sixty-four degrees for milk. About one-fourth of the total amount of butter globules which exist in the cream escape collection, which accounts for the rich taste of the buttermilk. Fresh buttermilk consists of about eighty-three per cent. of pure butter and sixteen of milk of butter. The former can be separated by melting whole in a long tube; after a time the butter proper rises to the top. It is then drawn off into water at 104 degrees, and after one or two washings may be considered pure.

Living on a Volcano.

London has discovered, says the *Telegraph*, that it is underminded in every direction by a network of pipes filled with a gas which, when mixed in a certain well-known proportion with air, becomes at once terribly explosive; that this network is divided off according to the districts served by the different gas companies into special sections, and that each section is liable from a single act of carelessness at any point within its area to be suddenly involved in a common ruin. No matter how careful the individual household may be its safety lies practically at the mercy of a stupid workman a mile off; for any day when a flaw in a pipe in some distant street or square is being "repaired," the fatal train may be ignited, and a sullen roar, rolling down the center of the thoroughfare, turning corner after corner, may announce the rush of the exploding gas as it plows up street by street, and the house on both sides are shaken and shattered by the awful force of the swiftly-traveling devastation. Such an accident as this may, it appears, happen in the most crowded thoroughfares of the city or the most aristocratic quarters of the west end, may include a railway station in its radius of havoc or a crowded opera-house, and instead of wasting its violence on such comparatively unfrequented spots as Charlotte street and Percy street, may revel in the carnage of the Strand or Piccadilly or the great business centers round the Royal exchange. It is no exaggeration to say that such a disaster is always possible, and without giving an instant's warning, or from no negligence of their own, whole rows of households may be overtaken by sudden ruin, and whole streetfuls of human beings blown suddenly into the air.

Literary Recluses.

Mr. Ryan, librarian of the Kilkenny library society, made books his idols, denying himself every luxury and not a few necessaries in order to add to his collection; the well-furnished library of which he was custodian being insufficient to satisfy his literary cravings. He lived in the upper part of the society's premises, but permitted no one to enter his rooms for any purpose whatever. On his sudden death, in 1866, their privacy was perforce invaded. His bedroom, or what passed for such, was found to contain nothing in the way of furniture save an old sofa, which had served him for a bed, upon which lay a pair of old blankets, his sole nightly covering. Piles of books were heaped up promiscuously in every direction. So in his sitting-room, there was scarcely space to move for dust-covered volumes, of which the owner had apparently made very little use, contented, like many another collector, with merely having acquired them.

A wealthy eccentric living in a French provincial town was not open to that reproach. He dwelt alone in a secluded house, admitting no one but a charwoman, who prepared his meals, and a news agent, who brought him thirty or forty journals at a time. One day even they could not obtain admission, and the police were called upon to intervene. Upon entering the solitary bedroom in the house—a room as squalid as it well could be—the recluse was found dead on the bed, which could only be reached by passing through a ravine, the sides of which were composed of thousands of newspapers and novels, whose perusal had been the sole delight and occupation of his wasted life.

A Remarkable Phenomenon.

One of the most remarkable phenomena ever seen in London was witnessed by the passengers on the George Peabody, river steamer, just as Big Ben of Westminster was on the point of striking seven o'clock. This was the appearance of a huge elephant in the sky making straight, as it seemed, for the houses of parliament. There was some little doubt at first as to the precise character of the beast as it charged through the air head first in a direct line for the center of Westminster palace, as though its purpose was to sweep away the halls and passages which connect the commons house with the house of lords. The apparition rapidly descended through the air, and speculations were hazarded as to what it was Men looked up and trembled, while timid women screamed: "The end of the world is come and we are all lost!" The captain of the George Peabody moored his boat to the pier to give those who desired it the chance of escaping by way of Lambeth palace. In an instant the monster was close upon the boat, and a chorus of startled voices shouted: "A white elephant!" There was no longer any doubt about the fact. It was an elephant, whose trunk was rapidly moving from side to side. With furious speed it passed over the stern of the George Peabody, and dashed into the Thames. The spectators breathed more freely. As soon as the elephant touched the water half a dozen boats dashed from the pier to investigate the phenomenon. One oarsman was far in advance of the others. He was seen to thrust a hand toward the struggling monster, and in an instant it collapsed. It was a gigantic elephant made of laths and paper.

"Hollering" is a Big Help.

They were holding an out-door ward meeting the other night, and a speaker had just commenced to warm up to his work, when a stranger with all his worldly "duds" in an old sheep-skin on his back, boots gone, hat going and a dyed-in-the-wool tramp air about him, halted on the outskirts of the crowd. The speech soon caught him, and he began to applaud. At the end of every sentence he clapped his hands and roared like a fog-horn. No matter whether the speaker "hit 'em" or not, the stranger never failed to come down with the applause, and he carried a good share of the crowd with him. After the speaker had finished, and while he was wiping his heated brow, the tramp approached him and said:

"That 'ere speech was one of the best I ever heard in all my life."

"Ah? I'm glad it pleased you."

"Pleased me! Why, it lifted me right off'n my feet! I tell you, you're a born orator, and I just wish I could stay in this town and hear you make a speech every night."

"Yes, I wish you could."

"But I can't. I am on my way West. I shall, however, think of your speech a hundred times a day. I can feel the electricity of it yet, and—say, can't you end me half a dollar to help me on?"

"Why, I don't know you. Why should I lend you half a dollar?"

"Oh, come now—don't try to ride any high horse over me. You know how loud I hollered, and you know as well as I do that if I hadn't put in my best licks you'd have fallen as flat as a shingle! You are a great orator, sir, and that was a great speech, but if you don't know that hollering is what does the business, you'd better hang right up."

The orator pondered over the matter for a few seconds, and then probably concluded that the reasoning was sound, as he passed over the money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wanted to See the Editor.

A man on the cars was offered a newspaper. He took it, looked at the heading, and then threw it aside with disgust and remarked:

"I don't want news from that paper."

"I supposed everybody read it in these parts," I answered. "Has it been pitching into you?"

"Pitching into me? Great Cæsar! I should think it had. But you just let me meet the editor of that paper."

"You never make anything by striking an editor," I said; "better grin and bear it."

"Yes, that's all right for you to say, but just let me meet that man! I'll show him how to run a newspaper."

"What did he do?"

"Do! He did a deal. Here's how it is: I often go to Springfield in the evening and come home on the first train in the morning. Well, one night I met an old crony and we went to the music hall and the theater. When we came out we met some friends. Of course I could not get right out, so I treated; in fact, we were having a good time, when some fellow came in and tried to raise a row. In less than two minutes the police were in and had us. The next morning I was hauled before the court and fined $7.40. I did not care much, because I gave a false name, and I knew my wife couldn't find it out; but the very next morning I'll be eternally confused if that paper didn't have it all in, and my name too."

"Did your wife see it?"

"I should say she did."

"Did she make a fuss?"

"Fuss! Godfrey Elihu! Are you married?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Keep Ahead.

One of the grand secrets of success in life is to keep ahead in all ways possible. If you once fall behind it may be very difficult to make up the headway which is lost. One who begins with putting aside some part of his earnings, however small, and keeps it up for a number of years, is likely to become rich before he dies. One who inherits property, and goes on year by year spending a little more than his income, will become poor if he lives long enough. Living beyond their means has brought multitudes of persons to ruin in our generation. It is the cause of nine-tenths of all the defalcations which have disgraced the age. Bankers and business men in general do not often help themselves to other people's money until their own funds begin to fall off, and their expenditures exceed their receipts. A man who is in debt walks in the midst of perils. It cannot but impair a man's self-respect to know that he is living at the expense of others. It is also very desirable that we should keep somewhat ahead in our work. This may not be possible in all cases; as, for instance, when a man's work is assigned to certain fixed hours, like that of the operatives of a mill. But there are certain classes of people who can choose their time for the work which they are called to do, and among them are some who invariably put off the task assigned them as long as possible, and then come to performances horrified, perplexed, anxious, confused—in such a state of mind as certainly unfits them for doing their best work. Get ahead and keep ahead, and your success is tolerable sure.

Cold Feet.

What a common complaint this is, says the *Family Physician*, and yet no one seems to know anything about it. You suffer from it for years, and yet you don't go to a doctor, or if you do you derive very little benefit from his advice Some people suffer from it at night only, while others are troubled with it in the daytime as well. It occurs most frequently in women, but still you often hear men complain of it. We believe that the best remedy is hypophosphite of lime in one or two grain doses twice a day. This is soluble in water, and should be taken in the form of a mixture, nothing else being put with it, with the exception, if you like, of a teaspoonful of syrup, to make it palatable, although it is really by no means disagreeable by itself. Another good remedy is nux vomica—five drops of the tincture in a little water three or four times a day. It is highly recommended, and you may hope for great things from it. Then you must do all you possibly can to improve the state of your general health. It is probable that you are below par somehow or other, although we must admit that it does not follow of necessity. If you feel generally out of sorts, and your appetite is poor, quinine will do you good. If you are pale and an anemic, you must put your faith in iron. Cod liver oil is an excellent remedy for improving the general nutrition; many people feel quite in a glow after each dose.

Peculiar Gratitude.

The San Francisco *News Letter* tells the following story: A certain stock broker in this town had a landlady, a pleasant sort of woman, but who had an eye to the main chance. One evening the good lady became lachrymose. "What ails you, Mrs. S.?" sympathetically asked the big-hearted broker. "Oh, sir!" replied the dame, "I'm in a heap of trouble. I do wish I was rich." "That's a very common disease. How much, now, would you call a comfortable independence?" "Well," said the lady, "if I had $2,000 I'd be a happy woman." The broker reflected. He wanted to make the old woman happy, and so he bought some shares of stock which chanced to yield a profit of $4,000, which he instantly handed to Mrs. S., with his best regards. The lady was overjoyed. She wept on his waistcoat; she called him her preserver; she would have kissed him, but he wouldn't let her. At last, when her transports had somewhat subsided, the instinct of money-making began to show itself, and she requested the broker to reinvest the whole sum on her behalf. He demurred; he objected; he begged of her to be content with the profit she had made. He knew the uncertainty of stocks; but all in vain. Mammon reigned triumphant in the old woman's breast. She insisted; he yielded, and lost half the investment. The lady had $2,000 left, but was she satisfied? No! She actually sued the broker for the remainder!

Senator Sharon, of Nevada, has recently secured the title of the Grand hotel property of San Francisco. He already controls the Palace hotel, which stands on the other side of the street. To make one great hotel by uniting the two hotels, is now his plan. The dividing street, some seventy-five feet in width, will be bridged by a massive iron structure thirty feet from the pavement. Suites of rooms in both houses will be made by connecting corridors, and the bridge will be rooled with glass and windows put in to correspond with the connected buildings.

It is estimated that the money paid for Texas cattle during the past five years mounts to $180,000,000.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Eastern and Middle States.

Two excursion trains from Philadelphia, having on board the members and friends of a Catholic literary society of that city, collided at May's Landing, N. J., with appalling results. It seems that the two trains had left Atlantic City at about 6 P. M., the interval between them being only two minutes. At May's Landing, seventeen miles from Atlantic City, the section in the lead was sidetracked for the 5:10 down express. It had hardly come to a stand, the rear coach resting upon the bridge over the Great Egg Harbor river, a small but swift stream, before the rear train came thundering upon it through the open switch. The locomotive telescoped the rear car, which was full of men, women and children. The roof was lifted and the sides of the car for a considerable space were forced out. Strange to say, few of the passengers were injured in the collision, but a more horrible fate remained for many of them. One of the cylinder heads of the engine was blown out and the entire car was instantly filled with scalding steam. In such a wreck escape was, of course, slow, especially in the fog of steam, and the sufferings of the prisoners must have been frightful. Their groans and cries are described with shuddering by those in the other cars who heard them. Many were unable to extricate themselves at all, and a number in doing so plunged into the creek, which fortunately was low. So terrible was the force of the collision that the engine fairly plowed a furrow half way into the car, the roof of the latter being lifted over the smokestack of the locomotive. At midnight a dispatch was sent to Camden for thirty-five stretchers. The news of the accident caused intense excitement, and when the delayed express arrived, about midnight, a crowd had assembled at the depot in Camden. At 1:45 the next morning the ambulances began to arrive at the hospital in Philadelphia carrying the wounded. Some of the men had gone down to the seaside in light summer costume, which furnished but slight protection against the steam jets. They were carried from the cars in a mass of flour and cotton, under which their forms were scarcely distinguishable. It was 3 A. M. before all had been got to the hospital. About fifteen persons were killed and fifty-five injured more or less seriously.

A train of cars was thrown down a twenty-foot embankment at Spring Valley, N. Y., and fifteen persons were injured. The accident was caused by the breaking of an axle in the truck of the tender attached to the locomotive.

The best trotting time on record has just been beaten at Rochester by the two celebrated trotters Maud S. and St. Julian, who each trotted a mile in 2.11¾.

The population of New York is shown by the census to be 1,203,823.

The sea serpent has been seen again. Some Staten Island fishermen report that while fishing in New York bay they saw some kind of an aquatic monster more than one hundred feet long, black, and with motions like that of an eel.

Twenty-five freight cars were demolished by a collision near Cooperstown, N. Y. The fireman on one train was instantly killed, the fireman on the other train fatally injured and two other railroad employees were hurt.

A fire at Ogdensburg, N. Y., totally destroyed the round-house of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railroad, containing five locomotives, and entailed a loss of about $100,000.

K. E. Parkhurst, a young lawyer residing in Bath, N. Y., shot and killed Miss Fannie Howell, daughter of a prominent merchant there and then blew his own brains out. The couple were married clandestinely four years ago, but never lived together, having been separated by the bride's parents on account of the young man's irregular habits.

A Boston daily paper prints an estimate of the population of the country, partly estimated and partly made up from official returns, which puts the whole number of inhabitants, exclusive of the Territories, at 48,456,151 against 38,155,515 in 1870. According to this estimate the Northern States will have a population of 30,763,820, and the Southern States 17,692,331—the average rate of growth of the South being slightly in excess of twenty-eight per cent., that of the North being slightly below twenty-seven per cent.

Six marksmen from the Amateur rifle club of New York contested with a like number of marksmen from the Victoria rifle association of Canada at the Creedmoor range on Long Island. The Americans were victorious by a score of 1,273 to 1,235 for the Canadians. The highest score for the Americans was 217, made by Waters; and for the Canadians the highest score was 210, made by Gibson. The highest possible single score was 225.

As Miss Tillie Mateer, aged eighteen, was walking with a gentleman near Mount Joy, Pa., a spark from the latter's cigar set fire to her dress, and she was burned so severely that she died soon afterward.

Frost made its appearance the other day in various parts of New England and the Middle States.

Congressman Climer, of Pennsylvania, met with a serious accident while out driving at Reading, Pa., a few days ago. The carriage went over a bridge, and Mr. Clymer's right arm was fractured and his collar bone and shoulder blade were broken.

Michael Barrett, of South Boston, died the other day at the ripe old age of 107 years.

The New York Greenback State convention at Syracuse nominated Thomas C. Armstrong for judge of the court of appeals and appointed presidential electors.

Robert Donaldson, a young Scotchman, jumped from High Bridge into the Harlem river, New York city, a distance of 116 feet. Donaldson had performed similar feats in England.

Luke Blackburn, the "king of the turf," won the champion stakes at the Long Branch races, making 1½ miles in 2:34, the best time on record for the distance.

The New Jersey Republican State convention at Trenton nominated Hon. Frederic A. Potts for governor by acclamation and chose presidential