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KELLER'S

VEGETABLE

LIFE

TRADE MARK

DROPS

In the introduction of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops, a new departure has been instituted. Instead of appealing to the credulity and desperation of the sick, the judgment of all is addressed in "A Brief Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine,"—(to be had of druggists *free of charge*, and given with every bottle of the Drops,)—written for those who, having a perception of their diseases, can intelligently apply the principles therein contained, with the assurance of relief and cure of

Diseases of the Blood

LIVER AND STOMACH;—

INDIGESTION,

Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

by their peculiar alterative and purgative influence, act especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

Liver Complaint, Biliousness,

Ulcers, Rheumatism,
Pimples, Skin Diseases,
Blotches, Neuralgia,
Boils, Eruptions,
Headache, Nervousness,
Jaundice, Fever & Ague,
Colds, Loss of Appetite,

and KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.

The possession of pure blood depends upon good digestion; for where derangement of the digestive function exists disease inevitably results, and Dyspepsia, with all of its terrors and tortures, becomes established.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are a specific for DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN CRAMPS, NAUSEA and VOMITING, Pains in the Head, Side and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypochondria, and all that class of diseases arising from Indigestion.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

When from any of the numerous exciting causes the Liver begins to act abnormally, the bile remains in the system, vitiating and perverting every vital process, and causing Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Pimples, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dysentery, Kidney and Bladder diseases, and many other disorders, all originating directly or indirectly from the Liver. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops induce the healthy action of the Liver by providing for the removal of the biliary constituents by the Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

CONSTIPATION.

The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produce Foul Breath, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chronic Headache, Skin affections, and very many other diseases referable to the insidious influence of Constipation. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops promptly cure this disease, and all the bad effects attending upon or resulting from it.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are the safest remedy for those peculiar diseases arising from the structural differences between the sexes, and known as Female Complaints.

The use of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops has been thus only partially indicated; their range of application is very great, and their work is always more than satisfactory. Their remarkable efficacy, as already shown, is particularly exhibited in diseases of Blood, Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are recommended as being the best and cheapest FAMILY MEDICINE ever offered, and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a bottle, or five bottles for $2.

W. L. KELLER, Chemist,

BALTIMORE, MD.

DR. ROBT. B. CROMER.

DENTIST,

S. E. CORNER EUTAW AND SARATOGA STREETS.

Entrance on Saratoga street

Nitrous oxide gas administered. All work guaranteed. Prices moderate.

Nov 30 '76—1y.

Stephen Girard.

Nearly every person who went to the Centennial talks about Stephen Girard. They knew something of him before, but because they only read of him they did not feel much interest. He was a Frenchman, and was born in the year 1750, in Bordeaux. His parents were very poor and not able to send him to school much, and his education was very limited. He could only read and write. He never acquired the English language readily, always blundered in his commonest speech, and if he became excited he resorted to his mother tongue entirely.

When he was ten years old he shipped as a cabin boy on a vessel bound to the East Indies. Afterwards he sailed from New York in the same humble capacity. He was a trusty lad, and so faithful in the interest of his employer that a few years later the master of the vessel gave him command of a small craft, and the young man Stephen made several trips to New Orleans and other ports.

He was so successful in all his undertakings and so frugal with his earnings, that in a little time he was enabled to become one of the owners of the vessel that had been entrusted to his management.

When he was nineteen years of age he settled in Philadelphia, and before he was twenty he married a poor servant girl, who was as pretty as a doll. Her name was Polly Lum, only seventeen years old, the daughter of a poor man who repaired vessels, a caulker by trade. We suppose Stephen, while waiting to have his craft tinkered up, cast his eye upon the pretty girl—the tinker's daughter—lost his heart and married her.

But pretty Polly had better have gone on cooking dinners, tending babies, doing chamber work, etc., for the marriage proved a very unhappy one. The young husband's temper was unmanageable—he was hard and stern and cold, and exasperating, in his broken French and English, and the final result was a divorce from his wife, who afterwards became insane, and for the last twenty-five years of her life was an inmate of a lunatic asylum. She died in 1815.

They had no children except one, and that died in early infancy.

Girard had not long entered the West india trade before he was recognized as a rich man. People who have seen him, concur in the statement that he was the homeliest man they ever looked upon. He was short and thick and as unshapely as a butter tub. The swaying, swinging gait of the old-time sailor was his as long as he lived. He had one wall-eye, which in itself was blemish enough to spoil a handsome face; was deaf in one ear, always dressed very mean and shabby—was cold and stern and vulgar, and his whole exterior, coupled with his miserable broken language, rendered the man a forbidding object. There was nothing favorable in his appearance whatever. He talked but little; he did not like to talk on any subject but business, and then as little as possible.

His habits were precise, and regular as clock work. Aside from the business of money getting he cared for nothing but his fig trees and shrubbery and grape vines. He was a Catholic in his religious belief.

At the time of his death, in 1831, his estate was valued at twelve millions of dollars, and by his will was all devoted to educating destitute children, and to the relief of the poor and distressed. As is too often the case in important matters of this kind, prolonged litigation was one of the deplorable results.

In his will, Mr. Girard gave directions for constructing the Girard College; the size, form and the kind of materials to be used. The building was commenced in the summer of 1833, but not opened until 1848.

The form is that of a Corinthian temple, surrounded by a portico having thirty-four columns, each six feet in diameter, and fifty-five feet high, resting on a basis of eleven white marble steps.

The building is ninety-seven feet high, one hundred and eleven feet wide, and one hundred and sixty-nine feet long. The halls and stairways and roof are all white marble. The entrances are on the north and south fronts, each having doorways thirty-two feet high, and sixteen feet wide. On each of the east and west sides are thirty-four windows.

Visitors at the Exposition were shown the place where rests the remains of the founder of this college. They are buried beneath the center of the lower vestibule and are covered by a marble statue of Girard himself. The cost of erecting the building was not less than two millions of dollars.

Provision was made in the will for supporting as many orphans as could be accommodated; first, the orphans of the city of Philadelphia; secondly, those of Pennsylvania; thirdly, of New York, and fourthly, of New Orleans. Generous provision was made for these poor children between the ages of six and ten years, and when between fourteen and eighteen years of age, they are to be bound out to learn trades or follow useful occupations.

The eccentricity of the man's character is shown in his will, where he says, "No ecclesiastic missionary or minister of any sect whatever shall ever exercise or hold any station or duty whatever in said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted within the premises appropriated to the purposes of said college."

The trustees are very watchful lest the will be violated or broken, though years ago they decided to introduce the Bible for the use of the pupils, not deeming such a step at variance with the will of the founder.

We write this crude biographical sketch at the suggestion of a little lady at our elbow, who very recently has become interested in all that related to this singular man. We ask her if the marble statue of Girard was fine looking. "Not by any means," she replies with a shudder. "His head was flat where veneration should have been, and his countenance [illegible] possessing. He was life size, and—I didn't see his white wall eye, because the snowy marble favored the poor old man."

"Don't forget," she adds, "that his latter generosity covered a multitude of sins, and that his wealth was what brought him up before a carping, critical, scrutinizing public, always ready to detect flaws."

It is gratifying to know that the present President of that noble and humane institution is the President of the American Bible Society, an LL. D., and a man of unblemished Christian character.

A very homely man once stepped up to Girard and handed him a huge old jack-knife, saying, "That knife was gi'n to me, stranger, for being the humliest man 'at anybody ever seed, but gor a mity! take it an' may peace go with ye!"

The donor was glad to get away without any broken bones. Girard swore and sputtered in villainous English the wrath that boiled over indignantly.

Ministers of the gospel are not even allowed to visit this institution—to step their unhallowed feet over princely sills of polished marble, and for this reason the utmost watchfulness is preserved.

One time a party of students visited the college, and one of them, a jolly, fun-loving fellow, wore a snow-white cravat, and put on the very demurest of clerical faces. At the door the warden very politely bowed, and looking keenly at the white cravat, said, "I am sorry, sir, but indeed you cannot be permitted to enter."

"What the devil is the reason I can't go in?" said the student, with a great show of mingled indignation and surprise.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I was mitaken," said the suave warden, with a wave of the hand that signified an abundant welcome.—*Ohio Farmer.*

RUSSIAN THIEVES.—Thieves and policemen are the great pests of Russian towns, but especially policemen. A man who has resided some months in Russia even grows to doubt whether the notions of meum and tuum are comprehended there as they are in other countries. If you pay a visit and leave a cloak on the seat of your carriage, that cloak is gone when you come out. If you walk out with a dog unchained, the dog vanishes round a street corner. Shopkeepers are afraid to place articles of value in their windows. Householders are liable to have their horses and carriages stolen if they do not keep a sufficient number of stable servants and take care to see before going to bed that one at least of these menials is sober.—A man who goes out for a night stroll unarmed may be set upon within sight of a droschky stand and stripped of every article he wears, including shirt and small clothes. The droschky drivers will not give him a helping hand: they will rather start off altogether in a panic, lest they should be summoned to give evidence; as for the police, they hurry up afterward, and make the despoiled man pay twice the value of the things he has lost in fees for investigation. It is said that a person influential enough to make himself unpleasant to the police gets back his lost property in time; the police will even restore him the equivalent if they cannot recover the actual articles.

THE ORIGIN OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.—The origin of the stamp had a twinge of romance in it. It was thirty-seven years ago that Rowland Hill, while crossing a district in the north of England, arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over and over in her hand and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum and evidently the girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money; and so she returned the letter to the postman. Touched with pity, Mr. Hill paid the postage and gave the letter to the girl, who seemed very much embarrassed. Scarcely had the post-man turned his back when the young innkeeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother.—Some signs on the envelope told her all she wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing. "We are both so poor" she added, "that we invented this mode of corresponding without paying for our letters." The traveler, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one. Before sunset Rowland had planned to organize the postal service on a new basis—with what success is known to the world.

If you must criticise let it be done lovingly.

Trample's Mistake.

Mr. Alfred Trample had been married four years, and during that time he had led a happy life—that is, as happy a life as a man like himself could lead.

"Alfred, dear," said Mrs. Trample one morning as they were at breakfast, "can't you come home early to-day?"

"Why, Nellie?" he asked, in surprise.

"Because I am so lonely without you. If you were a perfect stranger to me I could scarcely see less of you."

"O," he exclaimed, laughing, "is that all?"

"Isn't it a great deal to be deprived of your society?"

"I wish I could stay with you, Nellie," he said; "but I can't. I'm compelled to work hard. I have no time to lose from my business. When I make a fortune and retire, which I hope will be in a few years, I will stay with you all the time."

"Don't you think you might spare more time from your business, if you were to make the effort?" she asked. "You are doing very well, and I think you might give more time to your children and me, even if you made less money."

"Nonsense, Nellie. It cannot be done. I do not mean to work all my life, and I must slave now in order to enjoy in the future. Don't you see!"

"No, Alfred, I don't see. I think it is your duty not to neglect your family for the sake of making your business more profitable."

"But I don't neglect you. I am working hard for you. It is as great a privation for me to be away from you so much as it can possibly be to you. I know what I am doing, and I think it is for the best."

And so the conversation ended.

Mr. Trample was not so rare an exception to the general rule of humanity as some may think. There are few of us who have not at some time met such a man, a good, kind-hearted, liberal man, but one who could not take the time from his business to devote to other equally important affairs—one who regarded the amassing of wealth as the chief object of a man's existence.

One night, as Mr. Trample came home from his business, tired and worn out, his wife said to him:

"Gracie has been very sick to-day, Alfred."

"Not very sick, I hope," he said, anxiously.

"Yes, she has, and I'm afraid she is growing worse. Can't you come home earlier to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow. It's a very busy season, and I am kept hard at work. Besides, to-morrow I shall be away from the store all day, attending to a matter that promises to pay handsomely."

The next morning little Gracie was evidently worse. Her cheeks were flushed with fever, and there were alarming symptoms about the throat.

"I wish you would stay at home to-day, Alfred," said Mrs. Trample.

"I can't do it, my dear," he replied, emphatically.

"Your clerks might do your work for you to-day; or you might even afford to lose one day, in order to stay with your sick child."

"Gracie does not seem to me to be sick enough for that," he said, hesitatingly, for he felt the force of what his wife had said. "It is very important that I should not be away from my business to-day. If Gracie grows worse, you can send for me."

He went off, and his wife was forced to be content with this. It was a very busy and a very profitable day to him. His sales were larger, and his profits better than they had been on any day during the season. He was out on the street at an early hour, and was going busily until night, scarcely taking time to swallow a brief lunch. In starting out in the morning he was so engrossed in business that he forgot all about Gracie, and neglected to leave word at his store where he could be found in case he should be sent for. It was after nine when he got through his business, and then, chancing to remember Gracie, he decided not to go to the store, but to keep on home at once.

He reached his house about 10 o'clock. A terrible silence seemed to him to reign through it as he entered. The parlor door was open, and through it he could see several ladies sitting in the room, and could hear them talking in low tones.

"Poor thing!" he heard one of them say; "she takes it hard. And to think her husband is not here to comfort her!"

The words struck upon his heart like a knife, and, with a feeling of terror, he sprang up the steps towards his chamber. The gas was burning very dimly in the room, but there was light enough for him to see the pale, waxen face of his first-born lying on the little bed, dressed for the grave, and his wife kneeling by her side in an agony of grief. He threw himself down by her, and groaned in bitter anguish.

When they were both calmer, his wife told him all. Gracie's sickness had developed itself into diptheria in its worst and most rabid form. Messages had been sent repeatedly for him, but none of the clerks knew where he had gone, and all efforts to find him had been in vain. The little girl had died about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and almost her last words had been: "Won't papa come?"

Not a word of reproach passed Mrs. Trample's lips, but her husband saw his mistake now, and was paying a fearful price for it. Though he might not have been able to save little Gracie, and he could have been with her when she died, and would not then, as now, have been forced to confess that he had neglected her.

He was terribly punished, but the chastening was not ineffectual. After Gracie's death he gave more time to his family, and found that he still had enough to conduct a thriving and lucrative business; and when this change had taken place, he also found that he was a better, as well as a happier man.

TRANSPOSING OF DATES.—Until the 28th year of Henry VIII. there were not any means of knowing the number of births, deaths and marriages in the course of a year. In 1536 Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was Vicar-General of England, and caused Registers to be kept in every parish in the kingdom. At that time the aid of the church was necessarily invoked for the rite of christening, to which all sought to be admitted, and for the rites of marriage and Christian burial. If, therefore, a note were made of every occasion on which any of these rites were celebrated, there would be, it was conceived, a complete list of all births, deaths, and marriages, that had taken place. The parish register system was obviously an improvement on the total absence of registers, affording, as it did, the means of tracing descent—of proving all the important personal events of a family—as well as a source of information to the government upon the question of the number of its subjects. But as time went on, it was found that parish registers were not to be implicitly relied on; there were many—Roman Catholic and Protestant Dissenters—who did not bring their children to be baptised in the State church, and though they had to come thither for marriages, they did not seek its aid on occasion of a funeral. Then the clergy were lax in keeping their books, and the government was lax in calling for them; so that, from a variety of causes, the system devised by Thomas Cromwell failed to secure the registration of more than a large section of the people professing the State religion. So inefficient, indeed, had the parish register scheme become, by the beginning of the present reign, that it was found necessary to legislate afresh, and with regard to the many new exigencies of the public need. By several acts of Parliament, known as the "Births and Death Registration Acts, 1836 to 1854," the registration of births, deaths and marriages is now regulated. By the last of these acts (the Births and Deaths Registration Act, 1874) it is made the duty of the father and mother, and, in default of them, of the occupier of the house in which the birth takes place, and of each person present thereat, and of the person having charge of the child, to give to the registrar within forty-two days next after birth information of particulars to be registered, and in the presence of the registrar to sign the register—*Cassell's Household Guide.*

"OUIDA."—The following concerning "Ouida," from the Tauchnitz Quarterly Record, will be new to most of our readers: "Ouida" is the *nom de plume* of Miss Louise de la Rame. As she is known to the world, so she has been known to her friends from a baby, by the name 'Ouida,' an infantine corruption of her baptismal name, as 'Boz' was in Charles Dicken's childhood.—Her present abode is Villa Farinola, a most beautiful place somewhat less than three miles from Florence. Authorship of some sort or other has always been the gratification of a natural impulse, and at four years old she wrote in printed characters a little child's story. She has always been something of a student. When very young she was trained to masculine modes of culture and of thought by her father, who had a lofty and polished intellect. As a child she acquired a smattering of algebra and mathematics, and delighted to trace on ancient maps the campaigns of Alexander and of Cæsar. This love of study has never left her, and she adds to it a great and reverent love for all the arts. She has, as her novels conclusively prove, a strong belief in "race," and enjoys what the Westminster Review, in an article upon her, called remarkable freedom from the bounds of any kind of prejudice. Ouida is not tall; she is slightly built, fair, with an oval face, and large eyes of dark blue; her hair, of a golden-brown color, which used to hang loose over her shoulders, is now braided *a la Catagan.* In her habits of thought, her powers of description and her keenness of tongue Ouida has been compared to George Sand.—She forms her opinions rapidly, defends them keenly, and abandons them but seldom. At all periods of her life she has had an individuality of her own; and if in 'Pascarel' she struck a deeper chord, it was not that it had up to that time be non-existent. Ouida is not insensible of the popularity she possesses, nor is she ungrateful for the many testimonies to that popularity which she receives. The compliment perhaps which pleased her more than any other was when Bulwer-Lytton told her that he had read every line that she ever wrote; and amongst her valued papers is a letter of eight pages, written by him not long before his death, upon 'Folle-Fraine,' which he considered one of the triumphs of modern English romance."

Never taunt with a past mistake, nor say I "told you so!"

An African Ring.

When James Bruce, the celebrated Scotch traveller, returned from his African explorations a hundred years ago, he did what in these days is a matter of course—he published a book. The work was received with the natural distrust which the cautious feel towards travellers' tales. But the reading public devoured it, nevertheless. It has gone through many editions, and ranks among classics in its line of literature. Later publications have superceded Bruce's work with those who read for information. But his incredible relations are now verified, and the shade of doubt which rested upon his narrative has been removed. One of his statements was that the Abyssinians devoured raw beef. As a prominent personage, many persons obtained an introduction to the eminent traveller. One of these "interviews," after the proper opening observations, complimented Bruce upon his work, which he said he read with great interest. "But," the visitor added, "there is one statement which I cannot credit. It is impossible that a man should eat raw beef." "Do you think so?" said the traveller. "Allow me to convince you that it is possible." Bruce went from the room, and returned with a raw steak on a dish.—"And now," said he, "you must eat that, or give me the satisfaction due to a gentleman." The visitor had his choice to eat the steak or stake his own life, in what would have been no childish encounter. Report says he forced himself to swallow no small part of the raw meat.

Recent travellers in Abyssinia, when well received, are, it would seem, compelled to go through the same ordeal or be guilty of a breach of the courtesy with which guests reciprocate hospitality. Two English travellers, who visited Abyssinia in 1873, were lodged with all honor in a tent near the King's. The ground was spread with rich carpets, and every mark of distinction was paid to the guests, one of whom was an officer in the British service. From the King's stores provisions were sent, to wit: Two jars of the throat-cutting liquor of the country, a supply of bread, an antelope's horn filled with salt and pepper mixed, and a live cow. The cow was killed and cut up before their eyes, and the meat piled up for them within their tent. This reminds the reader of the lesser tribulation of the French missionaries, Huc and Gabet, who were presented in Asia with the enormous tail of a Tartar sheep, a mountain of fat, as the mark of special honor at a feast. To eat it was a thing simply impossible for the Fenchmen.

The Abyssinian monarchs claim to be descended from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and the people have a form of Christianity grafted on their Jewish traditions. Their calendar contains days for the Hebrew worthies as well as the Christian. King John, the present ruler, took that name upon ascending the throne, after the death of Theodore, who was ruler at the time of the British invision a few years ago. He is represented to be a great warrior, a just judge and powerful ruler. In his bodily presence he is of distinguished and refined appearance. He is an adept in all physical exercises, and in mental characteristics of decided force. He is of studious habits, and well read in the laws of Ethiopia and the Jewish and Christian sacred writings. The Psalms of David are his favorite portion, and, indeed, he would himself appear to be in many respects a repetition of that monarch. The daily routine of King John, as observed by the travellers, is as follows: He rises at three o'clock and gives two hours to the psalmist King of Israel.—After that church, and after that again, when cases were brought to him he sat in open Court to hear and judge. The rest of the day was given to State affairs, military duties, martial games and hospitality, except three hours which he daily reserved for reading and study. His day closed at nine in the evening, at which hour he retired.

All the surroundings of King John, his appointments and equipments of dress and armor, are of the most costly description, mounted and adorned with silver and gold and gems. The civil and military suite which attends him is said to present "an august assemblage." The national garments of Abyssinia, worn by all alike, have only two colors, white with a red stripe: the white emblematic of the innocence of the Saviour, the stripe of red over the left breast recalling the blood which flowed from thy wound by the Roman spear.

By the Centennial Exposition we were familiarized with old world and curious objects. An we have thus a feeling of actual knowledge, almost contact, as it were with the scenes and people of these strange climes. Modern travelers are more and more familiarizing us with them. Yet it seems hard to credit that the splendor of the Abyssinian Court may vie, in costliness at least, with that of any. And it is hard to reconcile raw beef as a diet, killed and eaten while warm and smoking, with our ideas of feasting. Yet we take oysters alive and swallow them whole. Probably King John might consider such a gastronomic feat as the eating of oysters from the shell a trifle barbarous.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ "Just my luck," said a waiting maid, sadly. "Here I am in a family where every one has a love affair on hand, and leaves letters lying about opened, and I can't read."

TAKING A SWORDFISH.—It was some time before we could distinguish the speck, rising and falling with the sea, which had attracted the old whaleman's attention. Soon he pronounced it a "fish," and after putting us on the other tack to run down partly to the leeward of it, went below to bring up the irons. When we had worked perhaps a mile before it, we lay to for our final instructions, the skipper took the wheel to "keep her head on if yer can," and the one who held the air-tight barrel was told "When y're sure I've struck him, over with it."

He was as cool as a cucumber, as he took the harpoon and cutting spade forward, coiling the line (one end of which was fast to the harpoon, the other to the barrel) carefully on deck, with the caution: "Ware when it flakes out," and taking only enough with him to his roost on the bowsprit end to give him ample elbow room. His station reached, he fixed the spade in the support ready to receive it, laid the iron in front of him across the cage, waved his hand, and we filled away, close hauled. Never was a mile more slowly sailed by the little group in the pit of the White Cloud. Never had our hearts beaten faster than as we neared the fifteen feet fish, rolling, asleep, in the trough of the sea. Now the pilot is almost over him: slowly he raises the iron, braces himself, and hurles it with all the strength of sinewy arms. The iron sinks deeply into the sleeping fish; there is a mighty surge, the line flakes overboard as quickly as thought, the float splashes as it disappears beneath the water, then all is still. We luff and wait. Presently up bobs the float. The fish finding the strain of the air-tight barrel too severe is coming to the surface. Now the water bubbles and boils just under our lee, and the swordfish breaches himself savagely, and swims at lightning speed for the barrel. He strikes it again and again with his sword, but it rests so lightly on top of the water that he cannot injure it. Then he stops, looks at us an instant, and darts toward the boat. We have not time to bring her head around, and if he strikes it will be amidships. The pilot comes quickly aft, bringing his long-handled, three-cornered spade, and, as the fish comes within striking distance, aims one swift, unerring blow full at his forehead. The terrible sword drops harmless, the upper muscles at its base are severed, and he passes under us, jarring the boat and splashing us with water as he sounds.

Again the float goes under and is out of sight a longer time than before. Again the fish throws himself out of water, showing his sword down at an angle of forty-five degrees. He swims once or twice around the barrel, then starts to windward at too furious a speed to last with the float ploughing behind him. When we beat up he is feebly fighting it. He sounds for a short time, but comes up exhausted. Once or twice he rolls over on his side, but recovers himself and swims on in short tacks. We press him too closely, and he charges us again, but we make no effort to avoid him, knowing that now he is powerless to injure us, nor does he try to strike, apparently realizing that his weapon is useless, but goes under, coming up on the other side.

And so he sounds and swims, fights and runs, until at last he succumbs to exhaustion and lies still. We work up alongside, and as we luff the pilot puts a lance into his very life. There is a shudder along his whole body, his fins work convulsively a moment, and then he lies motionless and dead. We rig a tackle to our mainmast, and after considerable labor get him aboard, where we can examine at our leisure his peculiar shape, and admire his graceful "clipper build." Our Nantucketer estimates his weight at between 500 and 600 pounds. His sword is over three feet in length, its broken point and nicked edges proving that its owner was an old as well as a fighting fish.

Our fish is on board, and after reserving a few choice cuts, turned over to our pilot, who asks that we run into Martha's Vineyard that he may dispose of him before he spoils. And so we set gaff and jib topsails, haul off before the wind, and lay our course northward.—*Forest and Stream.*

HOW KILL A TOWN.—1. Put up no more building than you can occupy yourselves.

2. If you should have an empty building to rent, demand three times its value.

3. Look sorrowful at every newcomer, give the cold shoulder to every mechanic who desires to come among you.

4. Go abroad for everything you want. By no means purchase from your own merchants and manufacturers, even at the same price or less.

5. Don't contribute one cent to the cause of religion or education.

Finally put a thorough finish to your work by killing your local paper, refusing to subscribe for or advertise in it, so that persons at a distance will not know that any business is being done in your town, or they may want to come and settle among you, or buy something from you, and that would put you to extra trouble.

☞ "Sir!" exclaimed a long suffering creditor, whose patience was nearly exhausted, "Sir! I have sent you no less than seventeen bills for this one lot of goods, and what have you done with them?"

"Vetoed 'em; vetoed every last one of 'em" was the reply.