LABOR.

There's a never-dying chorus
Breaking on the human ear,
In the busy town before us
Voices loud, and deep, and clear.
This is labor's endless ditty;
This is toil's prophetic voice,
Sounding through the town and city
Bidding human hearts rejoice.

Sweeter than the poet's singing
Is the anthem of the free;
Blither is the anvil's ringing
Than the song of bird or bee.
There's glory in the rattle
Of the wheels 'mid factory glooms;
Richer than e'er snatched from battle
Are the trophies of the loom.

See the skillful mason raising
Gracefully yon towering pile;
Round the forge and furnace blazing
Stand the noble men of toil.
They are heroes of the people,
Who the wealth of nations raise;
Every dome and spire and steeple
Rear their heads in labor's praise.

Glorious men of truth and labor,
Shepherds of the human fold,
That shall lay the brand and saber
With the barbarous things of old.
Priests and prophets of creation,
Bloodless heroes in the fight,
Toilers for the world's salvation,
Messengers of peace and light.

Speed the plow and speed the harrow;
Peace and plenty send abroad;
Better far the spade and barrow
Than the cannon or the sword.
Each invention, each improvement,
Renders weak oppression's rod;
Every sign and every movement
Brings us nearer truth and God.

—[James L. Blair.

'SQUIRE EATON'S PARTNER.

"Please put on your thinking cap for my benefit this evening, auntie."

"Very well, Aleck, what is it?"

Placid-faced widow Grey spoke kindly, but without raising her eyes from the skein of yarn she was carefully placing upon the smooth arms of the old swift.

The handsome lad hung his worn cap upon a nail behind the door, held his fingers a moment over the glowing cooking stove, patted the white cat asleep on a cushion in the warmest corner, then taking the bit of paper upon which his aged friend was about to wind the soft, smooth yarn, he said, coaxingly:

"Please, auntie. I like to make the arms of the old swift fly around. They seem to be ever reaching for something, but are fulfilling their mission all the while."

The widow was used to the lad's matter-of-course way when he ran in of an evening, of making a pleasure of sharing whatever work engaged her attention; so now she only said:

"Wind it close, remember, Aleck, or it will not knit even."

"All right, auntie, now for business," and as the old lady settled down in her rocking-chair, and took up her knitting-work, he went on:

"Mr. Hyde, at the supper-table to-night, gave me notice to quit. He wishes to take a younger boy, one who will eat less and wear smaller clothes," and Aleck laughed, looked down at the bottom of his jacket sleeves half way to his elbows, and then at his trousers legs half way to his knees.

"I am not surprised, my child," replied Mrs. Grey, deliberately. "You can come here right away, and stay until you can find a better place. You have done well in staying as long as you could in the home your father found for you before he died. There is always enough to do for any one who has the will, and it does not make so much difference what or where your work is, as how you do it. There are always opportunities, if one is looking for them, to do good or to do evil, to help others and to help ourselves."

A sharp rap at the outer door cut short the old lady's wise speech, and 'Squire Eaton, a short, stout, broad-shouldered man, blustered in.

"I was passing, and called to see if my socks were done," he said, declining with a bow and wave of his hand, the splint-bottomed arm-chair Aleck moved forward. "I am off for Washington in the morning instead of at night to-morrow, as I expected, and all the last things have to be done up this evening."

"I am just toeing them off, sir," said Mrs. Grey. "The white yarn only came up an hour ago, and Aleck is winding it for me."

The 'squire looked disappointed. "I shall not have to go barefooted if I do not have them," he said; "but it is a whim of mine that to keep off colds it is well to wear home-knit blue socks with white toes. We all have our whims, hey Aleck?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, respectfully, "and one of mine when a very little fellow was to learn to knit. My mother taught me to knit a whole stocking the winter before she died. So, when yarn enough is wound, I can pick up the stitches for Auntie Grey, and help her about toeing them off. When they are finished, sir, I will bring them to your house, and if you are all in bed I will leave the package in the porch, at the side door. Will that do, sir?"

"Good," said the 'squire, looking pleased now. "It will do very well, indeed," and, dropping a bank note into the widow's lap, he bustled away with her fervent "God bless you!" ringing in his ears and warming his heart all the way to town.

It was 11 o'clock before Aleck, after a busy evening, followed by a brisk walk in the frosty air, opened the gate leading through a deep yard, to the 'squire's handsome dwelling. That gentleman himself opened the side door as Aleck went lightly up the steps of the porch.

"All aboard me," he said. "Come in and I will pay you for your trouble."

"You may pay Auntie Grey for that, sir."

"Come in," repeated the 'squire, with something more than mere politeness in his voice, and the lad obeyed. A gust of wind from the open doorway sent the papers on the library table flying like a flock of sea-gulls to all parts of the room. Aleck removed his cap and mittens, and, picking up the papers, returned them to the table. As the 'squire put a letter that he had been writing into its envelope, he watched the lad out of a corner of his eye.

"Going to school this winter?" he asked.

"I suppose not, sir. I am looking for something to do."

"What do you want?"

"I cannot be over-particular, sir. It don't matter so much what or where the work is, as what I make of it," he replied, unconsciously repeating Mrs. Gray's words.

"I will give you work, then, and we will see what you make of it. This call to Washington is very unexpected to me, as you perhaps know. My wife and daughters are to go with me. I have had time for very few arrangements. The housekeeper and her husband are to be left in charge, but they are getting old. You may come here and stay and go to the high school and do for your board and clothes whatever you see needs to be done."

"What shall you expect me to do, sir?" asked Aleck, looking puzzled.

"You may get the mail three times a day. The Postmaster has been directed what is to be forwarded. If you see anything else that needs to be done you can do it if you feel disposed, just as you would were this your father and mother's home and they had been unexpectedly called away to be gone for several months."

"I see, sir," said Aleck. "I will be on hand in the morning bright and early. Good morning, sir."

The 'squire chuckled to himself as the door closed. "I've given him a chance, and if he's the boy I take him to be he will make the most of it. I shouldn't have thought of it, though, if I hadn't liked the way he was winding that yarn. He had little idea that every time the long arms of that swift went whizzing around they were reaching out into his future."

"It's a queer bargain," said Aleck aloud, to the cutting north wind as he went down the hill, "but it is a good place to practice the precept, 'Not what, or where, but how.'"

"You can keep an eye on him," said 'squire Eaton to Margaret, the housekeeper, next morning, "but I hardly think he is the kind of a lad to turn out like Percy Stiles; and mind, now, that he never hears Percy's story."

Margaret nodded, and as the master went out, John, her husband, said:

"Wasn't he a queer one? The 'squire has never had anything to do with boys since then; and yet he dotes on boys."

"I know it," said Margaret; "just to think how much he set by Master Percy, and what a chance the lad threw away. Do you remember how the 'squire looked at first, when he really believed there had been a burglar in the house, and he said, 'You are a hero, Percy. You have saved our lives and property.'"

"I remember," said John, "but that was nothing to the scene after the matter had been investigated, and he was convinced that Percy was the rogue, as well as the hero, when he called us all into the library and sent for the poor lad. He came, thinking he was to receive a reward for his bravery. It is just like a picture in my mind, even now. The 'squire rising from his arm chair, with that stern, white face. Percy, with the exultant air and look of expectation changing to that of a culprit. Do you remember how his voice sounded when he said, 'All the boys I ever read about in story-books did something very brave and dangerous to win for themselves fame and gifts and friends, and I wanted to be a hero?'"

"Yes," said Margaret, "I remember it, and the 'squire's reply: 'The honest boy who does his simple duty and makes the best of every day is the hero that the world needs;' but I think this lad is made of a different kind of stuff."

"He's made a busy winter of it, sir," said the old housekeeper when, one April day, the 'squire arrived at home unexpectedly and asked for Aleck. "He's not been away one evening nor missed a day at school the whole term. He's made the fires, swept the paths, looked after the hinges of the gates, the latches of the barn doors and the fastenings of the blinds. He's petted the dogs and cats and birds, watered and trained the plants, and cheered up the time for John and me as blithely as if we had been his own grand-parents. He has not failed one morning of running up to the widow Grey's before school time to see how she was getting on, and he has never meddled with anything nor been in mischief."

"And he has written me a letter every Saturday," said the 'squire, "giving a concise account of all the happenings here." Going into the library and looking about, he added: "He has filed all my periodicals and kept everything ready for me to look over as easily as if I had been gone only for a week."

"Well, Aleck, what have you made of your work?" he said, as the lad came in flushed with pleasure at seeing him.

"I have had a profitable winter at school, sir. I have read a good deal of history, I have learned a great many things of John and Margaret, and I cannot tell you, sir, how happy I have been. I am afraid I have done very little to pay for all these privileges," and Aleck's voice trembled.

"I have found a boy that I can trust, and that pays me," said the 'squire, and his voice grew a little husky. "Now we will make a new bargain."

All that was years ago. Aleck is 'Squire Eaton's law-partner now, a successful man, and better than that, a good man. He is fond of helping young people; he likes to have them improve their time, and he often says: "It is not so much consequence what or where your work is, as what you make of it."—[Mrs. A. A. Preston, in The Standard.

Spoopendyke Dictates a Letter.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, when his wife had propped him up in bed and stuffed some extra pillows under his shoulders; "now, my dear, take your pen and ink and I will dictate a letter to Specklewottle. If you will play amenuensis I don't see why I can't be sick just as well as not."

Mrs. Spoopendyke puttered around and arranged her writing materials. "Shall I write on a card with gilt edge, or shall I take note paper?" she asked.

"You'd better use paper," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, severely. "When I want to convey my ideas on a shingle, I'll carve 'em in with a knife. Now get ready, for I'm going to start, and don't you interrupt me or you will put me out."

"All ready, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, dipping her pen into the ink, and contemplating her husband anxiously.

"Mr. Peter B. Specklewottle," commenced Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Is his middle name 'B?'" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, resting her elbow on the table, her head on her hand, and testing her pen on her blotter. "I don't think I like his name, anyway. Peter isn't nice."

"If any other name occurs to you put it in," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, with a growl. "You don't need to have a man's right name in a letter. Put it anything and hurry up, will you? Going to keep me in suspense all day about who this letter is going to?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke plunged into her work and wrote hurriedly for a moment. "Now I've got him in, dear."

"Got who in? Anybody I know? Am I dictating a private letter to a stranger? Got some particular friend you want this note to go to unbeknown to me? Who's in there? I'm going to know who's at the top before I put my name at the bottom."

"Why, Mr. Specklewottle, of course," said she, looking at him with wide-open eyes. "That's what you said. Now go on with the rest."

"Have you got the date and 'dear sir' in, too?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, peevishly, for he was trying to think how he should start his letter.

"No, dear; you didn't say anything about those," replied his wife. "You only said the name; but I'll put the others in."

"Will, will ye?" croaked Mr. Spoopendyke. "Sticking on a great deal of credit to yourself for your kindness to the sick, ain't ye? Willing to yield your own preferences in favor of your suffering husband! Well, you can't fool me that much. Don't put 'em in, hear me?"

"But I've got 'em in," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Then strike 'em out!" roared her husband. "S'pose I'm going to let you put those things in and let you throw 'em up in my face from the moment I get well till the day I die? Scratch 'em out, I tell you. I don't propose to have my life made miserable by reminders of your kindness when I was fishing around in the grave with one leg! Now what have you got?"

"Peter B. Specklewottle," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, mentally satisfied there could be no mistake in that.

"Anything to show whether he's a man or a woman?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Any 'Mr.' or 'Esq.' hanging to it anywhere?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It says 'Mr. Peter B. Specklewottle.' That's the way you told me to write it, didn't you? Now go on with the letter."

"Then put: 'I am dying and wish you—'"

"Great gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, dropping her pen. "You are not dying, dear. You don't want the man to think that!"

"Why not?" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "S'pose a man is going fourteen blocks out of his way to get the mail for a man who only has a cold in his head? You put in that I'm dying, or I'll drop over into that corner and write the whole letter with one application of the inkstand."

"Go on, dear," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I've got it so; only he may think it strange that a dying man should write to him."

"Then say, 'I want you to get my mail from the office, and tell them I will be over in a day or two.' Got that?"

"Yes," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Anything else?"

"What are you laughing at?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, on whom the incongruities of his letter had begun to dawn. "Think I'm dictating a comic almanac? Got a notion that this letter is some kind of a rebus? Well, it ain't, and it ain't a minstrel entertainment with a funny man at each end. What're you laughing at? Anybody in this country know?"

"I wasn't laughing, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a marvelously straight face. "I was only sympathizing with you."

"Was, eh?" grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Well, when it takes the form of a visage like you screwed up a minute ago I want to be hung instead of sympathized with. Another time you open your mouth like that I'm going to put seats in and start a church."

And cogitating on this vast improvement in his wife's anatomy, Mr. Spoopendyke, forgetting all about his letter, rolled over and went to sleep.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

IT IS SO EVERYWHERE.—E. B. Ball, druggist at Hiattsville, Kan., has this to write about Allen's Lung Balsam: "It is the best selling throat and lung remedy, and gives general satisfaction. I cheerfully recommend it."

The Independence mine at Tombstone, A. T., has lately made a very important strike.

LOVING A STAR.

A poet loved a star.
And so it whispered nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shine, who shinest so brightly?
O beauty, woo'd and unpossessed,
O might I to this beating breast
But clasp thee once, and then die blest!"

That star her poet's love,
So mildly warm, made human,
And leaving for his sake her heaven above
His star stooped earthward, and became a woman.
"Thou who hast woo'd, and hast possessed
My lover, answer, which was best—
The star's beam, or the woman's breast?"

"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet!"

—[Owen Meredith.

HIGH LICENSE.

A Plain Talk upon the Subject by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

Since the defeat of the "Constitutional Prohibition" bill in the New York House of Assembly a strong effect is being made to pass a bill for raising the fees for license to sell intoxicants. There are several good reasons for hoping that this measure may pass:

1. The abomination of licensing dram-shops now exists in this State and is in full force in all our large cities. If the dram-shop is to be licensed let the fee be so high that it will not only reduce the number of the dens, but also reduce the number of the liquor-sellers, who are at present a most dangerous factor in all our local politics.

2. A great many good citizens honestly believe that a high license system will curtail dram selling and drunkenness. Now let us have this question settled by actual experiment. If any positive good comes from high license we prohibitionists will be thankful. If no substantial benefit is produced, then we can say to Mr. Roosevelt and Dr. Crosby and other advocates of the measure: "Now we have fairly tried your reaper and it will not cut, please help us to fry ours." I am confident that the failure of every attempt to diminish the drink traffic by any license system (high or low) will only hasten the enactment of laws for the suppression of the curse.

3. We suppressionists are continually taunted (in the *Evening Post* and other influential journals) with the charge, that if we cannot have entire prohibition we are opposed to any measure for partial curtailment. The best answer to these taunts would be for every prohibitionist in the Legislature to vote for the High-License bill, and I hope they will do that very thing. It is notorious that the liquor-sellers themselves are fighting the bill bitterly, and whatever makes this oligarchy "squeal" (as the politicians say) is a measure that should make us laugh.

4. We suppressionists need all the help we can obtain. A concerted opposition by true temperance men to the imposition of higher license fees would only alienate and embitter a large element in society that we ought to have with us, and will yet have with us if we practice a little charity and common sense. Good men can neither be dragooned or blackguarded into co-operation with us. Our late beloved President, William E. Dodge, always deplored this spirit of recrimination. He often said to me, in substance, "I am for prohibition of the dram-shops, but I am willing to work with anybody or everybody who is honestly trying to curtail their number. If I cannot get all I want I'll get all I can." He was a wise man, and we miss his judicious counsels as well as his princely liberality most sorely.

5. Finally, we suppressionists must turn all our guns upon the liquor traffic, and upon the drinking usages, and stop firing hot shot at those who, in their own way, are honestly opposing the accursed traffic. The Lord Jesus Christ once rebuked his disciple John for saying, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followed not us; and we forbade him because he followeth not us." If Roosevelt and Crosby will actually cast out any devils (which we seriously doubt) then let them have all the credit they deserve, even if they do not "follow with us" prohibitionists.

As to Dr. Crosby let me say, "right out in meeting" a frank word or two. Upon the question of total abstinence I regard his utterances as fundamentally wrong, and shall oppose his utterances in every fair, honorable manner. He has denounced our national society bitterly. At the same time he stands before the public as the President of a "Society for the Suppression of Vice," and has won no little applause by his indefatigable efforts to shut up sinks of iniquity. If he abuses us mistakenly we cannot afford to abuse him. He said to me lately, "I am ready to go with you in any measure for submitting to the people whether they will have any liquor-shops or not; if they vote 'No,' then every liquor-shop ought to be locked up summarily." That means local option. That means local prohibition, which I still regard as the most feasible method yet devised for dealing with the curse and crime of grog-selling. The time will yet come when the logic of events will compel Dr. Crosby and all others like him to oppose all liquor-selling and all liquor-drinking. Let us not postpone that time by wholesale personal denunciations. As for my humble self, my skin is getting thicker by the growth of time, and it does not worry me when I occasionally get an abusive letter from some violent zealot, who may have been in his mother's arms when I was laboring with Father Mathew (blessings on his memory!), or pleading with Neal Dow before Legislatures to carry prohibitory enactments. Time has dissipated some dreams and disappointed some hopes but has never shaken my faith in the ultimate suppression of the slaughter-houses of gospel truth and righteous law.

What grieves me most is that there is too much attention turned to political action alone, and too much neglect of moral efforts to stop the drinking usages. This is the vital point. If we do nothing to save the young by total abstinence; if we do nothing to remove those usages which feed and support the dram-saloon; if we rely solely on the civil arm to arrest drinking and drunkenness, then our great reform breaks down at its very foundation. Do not let us aim to build at the top and neglect the ground-work.

TEMPERANCE CULLINGS.

Red used on a railroad signifies danger, and means "stop." So it does on a man's nose.

Dr. Howe, of Massachusetts, says that half the idiots of England come from drunken parents.

The Sydney *Herald* attributes 47,000 of the 51,000 convictions in New South Wales in 1882 to intemperance.

Forest Grove, one of the oldest towns in Oregon, has never had a saloon, and there are none within three miles.

It is a mean man who will contribute to the purchase of a sealskin sacque for the saloon-keeper's wife, and allow his own wife to wear a thin calico and a faded shawl.

A prisoner in the Maine State Prison, who was offered a drink on the night of a fire in the prison, preached a gospel temperance lecture when he said, "No, sir; that is what brought me here, and I have had enough."

A temperance party has been formed in the British Parliament. At a recent conference of fifty-five members, they appointed a committee to keep watch upon all proposals which promise in any way to affect the liquor traffic.

The advertisement of the Woman's Temperance Home in New York city says: "This institution is founded for ladies of respectability who have become addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors or narcotics." This will give some idea of the alarming growth of drunkenness among the women of the United States.

In all the restaurants on the Grand Trunk Railway the sale of intoxicants is prohibited, and men who use liquor as a beverage can not get employment on the road. Yet we do not find that whisky advocates refuse to travel over the road, or feel less safe on account of the personal liberty of the employes being restricted.—[Richmond Radiator.

SPRINGFIELD (Mass.), April 10, 1883.

"For diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and urinary organs, I received great benefit from HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I pronounce it the best."—H. W. Payne, Manufacturer Harnesses, Trunks, etc., 447 Main street.

MR. LINCOLN IN '61.

His Unexpected Arrival at Washington City.

The unexpected arrival of Mr. Lincoln before the inauguration, at Willard's Hotel, early in the morning, created quite a sensation when it became known in Washington. It was not true that he came in disguise, although he wore a traveling cap and shawl which had been loaned him, and which changed his appearance.

Mr. Lincoln felt confident that an attempt was to have been made to assassinate him as he passed through Baltimore. Among other statements which confirmed him in this opinion was one by Mr. Chittenden, of Vermont, afterwards Register of the Treasury. Mr. Chittenden was a delegate to the Peace Convention which met in Washington in the month of February, 1860, upon the invitation of the Governor of Virginia. In that Convention he happened to form the acquaintance of James Clay of Kentucky, William A. Seddon of Virginia (afterwards rebel Secretary of War), Governor Morehead of Kentucky, and others. His seat was near those gentlemen. One morning, while sitting chatting with them before the Convention met, a servant from an adjoining hotel entered and extended a card to Mr. Seddon, who sat near Mr. Chittenden. He did not know what was on the card, but it was passed around from one to the other in such a manner that he could not help seeing what was written on it. On the card was written these words: "Lincoln is in Washington." He never saw such confusion made by a small piece of card before. They looked at each other with amazement. At last Waldo P. Johnson, afterwards a Senator from Missouri, who could contain himself no longer, exclaimed with vehemence: "How did he get through Baltimore?" A few hours later the President-elect was asked if he would receive the members of the Peace Congress, and he said he would.

Mr. Lincoln, who had returned from a call at the White House, received the members of the Peace Congress, who had formed in procession in the hall where they met, and moved to the reception parlor of the hotel. Ex-President Tyler and Governor Chase led the van. The latter did the honors, first introducing Mr. Tyler. Mr. Lincoln received him with all the respect due to his position. The several delegates were then presented in the usual manner. The greatest curiosity was manifested to witness this, Mr. Lincoln's first reception in Washington. The most noticeable thing that occurred was the manifestation by Mr. Lincoln of a most wonderful memory. It will be remembered that the Convention was composed of many men who, although distinguished in their time, had until lately not been very much known. Each member was introduced by his surname, but in nine cases out of ten Mr. Lincoln would promptly recall the entire name, no matter how many initials it contained. In several instances he recited the historical reminiscences of families. When the tall General Doniphan, of Missouri, was introduced to him, Mr. Lincoln had to look up to catch Doniphan's eye. He immediately inquired:

"Is this Doniphan who made that splendid march across the plains and swept the swift Comanches before him?"

"I commanded the expedition across the plains," modestly responded the General.

"Then you have come up to the standard of my expectations," rejoined Mr. Lincoln.

When Mr. Rives, of Virginia, was introduced, Mr. Lincoln said: "I always had an idea that you were a much taller man." He received James B. Clay, son of the great Kentucky Senator, with marked attention, saying to him: "I was a friend of your father." The interchange with Mr. Mifflinger of North Carolina, who was his colleague in Congress, was very cordial. When Reverdy Johnson was presented, he expressed great rejoicing, remarking to him:

"I had to bid you good by just at the time when our intimacy had ripened to a point where I could tell you my stories."

The Southern Commissioners freely expressed their gratification at his affability and easy manner, and all joined in expressing agreeable disappointment at his good looks in contrast to his pictures. Nothing was said to any one in regard to the condition of the country or national troubles. After the reception of the Peace Congress was over a large number of citizens were presented. Mr. Lincoln was then notified that the ante-rooms and main saloons of the hotel were filled with ladies who desired to pay their respects, to which the President-elect promptly assented. The ladies then passed in review, each being introduced by the gentleman who accompanied her. Mr. Lincoln underwent the new ordeal with much good humor. At half-past 11 several gentlemen with whom Mr. Lincoln had appointments called on him, and during the next hour he remained invisible to all comers save such as had special engagements with him. Afterwards he received visitors again until 2 P. M. Among those who called on him that day were Mr. Seward, General Cass and ladies, Preston King, Senator Doolittle, Vice-President Breckenridge, Governor Powell of Kentucky, Commodore Spaulding, and others of note. The projected serenade to Mr. Lincoln, prevented the following Saturday by rain, was indefinitely postponed, at his suggestion. The Rev. Smyth Tyng, who was rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, which Mr. Lincoln attended on Sunday, preached an excellent sermon from the text 1. Corinthians, vii, 31: "And they that use this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away."—[Ben Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

Nouns of Multitude.

I cannot altogether forget that rule in grammar which says, "The verb agrees with its nominative case in number and person." It is the custom now to make Government plural, with the intention, doubtless, of conveying the impression that it is the *members* of the Government (and not the executive in its collective capacity) who are alluded to. Thus, "Her Majesty's Government *have* decided to resume the control of Basutoland, in compliance with the prayer of a large majority of the Basutos." (Morning paper, December 18, 1883.) Now, I venture to think that in this case it was the Government (i. e., the Cabinet) in its collective capacity that decided to resume the control of Basutoland. If, on the other hand, there had been a difference of opinion among its members on the subject, it would have been proper to say, "The *Cabinet were* divided in their opinions," the word *Ministers* being, of course, understood. I apprehend that when the statement is true only of the whole body the verb must be in the singular. I will call examples from the highest. Mr. Gladstone, in a speech on the Egyptian policy of the Government, delivered on February 13, 1884, said: "And the House *were* invited to discuss a truism and a platitude. * * * The Government *were* not unwarned of what would happen." I take it that the words "the House *were*," meant simply "*the members* of this House *were*," etc., and some such words should have been used by a great orator. Every one knows that the corporate body known as the "House of Commons"—as also the "Council of Trent," the "Council of Ten," the "Congress of Vienna"—represents a collective noun, or a noun of multitude. For reasons best known to themselves, all our leading speakers and writers delight in making *Government* plural, although they know perfectly well that if it were plural it would be a mere rabble, and, as such, no Government at all. The most terrible collapse which has come within reach of my personal experience befell the preacher of an extempore sermon, at which I was present, in the cathedral at Berne. I took down his words at the moment of utterance: "When the council forbade the Apostles to teach in the name of Jesus the disciples told the council *to their face* [*sic*] that it was their duty to disobey *them*." Here, it will be seen, the preacher was lost in his own maze. He wished, even in the face of his own convictions, to make the council plural, although he well knew it was in its *collective* capacity that it had forbidden the Apostles to teach. Hence he began, ambiguously, "The council forbade." But when it came to the interview he perceived the necessity for making it clear to us that the disciples addressed personally the individuals composing that august body. Hence the genitive plural *their*. But at this moment the council again rises before him in its corporate being, which necessitated the singular *face*. Fortunately, the sermon was delivered extempore, else I should have lost this example, for it would have been almost impossible for any one to make such a slip in writing.—[Notes and Queries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Twin Foes to Life

Are **Indigestion and Constipation.** Their primary symptoms are among the most distressing of minor human ailments, and a host of diseases, speedily resultant from them, mutually aggravate each other and assail at once the whole machinery of life. **Nausea, Foul Breath, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Headaches, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Kidney Diseases, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dropsy,** and various **Skin Disorders,** are among the symptoms and maladies caused by derangement of of the stomach and bowels.

A Thorough Purgative

medicine is the first necessity for cure. Then the cathartic effect must be maintained, in a mild degree, just sufficient to prevent a recurrence of costiveness, and at the same time the liver, kidneys and stomach must be stimulated and strengthened.

Ayer's Pills

Accomplish this restorative work better than any other medicine. They are searching and thorough, yet mild, in their purgative action. They do not gripe the patient, and do not induce a costive reaction, as is the effect of other cathartics. Withal, they possess special properties, diuretic, hepatic and tonic, of the highest medicinal value and

Absolutely Cure

All diseases proceeding from disorder of the digestive and assimilatory organs. The prompt use of AYER'S PILLS to correct the first indications of costiveness, averts the serious illnesses which neglect of that condition would inevitably induce. All irregularities in the action of the bowels—looseness as well as constipation—are beneficially controlled by AYER'S PILLS, and for the stimulation of digestive organs weakened by long-continued dyspepsia, one or two of AYER'S PILLS daily, after dinner, will do more good than anything else.

Leading Physicians Concede

That AYER'S PILLS are the best of all cathartic medicines, and many practitioners, of the highest standing, customarily prescribe them.

AYER'S PILLS,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
[Analytical Chemists]
For sale by all Druggists.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE.

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price, $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Billiousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box. m29-1yTuThSéwly

$11,950 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY

To SMOKERS of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

This Special Deposit is to guarantee the payment of the 25 premiums fully described in our former announcements.

The premiums will be paid, no matter how small the number of bags returned may be.

Office Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

P. A. WILEY, Esq.,
Cashier Bank of Durham, Durham, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—We inclose you $11,950.00, which please place on Special Deposit to pay premiums for our empty tobacco bags to be returned Dec. 15th. Yours truly, J. S. CARR, President.

Office of the Bank of Durham,
Durham, N. C., May 10, 1884.

J. S. CARR, Esq.,
Pres. Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge receipt of $11,950.00 from you, which we have placed upon Special Deposit for the object you state.
Yours truly, P. A. WILEY, Cashier.

None genuine without picture of BULL on the package.

See our other announcements.

PAPILLON BLOOD CURE

IT IS NOT AN ALTERATIVE. IT RESTORES THE BLOOD TO A HEALTHY CONDITION. FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER STOMACH, BOWELS AND KIDNEYS, AS LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE, STOMACH-ACHE, JAUNDICE, CONSTIPATION COLIC, VOMITING, NERVOUSNESS, WAKEFULNESS BACK-ACHE NEURALGIA, AND SICK-HEADACHE FITS OF EPILEPSY, ANÆMIA, OR POVERTY OF THE BLOOD, CHLOROSIS, ESPECIALLY IN YOUNG FEMALES SUPPRESSED OR PAINFUL MENSTRUATION, WAKEFULNESS, AND FEMALE WEAKNESSES, THIS MEDICINE IS ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN. BEING PURELY VEGETABLE, IT CAN BE TAKEN INTO THE MOST DELICATE STOMACH. A NUMBER OF RECENT TESTIMONIALS ARE PROFUSE IN PRAISE OF THIS EXCELLENT REMEDY. ITS PROPERTIES ARE SLIGHTLY CATHARTIC ACTING MORE DIRECTLY UPON THE LIVER. IT IS VERY PLEASANT TO TAKE. PRICE, $1.00 PER BOTTLE SIX FOR $5.00. DIRECTIONS IN TEN LANGUAGES ACCOMPANY EVERY BOTTLE.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

REDINGTON & CO., Gen'l Agents,
San Francisco, Cal.
sp7-1y8

YOUNGER AND BETTER.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTERS are not *older* than all others; but they are *better* than all others. 25 cents. ja16-w1t

MISCELLANEOUS.

SULLIVAN & RAYEKES

Nos. 915, 917 and 919 Second st.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WHITE LEAD

AND COLORS.

Largest and most complete stock of

PAINTS, OILS,

GLASS AND ARTISTS' MATERIALS!

Ever Offered to the Trade.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

MACHINE AND ENGINE OILS!

PLATE GLASS!

"ACME" RUBBER PAINT!

We prepare for use, guaranteed to be superior to any PAINT in this market. Send for Sample Book of Colors. m6-3p1mTuThS

WALL PAPER!

Come and see the NEW DESIGNS in the line of

WALL DECORATIONS!

ON EXHIBITION AT

Whittier, Fuller & Co.'s,

Nos. 1020 and 1022 Second street,

Who are prepared to do Decorative Work, in a first-class manner, in the city and country.

ARTISTIC COMBINATIONS,

—WITH—

Fine Tintings,

Done at the VERY LOWEST RATES POSSIBLE.

ALSO DEALERS IN

PICTURES, FRAMES, CORNICES and

WINDOW SHADES.

ne29-1s3mThSTu

BETTER THAN GOLD!

CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT

CURES HEARTBURN, INDIGESTION, SOUR STOMACH.

For Sale by all Druggists. fe28-3p3mTuThS

IS RECOMMENDED BY ALL PHYSICIANS as a Blood Purifying Liquor. It is a sure remedy for Dyspepsia or Chills and Fever, especially for all Kidney and Liver Complaints. IT IS THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE! This Extract is a pure compound of all the choicest Tropical Fruits and put up expressly for Medicinal and Family Use. Families and Travelers should always be provided with a bottle of SIMMONDS' EXTRACT OF TROPICAL FRUIT. It is good for Sour Stomach, Sea Sickness and all Stomach Troubles. Also, Biliousness and Dyspepsia, and acts as a Light Purgative. No necessity for taking a Strong Cathartic. The best physicians recommend it to everybody. Particularly recommended by the faculty for Ladies' Complaints. Extracted from the following Tropical Fruits: Pineapple, Orange, Mangoes, Zepotilla, Bananas, Tamarinds.

Malarial Diseases of all kinds speedily yield to its Powerful Action. Nothing Equals it as an Appetizer.

Its tonic properties are grand, and it RENEWS wasted vitality and rejuvenates the system. Try it and become convinced. None genuine unless my signature is across the cork.

It is soothing, strengthening and invigorating, purifies the blood, improves the digestion, cures restlessness, insures refreshing sleep, and repairs the evil effects of overwork, as no other medicine can.

JOS. HAHN,
Druggist, Sole Agent.

G. SIMMONDS.

Sold by first-class Druggists and Grocers. Depot, No. 429 Battery st., San Francisco. m20-tfTuThS

McMUNN'S ELIXIR OF OPIUM

IS THE PURE EXTRACT FROM THE DRUG from which all the hurtful properties are removed and the medical ones retained. No headache, costiveness or sickness of the stomach attend its use. Price, 50 CENTS. All druggists je3 1yTuThS

ALLEN'S BRAIN FOOD

Nervousness, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Nervous Shock, St. Vitus Lance, Prostration, and all diseases of Nerve Generative Organs, are all permanently and radically cured by Allen's Brain Food, the great chemical remedy. $1 pkge, 6 for $5.—At Druggists, or by mail from Allen's Pharmacy, 55 Isabella Ave. nue, N. Y. City.

MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure