

THE LIVING OBELISK.

One of Mark Twain's Singular Hallucinations.

New York.
Although aware that ever since his speech at the Grant reception Mr. Clemens has been suffering from melancholia, I did not know until this morning what form the attack had taken.

I met Mr. J., a common friend of mine and Clemens, in front of the post-office. "Have you been up to Twain's lately?" he asked. "No," said I. "Is anything the matter?" "Well, you had better go up and see," he replied, with a significant motion of his right forefinger.

So I proceeded through the damp, chilly air and slushy mud of Christmas morning to Twain's bright red mansion on the corner of Broadway and 11th street. I did not know until this morning what form the attack had taken.

I might find him yonder in the north yard, behind the barn. I turned up the bottom of my trousers, and trudged through the mud and snow to the place indicated by the domestic. There I discovered the humorist, standing on the empty dry goods box. His posture was very erect. His arms were tightly pressed against his sides. He wore a long ulster, reaching to his ankles, and on his head a high peaked hat, procured during his travels in the Tyrol. His face was solemn.

"Hello, Mark," said I, "what are you doing on that box? Merry Christmas?" He stilly inclined his head. "Didn't you know," he demanded in slow, grave tones, "that I antedote the Christian era by many centuries? What in thunder do you mean by talking Christmas in my presence?"

"Cor," come," said I, "no joking. Get down out of the box and go in where it's warm." "If you refer to the pedestal," he replied, "I can't get down unless I'm lowered. And as to the temperature, it has little effect on a monarch, seasoned as I am seasoned."

"You look like a monarch," I admitted. "In that ulster and that hat." "You really think so?" he eagerly asked. His features relaxed to an expression something like complacency, and he sat down upon the edge of the box and began to drum against the side with his heels. "You really believe I'm the genuine, only original obelisk?"

"Obelisk!" said I. "I saw the obelisk day before yesterday in New York. They've got as far as the obelisk. You're a humorist, not an obelisk."

Mark Twain immediately ascended the box again, while his features once more assumed their stony look. "You have been imposed upon," he remarked with great dignity. "That thing in New York is being used as a practical joke of Goring's. It is a Cardiff giant of an obelisk, a composite plaster fraud concocted on the voyage over, and palmed off on an unsuspecting community. The real obelisk was shipped to Hartford by freight No. 27, New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. You behold it at this identical moment."

I took off my hat. This seemed to please him a good deal. "Excuse me," he went on, "if I am a trifle touchy on the subject. Every monarch is naturally a sensitive when his authenticity is called in question. Don't I appear stiff and hard enough to satisfy the most skeptical?"

"You look stiff and hard enough," said I, "but where are your hieroglyphics? That's the test of a true obelisk—the hieroglyphics."

"Just what I expected," he returned, "with some show of feeling. 'There don't appear to be any hieroglyphics, perhaps you think. Singular, but I'd noticed the fact myself, and it's given me considerable concern. These hieroglyphics,' he continued, getting excited. 'I don't know what to make of it. Sometimes I think Goring took 'em and planted 'em on his own shaft. Then I think Marshal Jewell's stolen 'em for telegraphic cipher. Then again I surmise that they've merely straggle in, and will blossom out again as soon as I've got acclimated. But you'll allow that it's putting a respectable Egyptian antiquity at a disadvantage to steal his hieroglyphics. Any fool can come along and say, 'You're an obelisk, where the— are your hieroglyphics?'"

I turned aside from this example of self-deception. I knew it was no use to reason with him. Happily, these things do not last, as a rule, more than ten days or a fortnight, and the friends of the clever humorist have no cause for serious anxiety on his account."

A Fast Mare. "Stranger," said the stage-driver, "this was how I found out her speed: I was driving along side the railroad track just as a big load of hotel furniture started. The freight car wouldn't hold it all, but they managed to squeeze in everything but a long bar-mirror, which they tied on the side of the car. The mare saw her reflection in the glass and thought it was another horse starting for the lead. You couldn't have held her back with a steam windlass. She just laid back her ears and snorted along like a twenty-inch snail. The passengers all began to get excited. They rushed onto the platform and began to make bets. The conductor stood up on a seat and began to sell pool. The engineer pulled the throttle-lever right along at a snail's pace. In ninety-five miles an hour. Soon the mare was abreast of the cowcatcher. At San Bruno we had half a mile the lead. Near the six-mile house the train was so much ahead of time that it fell through an open door, everlastingly smashed up—22 killed and 199 wounded. It was pretty rough on the passengers, but then we distanced the train, but yet life. About a month ago I sold that mare to her present owner for \$60,000."

A Peculiar Locomotive. The New York Tribune speaks of a locomotive which is expected to make ninety miles an hour that has just been completed in Patterson, New Jersey.

The driving-wheel rests on another wheel, which in turn rests on the track. This lower wheel has two rims, one a foot smaller than the other. The outer rim touches the track and the inner or smaller rim supports the driving-wheel. The motion of the driving-wheel thus transmitted is magnified by this arrangement in the lower wheel turns one-third faster than the driving-wheel, and so the speed is increased.

The smaller rim of the lower wheel bears to the larger rim a relation similar to that of a very large hub to any wheel. Of course any rate of motion communicated to such a hub is greatly magnified at the periphery of the wheel. In the same way the motion of the driving-wheel in this case is magnified by the peculiar arrangement of the wheel it rests upon.

The inventor believes that this locomotive, if it were not for the increased resistance of the air, could be run at the rate of 107 miles an hour. He expects it to make ninety miles an hour, easily.

Every preacher is by his vocation a spectator, destined in "future."

A Wicked Village.

Mr. Smith writes this from a country village containing about 1,000 inhabitants. It is a lovely little town, nestled on a side-hill to break off the raw winds of winter and the hurricanes of summer.

When I arrived this morning it seemed to me as if there could not be a bad man or a scolding woman in the village, but four hours have passed, and I am a wiser man. I came here to see old Mrs. Brown about a pension she wants from the government, and when we had finished our business I said: "See, you have four churches here."

"Yes, but we never have any sermons worth listening to."

"The men look intelligent and smart." "Humph! They are regular pokes. There isn't a man in Farnville who knows enough to ask boot in a horse trade."

"But the women look happy," I protested. "Then they look what they ain't," she answered. "I don't believe there is a happy woman in the whole village. If you knew of the awful carryings on here you wouldn't look for happy wives."

"What awful things do the men do?" "You'd better ask what they don't do! It's a wonder to me that Farnville hasn't shared the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah."

"Do they drink?" "Do they? Didn't I see even old Deacon Harris weaving the web of that as he climbed the hill last evening? It's a slippery path, of course, but sober men don't climb a hill sideways."

"Do they gamble?" "Gamble! What did Mrs. Potts tell me that her brother's wife told Mrs. Davis not a month ago? Four of the leading men of the place were caught playing checkers for the soda water. That's a nice example, isn't it?"

"Is Mrs. Potts nice?" "Nice! Why, she's the worst gossiping woman in the mill-pond! Men don't duck her in the mill-pond!"

"And Mrs. Davis?" "She's a hypocrite! She'll talk sweet to your face, and abuse you behind your back."

"Mrs. George is well spoken of." "By whom? I've known her fifteen years, and I've never heard a human being speak well of her! She eats opium and lies like a trolop!"

"Isn't Mrs. McHenry all right?" "All right? Why, no one can live in this house next to her."

"The postmaster seems like a good man." "I ventured to remark. 'Good man! Why, my husband always believed he was the very man who threw a yaller dog down our well! I don't say that he steals letters, but I know that when I sent two three-cent stamps in my letter to a daughter in Illinois, she never got it.'"

"But there must be one good man here?" "There must, eh! Well, I wish you'd print him out to me. I'd like to polish up my spectacles and take a good look at him."

"And isn't there one faultless woman?" "Well, I don't want to seem vain and conceited, because none of us are long for this world, but I expect I'm the faultless one you are inquiring after."

"I think I shall go out on the evening train. Mrs. Brown says that every house and lot is mortgaged, every business man is ready to 'bust,' and every family has at least one scandal about them. On my way over to the post-office I was asked a grocer if he knew old Mrs. Brown."

"Know her? Why, she's a gossip, a liar, a hypocrite and a dead-beat, and too lazy to change her stockings more than twice a year."

Sugar. Sugar is of modern use only. The ancients were unacquainted with it as an article of food, and it was not until the revolution in our household affairs would it occasion, to strike sugar from the list of dietary articles!

It is a necessity, not a luxury. Without it in the last four hundred years, it has grown from being an article of curiosity to an article of necessity, and it is now one of the great staples of commerce. It enters every department of domestic economy. Humboldt says that in China it was known and used in ancient times; but if known at all in Western Asia or Europe, it was only as a treacherous agent in the branches of foreign climates and distant travel. There is some foundation for the idea that it was not entirely unknown to the ancient Greeks. We find in the classic mention made of honey that, bees did not make, and honey from reeds—the sugar cane—being a reed. From their expressions it is thought that sugar is meant, as all sweet articles were included in the term honey in early days. Pliny says there is a kind of honey from reeds which was used as a medicine. Some allusions in the Bible seem to refer to sugar and honey. In later times it is said that the Crusaders found sweet honeyed canes growing in the meadows of Tripoli; that they sucked these canes and were delighted with the taste, and that they were cultivated with great care, and, when ripe, were pounded in mortars, and the juice was strained and dried to a solid, like salt; that, mixed with bread, it was more pleasant than honey.

The Portuguese brought the cane to Spain, Madeira, and thence it was carried to the West Indies and Brazil. In these countries it found the conditions for its rapid development, and the world was soon furnished with the product of the furnaces; so that sugar assumed a place among the chief articles of commerce.

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Uncle Tim's Cat.

In introducing Uncle Tim. Smith, allow me to say that no man in Western Oxford, Maine, was better known in his day. He was an honest, poor, hard-working man; and his only failing was a falling in with the telling of "big stories." I am sure, however, that in that respect his memory had become so warped, that he religiously believed his wonderful relations to be true. He was the first man to put a spad into the soil of the first and only farm I ever owned; and thereafter he did not rest.

"Talking about cats," said Uncle Tim, "put me in mind of a cat I once owned. Let me tell you about her. She was a Maltese—one I got of Charles Baker—and what that cat didn't know, wasn't worth knowin'. Here's one thing she did."

"In the spring of forty-six I moved into the little old house down on Crooked river. We put our provisions down cellar, and the first night we made our beds on the floor. But we didn't sleep. No sooner had it come dark than we heard a learin' and a squeakin' in the cellar that was awful. I lit a candle and went down.—Jerusalem!—Talk about rats! I never saw such a sight in all my born days! Every inch of the cellar-bottom was covered with 'em. They run up onto me; and they run over me. I jumped back onto the stairs and called the cat. She came, and I put her down. I guess she set there ten minutes, lookin' at them rats; and I was waitin' to see what she would do. By'n by, she shook her head, and turned about and went up stairs. She did n't care to tackle 'em."

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FARM NOTES.

Green oats is a good soiling crop. Hay should surely be cut in its earliest bloom.

Milk is almost nine-tenths water, or 873 in 1,000 parts water.

A true test for eggs is to drop them in water, and if the large end comes up they are not fresh.

Good milk requires good sound food, and a large yield of milk requires a large supply of good sound food.

Care, kindness, quiet, moderate exercise, regular and judicious feeding are all important factors in milk supply.

Meadows may be pastured in the dry season after the crop has been reaped; but never in the early spring nor later in the fall.

The air supplies most of the organic matter, and thus helps to keep the land good when we sell off part of the products, which are a part of the farm or of the soil itself.

Do not undertake to keep sheep on low, un drained lands. They will surely contract disease, and a sick sheep is about as much of a thing as we know of, not excepting a sick chicken.

Good sweet milk contains one-fourth more of sugar than buttermilk; this sugar turns to acid, and if this acid is too much developed before churning the coveted aroma of good butter is lost.

Bran is an admirable food in a slop. It produces a large quantity of milk, and it can be fed with safety in the hottest weather. Meal may be added to bran as the weather becomes cooler, but not excepting a sick chicken.

It always pays to keep young stock in a thrifty, growing condition. Better to feed a little corn and meal now than to defer it until next February. Always keep young stock in an improving condition.

The yearly consumption of butter in London has been estimated at 10 lbs. per head of the population, or 40,000,000 per year, without including some 3,000 tons necessary for victualling ships leaving the port.

Cows remove more from the pasture than their droppings supply; therefore it is better to spread manure over them, sprinkled with plaster to keep the ammonia for the young grass in the early part of spring.

Warm and airy stables, great cleanliness with the animal and her products, judicious feeding of cows, and feeding of pastures, are the indispensable to supply milk in quality, quantity and soundness capable of resisting decay.

The country is rich and prosperous, says the politicians. How few of the non-producing classes stop or admit to the fact. The soil is rich and fertile, and the productivity of the earth that the nation is rendered richer.

Strangest is an affection of the nerves, and is incurable. It is caused by a loss of power of the nerve which controls the muscle by which the leg is lifted, the action then being spasmodic, and the result is a very peculiar high lifting action in this disease, causing the longuities of animals is something extraordinary. Camels sometimes live a century. According to Cuvier, whales live a thousand years. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104. Crows frequently attain a century. Swans have lived 300 years, and a turtle 107.

Pure water and salt must be supplied to cows at libitum, as 87 per cent of the milk consists of water, and where salt is sparingly supplied the digestive power of the cow are enfeebled, and the milk is deficient in keeping quality, and probably also in quantity and quality.

For storing onions there is no better place than a dry, cool and airy loft, where they can be spread out thinly and kept in the open air for the removal of which may have begun to decay. Warmth and moisture are fatal to the keeping of onions, and much handling is almost equally so.

When farmers will pay more attention to cows and the dairy, and make better that will bring a smile to the face of the purchaser, as well as one on the face of the farmer, the industry of the earth, has been heard to cry the wholesome and purifying effects of GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

AN ENORMOUS TRAFFIC—Pittsburgh boasts that 867,746 bottles of CARBOLINE have been sold within the last six months. This shows that the army of household heads will soon be reduced to a corporal's guard.

Peevish children have worms. Dr. Jaque's German Worm Cakes will destroy the worms and rid the children from their torment.

For every ache, pain and bruise on man or beast Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Liment is the balm. Sold by all druggists.

For a pamphlet on Electric Treatment of chronic diseases, with Electricity, which will be sent free, address the Melrose Electric Bell and Battery Co., 192 & 194 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

Uncle Sam's Harness Oil fills and closes the pores of leather, thus effectually preventing the entrance of dampness, dust, etc., and keeps the leather soft and pliable, at the same time increasing its durability.

Ward of Ague, Bilious fever and many other ills, by taking a few doses of Eleri's Kidney and Bladder Pills. It is a mild and safe remedy, and will cure all cases of bilious fever, headache, backache, and all other ailments arising from a disordered state of the bowels.

Thousands of dollars are now being saved every year by progressive farmers, who soon discover the great value of freely using Uncle Sam's Condition Powder, the feed of their stock; it restores the sick, increases the beauty and usefulness and promotes the growth. Sold by all druggists.

Why shall a loving mother wait for the coming of the doctor to prescribe a remedy for that fearful Cholera-infantum, Croup, Croup, Croup, which her precious child is suffering, when she can administer Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup and at once give relief to her child? This charming syrup will make you ever loving and patient. This Syrup regulates the bowels, keeps the system in a healthy condition, prevents all pain and discomfort arising from teething, and is an old and well tried remedy. Sold by all druggists, and only 25c a bottle.

Man with all his endowments, is in many things most foolish, he will giveval to him for his life. He will be indifferent to his health. He will grapple a thief who steals his purse, yet will daily take a cold and find it unimportant, when such a sure remedy as Eleri's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry can be used. It performs rapid cures, gains strength at every trial, and is invaluable in bronchitis, coughs, colds, and all other ailments arising from a disordered state of the bowels. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and will cure all cases of bilious fever, headache, backache, and all other ailments arising from a disordered state of the bowels. Sold by all druggists, and only 25c a bottle.

The sales of the Fraxer Axle Grease are increasing every day, because it is as good as represented.

Nothing is uglier than a crooked foot or shoe; straighten them with Lyon's Heel Stiffeners.

The Effects of Mental Exhaustion.

Many diseases, especially those of the nervous system, are the products of daily renewed mental exhaustion. Business affairs often involve an amount of mental wear and tear very prejudicial to health, and the professions if ardently pursued, are less destructive to brain and nerve tissue. It is one of the most important attributes of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and of that it imparts new energy to the brain and nerves. The rapidity with which it restores the exhausted mental and physical vitality is remarkable, and shows that its invigorating properties are of the highest order. Besides increasing vital stamina, and counteracting the effects of mental exhaustion, this potent medicine cures and prevents fever and other complaints. Physicians also commend it as a medicinal stimulant and remedy.

Begin at Home. Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin at the centre and work outward. If you do not love your wife, do