THE CAPITOL MAIL.

HOW CONGRESSMEN RECEIVE AND SEND AWAY LETTERS,

Documents and Speeches Sent Away Daily by the Thousand—The Correspondence of Members—Postal Cards.

After the discussion of a great question the amount of mail matter that passes through the postoffices at the House and Senate is something enormous, writes a Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. Any day, and almost any hour of the day, you are liable to see heavily loaded bags pulled away from the door of the House and Senate, carrying tons of public documents, speeches which have been made in the House and Senate, and are sent out as campaign literature by the thousand, reports of the various departments, documents of all sorts and sizes and kinds and characters. Even the letter mail of the members of Congress is something remarkable. The big mail-bags which go from the city postoffice to the House of Representatives postoffice every day carry probably on an average of ten thousand letters daily. Ten thousand letters a day seem a good many, but a pretty careful estimate of the number received there shows that this figure is not too great. They come from all directions and are upon all conceivable subjects. Your average Congressman gets more letters, of course, from his own district than elsewhere, but he is not confined to his own people and the section which he immediately represents in his correspondence. Many of them get letters from all parts of the country, and from all parts of the world, indeed. Foreign stamps and foreign postal-cards are by no means a novelty in the House and Senate postoffices.

All mail intended for members of Congress is sent direct from the Washington postoffice to the House and Senate postoffices. Letters and newspapers for members of the House and Senate are not sent by carriers to the residences of members except by special directions. They all go in huge mail bags as soon as they reach the postoffice, and are hurried to the offices at the House and Senate. These postoffices, as they are termed by courtesy, are not postoffices in the full sense of the word; that is to say they are not a part of the Postoffice Department, nor branch postoffices in any sense of the word. True, you can mail any letter there, buy postage-stamps and postal-cards, and if a Congressman wants a money-order or a postal-note he can get it by leaving an order at these offices, but they are not a part of the Postoffice system. They are simply established for the convenience of members of Congress.

They look very much like an ordinary country postoffice. There is a big screen filled with letter-bags, and in the middle a window, behind which stands an official who passes out the mail just about as the Postmaster at a country postoffice hands out the mail to a waiting populace. Each member has his own box, and in it are put his letters and papers. A thousand times a day on an average a page rushes breathlessly into the postoffice and yells at the top of his voice: "Give me Mr. So and So's letters and papers." If he does not get them at once he yells again, and keeps it up with pertinacity until Mr. ——'s mail is deposited into his hands, when he leisurely wends his way back to the House. The registered letters, however, he does not get, for they are too precious to be trusted to these Arabs of the House-floor. There is a staid and careful messenger of the House and Senate postoffices, whose business it is to take these precious packages, laying them before them and receiving a receipt for them, and deliver packages in person. The number of these registered packages which reach the members of Congress is very great.

Many of them contain documents which the office-seekers or others will send, and consider too important to be intrusted to the ordinary mail system. It is probable that the average number of letters and packages and newspapers delivered to members of the House and Senate is nearly or quite twenty thousand. As to the number of packages that leave the House and Senate postoffices for all parts of the world and country, it would be almost impossible to make an estimate. You can get the figures by the number of tons, but as to the packages and letters it would be practically impossible. The postal-card mail arriving at the postoffices is quite large also, though not so great a proportion of the Congressman's correspondence is now upon the postal-cards, as was the case when the postage was three cents instead of two. Most of the postal-cards come from the South and West, very few from the North and East. The South seems especially devoted to the postal-card, particularly the Eastern sections of the South. North Carolina, for instance, seems to have a particular affection for postal-cards, and the number of these little missives reaching members of Congress from that State is astonishing. When the House and Senate postoffices receive their mail, and see among it a huge package of postal-cards, somebody generally makes the remark, "That is the mail for the North Carolina members." The Southern members patronize the money order system of the postoffice department more extensively than those of the North. Banks are not so common in the South, and the money-order system is in great favor for transmissions of sums small or great.

Tyrotoxicon.

According to a communication from Ann Arbor, Mich., Dr. V. C. Vaughn, "in examining a specimen of the ice-cream which recently poisoned a number of persons at Newton, Mich., has made the important discovery that tyrotoxicon, the active element in poisonous cheese which he discovered some time since, was also present in the ice-cream, and was the cause of the sickness."

This, it is said, "proves that tyrotoxicon is due to the decomposition of milk, and may be developed in any milk which is kept in impure atmosphere or unclean vessels. The germ seems to multiply very rapidly, and a small amount of tainted milk will poison a whole can. It is Dr. Vaughn's theory that tyrotoxicon has much to do with cholera infantum, the symptoms of which are similar to the symptoms of cheese poisoning."

A Good Biter.

A large "loggerhead" turtle was caught in the D'Arbonne, in the northeast part of Lincoln Parish, the head cut off and thrown to one side of the yard of a farm-house, where it remained three days, when some children in their play had thrown a piece of bread in the turtle's open mouth. A short time after a little chicken, having discovered the bread in the turtle's mouth, attempted to abstract it by pecking at it, when the jaws of the turtle closed and killed the chicken.—*Buston (La.) Outgoingsh.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

A Useful Table.

A correspondent of the *Housekeeper* give the following table showing the time required to cook different fruits for canning and the amount of sugar required:

Fruits.	*Time for boiling fruit.*	*Quantity sugar to quart.*
Cherries	5 minutes	6 ounces
Raspberries	6 minutes	4 ounces
Blackberries	6 minutes	6 ounces
Strawberries	8 minutes	8 ounces
Plums	10 minutes	10 ounces
Whortleberries	5 minutes	8 ounces
Pie plant, sliced	10 minutes	8 ounces
Small, sour pears, whole	30 minutes	4 ounces
Bartlett pears, halved	20 minutes	6 ounces
Peaches	8 minutes	4 ounces
Peaches, whole	15 minutes	4 ounces
Pine apples, sliced	15 minutes	6 ounces
Siberian crab-apple	25 minutes	8 ounces
Sour apples, quartered	10 minutes	5 ounces
Ripe currants	6 minutes	8 ounces
Wild grapes	10 minutes	8 ounces
Tomatoes	20 minutes	none.
Gooseberries	8 minutes	8 ounces
Quinces, sliced	15 minutes	10 ounces

The Baby.

The baby's second summer? Every mother knows what that means. The poor little pilgrim has already found the earth a place of tears and pain. Those teeth, coming so fast, and as they come, occasioning so much disturbance in the fragile little frame, what a source of peril and irritation they are to the baby and of anxiety to his parents! Keep the baby in comfort. Dress him loosely and simply, with soft, thin woolen garments next the skin. Give him a sponge bath when he cries uneasily and fretfully. See that there is no chafing of the soft flesh, and that no pins are pricking him in unsuspected places. Let his food be properly cooked and given at regular intervals, and attend to it either yourself, or let it be prepared by a trustworthy person. Let the little one be out of doors much of the time, and if he is ill and a physician is to be had, send for one promptly. Frail as the life of an infant is, and quickly as the silver thread may be snapped, yet a young child rallies in a way impossible to an adult. A very sick child, indeed, to-day, may be frisking about merrily to-morrow. Never despair of the recovery of a little one while life lasts, but do not trifle with the beginnings of disease. Prompt measures at first are often half the battle.—*Christian at Work.*

Recipes.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Cut the corn from six ears of corn, add one quart of milk and three or four eggs. Season with pepper and salt, bake as custard. Nice either hot or cold.

SLICED CUCUMBERS.—Lay the cucumbers in cold water for an hour or more. Peel, slice thin and evenly, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and pour on a small quantity of vinegar. When serving lay a small lump of ice on each dish.

GINGER ALE.—Two pounds brown sugar or one quart molasses, two tablespoonfuls cream of tartar, two of ginger, two sliced lemons two gallons boiling water. Stir well, and when milk-warm add half pint of yeast. Stir again and let it settle in a lightly covered vessel twelve hours. Strain, bottle, and put in a cold place. It will be fit for use in two or three days, and will only keep a week.

COLD MEAT PUDDING.—For cold meat pudding rub one-half pound of beef dripping into one and a half pounds of flour, with a little salt. Moisten the paste with water and roll it out one-half an inch thick. Mince any kind of cold meat; season it and add a few spoons of gravy. Spread the minced meat on the paste and roll it up. Tie it up in a cloth buttered and floured and boil for an hour and a half.

BOILED POTATOES.—Peel and put into boiling water, with a tablespoonful of salt. Let boil till a fork will pierce them readily; drain, cover with a towel to absorb the steam and render them mealy. Potatoes are really better if cooked with their "jackets" on—simply cutting off an end or peeling a narrow strip around the centre. It is perfectly proper to serve them so, if more convenient than to peel them, and they are certainly more palatable.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Shave a hard, white cabbage into strips; take the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, a cup and a half of good cider vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of thick cream, one teaspoonful mustard mixed in a little boiling water, salt and pepper to suit the taste. Mix all but the eggs together and let it boil; then stir in the eggs, rapidly turn the cabbage into the mixture, and stir well. Make enough for two days at once, as it keeps perfectly, and is an excellent relish for all kinds of meat.

FAMILY APPLE PUDDING.—Make a biscuit crust with one quart of flour, three small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, butter or lard the size of an egg, teaspoonful of salt (less if butter is used) and milk enough to make a soft dough. Fill a deep baking-dish with sliced apples, sweetened with molasses and flavored with cinnamon, nutmeg and pounded dried lemon peel. Cover with the crust and bake in a moderate oven. The oven door may be left open a few moments when the pudding is put in, and closed as soon as the crust rises. Serve with hard sauce, or if eggs are plenty, use egg sauce, to make which rub one small cup of butter and two cups of sugar to a cream, then stir in three eggs beaten very light, and two tablespoonfuls boiling water and flavor with lemon.

Chinese Execution Ground.

This is a small, open court about forty feet long and twenty-five wide, writes a correspondent from Canton. Is is used as a pottery when not needed for executions, and as I strolled in the ground, covered with earthen jars and vessels, it seemed to give the place an air of peaceful industry rather than of bloody executions. Stepping carefully among the pots and jars, I stood on a spot colored a deep, dark red by the blood of prisoners recently decapitated. Turning with a shudder from this spot, I gazed along the walls of the court, and my eyes rested on a pile of cage-like boxes stacked up on one side. In each of these a ghastly head of a Chinaman showed through the bars, looking distorted and horrible. Near these cases were the crossed beams to which persons are tied for decapitation. There are two modes for decapitation practised. One is to make the prisoner kneel, and the head is struck from the body while in this position. This is the usual mode of decapitation. Another is by tying the prisoner up to a sort of cross and then striking off the head. In this position the women are always executed. One sentence of capital punishment is to cut into the eyebrows, cheeks, and fleshy parts of the arms and breasts in such a way that the flesh will hang down in strips, and then the head is struck off. The sentence is usually inflicted on women committing adultery, and on parricides.

In the hair of the condemned man is placed a paper on which is written the nature of the crime for which he is being executed.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The German newspapers state that startling experiments have been made at Berlin with a new description of shell, charged with gun cotton, which produces most extraordinary results. No kind of defensive works, no matter how solid, it is stated, are capable of resisting so destructive a projectile.

Remarkable accuracy is now attained by engineers in cutting tunnels through mountains, working from both ends. Thus at the Muscontecong tunnel, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the alignment tested to 0.04 feet or less than one-half an inch. In this case levels were run 5,000 feet long.

The curious suggestion has been made by Mr. Francis Galton, of the London Anthropological Institute, that some of the colors of the Italian mosaic workers be employed as standards for describing the tints of the skin of the various races and tribes of mankind. These colors have great durability, mosaics in St. Peter's at Rome having shown no signs of change after more than a century. A great variety of tints is available, there being about 500 appropriate to the flesh of European nations alone.

It is possible to keep the adult lobster alive for a long period in a moist, cold atmosphere. At 45°F., in a proper device, lobsters have been kept alive and in good condition for fifteen days, and in a moist atmosphere only, their gills not having been immersed in water during the whole period. This discovery renders it possible to transport living adult lobsters across the continent, and to stock the waters of the Pacific coast. It is also possible to pack the lobster eggs in seaweed in a similar manner and to transport them for long distances.

By recent soundings the London Geographical Society has ascertained that the ocean-bottom in the North Atlantic is formed of two great valleys. One reaches in width from the tenth degree of east to the thirtieth of west longitude, extending to the equator, at a depth of lot less than 13,000 feet; and the other lies between the thirtieth and fiftieth degrees of west longitude. The intervening mountain-chain with a maximum breadth of nearly 500 miles, extends northward toward Iceland and southward to the Azores, and is volcanic in character at the ends.

The spectroscope—capable of indicating the millionth part of a milligram of sodium—has been regarded as the most delicate of all means of analysis. Its keenness proves to be far surpassed, however, by that of the sense of smell, late European investigations having shown that the nerves of the nose are sensibly affected by one 460,000,000th part of a milligram of mercaptan—a mill gram being only .0154 of a grain. And if such be the delicacy of human smell, what must be the minuteness of the smallest particle which may produce an impression on the nose of a dog!

Prof. Richard A. Proctor maintains that most of the meteor streams with which the earth comes in contact are derived from the earth itself; that is, thrown off by volcanic action at a time when the internal forces of our planet were sufficiently active to give them the initial velocity requisite to carry them beyond the earth's attraction some twelve miles a second. Comets, which he regards as the parents of meteor streams, he thinks may have originated outside our solar system. Most of the comets whose orbits belong to our system he thinks originated in the larger planets. The sun is now perhaps giving birth frequently to comets which probably pass beyond the limits of its attraction.

"Can Imagination Kill?"

This is, perhaps, hardly the correct form of question that the *British and Colonial Druggist* puts to itself in discussing the death of the young woman at Hackney under circumstances in which Keating's insect powder largely figured. As the powder appears by Dr. Tidy's experiments to be perfectly harmless, the suggestion is not unnaturally made that the deceased, who was possibly of a hysterical, highly imaginative turn of mind, took the powder in the full belief that by its means her death might be accomplished. The writer of the article in our contemporary, we think wrongly, brings forward two remarkable instances of what may be regarded as practical jokes with melancholy terminations. In the case of the convict delivered up to the scientist for the purpose of a psychological experiment (the man was strapped to a table and blindfolded, ostensibly to be bled to death; a siphon containing water was placed near his head, and the fluid was allowed to trickle audibly into a vessel below, at the same time that a trifling scratch with a needle was inflicted on the culprit's neck; it is said that death occurred at the end of six minutes), fear must have played no inconsiderable share in the fatal result, and we do not know whether all the vital organs were in a sound condition, though they were presumably so. The old story of the case of a college porter is also one in point. The students entrapped him into a room at night, a mock inquiry was held, and the punishment of death by decapitation decreed for his want of consideration to the students. It is small wonder that, under the dominion of fear and belief in the earnestness of his tormentors, the sight of an ax and block, with subsequent blindfolding and necessary genuflexion, a smart rap with a wet towel on the back of his neck should have been followed by the picking up of a corpse.—*London Lancet.*

The Puzzle of the Egg.

Mr. Matthieu Williams, in one of his lectures, says: "Every one who eats his matutinal egg, eats a sermon and a miracle. Inside of that smooth, symmetrical, beautiful shell lurks a question which has been the Troy town for all the philanthropists and scientists since Adam. Armed with the engines of war—the microscope, the scales, the offensive weapons of chemistry and reason—they have probed and weighed and experimented; and still the question is unsolved, the citadel unsacked. Professor Bokorny can tell you that albumen is composed of so many molecules of carbon and nitrogen and hydrogen, and can persuade you of the difference between active and passive albumen, and can show by wonderfully delicate experiments what the aldehydes have to do in the separation of gold, from his complicated solutions; but he can't tell you why from one egg comes 'a little rid hin,' and from another a bantam. You leave your little silver spoon an hour in your egg-cup, and it is coated with a compound of sulphur. Why is that sulphur there? Wonderful, that evolution should provide for the bones of the future hen! There is phosphorus also in that microcosm; and the oxygen of the air, passing through the shell, unites with it and the acid dissolves the shell, thus making good, strong bones for the chick, and at the same time thinning the prison walls. Chemists know a good deal now about albumen, and if they cannot tell us why life differentiates itself therein and thereby, they can tell you how not to spoil your breakfast."

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.

"If I were only rich!" she said,
"I'd crown the golden days with deeds
That angels would rejoice to see;
I'd scatter far and wide the seeds
Of hope and cheer and charity;
And they who faltered near my door,
Athirst and hungry, sad and sore,
Should solace find to roam no more;
'Tis painful to be poor," she said.

"If I were only rich!" she said,
Then, wedded to a nabob great,
The world assumed a roseate hue;
Enthroned a queen in high estate,
No troublous thoughts her moments
knew.
Want staggered past her castle-gate;
The starving found a wretched fate;
(Her lap-dog supped off silver plate;)
"'Tis tiresome to be rich!" she said.

—*Herbert Hall Winslow.*

PITH AND POINT.

Simply stunning—A slungshot.

"Come to the scratch," as the cat said to the lap-dog.

It is the bootblack who improves the shining hour.—*Judge.*

Those who toil and spin—the bicycle riders.—*Hartford Times.*

An old-fashioned board of investigation—The shingle.—*Wilmington Star.*

Congressional garden seeds are distributed for raising votes, not vegetables.—*Boston Herald.*

When doctors give a man up his chance for life has gone. When lawyers give one up his money is gone.—*Picayune.*

Those men! "Think I'll run down to Hastings for a change." "Take the missus?" "I said, 'for a change.'"—*Judy.*

Two stupid hunters shot a woman, mistaking her for a bear. A woman should never be mistaken for anything but a dear.

Policeman—"You have been standing here for a hour. Move on." Absent-minded chess-player—"Beg pardon, sir, it's your move."—*Judge.*

Student in want of money sold his books and wrote home: "Father, rejoice; for I now derive my support from literature."—*New York News.*

A philosophical young man said that he had made a good match, for the slightest domestic friction made his spouse "flare up."—*Siftings.*

First young buck—Helloo, Bob! Heard you had some of Mumm's extra dry last night. Was it fine? Second young buck—Yes, $5 and costs.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Bees unquestionably possess the power of memory," says a scientific writer. So does the man on whose neck the bees happen to hold a caucus.—*New Haven News.*

There is not so much difference between a restaurant and a cattle barn as one would at first suppose. The former has many tables, and the latter has its stables, too.—*Chicago News.*

Smith—"I saw you carrying home a couple of nice-looking watermelons last night, Brown. How much did they cost you?" Brown—"I don't know yet. The doctor is up at the house now."—*Life.*

A little girl of two and a half years burned her finger for the first time the other day. She placed her finger on a hot potato, and suddenly drew it back, exclaiming, "Oh, der's a pin in it."—*Boston Courier.*

"Have you heard Miss Simpson sing since she returned from Europe?" "Several times." "Do you think she has improved?" "Very much." "In what particular?" "She doesn't sing as much as she used to."—*Musical Journal.*

They have some bright pupils in the Tyngsborough schools. At the examination the other day a boy was asked: "What are the warmth-producing foods?" His reply was: "Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

An exchange, in speaking of a certain man, says: "He will spend some time looking after his business interests in this vicinity." This comes of carelessness. He should have kept his business interests tied up in some safe place and then he wouldn't have to spend valuable time hunting after them.—*Estelline Bell.*

"Look here," remarked De Wiggs to the corner grocer, "this pavement here is awfully slippery. Why don't you throw some sand on it?" "Can't get a a bit," replied the grocer. "Well, throw some sugar over it; the pavement won't know the difference." "Chestnut!" yelled the grocer.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"I'll engage you," said the theatre manager to the actor in search of a job, "but times are hard just now, and I can't give you any Patti prices. How would one hundred dollars a week suit you?" "No," said the actor; "that won't do at all. That isn't enough. Say, see here! Suppose you give me ten dollars a week and pay it."—*Somerville Journal.*

He thinks him of the seaside,
The surf, the glistening sand,
The nymphs disporting in them,
By ocean breezes fanned;
He sees the crested billows,
He feels the bracing air,
And singles out some maiden,
With fair and golden hair—
And then the glowing vision,
It leaves him like a flash,
For he grasps a yard of dry goods,
And sadly calls out "cash!"

Tid-Bits.

A Cowboy's Revenge.

Thousands even of humane citizens will rejoice at this tale of retributive justice from the wild Southwest. The chronicles relate that a Las Vegas, New Mexico, cowboy, Clay Allison by name, sold a lot of steers at Cheyenne the other day, at a good profit, and then went to a dentist to get an aching tooth attended to. The dentist, seeing a chance to make something, bored a hole in a sound tooth of Clay's and attempted to fill it, but, being a bangler, broke the tooth. Allison got mad and went to another dentist, who told him that he had been the victim of a quack. The cowman went back to the first dentist, picked up a pair of his forceps, knocked him down, yanked his mouth open, jerked out a sound double tooth, grabbed for another, caught a front tooth and a piece of the upper lips, and was tugging away at these when the shrieks of the quack drew a crowd, who took the enraged cattleman off and ended the performance.—*New York Commercial.*

Insured at the Age of 102.

A correspondent states that he has just conducted an insurance upon the life of a man aged 102 years. This centenarian enjoys good health and appears to be in the possession of his faculties. He states that his father lived to the age of 110, and met his death from an injury due to the breaking of a millstone. His grandfather was, he asserts, accidentally killed in his mill at the age of 126. His great-grandfather lived to the age of 133. The man in question distinctly remembers his great-father, and has now living a great-great-niece, so that he has seen seven generations of his family.—*Lancet.*

How Wars Begin.

"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" inquired Tommy Seasonby.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," replied his father. "Now there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag.

"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby, "that wasn't the reason."

"But, my darling," said Mr. Seasonby, "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken—that was the reason."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—"

"Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—"

"Peleg, you know better! You are only trying to—"

"Madam, I am not aware that your opinion was asked in the matter."

"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See here, you impudent—"

"Don't you dare bristle up to me, you old—"

"Never mind," interrupted Tommy; "I fancy I know how wars begin."

Sizing Up His Colleagues.

John H. Oberly is an entertaining talker, and tells some funny stories. He says that many years ago, when a young man, he was elected an Assemblyman in Illinois. He was frightened when the time came for him to go to the Capitol at Springfield. He feared that he would be paled by the flashing of bright intellects all around him. He took his seat on the first day in fear and trembling, but in five minutes he was put perfectly at ease and made to think that perhaps he might be one of those who would shine. This is what wrought the change in his mind.

"Mr. Speaker," said one Assemblyman, "there are no ink in the ink-stands."

Young Oberly was amazed. "By gracious," he thought, "is this the kind of timber they send here?"

Up rose another Assemblyman, since famous as "Long Jones," and known to all Illinoisans.

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "there are ink, but it are froze in the bottles."

That was all young Oberly needed to put him at ease in the Legislature.

A Father Surprised.

A gentleman recently opened a letter addressed to his son, containing suggestions from a friend to the latter for a novel which he (the son) was privately writing. The father was exceedingly surprised and frightened upon reading the following words:—

"DEAR BOB:—You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the governor will be sure to discover the dead body of Geraldine in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. I certainly think you are giving it to him in rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in a madhouse. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is for too small a sum. Make it three thousand. Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off, and send back the 'fatal dagger' afterward by book post.

"JACK."

How to Write.

It is my firm belief that a child could learn to write much more easily if, after being once enabled to make and recognize written letters, it were let alone, and praised or chided not for its method, but for the result. Let the boy hold the pen as he likes, and make his strokes as he likes—hurry, of course, being discouraged—but insist that his copy shall be legible, clean and shall approach the good copy set before him, namely, a well-written letter, not rubbishy text on a single line, written as nobody but a writting-master ever did or ever will write until the world's end. He will make a muddle at first, but will soon make a passible imitation of his copy, and ultimately develope a characteristic and strong hand, which may be bad or good, but will not be either meaningless, undecided or illegible.

Mastication.

It is a significant fact that the disappearance of the masticating powers is mostly coincident with the period of life when that species of food which most requires their action—namely, solid animal fibre—is little if at all, required by the individual. It is during the latter third of his career that the softer and lighter foods such as well cooked cereals, some light mixed animal and vegetable soups, and also fish, for which teeth are barely necessary—are particularly valuable and appropriate. And the man with imperfect teeth who conforms to nature's demand for a mild, non-stimulating dietary in advanced years, will mostly be blessed with a better digestion and sounder health than the man who, thanks to his artificial machinery, can eat and does eat as much flesh in quantity and variety as he did in the days of his youth.

The proprietor of the Great Western Poultry Yard, Mr. James M. Goodkey, St. Louis, Mo., is enthusiastic in his praise of Red Star Cough Cure, which cured him after all other remedies failed. He says it neither constipates the bowels nor causes sick headache.

The pain-banisher is a name applied to St. Jacobs Oil, by the millions who have been cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by its use.

FLATTER not thyself in thy faith to God, if thou wantest charity for thy neighbor; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbor if thou wantest faith to God. When they are not both together they are both wanting; they are both dead if once divided.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore, use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send ten cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

In a Fresno, Cal., barber shop they furnish music for the barbers to shave by.

If you have a Cold, Cough, (dry-hacking) Croup, Cankered throat, Catarrh Dropping causing cough—Dr. Kilmer's Indian Cough Cure (*Consumption Oil*) will relieve instantly—heals and cures. Price 25c., 50c. and $1.

The noblest spirits are those which turn to heaven, not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy.

Many a luxuriant head of hair is produced by Hall's Hair Renewer.

Ague in its most malignant form, is cured by taking Ayer's Ague Cure.

Restful Nights, Days Free From Torture, await the rheumatic sufferer who resorts to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. That this benignant cordial and depurent is a far more reliable remedy than colchicum and other poisons used to expel the rheumatic virus from the blood, is a fact that experience has satisfactorily demonstrated. It also enjoys the advantage of being—unlike them—perfectly safe. With many persons a certain predisposition to rheumatism exists, which renders them liable to its attacks after exposure in wet weather, to currents of air, changes of temperature, or to cold when the body is hot. Such persons should take a wine glass or two of the Bitters as soon as possible after incurring risk from the above causes, as this superb protective effectually nullifies the hurtful influence. For the functional derangements which accompany rheumatism, such as colic, spasms in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, imperfect digestion, &c., the Bitters is also a most useful remedy. It is only necessary in obstinate cases to use it with persistency.

The praise of others may be of use in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.

Youthful Indulgence

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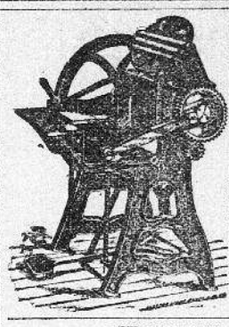

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