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Scraps from the Current History of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

—:WONDERS IN FINANCE:—

POLICY No. 23,862 based on the life of a prominent Brooklyn merchant, became a claim in February, 1887. The insured always paid his premium in cash, and the result thoroughly demonstrates the advisability of leaving the dividends in the hands of the Company.

Policy No. 27,831.

Age 43. Life. June 18, 1860. Premium, 89 80 Semi-Annually.

Face of Policy,	$5,000 00
Additions at Various Dividend Periods for six years, to 1886,	$1,322 50
Cash Value of same, $624 59.	
Additions for last Term of 20 years,	4,059 50
Cash Value of same, $2,491 72.	
Total Value of Policy and Additions when Paid at Death, in 1887,	$10,382 00
Total Cost in Cash to Insured,	$4,849 20

This policy yielded 210 per cent of its original amount.

For the benefit of those whose attention has not been attracted to the Mutual Life the following information is published:—It is the oldest Company in the United States. It is the largest Company in the world, its assets amounting to more than one hundred and fifteen millions. It is the most profitable Company, having paid in dividends alone over seventy-two millions. Its total payments to policyholders since organization aggregate over two hundred and forty millions of dollars, or

Four Hundred Tons of Gold

Watch this column for "Scraps from the Current History of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York."

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—AND—
REPAIRING.

The undersigned having hired the Gregory Paint and Repair Shop, between Glover and Barton Village, will do Carriage Painting and Repairing at reasonable prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Can do all ordinary repairing in wood, leather or paint. Buggy Shafts and Sleigh Shafts a Specialty.

Work Promptly Done.

S. K. CRITCHET.

Glover, July 11.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold Only in Cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

Want of Sleep

Is sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alterative and Blood-purifier. **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** is incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthful condition.

Rev. T. G. A. Coté, agent of the Mass. Home Missionary Society, writes that his stomach was out of order, his sleep very often disturbed, and some impurity of the blood manifest; but that a perfect cure was obtained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Frederick W. Pratt, 424 Washington street, Boston, writes: "My daughter was prostrated with nervous debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restored her to health."

William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Dr. F. S. HUTCHINSON'S

ANTI-APOPLECTINE

(Trade Mark.)

A REMEDY IS AT LAST

FOUND

To prevent **Apoplexy**, cure **Paralysis, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Angina Pectoris, Chronic Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, &c., &c.** If suffering from the following symptoms a remedy is

WANTED

to relieve you of **Dizziness or Pressure in Head, Spots before Eyes, Pain around or Palpitation of Heart, Pain in region of Heart with feeling of suffocation, ringing sounds in Ears, Numbness or Pricking Sensation of Limbs, especially the Arm, Pain between Shoulders and in Side, Dry Cough, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, General Debility, with loss of Appetite, &c.**

ANTI-APOPLECTINE

WILL DO IT!

Read the following letter from Judge-Advocate General Marsh, Senator from Franklin County, Vt., Fall of '86.—

Enosburgh Falls, Vt., Sept. 11, 1886.

Dr. F. S. Hutchinson.

Dear Sir: About four years since, my mother, Mrs. Lathrop Marsh, a lady then in her 70th year, had all the symptoms of an impending shock of Apoplexy, fullness in head, seeing "dark" spots before eyes, rushing sounds in ears, dizziness on attempting to move, with a certain amount of numbness of one side of body. You being our family physician were consulted and prescribed for her at that time your ANTI-APOPLECTINE, and after taking half of one bottle she was entirely relieved and has never suffered from a recurrence of the symptoms, being now a hale and hearty old lady in her 84th year. A bottle of ANTI-APOPLECTINE is kept constantly in our family as both my wife and myself have found it a valuable *tonic and alterative*, and the household remedy *par excellence*.

Yours thankfully,

C. L. MARSH.

FOR SALE

By Druggists and dealers in medicine generally

ANTI-APOPLECTINE is manufactured only by Dr. F. S. HUTCHINSON & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. Price, $1.00 per bottle, six bottles for $5.00.

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The only brand of Laundry Soap awarded a first class medal at the New Orleans Exposition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, and for general household purposes is the very best

SOAP.

Salesmen Wanted.

We are in want of a few more first-class men to canvass for the sale of Choice Varieties of Nursery Stock. To men who can make a success of the business we can pay good salaries and give permanent employment. We have many new and choice specialties, both in the fruit and ornamental line, which others do not handle. Apply at once, with references.

MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen.
Rochester, N. Y.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 192 Fulton Street, N. Y.

The Moolly Cow.

Here comes the patient moolly cow,
With udders full that richly glow,
With what she's gathered all the day
From grass and daisies by the way.
This is in life her only toil.
She pays no tribute to the soil,
In labor, like the plodding ox,
Or garments rich, like fleecy flocks.
She has not grace, like prancing steed,
Yet beauty adds to flowery mead;
And though she bends not to the yoke,
Has honored sphere 'mong country folk.
She helps increase the common store,
Though not with coin or learning's lore,
And is not sluggard, as may seem,—
Her name from slander we redeem!

Old moolly cow, we welcome thee,
As one, without whom, family
Would be misnomer, and in vain,
Would seek "the needful" to obtain.
Without thee, what would breakfast be?
And what the famous "cup of tea"?
And how are childhood's wants supplied,
Where thou com'st not at eventide,
With "bowl of bread and milk" that needs
No spices brown, or flavoring weeds,
To give it "strength" or "taste"—'tis health—
Imparts to ruddy cheeks their wealth—
And spreads around the festal board
Contentment that no wines afford.

Dear moolly cow, we love to see
Thee grazing on the meadow lea,
And "chew thy cud" in shady nook,
And slake thy thirst in pebbly crook,
And when the golden sunshine fades,
And twilight deepens in the glades,
We love to hear thee at the gate,
Thy moo, moo, says, "We cannot wait."
Thy hazel eyes add, "Here we come,
Our treasures come to bless the home."

Building Monuments.

Through life we build our monuments
Of honor and, perhaps, of fame;
The little and the great events
Are blocks of glory or of shame.

The most humble, and obscure,
Living unnoticed and unknown,
May raise a shaft that will endure
Longer than pyramids of stone.

The carven statue turns to dust,
And marble obelisks decay,
But deeds of pity, faith and trust,
No storm or fate can sweep away.

Their base stands on the rock of right,
Their apex reaches to the skies;
They grow with the increasing light
Of all the circling centuries.

Our building must be good or bad;
In words we speak, in deeds we do;
No sand or granite must be laid
The shaft that shows us false or true.

How do we build—what can we show
For hours, and days, and years of toil?
Is the foundation firm below?
Is it on rock or sandy soil?

The hand that lifts the fallen up,
That heals a heart or binds a wound,
That gives the needed crust and cup,
Is building upon the solid ground

Is there a block of stainless white
Within the monumental wall,
On which the sculptured skill can write,
"He builded well, so should we all?"

"This is a burning shame," said the man who was smoking a bad cigar.

It may seem paradoxical, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the man who pursues the even tenor of his ways never gets off his bass.

Smith—I hear Mrs. B. has returned from the country. Brown—Yes, "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."

No one can realize how much money there is in the world until he reads the assets of insurance companies printed on the backs of their folders.

A noted doctor says that onions are the best nervine known. That is what prompts a man to go to an entertainment after a hearty meal of 'em. It takes the nerve.

A poet sent to an editor a contribution entitled, "Why do I live?" The editor answered, "Because you send your contributions by mail instead of bringing them in person."

A prominent physician says dancing tends to softening of the brain. He is probably in error, but there is no doubt that softening of the brain tends strongly to dancing.

"Johnny," said the minister, rather severely, "do you chew tobacco?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "but I'm clean out of it now. Jimmy Brown's got some, though."

"This beefsteak," said a boarder at a second-class hotel in the mountains," must be three weeks old.', "I couldn't say," replied the waitress: "I've only been here two weeks."

"Does Mr. Sterling live here?" asked a mechanic of a woman he met at the door. "I have come down to clean out his furnace." "You're just a little too late, the sheriff has been here."

"And the country would blossom as a rose," said the agricultural orator. "It'd better blossom as a cabbage," said the old farmer, "I never could see any profit in them air roses."

"Hanging is too good for you," said a judge to a condemned man. "I know it is," replied the prisoner, frankly; "and if you can suggest anything else, judge, you can't do it too quick."

Minister: "My dear brethren, in this warm oppressive weather, I can excuse a little drowsiness during my sermon, but I do wish you would try to keep awake while the collection is being taken up."

Wife (who believes in consistency)—"If the old Blue Laws forbid kissing one's wife and the selling of intoxicating liquors on Sunday, why isn't the former enforced as well as the latter?" Husband—"Because it isn't necessary."

Tramp (to woman)—Could you give me something in the way of old clothes, ma'am? I'm gettin' shabby. Woman—You're gettin' more than shabby, but I ain't got a thing. You can change coats with the scarecrow back in the cornfield if you want to. That'll slick you up some, an' it's the best I kin do.

A man in Cuba, Mo., is said to have a hen's egg which has on it on one side the face of a clock and some of the Roman numerals. While the hen was about it she should have added an attachment that would mark the day and month of the year on which the egg was laid, but we don't suppose she thought of that.

A telegram from Little Rock reports that "intense excitement prevails in the southwestern part of Lonoke County over a rumored "negro uprising." This will no doubt be followed in a few days by a dispatch stating that the "negro uprising" has uprose and that fifteen negroes have been killed and one white man slightly injured.

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS;

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. Kings New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at H. C. Pierce's.

How He Escaped.

"Here is an old letter of mine which may interest you," said Mr. I. R. Tremby, an old war correspondent of the New York *Herald*, now a prominent business man in Washington. The letter was dated March 9, 1865, and said: "Does the North appreciate the fact that we have held all winter long an active battlefront of thirty-five miles in length? Do you know that we have really not been in winter quarters? There has not been an hour's relaxing on the whole of this thirty-five miles since this army took up its present line to Darbytown," etc.

"If you have time to hear it I will tell you of my capture shortly before the date of that letter," said Mr. Trembly. "I was riding with Gen. Gwin, whose brigade led the infantry column, preceded by a regiment of cavalry—the 6th Ohio. When about three miles from Dinwiddie courthouse the column halted, about 4 o'clock, and were selecting camping-grounds for the night.

Supposing, of course, that pickets had been put out, I went to a barn forty rods away to feed my horse. I saw two men approaching me, and the bluish gray of their clothing made me suppose they were Union men. I could have escaped but for this mistake. They proved to be of W. H. F. Lee's cavalry.

My horse did not get a chance to finish his oats. I was ordered to mount, and started rather unwillingly to visit Lee's headquarters. I rode between my captors, one of them holding my check-rein. Several squads of officers came out from the woods as we went along to quiz me about our numbers, plans and position, but I did not prove well informed on these subjects.

In one of these parties a little sixteen-year-old lieutenant grabbed the hat off my head and put upon me his filthy, miserable old slouch, which proved so large it dropped over my eyes. I said, "if I am going to see Gen. Lee, I don't want to appear before him in this old hat.'

'You needn't mind that,' said the lieutenant; 'you will find his no better.'

Months after, when I saw Gen. Lee he wore very much such a hat. Another officer then ordered me to hand over my watch, which I did with as good grace as I could.

The horses they rode were jaded, miserable creatures, while mine was a splendid animal, and I was momentarily expecting an order to exchange, but they felt sure of him no doubt. I knew the Ohio cavalry lay off to my right, which they did not.

My wife was coming to Washington that day, and I had left her but poorly provided with money, because I expected to go back there in a few days. She was very young and inexperienced, and the thought of her anxiety and destitution made me determine to escape. I almost felt the twinge of their bullets in my back. I now think if my wife had not been in my mind I should not so soon have made the effort.

Just then they saw two of our cavalrymen coming across an open field. Our soldiers understood at once that I was a prisoner, and charged down upon the rebels. The one holding my rein dropped it to reach for his pistol, and I spurred ahead. The bullets fell thick around me, but I rode through an open gate and was chased round some farm buildings, by which time they began to find it necessary to face the cavalrymen. After an exchange of shots our men, believing there were more of the rebels near, struck out for camp, and the rebels after me until I rode in sight of the 6th Ohio, when, with a parting shot, they withdrew.

In an hour and a half from the time my horse was taken from his oats I led him back to the same tree to finish his meal.

A regiment of infantry had gone in pursuit of me, and we gathered in most of those squads as prisoners. I beat the regiment in, and kept that old hat as a souvenir of the southern confederacy.

We had a hard time in those days in seeing which correspondent would get in our news first. We never hesitated to charter a steamboat, a locomotive or to buy a horse and abandon him if taking care of him meant detention of news.

Frank Chapman of the *Herald* was one of the most enterprising of the war correspondents. Where news failed he had a splendid imagination, and he never hesitated to draw upon it. One night several correspondents boarded a train in Virginia to reach Washington to get off their despatches for that day. The telegraph offices were only kept open for us until 2 a. m., because later that would be too late for a morning paper. Several delays had occurred, and the correspondents were all growing anxious.

Frank disappeared from the crowd and got into the engine. Of course I do not know what was done there, but I can fancy the engineer was enriched by a $10 bill. Frank crept back to the first coupling, the pin was drawn without the engineer's knowing it, and the engine sped on to Washington.

Just as they got into the city the engineer found his loss. Frank sprang to the ground, reached the telegraph office in time, and the *Herald* that morning scooped the outfit.

Of course you have heard how the *Herald* got the only report from the ball at Quebec, when the Prince of Wales was there to dance with the fair ones of the Dominion? No? Well, Frank tried to secure the line from the operator, asking him to name his price. The operator assured him that that line was run for the public; 'but, sir' he added, 'you can have it as long as you use it.'

'All right,' said Frank, 'make me that agreement in writing.' It was done. Frank stationed his reporters at the ball, and the first report came down at nine o'clock. 'Send that,' said Frank, when it was done. 'Now telegraph this,' and he commenced on the first chapter of Genesis, and telegraphed more Bible into that *Herald* office that night than it had ever seen. The parenthesis, however, had a glowing account of the ball.

I was at Appomattox at the time of the surrender, and went with my brother, Capt. N. L. Trembly, then an ordnance officer, now of the war department, and three other officers to receive the cannon turned over to Grant in Gen. Lee's surrender. As the officers rode out of camp the men shouted 'Bound for Andersonville.'

When they came to the pickets the guard said he knew nothing about it, and would do nothing. 'Well,' said my brother, 'you must put us under arrest and take us to your superior officer,' which he at last did.

The officer of the day professed to know nothing about it, and he told him to do the same; that is, pass us on to his superior officer. After more than two hours delay we met in the chief of ordnance a man whom we had seen during all this time sitting on a log in plain sight, whom they had declared could not be found.

The officer said he would like to make further inquiry, and asked that business be postponed until the next day. Our officers assured him their orders were positive; that the business must be closed up that day. He then said, in a very surly manner, 'There they are, take them away; no one will interfere with you.'

Capt. Trembly looked them over carefully. There were sixty-two guns and piles of ammunition. He then walked back and said to the officer: "You are the 'chief of ordnance?'

'I am.'

'Are these all the guns you have?'

'They are all I know anything about.'

'If there were any more guns would you know it?'

'I would.'

'Have you had daily reports on ordnance?'

'I have, even up to this morning.'

'Well, then, will you explain to me the reason that while on your last march your men abandoned their personal baggage, your hospital stores, and, in fact, all your army supplies, you should have transported all that ammunition, a large portion of which is not of the kind and size to fit any of these guns?'

He replied testily, 'There they are—all I know anything of.'

The guns were recorded and accepted, and a detail of pioneers was sent out to search the woods and secluded places for miles around. In this search two six-gun batteries, all complete and in working order, were found in a ravine two or three miles from the road.

In another place six new-made graves, with head-boards complete, were investigated; even a bayonet stuck in the soft earth showed the hard substance near the surface. They proved to be six cannon removed from their carriages and interred with unusual respectability.

In short, from sixty-two the number was swelled to over one hundred pieces.

The southern confederacy was a fraud to the last gasp."

No Need of Catching Colds.

Speaking of colds, I have a theory that no one need ever have one unless he chooses: in other words, that it is quite possible to so train the skin, that wonderful organ which is generally looked upon as the paper wrapper to our human bundle, as to render it non-susceptible to sudden changes of temperature or atmospheric moisture, whence colds come.

And this is exactly the season to commence such a system of pellar education, as it has proved effective in many instances within my own knowledge, and as it is within reach of every one to try, I write it here. The theory is that no skin that has been exposed freely for half an hour at the beginning of the day, will note small changes, or be effected thereby.

A cold is simply a nervous shock, received by the myriads of minute nerve terminals that bristle over the surface of the human body, transmitted to the center and so back again to mucous membrane, the peculiar seat of this special irritation. Let us then so train these sensitive fibres that they will pass by unnoticed, changes of atmospheric condition, and the matter is accomplished.—*American Magazine.*

Worth Ten Dollars

to any family, is Dr Kaufmann's book on diseases; finely illustrated plates from life; don't be humbugged, but cure yourself. Send three 2 cent stamps for postage to A P Ordway & Co, Boston, Mass. and receive a copy free.

Women in Business.

In the operating room of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at a dizzy height above the roofs and many of the towers of new York, seven hundred men and women, mainly between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, manipulate the electric machines that scatter and receive the telegraphic correspondence of the metropolis. For several years women have been employed side by side with men in this great work room, and as the sexes have never been divided, but almost every girl and woman has been brought at one time or another, to the side of almost every man, this is a splendid advantage point for studying the problem presented by this new phase of city life.

The questions that it was necessary to ask I first put to Mr. William J. Dealey, the manager.

"Has it been your experience," I inquired, "that women in business lose their feminine ambition to marry and keep house? Do they marry in any less proportion to business than they do from the homes of the land?"

"My experience," said Mr. Dealey, "is that ladies in business become to a certain extent independent, consequently more self-reliant, naturally more exacting, more critical, less sentimental, better able generally to take care of themselves, and that their marriages are more wisely planned and result in a greater average of happiness than if they had less means of observation. My experience is that there are more marriages between people in business in the same office than there would be between the same number of men and women if not so closely associated in business. Their judgment in the choice of life partners is excellent, simply because of their experience. The boys see many kinds of girls, and the girls an equal variety of boys, and they learn to compare the qualities around them."

"Then business does not rob a woman of feminine qualities; she still wants to be a wife and fulfill her natural part in life?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Are lady operators in this office robbed of their graces and charms by the discipline of business?"

"No; on the contrary, they add to their charms by being constantly on their dignity, which is a necessary outcome of discipline. Women in business lead two lives, one a business life and the other a social life. The training of their business life makes them practical, economical and far-seeing in social life. The majority of them (perhaps it may be said that all of them) have dependents upon them at home, and the sense of responsibility thus developed necessarily makes them good housekeepers—good managers."

"You have had a long experience here in a room where two hundred ladies and five hundred men are together every day; has it been your experience that this contact has ever caused any scandal or would cause you to advise parents to keep their daughters out of business?"

"No," Mr. Dealey replied; "I have never known anything that had the shadow of scandal arising from any such contact, and instead of advising parents not to send their daughters to business, I know of no better school for those daughters."

In The Wrong Shop.

A man about twenty-five years of age, wearing a pair of cowhide boots and a suit of gray jeans, entered an undertaker's establishment in Chicago, recently and began to inspect the goods that usually adorn such places. He stood looking as if he wanted something he could not find. At length he was greeted by the proprietor with—

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," replied the man in jeans.

"Something this morning?" interrogated the undertaker.

"Yes," he replied, without delgning any further information.

"Was it a near relative?"

"Yes."

"Your mother?" ventured the man of grave business, as a means of drawing him out.

"No."

"Your sister?"

"No—my wife."

"Indeed! Was it sudden?"

"No; been expecting it three or four weeks."

"Well, I can get you up something nice. Which will you have—mahogany or rosewood?"

"Say, how would rosewood do?"

"It would look nice. I can give you something cheaper if you prefer it," replied the undertaker slowly.

"No; rosewood will do. I don't care for expense. I have sold my hogs, and beside, Kerling has always been a good girl."

"Well, rosewood, you say? With solid silver handles?"

"Now, look here, ain't that piling it on rather thick?"

"Oh, no; silver handles should always go with rosewood."

"Well, all right, then. Go ahead! I can stand it, I guess."

"Lined with satin, I suppose.

"Yes."

"And plate glass?"

"Yes, lets's have plate glass. This is the first one, and I want to do the thing up brown. And varnish her up, nice, too, stranger, will you?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Make the wheels on the darn thing shine."

"Wheels!" exclaimed the undertaker, in surprise; "who ever heard of wheels on a coffin?"

"Coffin!" said the man in jeans; "who in thunder said anything about a coffin?"

"You. Don't you want a coffin?"

"No; I don't want a coffin. A baby carriage is what I want. My wife has had a baby, and I want a wagon to ride the squalling thing in. Ain't you the man that make's em?"

"No; you will have to go down to the first corner and turn to the right. Second door!"

Difference in Social Customs.

Europeans uncover the head as a token of respect or reverence; Orientials never uncover it, and the Turkish ambassador is allowed to retain his fez even in the presence of her majesty. In church all men's heads are bare; in the synagogue it is considered wrong to remove the hat. In China to uncover the head is a mark of disrespect. To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mahommedans in the East, and for this reason the native commissioned officers of our Indian army in giving the military salute confined it to the sword held in the right hand without at the same time raising the left hand to the forehead, as in the ordinary English salute. Unlike our women who, when they go out, adorn themselves most carefully, Thibetan women, when leaving their houses, smear their faces over with a dark, sticky substance; it is said that they do so in compliance with a law made by a certain Lama, King Nomekhan, in order to protect their morals by making them look ugly when in public. The Thibetans also put out the tongue as a sign of respectful salutation, and in similar contradiction to our own customs the Malays, Fijians, Tongans, and many other Polynesians always sit down when speaking to a superior. At Natavulu it is respectful to turn one's back to a superior, especially when addressing him, and among the Wahums, in Congo and in Central Africa, the same custom prevails. The Todas of the Neilgherry hills show respect by raising the open right hand to the face, and resting the thumb on the bridge of the nose. By way of compliment the people of Yeddah shake the clenched fist; the inhabitants of the White Nile and Ashantee spit on those they delight to honor, and some of the Esquimaux pull noses.

Wise Words.

Authority should be felt, not seen.

Suggestion is better than command.

Growing strength increases bravery.

The successful instructor is many sided.

Instinct is better than misguided reason.

Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.

Never judge by appearances. A seedy coat may cover a heart in full bloom.

The gout may be said to be a beacon on the rock of luxury to warn us against it.

What a child does for himself and by himself, under wise instruction, is an excellent education.

The "thank you's" and the "if you please's" of home life are more important than might at first thought appear.

Disappointment in friendship arises chiefly not from liking our friends too much, but from an over-estimate of their liking for or opinion of us.

The way to keep your credit good is never to use it. It is one of the few things in this world that gets brighter and more valuable with disuse.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. He who carries about him nothing but gold will be every day at a loss for ready change.

The good that is done in a pleasant way accomplishes most and is more lasting. Good advice, kindly given, is worth a dozen reproofs accompanied by scowls.

BAD LUCK WITH HIS EXPECTED BRIDE.—The remarks of men in relation to the women who have consented to marry them are often more self-betraying than the speakers can possibly realize; and often, too, they might constitute a fair ground for breaking the engagement. Mr. A. was engaged to one lady, and a short time before the day set for the wedding her sudden death disappointed his hopes. A second lady to whom he was engaged jilted him cruelly. He is now engaged for a third time, and recently a friend to whom he presented his fiancee said:

"You are going to marry Miss X., are you not?"

"Yes," he replied, "I hope so; but you know I've had beastly luck in women, and I can't tell what will happen."—*Boston Courier.*

Artic Cold.

A person who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is, says a writer in the Scientific American; but by reading the terrible experiences of artic travelers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out of doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not so warm as at least 60° above zero we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then of living where the thermometer goes down to 35° below zero in the house in spite of the stove. Of course in such a case the fir garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins. Dr. Moss of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other strange things tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was 56° below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the max of the candle, was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of a skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly-shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside of it and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire it self almost gets cold. The wonder is that any man can have the courage to willingly return to such a bitter region after having once got safely away from it, and yet the truth is that the spirit of adventure is so strong in some men that it is the very hardship and danger which attract them.

The Burden of Europe.

It has been a standing complaint for many years that the nations of Europe are burdened down with the expense attendant upon the maintenance of their military systems. Statistics have been marshalled again and again showing the vast amounts spent by each nation upon its standing army and how the people are impoverished and the industrial progress of the country retarded by these useless and extravagant expenditures of men and money. All this is true enough and much to be deplored. But it is within the truth to say that Europe is suffering more to-day from the accursed burden of liquor traffic than she is from all her standing armies. It is the despotism of the rum bottle more than the despotism of kings and military rulers that is now crushing the life out of the people of Europe. It is this that threatens the peace of nations more than the Balkan troubles, the Eastern question and the feud between France and Germany. Battles may be fought and tens of thousands of human beings slaughtered in a day; cities and towns may be given up to the sword and the torch; but none of these horrors can equal the ruin and devastation now being wrought among the homes and by the firesides of the people through the instrumentality of alcoholic drinks.—*Observer*

Giving Advice.

Advice is good in its place, but it can degenerate into a very cheap commodity. Anybody who is so inclined can give it, and very often the least qualified are the freest in tendering it. Its too free use may be gratifying to the giver, usually very provoking and annoying to the recipient. Even when good it is not to be forced upon one. To be serviceable among adults it must be solicited. It must also come from the right source and be administered in the right spirit, under proper conditions and with laudable ends. It comes best from a person of experience, of mature mind and of sound judgment. It must not be repeated too often, and should always be employed with due regard to person, circumstance and need. No doubt it would be less given if each one were absorbed in his own affairs and not so mindful of those of his neighbor, or if he concerned himself more with the things about which he is familiar and dealt less with matters about which he knows little or nothing. At any rate, it will not hurt any one to study carefully and wisely when, where and how to give advice and to avoid being too lavish with it.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

Ida Lewis Wilson still keeps the old boat in which she has saved thirteen people, and shabby as it looks she uses it, and says if she were to have the opportunity to rescue the drowning she'd take the old boat rather than the handsome new one presented to her by the citizen of Newport.

THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.

W. D. Sell, Druggist, Rappo, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hess, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at H. C. Pierce's Drug Store.