

Among the Montenegrins.

The London Standard has received the following interesting dispatch from its correspondent with the Montenegrin forces...

The road which I followed from Antivari to this point is a most creditable piece of engineering, and when it is completed it will constitute an excellent carriage way between Antivari and Cetinje...

The Montenegrin troops have no tents; their camp is a bivouac, only the Brigadiers having the luxury of a tent. Each company shifts for itself, and the men make what shelter they can against the cold night breezes...

These armed peasants are generally dressed in long cloth coat, breeches, and gaiters, once white, but now gray with dirt, and a red sash furnished with miscellaneous weapons...

The Montenegrins say they would not hesitate in attacking the position were they sure that they would only have the Albanians to contend with, but they are convinced that in case of an attack the Turkish regular troops would assist the Albanians...

The transport and commissariat service in the field is performed by women. The new systems of rationing the troops has greatly reduced their importance, for formerly each woman supplied a male relative in the fields with food...

An Actor-Preacher.

CHARLES PARSONS, who was forty years ago a famous actor in Louisville, Ky., was a vigorous and handsome young man, and the promise of his genius was then as bright as Forrester's or Booth's...

at the time for the performance to commence, and several jokes are told of managers having to take their principal actors out of pawa before the curtain could be rung up...

Parsons looked around in utter surprise; in his devotion the theater had gotten clear out of his thoughts. "What is the play?" he asked. "Why, Richard, sir," was the answer.

Parsons's eldest son, E. J. Parsons, was a Member of Congress representing the Louisville District, and died in Washington in 1876 while a member of the House.

The Most Wonderful Railroad in the World.

THE Callao, Lima, Oroya Railroad, in Peru, generally known as the Trans-Audine Line Railroad, is probably the most wonderful railroad in existence. It was contracted by Henry Meiggs in 1869 at a cost of \$21,840,000...

From San Mateo to Anchi the road passes the Infernillos. Nearly perpendicular walls from 2,000 to 3,000 feet hem in the River Rimac, having a width of from 200 to 400 feet.

Louisiana Moss.

The Louisiana moss business, which has undergone a period of depression, is said to be reviving. The moss is gathered mostly by negroes, and after a tree is stripped, it is allowed to rest for seven years, during which time the moss renews itself.

Two of the principal belles at the Virginia Warm Springs this season were Miss Virginia Stuart, daughter of "Job" Stuart, and Miss Julia Jackson, daughter of "Stonewall."

A Westerner Searching for Society.

"WHAT I want to see," said a Denver man, as he alighted from the train at Manhattan Beach, "what I want to see is some of your boasted civilization. I ain't much on the swell myself, but I want to see some top-shelf society."

"Right you are, stranger. I come morn'n a bushel of miles to see this climate, and I want the attractions spread out to examine the lay-out. I can throw some money myself, but what I want to see is style. Tell me not to hide my account. Just walk before me the dignitaries up and down before me a couple of times. I want to see their points. Fetch me out a couple of well-matched high steppers and give 'em their heads."

"All the people you see around you, sir, are first-class people. They move in the highest circles and belong to the aristocracy," explained the manager.

"I don't want that kind. Show me a high daddy, one of 'em that gets their name in the paper for going to whoopee parties and is called the eight."

"I don't think any of Mr. Astor's family are here to-day. That stout gentleman with side whiskers belongs to one of the first families in New York. He is a very popular young man, and leads in the Germans."

"Ain't big enough. Haven't you got a couple of heads of Vanderbilt, or a Jay Gould or so anywhere? You see, stranger, I've read about those fellows and I'd like to greet 'em with cordiality. What I want is to wabble fins with the satin lined. That Yale man and the boss leg slinger in the Dutch fandang ain't new. We see them home when they string for tourists. I'm on to them, but what I want is the balloons, the scorpions. Throw your pickin' on to me, and I'll give you a better dirr. Strikes me your rock don't assay pretty well this evening. Where's the mob?"

"These are the best people I know of to-day," said the manager in despair. "Mr. Vanderbilt is not here, nor is Mr. Gould."

"Ain't you got any Knickerbockers on draught? Don't you keep the best in stock? You'd make out to starve in Denver, if you wasn't interfered with, partner. When a man throws himself for a hotel in those parts, he keeps the high toned population right out in front and shored up behind. You don't seem to have much experience in running a beef-a-la-mode ranche. Just begun, haven't you? If I was in your place I'd have them Gouls and Knickerbockers and Vanderbilts and Astors ranged right along the front edge of the back stoop, sitting at a chip for drinks and the first one that broke gravel would pay his bar bill or go home bare headed now, you hear me. What you want, stranger, is enterprise. All you've got is a shed and some water, and if your liquor ain't any better'n your judgment, I'm going back dry."

"You will find every thing first-class here, I think," argued the manager. "We ain't."

"Just so, chief, but you don't hit. You ain't too low. You've got room here to hold the biggest bug that ever straddled a blind, but there isn't a card out higher'n an eight spot. I reckon you play pool without the fifteen."

"Would you like to try something?" asked the man, anxious to dispel the grinning crowd.

"You might fetch me one, and these gentlemen a little tan bark, it'd be good. I don't want any stock which the shareholders are responsible for the debts, but if you've got some liquid sympathy in Q major, I'll wrap up a cartridge with you, stranger."

"Join me in the bar-room," said the manager, nervously.

"Good, stake off for a junction. Gentlemen, me and the engineer are going for the doxology. Will you jine us?" They "jined," and the manager ordered refreshments and left, despite the entreaties of the gentleman from Denver that he would "introduce him to the ladies, such as they were, and he would take the top lifters until he (the manager) had run along the vein to the prospect of paying clean up."

A Venerable Dame.

The oldest inhabitant of Woodberry, Md., was born on April 22, 1776. Her memory and hearing are excellent, but about four years ago she became blind. Her hair was silver gray, but is now turning black again on the top of her head. Black was the original color. She is not confined to her bed, but is up and about generally, sitting up until midnight, and then up again at five in the morning. She remarked recently that she hadn't a tooth in her head, and that her children had been trying to induce her to get a set, but she "didn't want any dead people's teeth. Bless you," she said. "I don't mind it; teeth are very useful, but I can eat as well as any of them, and like strong diet, too; don't want pie and cakes, but corn-bread and cabbage; I don't believe in sweetmeats." The old lady is very fond of children, and delights in telling them old time tales. Her immediate family connection is very large, as she has no fewer than twenty-five grandchildren and nearly sixty great grandchildren. Her oldest great grandchild being a widow lady aged twenty-four. One of her grandchildren has eight children.

No matter how old a crow-bar may be, it remains as pry as ever. Southern Dakota is grazing over 135,000 head of cattle this season.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT THE MOTHER-HEN SAID. CLUCKITY, cluckity, cluckity, cluck! Had her a hen sick wondered luck? Ten little fluffy, fluffy things, Nestling so cozily under my wing.

Flippity, flippity, flippity, soot! Mrs Grimalkin gave me a shock! Had her a hen sick wondered luck? She put out her paw as quick as a wink.

But Top-knot is smart, and Top-knot is spry. She gave puss the slip in the glance of an eye; Top's a wonderful chick! It's easy to see What a belle, by and by, my Top-knot will be.

And Puck, who will do me great credit some day (To hear that chick crow is good as a play); And Speckie, and Friskie, and Bussey, and Prink, And Brownie, and Blackie, now what do you say?

Was ever a prouder mother than I? Were ever such chickens under the sky? Lambs, kittens, babies and other wee things, Are pretty, but dear me, they haven't wings. —Wide-Awake.

CELIA'S COMPOSITION.

CELIA was twelve years old; a bright little girl at her lessons, anxious to be at the head of her classes, and a general favorite in school. No matter how long or hard the lesson, the first little face to brighten as the teacher marked it off to the class was sure to be Celia Brown's.

Accordingly, Miss Nelson was prepared to receive a bright look of acquiescence from Celia, at least, when she one morning announced to the little class that a composition would be expected from each one on the Friday of the following week, but she was disappointed. To her surprise, Celia's face said as plainly as words could have spoken, "I can't possibly do it, Miss Nelson, and it's of no sort of use to try."

"What are you to write a composition about, Miss Nelson?" asked one girl, whose face matched Celia's in expression. "I don't know enough to tell of any one single thing in this whole world!"

Miss Nelson smiled. "Oh, yes, you do, my dear," she replied, pleasantly. "I think you will find you know something worth telling about all when you put on your thinking-cap and make up your mind to try. At any rate, that is what I expect you to do—try. And I will let you know afterward how nearly you have succeeded in your satisfaction."

Celia Brown never said a word. She just closed her lips tightly and shook her head in utter despair. It was of no use to talk to her; a composition she could not write. Pages of spelling, half the grammar or geography, miles of arithmetic, would not have daunted her anything like the mere word composition. She could not think of anything else that afternoon, and at the tea table she looked so abstracted and was so unusually silent, that her big brother Tom, just home from college, desired to be told if her tongue had gone out to spend the evening.

"O sister, how you did practice your music lesson this afternoon," added little Willie; "you just banged and tore! I reckon she didn't count her one, two, three, a much, mamma!"

"Mamma, Miss Nelson has told all the girls in my class to write a composition for next Friday," said Celia, disregarding her brother's personal remarks, and looking anxiously at her mother; "and I know I can't do it. I just couldn't do it if it would save my life; I would rather undertake to recite seven chapters of history."

"Nonsense," said her father, laughing; "it is quite time you learned to use your mind in composition. Seventeen or twenty-seven chapters of history will not do you half the good that six lines of carefully-written composition will do. And you will not find it difficult, Celia, if you do not make up your mind against it. Did Miss Nelson give you a subject?"

"Yes, papa—salt," was the reply, in a disgusted tone. "The idea of such a subject! I can't think how anything interesting could be written upon salt!"

"Oh, write about the 'cat,' exclaimed Willie. "I wouldn't write about salt, either; nasty stuff! Just write on the 'cat.' I'll tell you exactly what to say: I can write a composition. Pooh! it's easy. Wait till mamma sends me to school. Now you just write this, 'The cat is a real nice animal. It's got three white feet and one black one. It's got a spot on its breast, too. It has four kittens, and it washes her face every morning with her paws. She licks her face—this ain't nice; but what can you expect from a poor silly cat? It don't know any better. And ours is named Thomas Matilda, after nurse's brother and sister!'"

"That composition might do for you, Willie, dear," said Celia, still laughing; "but I think it would sound rather queer to Miss Nelson."

"Why, you needn't care how it sounds. Need she, papa? She just tells every single bit she knows. That is the way I'm going to do when I write compositions."

"That is tolerably sound advice," said her mother, looking at her, with a smile. "Just put the thought of 'how it will sound' quite out of your mind, and write down all you know about salt."

The next day was Saturday. About ten o'clock Celia sat down at the little table in her bedroom, and made up her mind to try.

"Salt!" she wrote at the top of her paper, and then there came an awful pause. "Oh, dear, what shall I say about 'Salt'?" Well, I'm sure I don't know what it is exactly, unless it's salt; and here Celia's thoughts were interrupted by a laugh. "I'll get old Webster," she continued, thinking aloud. "Let's see now," and she whirled the leaves rapidly to the S's. "Um! here it is: 'Salt—chloride of sodium—a substance used for seasoning certain kinds of food, and for the preservation of meat, etc.' It is found native in the earth, or it is produced by

evaporation and crystallization from water impregnated with saline particles. Well, I do declare! If that's all Mr. Webster has to say about salt, how should I be expected to know any more? The ideal way, I don't know any more, and I don't know that! Well, I do say Miss Nelson is unreasonable!" Celia wriggled herself nearly off her chair, signed, groaned, fanned herself, bit her pen-handle, and finally at Willie's call, jumped up and ran from the room, leaving the composition still to be written.

She and her little brother mounted the sea-saw in the garden, and during this pleasant pastime Celia interrogated him upon what he knew about salt! Willie didn't know much, but what he did know he generously told.

"Salt," he informed her, was very good to make ice-cream with. "The cows liked salt," he also told her, "although he didn't."

Celia laughed so at this that she could not see any longer, and she went back to the house to take her music lesson and afterward she drove out with her mother; and the day went, and she entered her room at night to find the big sheet of blank paper staring up at her in mute surprise as she looked down upon it, before consigning it to the table drawer.

She tried again on Monday, slightly, and on Tuesday, Wednesday she had no time, that being one of her music days, and Thursday was her very last day of grace. She made a very strong effort then, but at her very best she could think of nothing superior to what Mr. Webster's dictionary said; and, in fact, nothing at all beyond one simple fact, that "salt was a very exceedingly useful substance."

In despair she laid the matter before her mother.

"My dear," said Mrs. Brown, "if you have honestly tried and cannot write a composition, you may yourself write a letter to Miss Nelson asking to be excused, instead of my doing it. Tell her exactly how hard you have tried, and ask her to give you an easier subject."

Mrs. Brown's eyes twinkled as she gave this advice, and her little daughter went up to her room much comforted. Here is the letter she wrote:

DEAR MISS NELSON: Mamma told me that I might write this letter, and say that I cannot write a composition on salt. She says, perhaps you will be so kind as to give me an easier subject. I don't know anything about salt—at least, not much, except that it is dug out of the earth, and is then a mineral; and sometimes we get it by letting sea-water evaporate out of iron pans from linen with that reason I know I ought to be ashamed of not knowing more about it. Last week, Mary, our cook, made the bread and forgot to salt it, and none of us could eat it. It certainly is a very useful article. Did you know that to get the silver away from the roof, they wash it in it, they roast the pieces with salt? I read this in a lovely book called "Nelly's Silver Mine." Of course they do something else, but they do this, too, and I remember, because I felt such an interest in the very word. I didn't know till now it is in the dictionary that an old sailor is called a "salt." I suppose because he follows the salt water. Are there not a great many different sorts of salt? I tried to write about this morning, because I happened to see the bottle which has the salt of lemons in it, you take out iron rust from linen with that. And there is saltpeter, and salt of hartshorn, and the salts you take for medicine. And mamma says we couldn't eat that salt food that would be fit to eat without salt. I must tell you what a funny thing Willie said when I was talking about my composition to mamma. He said, "Tell Miss Nelson that salt is the only thing that will catch a pigeon, at least, not much, except that it is dug out of the earth." Well, my letter is done. I am very sorry to disappoint you, dear Miss Nelson, and will try real hard next time. I tried this time, and I could have done it, only I knew of nothing to say. I am your affectionate scholar, CELIA BROWN.

To Celia's great astonishment, Miss Nelson insisted upon considering this letter a "composition"—as, of course, it was; and she read it herself before the whole school. The secret of Celia's ability to write a letter where she could not write a "composition" lay in the fact that she unconsciously followed little Willie's advice and wrote what she thought and felt without regard to "how it might sound." —Churchman.

Was There a Glacial Man in America?

But was there any glacial man in America? To this question the answer is distinct, though given with the reserve which the subject justifies. For the best that is known, we are chiefly indebted to Dr. C. C. Abbott, who was the first to call attention to the stone implements found in the glacial deposits of the Delaware Valley. These implements are chiefly of argillite, though examples of flint occur at higher levels. They have been found at the bluffs near Trenton, both in position where deposited and among the debris at the base. Dr. Abbott says: "Perhaps it is a wise caution that is exercised in but provisionally admitting the great antiquity of American man, but were these rude implements not attributed to an inter-glacial people, their coeval age with the containing beds would never have been questioned." On this point the Curator of the Peabody Museum at Cambridge observed in the tenth annual report: "Dr. Abbott has probably obtained data which show that man existed on our Atlantic coast during the time of, if not prior to, the formation of the great gravel deposit which extends toward the coast from the Delaware River, near Trenton, and believed to have been formed by glacial action. From a visit to the locality with Dr. Abbott, I see no reason to doubt the general conclusion he has reached in regard to the existence of man in glacial times on the Atlantic coast of North America." —E. F. De Costa, in Popular Science Monthly.

E. F. TIFFANY, in Our Dumb Animals, tells of a horse that belonged to his grandfather, that was in the family very many years and was very old. A young horse was substituted and the old one was put in pasture to rest. The old gentleman's meeting-house was three-fourths of a mile away, on the top of a hill. The very first Sabbath grandfather went with his new horse to meeting, on going out to the shed after the morning service, he found his old horse standing in the shed beside the new one. The old horse had jumped out of the pasture to go to and stand in his old place. It was the only time he ever did so. How he knew the day, or when to go, is a mystery, for there was no bell on the meeting-house. He went Sabbath after Sabbath to stand in his old place. Grandfather indulged him for a while, and then shut him up in the barn on Sunday.

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