FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Empress Eugenie will spend the winter in London.

—One of the richest heiresses in Germany is Countess Soims, a baby only a year old.

—The engagement of Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, and Thomas, Duke of Genoa, brother of Queen Marguerite of Italy, is rumored.

—Herwarth von Bitterfeld is the oldest field-marshal in the German army, being nearly ninety years old, and having served for seventy, and is still hale and sound.

—The Prince of Wales' two sons have arrived in Japan from Australia. They were the guests of the Government during seven days' festivities, the programme of which included a banquet with the Mikado.

—The owner of several of the finest palaces on the Grand Canal at Venice is one Papadopoli, whose grandfather was an oil merchant. Meanwhile the descendants of the old Falieros and Contarinis are lodging-house keepers.

—Emperor William is complaining because his enthusiastic female admirers throw bouquets at him so recklessly whenever he appears in public. On several occasions he has had the skin of his royal nose knocked off by the force of the admiring sweets bestowed.

—The Siamese Prince Prisdang, clad in gold-embroidered mantle, violet silk stockings, gold breidered shoes and golden hamlet, was one of the chief guests of the court at the recent festivities at Vienna. He has presented to the Princess Stephanie wedding gifts of the most gorgeous Siamese description.

—Prince Krapotkin, the Nihilist, having been ordered to withdraw from Swiss soil, has taken a villa at Thenon, on the banks of Lake Leman. Here he receives many visitors, both men and women, steamers and railway trains rarely stopping at the place without landing a party for him. An Ultramontane journal is published in the town, and raves at Krapotkin's presence there as though he were Satan himself.

—President Grevy is a man of much simplicity and *bonhomie*. His good sense and his kindliness are proverbial. It is notorious that he holds in horror capital punishment, and looks as carefully into the cases of wretches asking for pardons as if he were an advocate engaged to urge in their behalf extenuating circumstances. He was never known to turn his back on an old friend who had not succeeded in life, and as President he is accessible and courteous. His determination that his daughter should have no showy wedding, and that the money that one would cost should be sent to the relief bureau, has been much applauded in France.

Scenes in a German University Town.

A delightful experience after arriving here was that of taking tea at sunset in the free air of heaven. The table was set in a garden nook, around which shrubs grew thickly, and nothing but bad weather is allowed to interfere. German love of outdoor strikes one immediately. It expresses itself in various ways. There is first the house garden, and no house seems too mean to have at least one shade tree, with its table and chairs, while the gardens of the richer are often large, and contain many delightful little nooks. In these it is a common thing to see members of the family gathered of an afternoon. For some days I had from my room window a bird's-eye view into one of these gardens. The sweet, restful home picture there I shall not soon forget. There, under a spreading linden, sat husband, wife and little daughter, the toilet of the two latter evidently made for the occasion. The husband would read, perhaps, the wife would be engaged with some light work of house economy, and the child busied with something suited to her age. Or, perhaps, the husband and wife would walk quietly back and forth as the little girl skipped hither and thither among the shrubbery. "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." If I were not an American, I would be such a German. This love of the open sky has impelled the German to make him a beer garden, with its profusion of shrubbery, its gravel walks, its little tables of wood, iron or stone, with seats around. Hither on a sultry summer afternoon the careworn "frau" will wend her way, the maid will go along to wheel the little ones, or watch them as they toddle over the grass. After a bit the lunch which was brought along will be spread, a cup of coffee or glass of beer can be had at the garden. This is only one group; there are others around. This one consists of elderly ladies, who enjoy their gossip not less than their coffee. That consists of a lady and gentleman; the latter is employed on some kind of "woman's work." Don't think now that she was writing an article for a mission society; she was really knitting. The gentleman reads. He has the appearance of being a well-to-do man; is possibly a professor. The lady must be his daughter; she is too young for his wife. Whatever their relation they seem to be very much contented, off in their secluded, shady corner. There is another figure. He sips his beer with seeming unconcern, and tries to be at home. He is rather too unconcerned; he overdoes the thing; he is clearly a foreigner; likely an American just come over, perhaps myself. — *Gottingen Letter to Baltimore Sun.*

The Oldest English Church.

Emerging from the old monastery grounds, we find ourselves presently at the lych-gate of the oldest Chistian church in Great Britain, St. Martin's-on-the-hill. The King whom St. Augustine found in Kent was a pagan when he came, but the queen was a Christian. Bertha was a French princess, one of that long succession of royal brides and exiles from a brighter birthplace, for whose inevitable homesickness in this insular atmosphere and under these frowning skies we feel an undying sympathy. We do not know much about Queen Bertha, but the fact that her Kentish lord—a monarch of mark and might in his day—was won over to her faith after their marriage inclines us to invest her image with something of power as well as of charm. She was accompanied by a chaplain and confessor, whose name every ancient writer spells as him listeth, and no two alike; but all agree that he was a man of exceptional holiness, and that he consecrated for her use, to St. Martin of Tours, the bowed, shapeless, ivy-smothered chapel on the slope before us, and afterward baptised King Ethelbert within its walls. The archæologists, after long and dubious discussion of the case of this venerable little church, and much of denying and disproving, informs us, at last accounts, that we may say with a species of truth, *within its walls*. The greater part of the building must have been reconstructed, partly out of Roman materials, in a much later reign than Ethelbert's, but a fraction of the original edifice remains. Two things within the shadowy interior strike even the lightly-learned observer as pointing to such a conclusion: the font, which unwavering tradition declares to have been that of King Ethelbert's baptism, is decorated around its lower section with Runic rings, and the pavement of a portion of the chancel is of inch-square Roman tesseræ.

The view from the porch of St. Martin's is one of rare loveliness. Framed in the rustling foliage of the trees which overshadow the churchyard, we see below us the fair cathedral spires, towering over the red-tiled roofs of the town, and the soft and cultured hills beyond them, which enfold the valley of the Stour. We all know that some landscapes possess, independently of the grace of their contours, an indescribable amenity of *look*, a tender and appealing physiognomy, and this is such a one. It seems to hold suspended for us the emotions of countless others of our kind who have surveyed it from this spot. We can not choose but fancy the smile which it wore to Queen Bertha when she looked upon it, after the devoutly desired consummation of her husband's baptism; that King Ethelbert may have paused upon the threshold here, seeing in the scene, as in a mirror, the reflection of his altered life; that its wistful beauty may have wrung from the appeased and subjugated spirit of the saint himself one of those poignant cries of his, which even the secular world can not forget, for they tremble with the passion of his stormiest years: "Too late I loved thee, O thou Beauty of Ancient Days, old and yet ever new—too late I loved thee!"—*Harriett W. Preston, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

Tea in Japan.

The firing and preparation of tea for market, as practiced in Japan, is as follows: The Japanese green tea may be divided into three general classes: colored, uncolored and basket-fired. The leaf used for all these is from the same plant, differing only in quality, condition, etc. All teas used by foreigners are first fired by the natives, in the places where grown. If a grade of colored tea is to be made this fired leaf (four or five pounds) is taken and put into iron pans or bowls, which are heated sometimes up to a temperature of 212 deg. Fahrenheit. The leaves are then rapidly stirred by hand against the smooth iron surfaces some twenty minutes. A teaspoonful of thoroughly pulverized soapstone (saponite), and five grains or so of powdered Chinese indigo are placed in the pan, and thoroughly rubbed into the leaf for about twenty minutes more, when half a teaspoonful of soapstone or gypsum and pulverized tamarack bark (a species of larch) is added, and the stirring and rubbing is continued for twenty minutes more. It is then put into cold pans and simply cold rubbed against the iron surfaces until it has the required polish, which is arrived at in from forty minutes to an hour. This is the ordinary way of preparing colored tea. Other materials are perhaps sometimes used, but, so far as I can learn, all are as harmless as these mentioned. The different manufacturers, of course, vary the process a little now and then to produce slight changes of color. The leaf is then run through three to five sizes of sieves, till all the dust and loose coloring matter is separated. The shrinkage is about twelve per cent. This coloring process is considered beneficial to the leaf, tending to preserve its shape and flavor. There can be no doubt that the Japanese prepared teas are far superior in purity to the Chinese. In coloring Chinese teas various drugs are used that are deleterious to health, unless it be that the heat to which they are subjected render them innocuous. Prussian blue is frequently used instead of indigo in their green, and black lead in their black tea. Uncolored teas are made in the same way and quantities, and rubbed against the iron pans until the surfaces have the desired polish, and are then sifted until nothing but the whole leaves are left. Basket-firing is done in bamboo baskets, shaped something like our hour-glasses, which are shaken over hot pans. The leaf is put into the upper lobe of the basket and worked into the lower, and so, back and forth, until finished. The loss of weight is about three per cent.—*Consular Report—T. B. Van Buren.*

Royal Children.

The majority of people have an idea that royal children are entirely above those amusements which delight the ordinary youngster. This is altogether an error. A gentleman just arrived in England gave a picnic party in New South Wales some three or four months ago in honor of the two sons of the Prince of Wales, whose presence formed the feature of the festival. I said to him, "What kind of boys are they?" "Well," he rejoined, "they are more childlike than most youths of their age. While the repast was going on they chiefly amused themselves by pelting each other across the table with pieces of bread! Very like their father; in fact, very like a Wales." Something like three-and-twenty years ago the heir apparent to the English throne slept in an inn in a very desolate and wee town. I should think that this must have been one of the humblest of his Royal Highness' halting places. Directly after the departure of the distinguished visitors, the landlord gained importance, and began to thank the Lord he was not as other publicans. I well remember the opinions he expressed concerning the Prince. He said he was "terrible" playful, and that as soon as he was up in the morning he was out chasing the cocks and hens out of their very lives —*American Register.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Electric power is now used in Germany to deliver coal at the entrance of mines.

—Dr. Scondorff's safety lamp for collieries is attracting attention. The lamp can only be opened with the help of a strong magnet.

—Sir William Armstrong, at Craigside, near Newcastle, England, has utilized a brook to run a dynamo-electro machine by means of a turbine water-wheel, and so manages to secure electricity enough to keep 37 Swan lamps in a state of incandescence in his house. In this case the motive power costs nothing, and electric lighting in this way is an exceptional luxury.

—When the rapid increase of the earth's motion was observed, the idea was advanced that the moon's orbit was growing shorter and would end by coming down upon us. But more recent calculation shows that instead of the moon coming nearer our day is growing longer, owing to the friction of the tides upon the earth's surface, by which the speed of the earth's rotation is slowly diminished.

—The English have admitted the success of the electric light. Lamp-posts have been erected in Bristol. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company illuminate their station platforms with it and regard it cheaper than gas. Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, has also been illuminated. The library, a very large apartment, is lighted by three lamps, and the effect is reported superior to any light before used.

—By securing variety in temperature, through planting oysters in different depths of water, as practiced in Connecticut, the *Scientific American* says oysters can be obtained in a fit condition for the table every week in the year. The greater the heat, the earlier the oysters will spawn. Those in the deeper and colder water feel the heat later and spawn later. Some portion of the oyster field, so to speak, will therefore be ready for harvesting at all times.

—Although considered mute, insects have the power of producing sounds by certain movements which, to some extent, are characteristic of the different species. The shrill chirp of the cricket is produced by the rubbing together of the wing-cases. The harsh shriek of the grasshopper is caused by friction of the legs against the wings. The shrill trumpet sound of the mosquito and the busy hum of bees and flies result from the rapid motion of the wings while flying.

—The composition of buckwheat has been examined by M. G. Lechartier. He states that the proporion of mineral matter in the straw increases with the weight. The straw may indeed become richer in phosphoric acid than the grain, differing thus completely from that of the other cereals. The straw of a crop of buckwheat may contain more mineral matter than does the grain. The sum of the principal fertilizers removed from the soil by an entire crop is much more considerable than for a crop of wheat containing the same quantity of grain.

PITH AND POINT.

—Carlyle frequently made mistakes in spelling. It is the same way with Josh Billings.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—When you reach the plane of manhood it is quite natural that you should indulge in a little shaving.—*Boston Courier.*

—Inquirer: Does a man's size vary? Yes, sir; we've seen a man in a barroom treating the crowd, and he was the biggest man in the town till his mother-in-law came in and took him by the ear, and then he was a very little fellow.—*Boston Post.*

—"You are the worst boy I ever saw!" exclaimed Brown to his son. "Why will you go on as you do? I should think you would have some respect for your father." "How can I, dad, have any respect for a man with such a rascally son?" asked the young reprobate.—*Boston Transcript.*

—In a couple of hundred years from this, if the Bible is again revised to suit the times, the passage in the parable of the ten virgins which reads thus, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out," will be changed to, "Give us of your electric lights, for our circuit is temporarily broken."—*Somerville Journal.*

—Dr. Risley, of Philadelelphia, speaking of the condition of the eyes of school children, says, "Hypermetropic eyes are more numerous than both myopic and emmetropic; that next to myopic astigmatism, distinct lesions are most prevalent in eyes with hypermetropic astigmatism." From this it appears that "the eyes have it"—but what it is they have is a conundrum to us, and we regret that they have it.—*Norristown Herald.*

—She was a Boston woman; tall, thin, with false curls and a sour visage. Beside her sat her husband, a little, meek, demure-looking man, who seemed incapable of boldness of speech or action. Presently a guest at the other end of the table bawled out at the top of his voice, "Waiter! fetch the vinegar cruet." Then the demure-looking little man turned to her and said, "Dovey, somebody wants you."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Two gentlemen were seated upon the steps of the house of one of them, on a mild evening this summer, when a very large woman, with rustle of voluminous silks and roll of voluminous person, entered the next dwelling. "Who is that?" asked the visitor. "That," answered the master of the house, "is my neighbor Webster's wife." "Oh, I see," was the ready rejoinder, "Webster's Unabridged."—*Boston Courier.*

—"I have returned your umbrella; much obliged," and he stood the affair of ribs and alpaca in the corner and hastened away. "Well, that is a surprise. I never expected to see that again," said the owner. "Let's see. Well, no wonder. See how the thing opens. Every section broke out and every rib but one protruding. I'd have returned an umbrella after it got in such a shape as that myself," and he hurried off to get it covered, swearing never to lend again, but he will. A man can no more refuse to lend an umbrella than he can prevent himself from borrowing one.—*New Haven Register.*

Our Young Folks.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlin s,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh hou y—
Like the bees, they have terrible sting.
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they are cold and cruel,
Under bar and lock and seal:
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

—*The Pansy.*

GRANDMOTHER'S BEAR STORY.

The dear old grandmother who so often told me this bear story has been twenty years in her grave. She was eighty when she died, and this happened to her when she was only ten years old.

She lived with her father and mother in one of the pretty villages in Eastern Massachusetts; but they were not very well off, and the family was large, and they grew poorer and poorer every year, until at last her father and mother thought they would leave their old home, and go away off in the northern woods where they could have more land to raise food. So, with half a dozen of their old neighbors, who were as poor as themselves, they went up among the green New Hampshire hills. There were no railroads in those days, and it took as long to journey over the hundred miles as it would now to make a journey to Europe.

They were almost two weeks going to their new homes; but at last, when they were beginning to be thoroughly tired, they came to the place: a broad beautiful table-land shut in on every side by lofty mountains, just growing green in the bright spring sunshine. Here, on the banks of a lovely little lake, they made their homes, and not very near each other. At first they had pretty hard times, and they could not help being a little homesick when they thought of the blue sparkling sea that they had seen every day of their lives until now. The mountains seemed to shut them in impassably from their old homes and neighbors, and it was hard work clearing the land, planting and gathering in crops; but women and children worked together with the men-folk, and the clearings grew larger and larger each year. They raised cows and sheep, and at last each family owned a yoke of oxen.

"Then," said grandmother, and here she always began to warm in her narration, "we thought ourselves pretty forehanded. There was only one churn in the neighborhood, and that belonged to Mrs. Craig, who lived on the river road about a mile from our house. One night when father went over to borrow the churn, Mrs. Craig told him to be sure and bring it back sometime in the morning, as she wanted it herself. So mother hurried round and got the cream in before sunrise, and came to my bed and told me if I would jump up and churn I might carry the churn home.

"It was about ten o'clock when I started for Mrs. Craig's. It was a warm, lovely spring day, and the churn was light in my sturdy little arms, and I enjoyed my walk, which lay along the banks of the little river, now swollen with the late spring rains till it rushed foaming and tumbling over the stones. I went happily along, now and then stopping to pick a violet, till just as I got about half way there I heard a great noise of crackling bushes, and then, right in the path before me, came a great black bear with a white face. He was dripping wet, as if he had just come up out of the water, and he seemed surprised to see me, for he stopped and looked at me, as much as to say, 'Well, little girl, where did *you* come from?' But he didn't offer to touch me.

"At first I was too frightened to run, and I only stood and stared at him. I suppose this must have saved my life, for since I have often heard that a wild beast never attacks any one who has the courage to look him steadily in the face. Anyway, the bear didn't offer to touch me, and by and by I began to think I might get away. So I set the churn down carefully, and then began to go backwards, all the time looking straight at the bear, who sat down like a big dog and looked after me, but did not offer to follow.

"At last a turn in the road hid him from sight, and *then* I ran as fast as I could. Father was at work in a field only a little way off, and I ran all the way there. He stopped working when he saw me coming, and I suppose I must have looked singular enough, for I had lost my bonnet, and my hair was flying in the wind; and I jumped right over the low fence, and ran up to him and put my arms round him and began to cry.

"'Why, Betty!' he said, 'what's the matter?'

"But I couldn't speak.

"'Betty,' he cried, 'tell me quick what is the matter? Are the children or your mother sick or dead?'

"I shook my head. 'No,' I managed to say, 'it's the bear.'

"'The bear!' he exclaimed, looking quickly around. 'Why, child, there's nothing here! Did you think you saw a bear?'

"By this time I had grown a little calmer, and I said, 'I did see one. Mother sent me to carry the churn home, and just as I got by the Bend, I heard a noise, and a great black bear with a white face stood right in the road before me.'

"Oh, how father laughed at that!

"'Why, Betty,' he said, 'there never was a bear with a white face. It was only Mrs. Craig's black sheep; you know that has a white face.'

"'But I know it was a bear,' I persisted, 'and it sat right down just like Carlo, and watched me out of sight.'

"'Well,' said father, 'I s'pose I must go with you and see about it; but I guess you'll find it was nothing but a sheep,' and he laughed again. I said nothing, but took his hand and we went back to the road.

"'Well,' said father as we came in sight of the churn still standing where I had left it; 'well, Betty, there's your churn, but where's your bear?'

"'I don't know where he is now; but he sat in the road the other side of the churn when I ran off,' I answered.

"Father went up to the churn, still holding my hand, and, stooping down, looked at the ground. When he got up, he was not laughing, but he held my hand tighter than before, as he said: 'A bear sure enough, and a big one, too! Why, Betty, child! Where were your eyes that you didn't see him before?'

"'Why, he came out of the bushes,' I said.

"Father looked at the tracks again. 'Well, he's gone off into the woods now, and I guess you and I had better carry this churn home, and then I'll see you safe back to mother.'

"So he picked up the churn, and, still holding me tightly by the hand, we went on to Mrs. Craig's.

"'Why, Mr. Cross,' cried Mrs. Craig as she saw us, 'did you leave your work to bring that home? Now, that's too bad. I thought one o' the children could do it, or I shouldn't have said a word about its being brought home this mornin'.'

"Then father had to tell her about the bear, and finished by saying 'She was so frightened that she really thought it had a white face.'

"'Well, it *did* have a white face,' I cried.

"Mrs. Craig laughed. 'I don't wonder you thought so, child,' she said. 'Why, it scares me to think of it.'

"Then father went home with me, and mother was frightened enough when she heard the story. 'I shan't dare to let one of you children out of my sight again,' she said; but she, too, laughed a little over the white face. I suppose I must have been a little cross about this; anyway, father told me not to say again that it had a white face, and mother told me to go and lie down a little while, and I didn't dare to disobey either of them; so I went and lay down on my trundle-bed, and I cried a little, but I kept saying to myself, 'It did have a white face, I know it did!'

"Well, it was not long before everybody in town knew that Betty Cross had come pretty near being eaten by a bear, and was so frightened that she thought it had a white face; and of course everybody laughed at that. I didn't say anything, but I knew I was right; and oh, how I did hope somebody would kill the bear, and then others would know I was right.

"Well, one day my eldest brother came home from the mill, where he had been to have some corn ground. He was greatly excited, and as soon as he came into the house he exclaimed: 'Well, Betty's in the right on't! The bear did have a white face. I've just seen Burns who lives the other side of the river, and he saw the bear. He says it's the greatest wonder Betty wasn't killed, for the bear was so hungry that he tackled one of his two-year old steers, and would have killed it if he and his hired man hadn't drove him off with pitchforks, and the bear sprang into the river and swam across, and must have come right up in front of Betty, for Mr. Burns says it was close by the Bend.'

"Oh, how I clapped my hands! and I cried: "I knew it had a white face, I knew it had!"

"Mother didn't say much then; but when I went to bed that night she kissed me and said: 'Thank God, my little daughter is safe at home;' and I knew she was thinking of the bear.

"We heard a few weeks after that the bear was killing sheep in the other part of the town, and there all the men turned out and had a grand bear-hunt, and at last tracked him to his den in the woods, where he was soon killed. He was an immense animal, and almost everybody went to see him, but I didn't care to. I thought I had seen him all I needed to; and I have never since seen nor heard of a white-faced bear." —*Wide-Awake.*

A Leak in Lake Ontario.

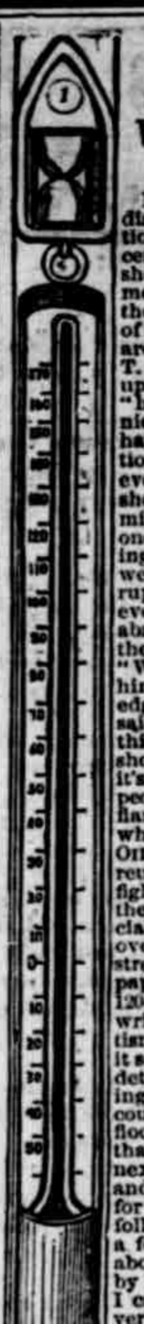
No little concern is felt by persons interested in the harbor accommodations of Lake Ontario by reason of the assured fact that the level of the lake has fallen steadily and in a marked degree for many years. The records have been accurately kept, and leave no room for doubt. Many wharfs in many ports were formerly accessible to vessels which cannot now come near them. The entrance to the harbor of Toronto has been kept open only by means of thorough dredging, and now, when rock bottom has been reached, there is scarcely enough water to float the largest of the vessels which seek to pass. Various explanations for the subsidence of the water have been offered, but none of them seems to be adequate.

Covered Yards.

Few farmers in America have yet considered the value and use of a covered cattle-yard. In England such are not uncommon, and they are coming daily more into use, both there and upon the Continent. In this country, where building material, especially wood, is more abundant and cheaper, we feel convinced that their adoption would, in many cases, be found to pay. Properly constructed, they protect the cattle from the inclement weather, and allow of their being turned out many more days in the year than would be otherwise prudent. They also make the yard more comfortable and cleanly for the cattle to lie down; and they protect the manure from leaching or washing by rains. In this way alone a roof would often pay a good percentage on its cost.

—After trees are planted in the fall, and the ground settled around them, draw up a mound of earth about each tree eight or ten inches high and two feet or more broad; this prevents the water from settling around them, and frost from throwing them out. To prevent mice eating trees in winter, put any old stove pipe or tin pipe around the trees, close to the ground, and fasten it on with wire or stout twine, or any very thick, stout paper or roof-felting, put on as high as the mice are in the habit of eating them, tied on closely and tarred on the outside—all to be removed in spring.—*Charles Downing.*

—Annie Louise Cary is credited with the ownership of the most perfect gem in the world.



THE COUNTRYMAN IN THE Weather Signal Office

Mr. Jeremiah Toadvine, of the rural district, brought a letter of introduction to the United States Signal Officer, and by the latter gentleman was shown the beautiful scientific instruments for measuring and determining the various changes and conditions of the weather. Pointing to the standard thermometer he explained to Mr. T. the uses of the heat gauge, whereupon Mr. T. anxiously inquired if he "hadn't nuther un to spare—sich a nice merchine to sot the weather in hayin' and harvest time." His inspection of the aerometer or wind measurer evoked the expression: "Wouldn't she be the racket to run the wind mill with." The barometer was one too many for Toadvine, and, looking queerly at the official, as if he were utterly nonplussed and bankrupt of words, said: "Friend, did you ever have the reumatis?" The abruptness of the question surprised the officer, who replied, "No—never." "What"—— Evidently recollecting himself, Mr. T. stopped on the ragged edge of the threadbare remark, and said: "I only wanted to know, for if this trap (pointing to the barometer) shows the good an' bad weather afore it's time, it would be a bully trap for people with reumatis; they could flank it every time. Up my country when folks has it they use St. Jacobs Oil, an' it's a powerful argyment agin reumatis—it's the upper dorg in the fight every time." With thanks for the unexpected information, the official politely turned Mr. Toadvine over to the usher to show him to the street car, while he, looking over his paper, read: "Mrs. T. A. Gist, No. 1204 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay, and the morning I obtained the St. Jacobs Oil, I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On the Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half, and I am almost free from pain! It is a wonderful medicine.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER.

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